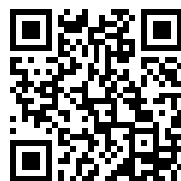

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MAGAZINE

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1875

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AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Illustration from the "Punch"

PATTERN IN BERLIN WORK.





NEW YEAR'S EVE.

[See the Story.]



MANTLE OF BLACK SILK OR CASHMERE. WINTER HAT.



PALETOT OF GRAY CLOTH. WINTER HAT

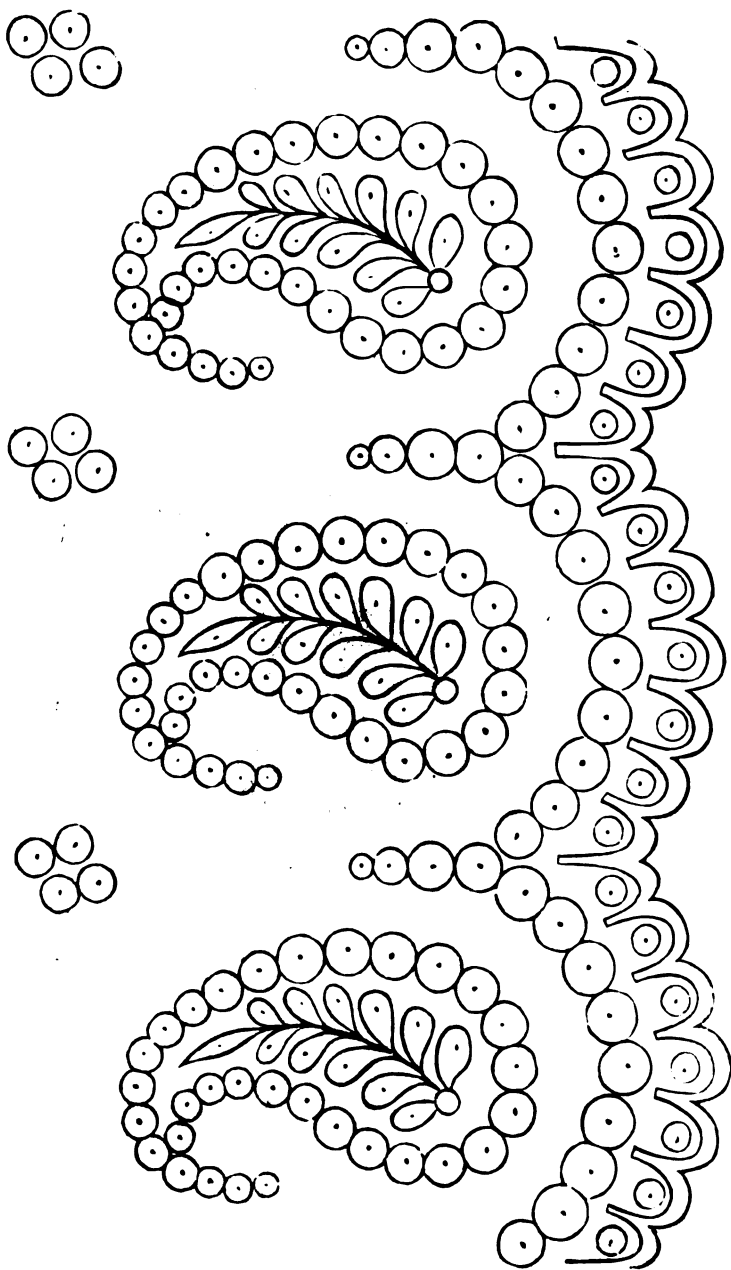


CARRIAGE-DRESS. NEW PAT. AND NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

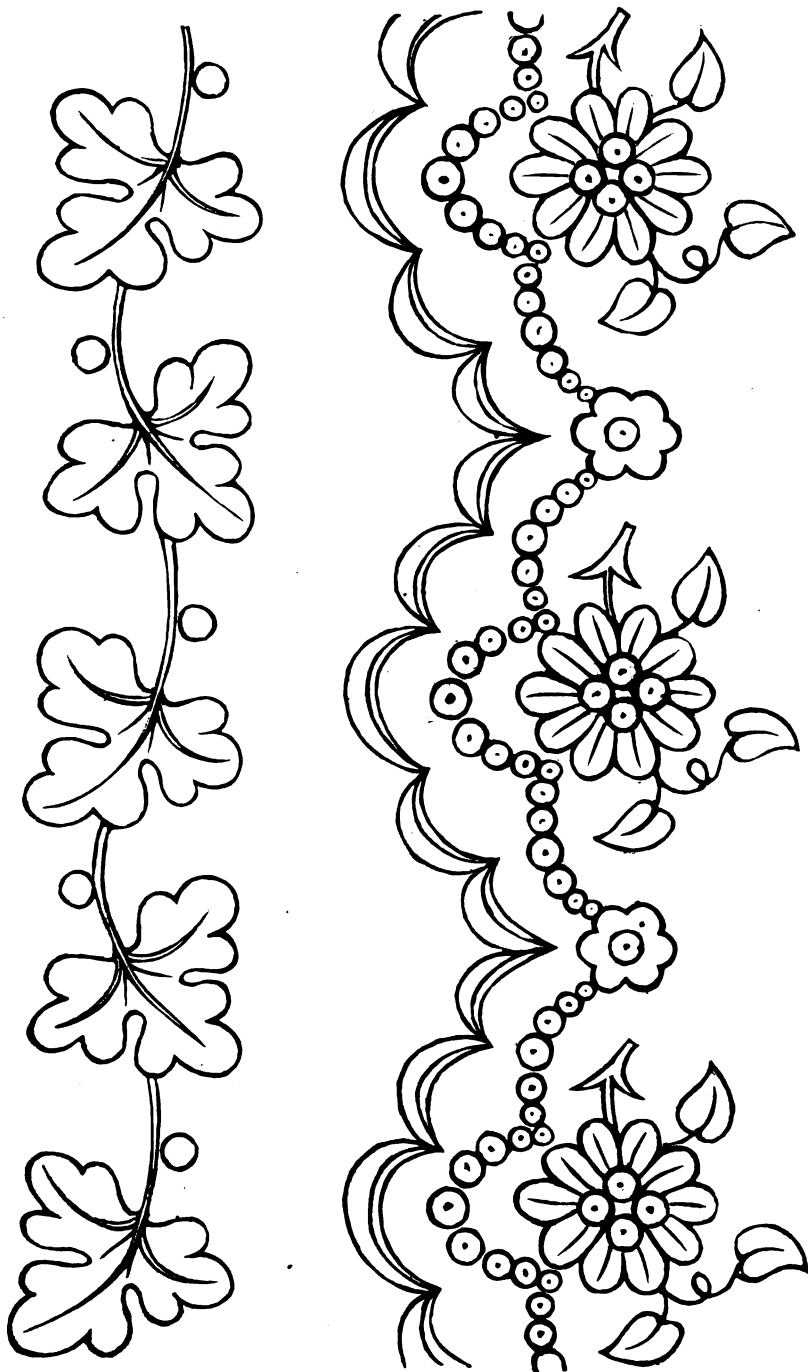


WALKING-DRESS. HAT. AND NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

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PATTERN IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



PATTERNS FOR EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

JULIET VALSE.

CHARLES COOTE, Jr.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

CORNET SOLO.

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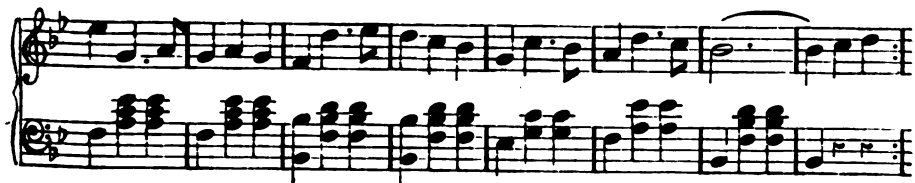
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with a slur over the final four notes. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads, in the bass staff.

The musical score for "The Rose Tree" is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first two staves, and the second system contains the next two staves. The music is in 2/4 time and features a melody in the treble clef and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece concludes with a "Fine." marking above the final measure of the second system.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melody with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, primarily using chords. The melody includes a trill on the final note of the first phrase. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for a single melodic line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment begins with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note B-flat2, and a quarter note G2. The melody continues with a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The piano accompaniment continues with a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2. The melody ends with a quarter note B-flat4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, and a quarter note F4. The piano accompaniment ends with a quarter note B-flat2, a quarter note A2, a quarter note G2, and a quarter note F2. The score is marked with a 'p' for piano.

JULIET VALSE.





NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1875.

No. 1.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

It was New Year's Eve, and the snow, which had been falling steadily all day, had now ceased. A stinging north-west wind was blowing. The streets were deserted, and most of the houses closed. One, however, and that the most imposing on Fontleroy Square, blazed with light, for a ball was being given within.

Before one of the drawing-room windows of this mansion, holding on to the railing, and looking in, was a woman, apparently not over twenty-one, and who had once been beautiful. But her form was now attenuated, as if by long sickness, perhaps even hunger, and she was both poorly and thinly clad.

"That is Hetty," she said, in a hushed whisper. "How beautiful she has grown."

In her eagerness she rose on tip-toe, holding on to the railing, and lifting her head, till her bonnet fell backwards.

At that moment, a gay, well-remembered air rose, from a superb band, within.

"Ah! the 'Beautiful Blue Danube,' " she cried. "How I used to love to waltz to it."

She listened, breathlessly, till the last bars of the music had died away. Then the promenading began again.

"If only papa would come this way," she murmured. "He will never forgive me, I know; he will never, never speak to me again; but if I could only see his dear face, only once——"

"Hillo, there!" cried a rough voice beside her, and a policeman's hand was laid on her shoulder. "None of this. Move on, move on."

She shrank as if polluted, and fled, frightened, from the big, burly policeman. But she went no further than around the corner. There, hiding behind a tree, she watched till he had disappeared on his beat, and then stealthily crept back to the window.

"Dear Hetty," she said, as a slender, graceful girl again approached the window, escorted by

a cavalier, who bent down to listen to her in a way that told a whole story of love and adoration, "the glamour is on her too. God grant she may fare better than I did!"

Helen Fortescue, for that was the wayfarer's name, had been a high-spirited, petted, impulsive girl, when, at eighteen, she fell in love with a plausible, handsome adventurer, who called himself a count, and whom she clung to and believed in, even after she had been told his real character. Had her mother lived, it might have been different. But Mrs. Fortescue had been dead for more than ten years, and poor Helen had grown up, without that most invaluable of all things to a young girl, a mother's constant, supervising care.

For now her once loved father seemed both prejudiced and tyrannical. There was a stormy interview, in which Mr. Fortescue forbade the suitor his house; an elopement; a vain appeal of the young wife for forgiveness; a curse, literally like that of the old Hebrews, pronounced on the disobedient child; and then a fainting girl was borne off, by terrified servants, to the carriage, that had waited for her, and which bore her away, to wake, only too soon, from her dream of love and happiness.

For her husband did not even pretend to care for her, now that he found she had come to him penniless. A few months after, when the money, raised by the sale of her jewels, was spent, he brutally deserted her. This happened at an out-of-the-way German town, and the shock nearly cost Helen her life. Her baby, born in this hour of two-fold agony, only survived for a little while; and then the poor, hopeless girl was utterly desolate; for as long as the child lived, as long as Helen had something to love, she was not wholly miserable. She had supported herself, during all these sad months, partly by the sale of her wardrobe, and partly by her needle; but when

the tiny coffin was paid for, and the innocent baby laid in its humble grave, she was literally destitute. Then began a terrible struggle, a struggle merely for bread to eat. Hundreds of times, •Helen felt that it would be a blessing if she could die; but death would not come; she was too healthy, she had too much vitality, to sink even under such burdens as oppressed her. She lingered at the obscure town, where her infant was buried, as long as she could, clinging to the last to that grass-grown hillock, where all that was left to her was laid; but subsistence was, from the first, difficult to be earned there, and finally became impossible; and then she set her face homeward, with a sort of desperate feeling, saying, "Let me but see them once again, and then I will lie down and die."

By what lonely wanderings, through what hunger and sufferings, she fought her way, months after, back to America, who can tell? Yet she did not return, because she hoped to be forgiven. No! she knew her father too well for that. But at the end her health began to fail, a racking cough set in, and the desire grew on her to creep within sight of the old house, and lie down and die. Sometimes, in her nights of fever, she thought that, perhaps, she might catch a glimpse of Hetty, or her father, afar off, they not seeing her. Or perhaps they might brush by her in the street, so that she could touch their garments, unknown to them.

This very day she had reached her native city, penniless, having spent her last dollar in railroad fare. She had eaten nothing all day. She knew not where she was to sleep. She had come, instinctively, to the old home; but she did not dare to enter; all she could do was to look in, hopelessly, as she was doing now.

"How cold it grows," she said, as her teeth began to chatter, for the wind blew keener than ever. "I feel so tired, too. Oh! if I could only see papa."

Gradually she grew more and more drowsy; but she did not feel so chilly now: only her limbs seemed to be giving way under her strangely, and her brain got dulled and stunned.

"I will rest awhile," she said, finally, sitting down on the door-step. "By-and-by I shall feel stronger. No wonder I am so tired, I have not slept any, or so little, for so long."

When, some time after, the ball began to break up, and the first carriages to arrive, the footmen found an insensible figure on the door-steps, half lying, half leaning against the railing. The news of so strange an event soon penetrated to the master of the house, usually kind-hearted almost to a fault.

"Bless me," he cried. "A homeless woman. Dead, or dying, did you say? Have her carried to the housekeeper's room. See that everything is done that can be. A beggar almost? That makes no difference. Why, on such a night, I wouldn't turn a dog from the door."

Helen was being borne in, according to these directions, when the old butler, who had been in the family for years, came bustling along the hall. Changed as she was, he recognized her at once.

"What are you doing?" he cried, in a frightened tone. "Told to carry her to the housekeeper's room, you say? There must be some mistake. Put her down here," and he pointed to a lounge in the hall.

He was so dazed he hardly knew what he said, or did; his voice trembled till it ended in a quaver.

A crowd of curious servants and sympathizing guests gathered immediately around the prostrate form, and the noise attracted the attention of Mr. Fortescue, who, with Hetty, stood in the back drawing-room, receiving the adieus of their departing guests.

"What? James won't let her be carried in?" he cried. "We'll see about that! He's lived with me till he thinks he's master. But this is insufferable."

As he spoke, he moved toward the hall. Hetty, by some inscrutable instinct, followed, putting her arm in his.

The crowd parted to make way for the host.

The moment Hetty saw that pale, wan face, she recognized her sister.

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! it is Helen," she cried, in a breathless whisper; and bursting into tears, she flung herself on her knees by the couch.

"Helen, dear Helen—don't you know me?" she sobbed. "Oh! she is dead, she is dead," she cried, almost in a shriek.

For a moment Mr. Fortescue seemed about to stoop and drag Hetty angrily away from her sister. But something in the pale, inanimate face reminded him of his dead wife, as he had last seen her, just before the coffin-lid was shut on her forever. He turned ashen-pale, staggered, and would have fallen, if the butler, who had been watching him anxiously, had not caught him.

"Air, air! For God's sake, gentlemen, give him air," cried that functionary.

The rush of the keen, frosty atmosphere, from the open hall-door, as the spectators drew back at these words, partially revived Mr. Fortescue. He gasped for breath, looked blankly around, and put his hand to his head: then he recalled it all.

"Carry her—take her to her old room,"

he said, with a choking sob. "Run for a doctor. Ah! Mr. Hunter," as one of his guests, the most eminent practitioner in the city, rose from Helen's side, where he had been feeling her pulse, "I forgot you were here. Only fainted, you say? Thank God! Thank God! She that was lost is found," unconsciously breaking into the words of Scripture, the tears rolling down his cheeks, his voice shaking, "she that was dead is alive again."

"Oh, papa!" cried Hetty, throwing her arms around her father's neck, "bless you for those words. We shall be—so happy—so happy—now——" She broke down in hysteric sobs.

What more have we to tell? Helen recovered, in time, all her old health, though never her old vivacity. Life had been too hard for her for that. But she became what was better, a calm, earnest woman, whose ear was ever open to the cry of distress, a daughter who made her father's home happier than it had ever been, at least since the death of his wife.

For Hetty married, and left Helen sole mistress. Helen had recognized her sister walking, up and down the room, as we have seen; and it was then that Hetty had exchanged the vows that were to bind her for life, on that never-to-be-forgotten NEW YEAR'S EVE.

WHY HE KISSED THE BABY.

BY MRS. W. C. BELL.

I WATCHED as they stood together there,
And I couldn't help pausing to wonder,
If he, with his wealth and his stylish air,
Would marry that widow down yonder.
She did look pretty and happy, too;
(If I were a man I'd love her!)
Her hair shone like gold, and her eyes were blue
As the summer skies above her.
Her baby sat crowing upon her knee,
A bright little year-old prattler;
And now if I tell what I saw that day,
You never must call me a tattler.
I saw him stoop down, close, close to her face,
I was almost too curious, maybe,
I thought he was going to kiss her, I'm sure,
But he only kissed the baby.
I saw him again, as he came, one day.
And they went to the church together;
I watched from my window over the way,
'Twas beautiful sunshiny weather;
She had a new silk, and a bonnet of white;
She didn't wear black any longer;

As all this burst forth on my wondering sight,
Curiosity kept growing stronger,
And so I just put on my bonnet and shawl,
And went down, although 'twas hot;
The church-door was open, and when I got there,
The minister'd just tied the knot.
I'm sure I don't know how it all came about,
But it might have been just this way, maybe,
I think that sometime he made a mistake,
And kissed her instead of the baby.
And now, as the shadows of evening draw near,
And I hear her piano cease thrumming,
And the sound of a step on the walk greets my ear,
I know he is surely coming.
The little white gate gives a musical click,
And she flies down the steps in a minute
I always sit here by the window and watch
There seems so much happiness in it.
I see them just there, when he leaves her at morn,
And I know they are happy as maybe;
For always at morning, and always at eve,
He kisses both her and the baby.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY J. S. RANSOM.

RIVER of life, thy waters clear
Flow dark with many a tempest here;
Through rock-bound valleys cleave their way,
But ever swell from day to day,
Till, grown into a boundless sea,
They rest them in eternity.
Still ever onward as they roll
They bear the bark of many a soul
Storm-tossed and lightning-vexed, which glide,
Hemmed in by fear on every side;
Till, steered by the unseen Pilot's hand,
They anchor by the promised land.
There, on thy tranquil glassy breast,

Circled with glory shall they rest;
Their toilsome labor all is o'er;
Bright as the morn, on that blest shore
They hymn the source of all thy waves,
The wounded side of Him who saves.

River of Life, thus may it be
With us who cast our bark on thee.
Oh! Endless Mercy, waft our sails
And shield us from o'erwhelming gales.
Eternal Wisdom! shape our course:
Love! tame the raging billow's force,
Till, in thy haven for evermore,
Our need for help and aid be o'er.

HER CRITIC.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

THE place was Boston, the time winter, and Philip Kirke, having just finished writing a review article, was about to light a cigar, when the servant brought in a note.

He glanced at the envelope, which was stamped with a tiny crest in blue and gold, and then opened the letter, which was written in a remarkably handsome, clear hand, but unmistakably a woman's. He read down one page, and over the next; then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Mr. Kirke," began the letter, "I presume I am taking rather an extraordinary step in writing to you at all, but I consider that, for a reviewer who pretends to be just, you have been not only very severe to me, but very unkind. I inclose you a review of my poor little poems, for I understand you wrote it. You may accuse me of 'jingle,' and 'a want of originality,' if you think proper, but I will not have you inform the public that I am guilty of 'unconscious adaptation.' Why did you not say 'plagiarism' outright? I would much rather be accused of downright stealing, than have a polite insinuation of that sort!

"Will you do me, not the kindness, but the justice to look over those unfortunate poems again, and see if there be not one among them to which you can give a little proper criticism? For I do not think it very kind or wise of you—a successful man—to 'damn with faint praise' a girl's work, because she *is* a girl."

And here this extraordinary epistle came to an end, and was signed only with a great "D," in a peculiar flourish.

Kirke took up the extract inclosed. He remembered it, now; it was a few lines of review of a volume of poems by "D." issued by a famous Boston publisher, which, coming into his hands in the line of regular work, he had glanced through, and dismissed, thus:

"Despite overmuch jingle, and a talent for recollecting what has pleased her in others, we do not mean for plagiarism, but unconscious adaptation, the lady who is responsible for the volume of poems called 'Daisy Blossoms, by D.,' exhibits considerable sweetness, occasional tenderness, and some touches of imagination. If she has the capacity to improve, and can attain a clear notion of the value of originality, 'D.' may do something hereafter much better. In

the meantime, this attempt of hers is a creditable one, and can honestly be called promising."

Kirke laid down the letter.

"Poor little girl," he said, smiling, "how dreadfully angry she is with me, and yet, I'm sorry that I hurt her. That is rather a caustic paragraph, now, I look at it; it *is* too severe. 'Because she is a girl'—what utter nonsense! But what a plucky creature it must be to write me, and fairly order me to look her book over again. I will do it, however."

Up got Kirke, and after pulling down three separate piles of books, came across the volume he was looking for. It was a dainty thing, with a handful of golden-hearted daisies on the cover, and Kirke took it up with an amused smile. He shook his head over the first two poems, but he re-read the third, and then, dipping into the end of the book, he found one which was undeniably a gem.

"Yes, she is right," said Kirke, laying down the poems, and taking up his pen again. "I'll make the *amende honorable*, and do the unheard-of thing of giving her another and a better notice. I wonder who the girl is? I must ask Lorimer. I suppose he knows, unless she publishes *incog.*"

The ink was hardly dry on the paper, when there came a knock at his door, and the very gentleman he had named entered.

"I have caught you just in time, Kirke," said he. "I hear that you are off to Washington tomorrow, and I have come to bid you good-by."

"I was just about writing you a note when you came in," said Kirke. "Can you tell me, without violating confidence, who the lady is who wrote some poems which you published this fall, under the title of 'Daisy-Blossoms?' See, this is a letter I have had from her."

"That's a characteristic epistle," said Lorimer. "No, I can't tell you who she is. I made all sorts of solemn vows and promises to maintain her secret."

"Very well," said Kirke, but there was some disappointment in his tone. "I suppose you will not object to forward my reply to that note, for reply to it I must. It's too spicy a challenge not to merit an answer."

"Oh, certainly," said Mr. Lorimer. "I know her very well; send your note to me, by all

means, and I'll forward it. By the way, I came very near forgetting a letter of introduction I gave in my pocket for you. It's from my wife, to one of the Washington belles—young Mrs. Seyton, a bride who is making quite a sensation."

"Thank you, very much; I've a dozen or so of letters to men, here," said Kirke, running over the pile beside his elbow, "and I am indebted to Mrs. Lorimer for adding a little of the feminine element to them. This one, to Charles Drummond, the great *belles-lettres* scholar, is valuable." Mr. Lorimer opened his lips to speak; then changed his mind; but a queer twinkle lit his merry brown eyes as he shook hands with his friend, and an odd presentiment made him say, laughingly, "A pleasant trip to you, Kirke, but look out for your heart! The Capital is a dangerous sojourning place for young bachelors."

Kirke had been in Washington for two days before he remembered Mrs. Lorimer's letter. Then he bethought him to inquire where Mrs. Seyton lived. He had left a card at Mr. Drummond's, and now proposed sacrificing to the Graces, for the fame of Mrs. Seyton's belleship had reached his ears, and he felt a spice of curiosity to see her.

The French servant at the door, on receiving the card, assured him that "Madame was at home to Monsieur Kirke, but she had not yet come down stairs; would Monsieur kindly seat himself in the drawing-room?"

The lady did not try his patience with too long waiting, for as he was bending over some ferns, she entered the room.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Kirke," she said, in the easy, graceful manner for which she was celebrated. "Mrs. Lorimer wrote me a very kind letter about you, and Henri had orders to admit you yesterday, although I was not at home to any one else, for a state dinner at the President's, and a ball at the Royston's after it, had made me thoroughly weary. And, now, tell me all about Boston—dear, formal, delightfully prim Boston!" and she flashed a merry glance at him, from under her long eyelashes, which convinced him what a coquette she had been—and was.

Of course they glided off into a bright, gay chat, and Kirke felt, in half an hour, as if he had known her for years, at the very least. She was very charming; just the acquaintance most desirable to make time fly pleasantly in Washington; and she began, directly, to make plans for his enjoyment.

"First," she said, "we will take a cup of chocolate, and then you shall accompany me to the Marine Barracks, where the officers have a reception this morning, and where, by the way,

I promised to matronize two of the prettiest girls in town."

As a general thing, Kirke abjured day-receptions, and experience had taught him that going to military entertainments was anything but a happy ordeal for civilians; but Mrs. Seyton was charming, and he might as well while away a morning in her service as any other; so he gave a pleased assent to her proposition, and Henri served him with chocolate and cake, in the deftest manner, while Mrs. Seyton left the room to don her bonnet.

She came down very speedily with an airy creation of tulle and feathers in her brown hair, which became her fair, aristocratic face right well; and then they proceeded to the front door, where Kirke handed her into the prettiest little phaeton imaginable, lined with blue satin, and drawn by bay horses, behind whose restless feet he was bowled down Pennsylvania Avenue, while the blackest of little darkies sat erect and important in the rumble. The Avenue was full of life and bustle, and they drove up over Capitol Hill, and down the road to the Arsenal, chatting gayly all the time; and when Mrs. Seyton drew up her bays before the Barracks, Kirke was by no means disposed to quarrel with his fate for having thrown him into such hands.

The delightful music of the Marine Band came through the open windows, and groups of girls, with their attendant cavaliers, stood on the piazza, as Mrs. Seyton went up the steps on Kirke's arm. From the centre of one of these groups a figure darted toward them.

"Oh, Mrs. Seyton," said a laughing voice; "we thought you were never coming, and after refusing three invitations to dance, I really hadn't the heart to say no to the fourth."

"Of course not, Sophie," replied Mrs. Seyton. "Mr. Kirke, let me present you to one of the young ladies whom I am matronizing to-day, Miss Royston. But where is Margaretta?"

"Dancing like a Will-o'-the-wisp," said Miss Royston, acknowledging Kirke's bow by a graceful little bend of her gipsy-like head. "She came down on horseback with Major Flemming."

"On horseback? My dear girl, you don't mean to say that she is dancing in her habit?"

"Precisely!" said Sophie Royston, and her laugh had a bit of malice in it. But here an officer rushed breathlessly up, and claimed the young lady for a waltz; and Kirke went with Mrs. Seyton into the house, where he was presented to the chaperone of the occasion, and to the numerous lesser lights, who invariably cluster about the lady who, in Washington parlance, "receives."

Presently, Mrs. Seyton floated away from him, and he was thinking, a good deal to his annoyance, that he had neglected to ask her to reserve the first dance for him, and calling himself names for his stupidity, when his eye was caught by a figure that glided past him.

"Who is that lady?" he said, suddenly.

Miss Macmillan, the young lady to whose care Mrs. Seyton had committed him, looked up in surprise.

"Which lady?" she very naturally asked, as there were twenty or thirty revolving before them.

"The one in the habit, at the end of the room."

"Yes, I see," returned Miss Macmillan. "Her name is Drummond—Margaretta Drummond. Peculiar-looking, is she not?"

From Miss Macmillan's tone it was difficult to tell whether "peculiar" was a synonym for "pleasing," in her vocabulary, or the reverse; but Kirke was so struck with the girl's appearance, that he paid little attention to the remark.

Again the tall, graceful figure passed them. The girl had thrown the train of her riding-habit over her arm, and as she turned her head, an officer, who was rash enough to dance in spurs, caught his foot in it.

Miss Drummond stopped abruptly, in consequence, almost at Kirke's side, and he had time to study her face.

She was not, strictly speaking, a beauty; but there was a curiously subtle attraction about her. Her dark-blue riding-habit, with its tiny white collar, and knot of scarlet at the throat, defined the lines of her elegant figure, and set off her purely fair skin to the utmost. Her eyes were clear, bright, cobalt-blue, the most brilliant of all blue eyes. But it was her mouth, with its combined sweetness and daring which captivated Kirke. Fortunately for his reputation for politeness, Mrs. Seyton came toward him, and thereby released him from Miss Macmillan, who gladly went off to dance with a very young and awkward cadet, who was sojourning in Washington on leave.

"I am sufficiently punished for my forgetfulness by the pain of losing that dance," said Kirke. "You will not be cruel enough to deprive me of the next? Nor of your forgiveness?" He bowed low.

Mrs. Seyton smiled. "That's a very pretty speech; but I'll reward you for it in another way. I want"—she drew a step nearer, and spoke low—"I want to present you to Margaretta Drummond. And it's very good of me, too, for she bids fair to carry away all my admirers *en masse*."

Accordingly, Kirke turned about, as in duty bound, and found himself bowing to Miss Drummond.

"I beg your pardon," she said, and the cobalt-blue eyes were raised to his with an eagerness which excited his curiosity. "Are you from the north—from Boston?"

"I have that honor," he said, smiling. "Do I carry it written on my face?"

To his surprise, she surveyed him quietly, before answering.

"Then you are *the* Mr. Kirke," she said, "the reviewer of that name?"

"Well," he said, somewhat nettled at this reception. "Are you afraid of me?"

"Oh, dear, no! Not in the least," she replied, tartly.

They looked at each other for half a minute, and then the gentlemanly instinct made Kirke apologize.

"I really beg your pardon," he said, and a ludicrous sense of the oddity of the conversation made it difficult for him to restrain a smile. "We seem to have begun our acquaintance in a happily belligerent manner. Could you be induced to take a turn on the piazza?"

She surprised him again, for she laughed such a girlish, merry laugh, that he could not but be attracted and disarmed. "I did not mean to be rude," she said, frankly; "you must pay the penalty of being famous. I have often heard of you, and I don't like your reviews at all!"

He could not help it—he laughed outright. This was delicious. "Thank you," said he. "I very seldom receive such a delightfully frank avowal, no matter how much people dislike me in private. Let me venture to add a presumptuous hope that you will not extend your dislike of my writings to myself."

"No," she said, slowly. "I don't think I shall dislike you."

"Why, what have I done?" he began, in comic dismay. "Surely, we never met in a previous state of existence, for I am sincerely unconscious of having offended you during my residence on this globe!"

The color flashed into her face.

"Mr. Kirke," she said, impetuously. "I'm very odd, or, at least, people here consider me so. I have a habit of saying what first comes into my head, without the smallest intention of being either rude or fast, and I'm dreadfully quick-tempered. Now, if you are properly shocked, as any well-regulated mind ought to be, at this personal conversation on five minutes acquaintance, please go back to Mrs. Seyton. I shall not be surprised at your desertion."

She darted a look at him, her daring red lips parted in a smile of arch mischief, and the frank, child's eyes saucily upraised to his.

Kirke felt bewitched. This girl was *ipse genus*, evidently.

"I accept the challenge," said he. "Of course, if you say 'what you like,' you will accord me a like privilege, in moderation."

"I never shelter myself under the advantage of being a woman," retorted she. "I know what I have provoked; you can be terribly caustic when you choose. Pray commence."

"But I don't feel the smallest desire to be savage this morning," Kirke said, unable to conceal his amusement. "Suppose you let me question you a little in return. Are you related to Mr. Charles Drummond, the author?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, eagerly. "He is my uncle, and I am spending the winter with him. It is my first winter 'out,' Mr. Kirke. I live in Baltimore, and have never been in society until now."

"And how do you like it?" he asked.

"Only pretty well. I do not mean that I am awfully bored, you know," as the English *attache's* would say; on the contrary, I love to dance, and to ride, and I love—yes, I dearly love attention. But people do not like me here; at least, the ladies do not. I can see, sometimes, that they do not approve of my outspoken ways. And it hurts me, although I never let them know I care. I'd die first."

"I believe you would," he said, watching the passionate color rise.

But she changed the subject, abruptly.

"Personalities again! Do you know my uncle?"

"I had the honor of bringing letters to him, and I left a card at his house this morning."

"I can tell you what you will find in your room at the Arlington," she said, quickly. "An invitation to our reception this evening. You'll come?"

"Indeed I will," he answered, heartily. They were walking up and down the piazza, and the music rang temptingly out as they neared the door.

"You said you loved dancing; may I have this waltz?"

She threw her habit over her arm (Kirke thought he had never before seen a woman who knew how to walk, far less to dance in a habit,) and, in another moment, they were gliding off down the rooms.

Kirke had his dance with Mrs. Seyton after that, and another with Miss Drummond; and then Mrs. Seyton told them that she could not stop another minute, because she had to appear

at a lunch given by one of the cabinet ladies; and she carried Kirke off in dire haste, driving her horses most unmercifully, to make up for lost time.

This was the beginning of what was, to Kirke, a very gay season. Washington homes showed their pleasantest side to him, and he began to be a great favorite in society. The Drummonds and Seytons, in particular, had been very kind to him; he was almost *enfant de la maison* in the two houses now. And Mrs. Grundy, (whose headquarters are in Washington,) asserted loudly that Margaretta Drummond was the attraction that kept Philip Kirke there so long, and, for once, the gossip was true.

He made no secret, to himself, of the rather irritating fact; Miss Drummond was about as far from his ideal woman as it was possible to be, and yet she held him chained as no other woman had done. He could not understand her. One day she would be simple and frank as a child, showing her preference for his society in the most artless manner; and the next time he saw her, a barrier of some intangible sort would seem to be erected between them, and she would say caustic things to irritate him, until he was half-inclined to think that she hated him. And yet, he loved her very dearly—this girl, with her warm, willful heart and daring ways; but he doubted very much whether he would ever tell her so.

Ball after ball succeeded each other in a rapid whirl. Lent was near, and everything had to be crowded into a small space. At the very end of the season, Mrs. Seyton was seized with a sudden desire to have a theatre-party, and it needed almost the skill of a topographical engineer to accomplish it. She decided to give it on the Monday before Ash-Wednesday, and to finish the evening by going, after the theatre, to a ball given by the Secretary of State. The fair lady had a lunch-party and two morning receptions to attend that same day; but when Kirke looked appalled at the multiplicity of her engagements, she only laughed, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and begged him not to tell the good people in Boston of her iniquitous proceedings.

Kirke was delegated to go to the Drummonds', and assure Margaretta that her presence was indispensable at the theatre; and he accepted the commission rather the more cheerfully, because Miss Drummond and he had been on the very borders of a quarrel the night before, and he knew that the reaction of those moods was almost always charming, by way of amends. So he proceeded to "K" street, and on being ushered into the library, found Miss Drummond there.

She was looking a little pale, and there was a slight hesitation and timidity in her manner, which he had never seen before. And so Kirke set himself to find out the cause.

"I think you are tired," he said, at last, after beating about the subject unsuccessfully for some minutes. "You do not look quite yourself this morning, and I am afraid that I have no business to rejoice at your acceptance of Mrs. Seyton's invitation."

"Tired? Not I," she said, impatiently. "But I am worried—yes, dreadfully worried."

"You are going to tell me all about it," he said, with the kindly self-assertion he sometimes used toward her. She lifted her eyes; a saucy rejoinder trembled on her lips, but something in his face made her change it into a petulant—"Don't look at me so! It's all your fault, for you are the chief cause."

"I?"

He looked, as he felt, astounded.

"Yes, you," she said, the painful, hot blushes flying into her cheeks. "I don't see why you were not content with exercising your sarcasm on me as you did in the first place; but now, to have you retract in such a manly, graceful way that I can't hate you properly, to put me so entirely in the wrong, and make me feel that I've been childish and rude, is really more than I can bear! It is downright unkind, Mr. Kirke, indeed it is."

She was crying by that time, the tears splashing down in a tempestuous fashion, that fairly drove him frantic. He stood up and looked

down at her as she sat sobbing, with eyes at once perplexed and stern.

"I insist upon knowing what you mean," he said. "You know I would not—could not be unkind to you."

She hesitated, for a moment; then she ran swiftly across the room, to the table.

"There it is," she said, tossing a Magazine on the sofa beside him, "and here is the letter you gave Mr. Lorimer for me. Are you satisfied with having humiliated me more than I ever was humiliated before, by your—(don't stop me—I will say it!) by your kind and delicate praise?"

Kirke gave a bewildered look at the page she pointed out; there lay his own critique of the poems by "D." in the latest number of "First and Last." Margaretta went on hurriedly,

"I must tell you, that I was ashamed of myself after I had sent my letter, it was so very ill-tempered. The most I hoped for was a note from you, saying that there was some little merit in my poor verses. I never dreamed you would write such praise as this. And beside, I fear I have been brusque and unladylike to you often, this winter. Mr. Kirke, I never, in all my life, asked any one to forgive me, but I do mean to ask——"

"Margaretta!" Two arms were about her slender waist, and a tender, passionate kiss touched the dear, frank lips. "Ask what you will, if you will only grant me—yourself!"

And, looking down into her lovely, tearful eyes, Kirke read his answer there.

OFF NEWPORT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

When we went sailing, sailing,
Up came the magic mist.

We lost all sight of headlands,
We wandered where we wist.
The waters slipped beneath us,
We took no count of miles;
We knew, somewhere, enchanted,
Lay hid the Happy Isles.

At times a phantom schooner
Across our wake would drift.
At times, as if to mock us,
The fog ahead would lift;
We saw a strand of silver,
With palm-trees waving fair;
We steered toward, we neared it—
It melted into air.

At times we heard the singing
Of Sirens on our lee,
Or Tritons blowing conch-shells
Sonorous out at sea.

At times a waft of fragrance
Stole softly from the West;
We cried, "at last we've found them,
The Islands of the Blest."

And then the fog shut closer,
The ocean turned to gray;
The Sirens' songs receded,
And died in sobs away.
And sudden, close before us,
Dim as some awful ghost,
Rose up the warning light-house,
And shadowy line of coast.

The Summer seas have vanished,
In Winter and in night.
Along the sharp, black headlands,
The surf is booming white.
But still we look with longing
Across the stormy miles,
For somewhere there, to seaward,
Lie hid the Happy Isles.

GODFREY JANNIFER'S HEIRS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN

CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas-eve, in the year of our Lord 1749, and Godfrey Jannifer sat alone in his study, staring into the great wood fire, which blazed, and roared, and sparkled up the wide, old-fashioned chimney.

"A year ago to-night—a year ago to-night!" muttered he, beating one long, thin hand upon his knee.

The door of the room opened slowly and softly, and a dim figure glided timidly into the room.

"Father! oh, father!" cried an imploring voice, and the intruder fell, rather than knelt, at the feet of the stern old man.

Godfrey Jannifer started a little, as his eyes first fell upon the fair, sad face of the suppliant; then he said, coldly,

"Ah! No one announces you. A very appropriate entrance for a beggar. But now that you are here, what do you want?"

"Oh, father, it is Christmas-eve!" and the girl laid her thin hands upon his knee, and looked wildly up in his stern, pitiless face.

"Yes, it is Christmas-eve. What then?"

The girl shivered, as if she had been struck.

"It is my birth-day—the first I ever passed without a kiss from you."

"It is the first of many such. Of as many as you have birth-days to come."

"Oh, father! father! It is the anniversary of my mother's death, the mother who died in placing me in your arms!"

"Better for all of us, if you had died with her."

"Have you then no pity, no forgiveness for your only child, your little Maud?" sobbed the girl.

Godfrey Jannifer moved in his chair, so as to look fully down upon the crouching figure, then slowly said,

"There is one more memorable family event connected with Christmas-eve in this house, which you have forgotten to mention. It was on Christmas-eve, one year ago to-night, that my daughter, my only child, my beloved, indulged, trusted child, stole out of this house, to marry a man whom I had forbidden her ever to see, or speak with, or mention again. That act of rebellion and disobedience broke in one moment and forever every tie between me and her. I have no daughter, and the veriest beggar in the street is

more welcome in this house than Maud, the wife of Ruel Jannifer.

"Your own brother's son?"

"Yes, and so my hereditary, as well as my personal, enemy. His father deceived and defrauded me; poisoned our father's mind against me; cheated me of my inheritance; stole the affections of my promised wife, who pined and died for him even in my arms; and, finally, bequeathed fresh loss and disgrace to me in the person of this boy, this Ruel. I foresaw all this. I knew that while Roger Jannifer's son lived I had an enemy, ever lying in wait to do me wrong, and I strictly forbade you to see or hold communion with him. He contrived to meet you without you knowing who he was, and, so far, you, like myself, were his dupe, and not his accomplice: but so soon as he, presuming on the good impression he had made with his false tongue and devilish cunning, so soon as he confessed who he was, did not I turn him ignominiously from my doors, and forbid you ever to speak with him again?"

"But I already loved him," moaned the girl.

"Loved him? Bah! Then let your love suffice!"

As he spoke, he pushed the suppliant from him, and moved his chair back.

The girl rose slowly to her feet. The fire flashed brightly up, and threw into bold relief her wretched and insufficient clothes, the pallid face, the wasted figure.

Her father took in every detail, and then coldly said,

"You are very poor."

"Very poor."

"You have not clothes to protect you from this inclement weather!"

"You see."

"Nor food, perhaps?"

"I am starving!"

"And your husband is unkind, perhaps?"

A faint flush crept into the pallid cheek, and, for the first time, Ruel Jannifer's wife spoke, with some show of spirit

"If it were so, I would never say it."

"But you would deny it, if you dared. You have a child?"

"Two, dear father, twin boys!" with clasped hands; "and it is for their sakes, their sakes alone, that I consented——"

An agony of tears closed the sentence.

"Well," said the old man, "on that sideboard are the dainties you used to like; and within is a bottle of the sweet wine, laid down when you were born, and used only upon your birth-day. Go, eat and drink; then I will tell you what I have resolved."

The girl raised her head proudly, and opened her lips to refuse the alms thus bestowed; but, just then, the fire flashed up ruddily, and glittered upon the silver service, the basket heaped with cakes, the dish of fruit, the sweetmeats, prepared for dessert, and a hungry glare came into her eyes, more pitiful to see than all the wild tears they had shed just now. Staggering across the room, for she was pitifully weak, she seized upon the food, devoured it eagerly, filled and drank a glass of wine, and then hesitated, stole a furtive glance at her father, who, without moving from his musing attitude, watched all her motions in the polished marble of the fire-place, and, finally, slipped the remainder of the cakes into her pocket. It was a theft, but do not despise her; it was for the sake of those she left at home, the starving babies who lived upon her life that she did it. Then she returned, and stood before Godfrey Jannifer.

"Father," said she, timidly, "you cannot quite hate me, since you give me food. Father, dear—"

"Wait a moment, if you please, Mrs. Jannifer," he said, interrupting her. "Before you draw such conclusions, wait until you know my intentions. Come, sit down; I have a proposition to make to you."

"A proposition, father!" And the light of sudden hope flashed into her sad eyes, and kindled upon the hollow cheek.

"Yes. I do not wish that you should starve, nor will I in any manner aid or countenance the man you have married. If you will leave him, and pass me your solemn oath that you will never see, or speak with, or hold any manner of communication with him again, I will allow you to return here, and I will try my best to forget the past year."

"But my children, father!" cried the young woman, imploringly.

"I will pay for their admission into some public institution, and send them to sea when they are old enough. You will never see them, or speak of them. After a while, I can procure your divorce, or the man will die, and then you shall marry as I had planned; marry a husband who will ennoble our blood, and make my grandchildren peers of the land."

"Dear father, have not you relinquished that wild dream?" cried Maud, desperately. "Lord

Beecham would not want me now, and he never wanted me except for my money, or rather your money; a ruined profligate, who would despise us, even while he wasted our fortune——"

"Silence, bold girl!" exclaimed her father, striking the arm of his chair. "You have chosen a ruined profligate, indeed; but one with neither ancient blood, or proud title, or the manners of a gentleman, or aristocratic connections, to make his vices tolerable. Answer my proposition, and without further delay; my patience is exhausted."

"I cannot abandon my children," replied Maud, rising; "nor my husband. Your food would choke me if I did. Oh, father! father! do not be so pitiless! Help us a little, without these hard conditions! I do not ask for alms, but for work; Ruel would gladly perform any labor——"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Jannifer," interposed the old man, coldly. "I have made you a proposition, and you have refused it. Our interview is ended, and I distinctly decline to hold another with you, so long as we both may live. And now I hope you will retire at once, for I wish to be alone."

Maud Jennifer stood, for an instant, looking steadily in her father's face, then left the room as noiselessly as she had entered it.

An hour later, Godfrey Jannifer sat down to his luxurious dinner, as unconcerned as if he had not sent his daughter out to starve.

CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas Eve, 1750, and again Godfrey Jannifer sat in his library. The fire burned brightly, the lamps were lighted, and a well-spread table, at the back of the room, lay ready for supper. It held four plates, and Godfrey Jannifer's three most trusted and intimate friends sat with him around the fire, waiting the hour for the feast.

These three friends were Roger Monckton, Esq., a shrewd, hard-headed old lawyer, well skilled in all the subtle intricacies of his business, and close-mouthed as a wolf-trap. The next was Geoffrey Willard, a man whose trade was money, and who had well earned the reputation of the keenest eyesight, the surest instinct, the coolest judgment, and most thorough experience of any financier in the city of London. The third was Job Withrington, Mr. Jannifer's former partner in the India trade, and now sole proprietor of the enormous business in which Jannifer had made his fortune; a man of sterling integrity was he, of scrupulous exactness, and of a cautious and secretive temperament. Mr. Jannifer knew them

all thoroughly, and having weighed well their several characters, had concluded no three fitter men could be found to carry out the somewhat eccentric plan he had conceived for the disposal of his property. He had accordingly summoned them upon this especial evening to take supper with him at ten o'clock, and to arrive two hours previously, for a purpose to be unfolded at the time. A little curious, but very willingly, they had all three accepted; and now, at ten minutes after eight, sat around the Christmas fire, awaiting their host's communication.

It soon came, for Godfrey Jannifer, when the first greetings were over, and a little silence showed that his friends were ready to listen, said, very simply,

"Monckton, Willard, Withrington, I have selected you, from among all the men I know, to fulfill a sacred trust, which I am about to commit to your hands. I think you are, all of you, my friends. I know you are, all of you, honest and far-seeing men, not likely to babble of secret matters, or to neglect what you have undertaken to carry through.

"Now, first, will you all take a solemn oath never to reveal what I am going to say to you, except each of you to the person you shall choose to succeed you, and from whom you shall exact the same oath?"

They bowed, in assent, and he went on.

"You are all aware that my only child, Maud Jannifer, married her cousin, Ruel Jannifer, against my express command, and in defiance of my known wishes; that I offered her a home on condition of her abandoning the man and his children: but that she has refused, and that she died, ten days ago. The man she married is also dead, killed in a drunken brawl the day that she was buried. Perhaps you did not know."

"Horrible, horrible!" murmured Withrington, and the others, each in his way, showed the same feeling.

Godfrey Jannifer alone remained unmoved, and, without heeding the exclamations of his friends, went on, in the same icy manner.

"The two children, thus left orphans, I have had placed in a charitable institution, where they will learn to earn their own bread by their own labor. I shall never see them. I have now no heirs, for the offspring of my disobedient daughter and of Ruel Jannifer shall never touch more of my money than will keep them from absolute starvation."

He paused, and looked at his guests, who were listening eagerly.

"But their descendants shall some day inherit

a colossal fortune. For look you, my friends, my scheme is this: I find myself possessed of five hundred thousand pounds. This half million, more or less, I intend to place in your hands, making you trustees of a fund, which is to be invested according to the best judgment of all three, and allowed to accumulate and be reinvested, and nursed, and increased by all safe and honorable means, for the benefit of such of my descendants, bearing the name of Jannifer, as shall be able to prove their descent to the satisfaction of the Board of Trustees, assembled upon Christmas-eve, 1850."

His guests listened in astonishment. At last Monckton said,

"But of whom will that Board of Trustees consist? Not one of us will be alive, then, of course."

"No, but each one of you, as he finds himself becoming unfit for office, shall appoint his successor, a son, if possible, and, if not, a near relative, the appointment to be confirmed or declined by his two associates; thus, although we, who sit here shall be dust and ashes long before, three men of your blood shall, a century from now, fulfill toward the children of my blood, the trust which I charge upon you to-night."

Godfrey Jannifer's feeble voice rang out clear and solemn upon the last words, as if already, from beyond the grave, he saw and controlled the action of the executors yet unborn, a hundred years hence.

No one spoke. All were too amazed. Presently, he resumed,

"To compensate their services, each of the Trustees is to draw a hundred pounds per annum from the estate, accounting for the same to his associates, and one day in every month the three shall meet, and spend at least an hour in discussing the affairs of the trust. Furthermore, it is my wish that any Jannifer who shall appear before them, on such day of meeting, and shall present his credentials, shall receive the sum of five pounds; or if any Jannifer shall be known to be ill and needy, and unable to apply in person for help, the three trustees shall visit him together in person, and present him with the sum of five pounds; and to this end I expect you all to make it a business and an obligation to inform yourselves from time to time, of the situation of your charges, and on no account to lose sight of them, for my object is, through your hands, and those of your descendants, to protect and care for the descendants of the child whom I loved, and whom I will not forgive, either in her own person, or in those of her immediate children, but whose remote descendants shall yet become

the heirs of the fortune which she lost by her disobedience."

"You speak of credentials, which the members of the Jannifer family applying for aid are to produce, in making such application?" said Mr. Monckton. "What are these credentials?"

"I will show you," replied Mr. Jannifer, rising and unlocking a drawer of his writing-table, from which he produced a box, holding a dozen bronze medals. One of these he handed to each of his friends, who read upon the one side,

"The Trustees of the Jannifer estate will pay to any heir of that estate, bearing that name, the sum of five pounds every month, on exhibition of this medal."

On the reverse,

"Christmas-eve, 1850.

Your sins are forgiven."

"There are twelve of these medals," pursued Godfrey Jannifer, slowly, as he fumbled with those still left in the box. "And the Trustees are empowered to issue one to each individual, competent under the trust to hold it. If the twelve should prove insufficient, the Trustees are empowered to issue more, one at a time, as they are needed; and it is obligatory upon them to keep a record of each medal, and to account to each other on every Christmas-eve for the disposal of all that have been issued."

"And when the hundred years shall be fulfilled?" asked Geoffrey Willard, as the speaker faltered, and laid his head upon the back of his chair, as if weary.

At the question, the old man resumed all the precision and energy which had marked his previous manner.

"At the end of the hundred years," said he, "You, that is to say the Trustees, are to use their best endeavors to collect every living descendant of Maud Jannifer's sons, and having first paid themselves the sum of five thousand pounds each, are to divide the whole of the remainder of the fund between said heirs; and if, after all diligent search and inquiry, no heir shall be found up to twelve o'clock midnight, on the 24th of December, 1850, then, after paying the five thousand pounds each to the Trustees, the property shall become an endowment for an asylum.

"All this you will find written, as clearly as I was able to express it, in this, my last will and testament." And from beneath the medals, Godfrey Jannifer drew a folded parchment, and handed it to Roger Monckton, the lawyer. "Look at it, carefully, my friend, and see whether everything is correct, and in form, and then let me sign it in your presence, and have done with it, for I am strangely tired, somehow, to-night."

He lay back in the great arm-chair as he spoke, and closing his eyes, seemed to rest, while the lawyer unfolded the parchment, and read it carefully through.

"Yes, this is all correct, and very carefully worded," said the lawyer, as he finished, and laid the will upon a little writing-table close at hand. "You copied part of the technicalities from that other will, which I prepared for you a year ago, did you not, Mr. Jannifer?"

"Eh! What? Oh, yes!" replied the testator, starting up in his chair, and looking rather wildly about him. "Oh, yes, yes! I know now!" continued he, making a visible and prodigious effort to collect his senses. "Yes, I copied all the formula from the will you drew up, in which I left all to—to Maud! Poor, poor Maud!"

Again he seemed dropping into that strange lethargy, and again he struggled to recall his wavering senses.

"Let me sign the paper, and—— Stop! There should be other witnesses than you, who are the parties concerned," said he. "Willard, will you be so good as to ring the bell for Joseph, and tell him to call Mrs. Downs, the housekeeper; and Job, my old friend, will you give me a bottle of medicine out of the drawer from which I took this box. Yes, that is it. A teaspoonful, please, in two of cold water. Quick! quick!"

Job Withrington, with a startled glance at the livid face of his friend, hastened to comply, measured the dose of one of those terribly powerful stimulants, with which, when every hope is gone, the physician often supports, or rather goads, to one last exertion, the flagging powers of nature. Then he held it to the lips of his friend, who swallowed it feebly. Immediately, the old man revived, and, as the servants entered the room, sat upright, and said clearly,

"I am going to sign my will, my friends, and wish you to see me do it. You are both provided for in it, and so are the other servants. Now, Monckton."

The lawyer laid the parchment ready, dipped the pen, and held it out; Godfrey Jannifer raised his hand, dropped it heavily, and leaned back in his chair.

"You are ill," exclaimed Withrington. "It has been too much for you, Godfrey. Rest awhile!"

"More drops," gasped the old man.

"Please, master, the doctor said as you wasn't to take them too frequent," ventured Mrs. Downs, anxiously; old Joseph shook his head; but the master signed imperiously, and again Job Withrington measured the dose, and held it to his lips.

"Now the pen," exclaimed Jannifer, as the glass was withdrawn. "If I die without signing, the children of Ruel Jannifer will inherit everything."

He signed as he spoke, and the old servants wrote their names as witnesses, and then the host said.

"Give me a cup of strong coffee, as quickly as possible, Joseph, and then place supper upon the table. My friends, you will excuse me, I know, seeing the state of my health; but it is my wish that you sit down and eat, drink, and be merry, while I sip my coffee here by the fireside. I will not mar your mirth, by bringing my death's head to the feast."

The guests protested, but the host was peremptory. The table was quickly spread, and the Board of Trustees, for the first time, sat down together in their official capacity. The supper was excellent, and the Jannifer wines had always been held exceptionally good; but on this occasion, neither meats, nor wines could tempt the three associates to conviviality. They sat at the table, to be sure, and were served by quiet and efficient old Joseph; but they ate hurriedly and silently, and drank sparingly, while beside the fire sat their host, sipping the black coffee he had ordered, and into which he had silently poured, while Joseph's attention was diverted, the remaining contents of the vial of medicine.

Supper over, the friends took speedy leave, each pressing their host's hand with a mute meaning, to which he replied, by looking in Job Withington's eyes, and saying,

"Good-by, old friend. I trust you."

Then they were gone, and Joseph would fain have led his master to bed, but was at last so peremptorily, yet kindly, dismissed, that he was obliged to obey, and stole noiselessly out of the room, with many a backward, anxious look at the silent figure, half-hidden in the depths of the arm-chair.

Eleven o'clock sounded, and twelve, ushering in the beautiful Christmas, with a wild clang of joy-bells through the solemn darkness of the night; but still the quiet figure beside the fire neither stirred nor spoke.

The fire, long smouldering, broke out into sudden light, as if to welcome the new day; and its light played fitfully over an ashen-white face, and wide-open, sightless eyes, and a form whose rigidity was like nothing that retains the spark of life. The flame, as if affrighted, cowered down and flickered, and disappeared; and still that which had been Godfrey Jannifer sat quiet and motionless upon the hearth, where his only child had knelt and plead in vain for pity and forgiveness; for Godfrey Jannifer was dead!

CHAPTER III.

It was Christmas-eve, 1780, and the Gadfly, one of the sharp-built, active little letters-of-marque, which did the new-born Republic of the United States such good service in the war for Independence, then drawing toward its triumphant close, was gliding along, under easy sail, upon her southerly cruise, when the man at the look-out espied a strange and confused group of objects floating, as it looked to him in the mirage of sunset, between sea and sky, upon the horizon line. Still puzzling himself to distinguish how much was reality, and how much deception, the sailor mechanically hailed the deck below.

"Sail ho! Of, something on the lee-bow!"

"What does the fellow say, Mr. Jannifer?" testily demanded Capt. Winchester of his first officer, who was diligently pacing the deck, and mentally wishing for an adventure.

"He said a sail, or something else, on the lee-bow, sir," repeated the lieutenant, with a suppressed smile; and the captain himself roared in response,

"What do you mean by 'something else,' you — jackass? Can't you tell a vessel from your mother's hen-coop? Hail the deck like that again, and I'll have you up at the gratings for the best flogging you have got yet, you lubber!"

"Beg pardon, sir, but there's two craft, and they're mixed up together, and—yes, sir, one's afire, sir!"

"Boy, bring my glass from my state-room. Mr. Jannifer, be so good as to step up to the main cross-trees, and see what you make of that fool's yarn."

So spake Capt. Winchester, one of the kindest and best-hearted men in the newly-established navy of the infant Republic, but who had all his life rather cultivated, than checked, the habit of rough and profane language, which in those days was considered a necessary means of discipline in either the naval or military service. Lieut. Jannifer understood, loved, and respected him, but at the same time did not scruple to smile at the eccentricities at which some of his brother officers chose to be offended. In the present instance he mounted immediately to the lower or main cross-trees, carefully examined the object so puzzling to the unfortunate look-out man, and, in a moment, was ready to report.

"There appears to be two craft, sir, a schooner and a brig, both more or less disabled, probably by a fight, and the schooner is afire. Shall we bear away for them, sir?"

"Of course, of course; bear away, you fellow at the wheel. Mr. Jannifer, you're officer of the deck; give your orders, sir, give your orders, and

don't be all night about it. Schooner afire! Like enough some pirate work. Mr. Jannifer, God bless my soul, sir, can't you hurry up your men with those lee-braces? They're going to sleep at it, sir. Lazy rascals!"

An anxious fifteen minutes to all on board the Gadfly followed her change of course, for every man of her small crew was brave and daring. Then she ranged up within easy shot of the brig.

Capt. Winchester hailed,

"Brig ahoy!"

A great confusion upon the quarter-deck ensued, and it became evident that a struggle was going on between a tall, fine-looking man, whose gray hairs did not seem to have yet impaired his strength, and two or three villainous-looking fellows, who were trying to force him below. The gray-haired man struggled nobly, but upon the point of being overpowered by numbers, he suddenly broke away from his assailants, and, springing upon the bulwark, waved his arms toward the Gadfly.

"Help!" he cried.

The next instant he sprang into the sea.

At the same moment a shriek from the cabin showed that some woman in distress was imprisoned there, and added the last touch to the rising fury of the Gadfly's crew.

"Lower away the boats, Lieut. Jannifer? You will command the first, and Mr. Mason the second cutter; and for God's sake, sir, lose no time! Did you hear that woman scream? Jump, boys, jump for your lives!"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the two lieutenants, as they pushed off.

The next instant the boats were flying across the dark waves that were now lighted by the lurid flames of the burning ship, which, under the influence of a faint breeze, came drifting slowly down, threatening to become a new and terrible combatant in the struggle that was likely to ensue.

"Pick up the old man, and I will push on," cried Lieut. Jannifer to his junior in command.

The second lieutenant, mentally cursing the necessity of obedience, and consequent delay, had no choice but to do as he was bid, and with a skillful turn of the rudder swept so close to the swimmer, that two of the men, shipping their oars, were able to seize and drag him in, without materially lessening the way of the boat.

"Gracious amigos!" muttered he, as they tumbled him into the bottom of the boat.

"Nothing but a Jock Spaniard, after all," growled one of the men. "'Twarn't worth our while wetting the boat with him, was it?"

"Silence, there. Give way, give way, men," thundered Lieut. Mason.

A few moments later, the second cutter ranged alongside the first, and her crew swarmed up the sides of the brig, to join their comrades, already engaged in an active struggle upon deck.

"Pirates, Mason! Pile in!" panted the first lieutenant, as the second reached the deck. The band of ruffians soon broke and gave way, retreating to the forward part of the ship, and into the rigging, with cries and yells like maddened demons. As they broke in this fashion, Lieut. Jannifer noticed that a tall and powerful man, apparently the commander, after vainly endeavoring to rally or control his men, had snatched a freshly-loaded pistol from one of them, and rushed down the companion-way.

"He is going to blow up the ship!" exclaimed Jannifer. "Hold the deck, Mason, while I pursue him."

Leaping down the stairs of the companion-way, Lieut. Jannifer found himself alone in the cabin, every door of which was closed. An instant's pause enabled him to distinguish sounds of distress and struggle in the little after cabin. One motion of his powerful shoulder and foot sufficed to burst the locked door open.

Upon the floor of the cabin lay an old woman, her gray hair dabbled with blood, flowing from a fresh wound upon her head, and over her prostrate body stood the pirate commander. A young, lovely girl was cowering upon the transom, her pallid face, and great dark eyes fixed in frozen horror.

"You villian!" gasped the sailor, rushing on the pirate with upturned dirk in hand.

The two men glared an instant into each other's eyes, and the next both faltered and turned pale.

"Ruel!"

"Godfrey!"

These were the words that burst, simultaneously, from the lips of either.

Then there fell a silence, like the pause before the explosion of the mine which is to hurl thousands to destruction; while overhead, the cries of wounded and dying men, the yells of ferocious victory, and the hurried trampling of flying and pursuing feet, mingled in one horrible and confused chorus.

In that ominous silence, the brothers, for they were such, stood and gazed into each other's eyes; and the pallid girl, who had the moment before, hoped for death as her best friend, took a little courage, and struggling to her feet, rushed toward the new comer, crying,

"Oh, senor! Help, for the love of the Blessed Virgin!"

"You are saved, lady, and there is your father, is it not, coming to seek you?"

As he spoke, Ruel Jannifer pointed to the old Spaniard, who appeared at the door of the cabin, at this moment, moaning, "Juana, my child, my darling child!"

The young girl, with a cry of joy, flew to meet him, and, dragging him into his state-room, near at hand, closed the door, and locked it. As she did this, the pirate captain turned to his brother,

"Well," he said, coldly, "what wilt you do with me? For it is you, I suppose, who commands yonder craft?"

"I am only commander of this expedition," replied the other, in an agitated voice. "The *Gadfly* is a letter-of-marque, under the flag of the United States, and I am her first lieutenant. Oh, Godfrey, to think that we meet like this, after fifteen years of separation! A pirate!"

"There's no use in calling names," replied the other, sullenly. "You preferred the American service to the English navy, for which we were both of us destined, and I preferred my own liberty to either. You have taken me, and if you carry me home, your United States will hang me, I suppose. What are you going to do about it?"

"Great Heaven! I cannot become a traitor to my country! But I cannot give my twin-brother to a shameful death! What shall I do?"

Ruel clenched his teeth, and groaned, and looked desperately about him.

Godfrey Jannifer stared at him, with undisguised contempt.

"Your country! What's your country, and why should you care for one country more than another?" he cried, scornfully. "But I'll spare your weak nerves the decision. This is my state-room, and it has means of connection with the magazine. I shall lock the door, and at the moment you force it, I fire the train I have laid ready, and blow us all to destruction. Good-by."

He darted into the room, as he spoke, and,

before Lieut. Jannifer could reach the door, it was locked; while from the outer cabin, and along the deck, resounded the sudden cry of "Fire! fire! The burning schooner is on us, boys!"

The next moment Lieut. Mason rushed into the after cabin, shouting,

"Mr. Jannifer! Mr. Jannifer! Oh, here you are! The schooner is drifting down upon us, sir, and the brig is perfectly unmanagable in the present condition of her rigging. The *Gadfly* is making signals of recall, and we have barely time to escape."

"Very well, sir. Collect your men, put your prisoners into the boats, and be ready to shove off when I come on deck," replied his superior, with brief authority.

Then, while Mason hastened back to the deck, Jannifer stepped close to the door of the captain's state-room, and said, in a low voice,

"I cannot give you up, Godfrey; but the schooner is drifting down upon this brig, and in half an hour more both will be in flames. We are leaving the vessel now, and if you choose to come with us, come, and give yourself up to Capt. Winchester. If you stay here, you go down with the ship."

The young man's voice grew strangely hoarse and broken, as he pictured the fate of the brother whom he had loved so well, years before, in their lonely and friendless childhood.

A brief pause ensued, and then came an answering voice, so closely resembling the other, that even Ruel started.

"You're a good fellow, Ruel, and I wish there was time to turn over a new leaf, but there isn't. Go, and say nothing about me, and good-by, Ru!"

"Good-by, Godfrey, and God bless and forgive us both!"

The lieutenant, as he said these words, turned from the door, with a face pale as ashes, and eyes full of tears.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY BRIDE.

BY MATTHIAS DARR.

My bride is a simple maiden,
And love is her all—her all;
But better is love in a garret
Than hate in a gilded hall.
And fairer than all the jewels
That flash on a monarch's brow—
Ay! bright as the stars of heaven
Are the eyes of this bride, I trow.

When sorrows invest my bosom,
I look in her smiling face;
When friends like the snows have vanished,
I weep in her wild embrace.
The beat of her heart is rapture,
The thrill of her touch divine,
And Poesy, darling Poesy,
Is the name of this bride of mine.

EVEN UNTO DEATH.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I.

THEY stood down by the stone basin. The fountain was not playing, but the water trickled, with a complaining sound, from the angry-looking old lion's mouth. The breeze stirred the sycamore branches above their heads. The last glance of sunlight tinged the leaves, and cast a faint glow over Madelaine's face.

It was a sort of glade, at one extremity of the great gardens, not far from the gardener's cottage, though the trees hid the picturesque little dwelling. Before them stretched the long sweep of shining flower-beds, parterres, and terraces; then a thick belt of shrubberies and elm-trees; then the lofty roofs of the gloomy old mansion, where the Stukelys had reigned since the first Ralph came over from England, and reared the frowning pile; and that had been long enough before to make the house ancient even at the time of which I write, the year of grace 1790.

There the two stood, Madelaine Noyse and young Robert Stukely, and in a summer-house on an eminence near sat old Madam Stukely, who glared down upon the pair with angry eyes, and a general resemblance in her face to the stone lion of the fountain. Not a syllable of the conversation between the youthful couple could reach her; but for all that she could have told, nearly word for word, what was being said. Pleading with the girl, was he, that young idiot? And she pretending to hesitate and be in doubt, standing there, like somebody in a play, with one hand raised to her cheek and the other flung over the edge of the basin within reach of Robert's; and he bending toward her, with all his soul in his eyes! The creature knew very well that he would be near when she came out of the cottage, and had set the watering-pot to fill at the basin, as if thinking of nothing but her flowers and their needs. Oh, madam understood! Asking pledges and vows in return for those he offered, was he? Marry her the moment he became a free man, would he? She need only be patient, and brave, and true, till he came back from this journey; that was all, was it? Then nobody could stand between them, and the gardener's niece should be Lady of Stukely, and reign there in place of madam—that was his plan, was it?

Old Madam tore one of her lace ruffles to tatters in an uncontrollable spasm of rage. But by

the time it passed, she had jumped at a plan with true feline quickness; and now leaned back in her seat, perfectly calm and composed, with even a smile on the mouth, which was beautiful still, in spite of time and her hardness and pride.

The jet of water trickled out its slow complaint; the sycamore-trees whispered in the wind; the dying glow of sunset flung a last kiss on Madelaine's cheek; the eager dialogue grew always more earnest; the lovers more and more forgot about the real world, with its trials and dangers lying so close to their radiant dream-land. Then, suddenly, a voice rang across the musical stillness, and brought them back from their enchanted realm, old Madam's voice calling.

"Robert, Madelaine, children, I say!"

Both started at the unexpected sound, and looked about, uncertain from whence it came.

"Children, I say," repeated the voice, and its tone was even sweeter and more persuasive than at first.

"It is Madam calling," half-whispered Madelaine, and a faint tremor of dread trembled through her accents, and darkened her eyes.

"She wants us," returned Stukely. "We must go to her, I suppose. You are not frightened?"

"No, not with you," she answered, looking into his face, to gain courage. "But what can she want? She refused to speak, when she met me, this morning."

"Let us go and see. She says 'children'—that is a good sign, at all events," said Robert, laughing a little.

He put Madelaine's arm through his own, and drew her on. But before they had taken a dozen steps, Madam came out of the summer-house, and walked toward them, erect and stately, the smile still on her lips, but the murderous light glumming yet, half hid, in her eyes.

So the three met; Madelaine somewhat pale, but composed enough; Robert's glance meeting his grandmother's, stern and defiant.

"Now don't stand there looking so like your grandfather, who's dead and gone—heaven have mercy on his soul (though I doubt if it will!)" cried Madam, cheerfully. "Come up to the house, you dreadful Robert, and bring Madelaine with you. How do you do, child? By the way, I fancied you looked pale, this morning, when I

met you; I saw you, though I pretended not to. You know this horrible boy is to go away to-morrow? That reminds me! I thought I forbade your meeting him again——"

"It was not her fault," Robert broke in.

"Who said it was?" demanded Madam, her voice growing still more brisk and cheerful. "It was yours. I know that well enough, young gentleman. Oh, you Stukelys! Just look at him, Maddy, dear; there's a frown for you! I told you he had the family temper, and could show it fast enough, the moment he was crossed in the least! But there, enough of this. Give me an arm, each of you. The sun is setting, and I shall get a famous catarrh, if I stop out any longer."

They obeyed her request in silence, and she walked on between them, without speaking another word. They turned into a broad alley, which led to the house, and mounted the granite steps to the colonnade, that extended along the principal front of the mansion. In the same silence, Madam conducted them down the grand entrance hall, till they reached the library. She paused there, took her hand from Robert's arm, and motioned him to open the door, then passed first into the great, gloomy room. Madelaine felt Robert's touch for an instant upon her waist, and the quick caress gave her new strength and courage. They followed Madam into the grand old chamber.

She sat down on an arm-chair, like a throne, at one end of the apartment. The young couple paused at a little distance, and stood regarding her, the utter astonishment visible in Madelaine's face reflected in Robert's, with a certain defiance and suspicion added.

"And now," said Madam, at last, "since you will not let me have my way, I suppose the only thing left is to let you have yours, provided you can find out what it is."

Madelaine's face was divided between wonder and gratitude. She looked as if unable to realize the reality of what she had heard, and oh, was so beautiful in her confusion!

But Robert's countenance was still grave and stern.

"I don't know if I understand you, grandmother," he said, after an instant's silence, during which Madam had sat regarding him, as if expecting that he would speak. "I don't know if I understand."

Madam's eyes turned from his face to Madelaine's, and back again to him, and rested once more on the girl; then she let the heavy lids droop over the sudden lightning which she felt kindle in their depths.

"He does not understand!" she said, play-
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fully. "What a stupid boy it is, after all. Madelaine knows already, I'll be bound! Oh, there are things the youngest girl could teach any man, in spite of the boasted wisdom of the sex."

Robert did not smile. He adored his grandmother; but he could not forget all that Madelaine had been made to suffer during these past days.

"Don't be angry, Robert," said Madam, and her voice was slow and pathetic now; "don't be angry! I have been thinking a good deal since I quarreled with you, last night. I could not sleep, so I had nothing else to do—thinking—thinking! I have remembered that I am an old, old woman; I cannot expect to stay here much longer; but you mustn't hate me during the time I have left. Oh, my boy! my boy! Don't let him be angry with me, Madelaine! Come here and kiss me. little girl—show him that, at all events, we two do not mean to quarrel."

As Madelaine hurried impulsively forward, Madam stretched out her dainty white hand, and pulled the blushing creature down on her knees, beside the chair. Then she kissed the smooth forehead, and let her fingers rest caressingly among the soft brown curls.

"Tell him we don't mean to quarrel, Maddy, love," she said.

"No, dear madam, no; indeed we shall not!" cried the girl.

"Maybe I have seemed hard and cruel," continued Madam; "but you must both forgive me, because I meant to do what was right. I did, Robert, though you thought it was all obstinacy and pride. Suppose I were to die while you are gone. I am tough enough, and strong enough; but I may die any day, all the same, for I'm an old, old woman; you'd be sorry then, boy, and it would be too late. Ah, you don't know what it is to be sorry too late!"

Robert was also beside her now, close to Madelaine, both looking up in Madam's face, and speaking incoherent words of love and gratitude.

"I am not so black as you thought me," she said, with a still softer smile. "Well, well, you're a pair of silly children; but, oh, me! it's nice to be young and silly! I was so once, Maddy, ugly, and wrinkled, and cold, as I look. I wasn't too well used, Madelaine—they were all against me. Fate, my family—all. I wonder I made as good, a woman as I did! I loved one cousin, and they married me to another, and poor Robert (I had you named after him, boy,) went off to sea, and got himself drowned. That's all my history; no matter how others told it, that was the truth."

She sat just under the portrait of the dead-and-gone Robert, and told this falsehood, just beneath

the picture of the man whom her treachery had driven forth, mad and desperate. There was one grain of truth in the whole. She had loved him—the one human being except this second Robert whom she had ever loved, wife and mother though she had been. But she let him go. She found that the grandfather had left the vast Stukely wealth to the other cousin, and she married that cousin secretly, and when the old man was found dead in his bed, Robert learned that he was both disinherited and betrayed by the woman he had worshiped. And of all the world Robert alone had grounds to suspect whose hand mixed the draught the dead man was believed to have swallowed by accident. But he held his peace, and went his way. And still another thing, he loved the beautiful woman to the hour of his death; and those who survived from the awful shipwreck in which he showed so brave and tranquil, said that the last words on his lips were a prayer for some woman named Constance; and so he passed “to where beyond these voices there is peace.”

Perhaps God sends such exceptional natures into this world, just to give us poor blind wretches a faint conception of what the limitless sweep of heavenly forgiveness may mean and comprise.

“That was the truth,” repeated Madam. “A dull old story, but you both have wit enough to understand why I told it.”

Madelaine was weeping softly; and there were tears in Robert's eyes. Old Madam smiled complacently, as a great actress might, who found that “her point,” had been successful.

“And now, to come away down through all the years to you two,” said she. “Robert, you're a rebellious, ungrateful young wretch! How dare you thwart the old woman? I sent you over to England to marry Miss Gray. You neglect your opportunities, throw away your chances. Back you came, here you find Madelaine grown up, more beautiful than she had any business to be. What do you mean by it, Miss? You go and fall in love with her, have the impudence to tell me you have loved her ever since you were two babies, as if you were anything else now! Naturally, I fly into a passion, rail at you, abuse Madelaine, threaten her uncle, though he is the best gardener on this side the ocean.”

Now she looked straight at Robert, but he did not flinch; his face was full enough of pride, but it was not the sort that such a thrust could disturb.

Madam's eyes wandered away to a portrait, hanging at a little distance, that of one Ralph Stukely, a second cousin of Robert's, who had been killed in a duel, years ago.

“Well, I have changed my mind,” she continued, slowly, “or rather it has been changed for me.”

She paused, and bent her head in deep thought, while a curious smile played across her lips.

“Madelaine,” she asked, suddenly, “did you ever think it odd, that I should have always treated you differently from what your station gave you a right to expect? I sent you away to be educated and accomplished, you know; in fact, did almost as much for you as I could have done for my own daughter.”

“I only thought of your kindness, dear madam,” faltered Madelaine.

“It was a debt,” Madam said, in a low, hoarse voice. “I had only suspicions. I would not verify them. Last night I went over all the old letters and papers. I never had the courage to do it before.”

Robert was about to interrupt. She put up her hand.

“Be still,” said she. “Boy, look at the portraits. Who is it that Madelaine is like?”

Again her eagle eyes wandered back to Ralph's picture; Robert's glance followed hers.

“Oh, you see it,” said she. “Do you understand?”

Madelaine had turned deathly white. Robert rose and passed his arm about her waist, to support her.

“I don't know what you mean, grandmother,” he said, “but you need not tell me now.”

“I'm old,” she muttered. “I may die tonight—who knows? I musn't leave a wrong unrighted. I——”

She shivered, and huddled herself down in her chair, looking feeble and ancient; her very voice had grown quivering and old.

“What was I saying? Is my mind beginning to go?” she moaned.

“Grandmother!” exclaimed Robert, but there was no anger in his accents now, nothing but terror.

“Be still,” she said again. “A wrong—a great wrong! I withdraw my opposition. I bid you marry her, I'd curse you if you did not. She is the gardener's niece, if you like. But she is Ralph Stukely's daughter, and her mother died of her own shame. Set it right—marry her—marry——”

A low moan interrupted her broken words. It came from Madelaine's lips. The girl had slipped from her lover's clasp, and fallen senseless on the floor, her head resting first at Madam's feet.

“You have murdered her!” cried Robert, vehemently. “Oh, you wicked woman. You——”

“I'm old,” whimpered Madam. “It wouldn't

take much to kill me. A few harsh words from you would be enough, boy; speak them, if you like. I had to tell. I meant it for the best. I love you. I'm old—old!"

She shivered and shook, while Robert raised Madelaine, calling her name wildly. He was utterly helpless and dazed between fright and anger. And the old lion's head watched him, and the old murderous smile was on the lips still.

"I love her. She is mine—mine," cried Robert, glaring at Madam, and then frantically kissing Madelaine. "My wife—my darling!"

And Madelaine, opening her eyes, was greeted by those words, and gradually came to herself again.

"Marry her, in spite of everything, will he?" muttered Madam to herself, looking on. "Marry her, eh? Not while there's a pine board left to make a coffin of, and a place under ground to put it in! He gets all that from his mother. No real Stukely would have held to her after what I told him to-night. Not one of them but would sooner have torn his own heart out, if there was no other way of getting rid of his love. Just like his mother. I'm glad I tormented her. I wish I had done more. I wish the young whelp had died with her. And I love him, and he's all I have; the last Stukely—the last!"

II.

SHE gathered her heavy dressing-gown closer about her, and pulled her chair up to the fire. It was late in May, and the night warm; but Madam shivered as if with a mortal chill. A crayon-head of the dead Robert hung over the mantel, and looked down at her with its sorrowful, loving eyes. She stretched out her arms toward the portrait, and groaned, and prayed, and cursed; but the agony which had lain at her heart for so many, many years, and the love which had gone with her from girlhood, into her prime and on to her old age, did not soften her in the least. Beginning away back with her first sin, there was nothing she would not have done again, had the same motives impelled her. She told herself this, to-night, even while she moaned and cried, "I loved you, Robert—I loved you!"

And Madelaine, in her little chamber, down in the gardener's cottage, was keeping vigil, too, asking for strength to bear the burden which had been cast upon her; thanking God, also, for the great happiness vouchsafed her; begging that she might not be allowed wickedly to repine, because her father's sin and her mother's shame must leave forever a bitter memory and a corroding thought underlying her content.

When Madam would permit her to depart, Robert had gone with her to the cottage, and left her at the door. Old Prudence, who had taken charge of the little house ever since Madelaine could remember, was in bed; but Uncle Christopher sat smoking his pipe, over the dying embers of the kitchen-fire. He did not look up, as she entered; a morose, sullen, taciturn man, who had few sympathies.

Madelaine walked up to the hearth, and stood near his chair; but he only puffed out a thicker cloud of smoke, as if to make a partition between them.

"I have been up at the house with Madam," she said.

"Then there were two of you to hatch mischief, and one woman can do enough in that line by herself," returned Uncle Christopher.

But Madelaine was not to be rebuffed. She wanted to know more about her dead mother. Neither he nor Prudence, though that latter personage was garrulous enough as a rule, had ever talked of her. And perhaps now, when Uncle Christopher learned that she knew the truth, he would come out of his silence.

"Madam has told me," she said, abruptly.

"More fool, Madam," he replied.

"I mean about—about my mother," she added.

"Then I should think you'd heard enough for one night, so you had better go to bed," he retorted.

"Won't you talk to me about her, Uncle Christopher? I want to know what she was like before—before that great sorrow came upon her. Oh, my mother, my poor mother!"

She began to cry, but very quietly.

"Salt water won't wash out the past, nor blood either," said Uncle Christopher. "Go you to bed, you little watering-pot. I'll not talk, or be talked to. Ask me another question, and I'll clear out for good and all. What were mosquitoes and women made for, I wonder? Now go."

So Madelaine went away to her chamber, carrying both her grief and her joy, as an offering in her prayers; and thus both became sanctified and holy.

Robert Stukely did not set out at once upon his journey; he claimed three days grace; and Madam was too wise to offer any opposition. Then Madelaine was ill for a little season, so that, altogether, June had come before he departed.

Journeys were not easy of accomplishment in those days, and Robert's expedition was long and arduous, taking him away off into the heart of the most northern of that had been the

French colonies. It arose out of some interests connected with the well-being of his mother's only surviving relatives, so that he considered his personal supervision a duty, though the details have nothing to do with my narrative.

Almost four months elapsed before Stukely Manor again greeted his eyes. Once, during that time, he had received news from home, letters both from Madelaine and old Madam. Madelaine was full of hope and content, and wrote that Madam was so loving and kind to her that she could have courage to bear the dreary weeks of waiting.

It was toward the close of a day, late in September, that Robert Stukely rode up the long avenue, to his own mansion; really and truly his own now, for the term of his tutelage, which had continued several years beyond his legal majority, had terminated during his absence; and old Madam's imperious sway was ended, save so far as might regard her personal influence over her grandson.

Straight on to the house he rode, resisting the impulse which would have induced him to turn aside to the cottage. Some one of the servants caught sight of him, and a shout of joyful greeting rose, which reached old Madam, where she sat in the library, looking as stately and proud as ever, just in front of the portrait of the dead-and-gone Robert, whom she had loved so dearly, and had so ruthlessly betrayed.

"Is all well?" called the young master, as he flung himself from his horse. "Where is Madam?"

Not waiting for answers, he hurried down the hall to the library, for Madam's habits resembled the laws of the Medes and the Persians in their fixedness, and he had no need to ask where he should find her.

He opened the door. Madam started up with a shriek; shrank back, putting her hands before her face; then threw herself into his arms, crying,

"Oh, my boy! my boy! I sent Jarvis to meet you. If I could have died instead of her. I'm old—old. Oh, my Maddy! my Maddy!"

Not a doubt or fear had once beset him, during all that weary term of absence; not a premonition of calamity had stirred his soul; and now the blow fell.

He pushed Madam away, and staggered back into a chair, looking like the ghost of the man who had ridden up to the house a moment before. He was as much changed as if crossing the threshold of that room had been the entrance into Hades!

"I didn't hear!" he groaned, incoherently.

"It can't be. I didn't hear! Speak to me, grandmother, for God's sake! I——"

He could utter no other pleading; but Madam had no need of words to reply; her looks of anguish, her uplifted arms, her inarticulate moans told the whole.

Madelaine had been buried the week previous, out in the old grave-yard, that lay between the village church and the Manor House.

There was very little to learn. Uncle Christopher had disappeared the day of the funeral. Madelaine had never seemed well to Madam, since that day in the library. It was one evening, when Christopher came to tell her the girl was ill; Prudence gone away on a visit to some relatives for the first time within anybody's recollection; the doctor absent. Madam went down to the cottage herself, armed with her box of medicines, for she had a gift where illness was concerned. It seemed to her heart disease; she had once or twice fancied that Madelaine was threatened with such symptoms. She gave certain narcotics, which afforded relief, and meant in the morning to send to New York for the most famous physician the city contained. She had slept herself at the cottage. But when morning came, there was nothing more to be done. Madelaine had died in the night.

"Neither able to die nor go mad!" Robert said the words over and over to himself, as he wandered up and down the great house, and in and out of the cottage where Prudence sat, aged and stupefied by her sorrow. There was the room in which Madelaine had worked and read; the flowers she had loved, still blooming on the window-sill; the bird she had tended, singing blithely in his cage; the autumn wind stealing in at the casement, heavy with the scept of the late flowers; the sun shining; the blue arch of heaven, stretching above, and blessed saints and angels beyond its sweep; and he away down in the dark, neither able to die nor to go mad!

At last he could endure it no longer. The very sight of Stukely Manor became hateful to him. He left everything, suddenly, and sailed for Europe.

III.

A QUIANT old Belgian town, with a great, dull square in the midst, and a fountain in the centre of that square, where women in tall white caps and clattering sabots, washed their lettuces, and chattered in an uncouth patois. On one side was a gray, mediæval church, and close beside it a grim, dark convent, with grated windows. This convent turned its back on the square, and had an entrance in a narrow street behind, which led

into other narrow streets, each paved with heart-stones, and leading away up a steep hill.

This was where Robert Stukely found himself, after a year of pilgrimage. Why he came he could not have told, nor why he remained. Outwardly, he had become a cold, silent, self-centred man, without seeking or avoiding society; ready always to aid sorrow or affliction; but so shut out from all community of hopes or interests with ordinary humanity, that he was almost as much alone, as if he had been flung bodily into the darkness of a chaotic world, peopled only by phantoms and his own misery.

A month passed, and its close found him sojourning still in the dull Flemish town.

One day, as he was returning from a long ramble among the hills, he strolled into a little Lutheran chapel outside the walls. The old Sacristan pounced upon him, eager to earn a few sous, and muttering, in his almost unintelligible dialect, something about wonderful things which the stranger ought to see, dragged him forth by a side-door, and landed him in the midst of a cemetery.

Robert was hurrying away, when his foot struck against a mound; he stumbled and fell; as he raised himself, his glance caught the inscription upon the slab, at the head of the grave. He read,

Here lies the body of

CHRISTOPHER NOYSE,

Born in Scotland in the year 1729.

Died at Beaulieu July 7th, 1791.

Thus much, in addition, he learned from the Lutheran clergyman. Uncle Christopher had come thither during the previous winter, and the people with whom he lodged were known to the pastor. Noyse had been ailing from the first, was gloomy and taciturn, seeming to the minister a man oppressed by some heavy secret. One summer morning he was found dead in his room; from heart-disease, the physicians said. There were no papers of consequence found among his effects, beyond a certificate of his birth, and documents relating to certain sums of money invested in English funds.

A week later, arrived the festival of some saint, whose memory was much venerated in those parts. The convent church was gorgeous with flowers and lights, and was filled with a kneeling crowd, while the voices of the nuns, hidden behind the grating of their gallery, floated through the vaulted aisles, like echoes of angel music ringing down from a higher sphere.

Robert Stukely had gone to the festival, but soon grew weary of the lengthened ceremonial, and noticing that a door, half concealed by a

great pillar, stood ajar, he passed out, and found himself in a square court, three sides of which were formed by the dark walls of the convent.

The place looked still and peaceful. No sound could be heard, but the cooing of a flock of pigeons on a low roof, and the faint swell of the organ from the church. Away in the farthest angle, a lay sister sat knitting in the sun, unconsciously making a picture of herself, as she dozed over her task.

Robert suddenly remembered a famous painting, which hung in one of the convent chapels, and was shown to strangers occasionally, by special permission; and that permission he had in his pocket, along with a wondrously polite letter from some high dignitary of the church, whose acquaintance he had formed at Brussels.

The young man crossed to the corner, where the lay sister, sat and she, abruptly roused from her tranquil nap, opened wide eyes of astonishment at his approach. He proffered his request, and showed the bishop's letter. But the nun shook her head. It was a fast day, she reminded him; monsieur must come again.

Naturally, now that it was not easy to do, he felt exceedingly anxious to see the picture at once; and presently, the nun discovered that English was his native tongue, and she burst into it with great volubility, proving to be an Irish woman who had lived from girlhood to middle age in the old Belgian convent. Between her satisfaction at hearing her own language spoken, and the courage she derived from a shining gold piece, which he slipped into her hand, Sister Ursula's scruples gave way. "The Mother Superior and her whole flock were in the church," she said, "and would remain there for a long time yet; if the young gentleman would content himself with a brief look, the visit might be managed."

She led him in, accordingly, through long dark corridors, whose stone flags echoed strangely beneath their tread, talking all the while as fast as if she were trying to indemnify herself for the years of enforced silence, till at last they reached the chapel.

A curtain hung before the chancel-screen; the sister drew it aside; then uttered a cry of dismay. A woman, in the dress of a novice, was kneeling at the altar.

"Come away!" cried the nun. "The Virgin help me! I forgot! It is the English girl. She is doing penance. For the love of the saints, come away!"

But the novice had risen. She had turned toward them. For an instant, Robert Stukely believed that he was dead, or that he had met a

ghost. For the face he saw was the face of his lost Madelaine, and the voice that, at sight of his, called his name, was Madelaine's own!

It would be full two hours before the services in the church would end. There was ample time for Stukely's quick wits to form and carry out a plan of escape. Old Ursula, the lay sister, had never been a willing nun, and the thought of freedom was very sweet to her.

She came back from her fright, understood the whole matter, in less time than any creature but an Irish woman could have done, and was ready and willing to act.

At this moment, escape was simple, easy even, so far as getting out of their prison was concerned. Ursula had the keys of the presses, in which the wardrobes of the boarders, in the school attached to the convent, were kept, garments which would not even be looked for until with the coming of vacation they should be needed.

It was not an hour later, that two veiled women passed, unnoticed, through the crowd of worshippers in the church, went out by the great doors, and entered a carriage which stood waiting on the opposite side of the square.

Away across Belgium, swift almost as the wind. In a few hours the sea was reached, traversed, and their feet were on English soil, before either of the three fugitives could realize that the flight was real.

Meantime, this was all that Madelaine could reveal, in regard to the mystery which had enshrouded her so long.

She remembered waking in the night, and finding Madam and Uncle Christopher beside her bed. She was told that she had been very ill, and that she must neither talk nor stir. She recollected a strange odor in the room, and that she began to feel dizzy. She tried to speak, and then to lift her hand, but either was impossible. The two figures, she was mechanically watching, seemed to float away into the distance; a white mist appeared to gather all about her; a sound filled her ears, like the deafening boom of a mighty bell; then she knew nothing more.

Madelaine was on the ocean when consciousness returned. Uncle Christopher sat by her berth. He treated her kindly enough, but she could gain no explanation. All he said was, "If you refuse to do exactly as I bid, you will be the cause of my death. Even in Europe, I shall not be safe! Safe? Why, I shall hardly be that in my grave, if I fail in what I have to do."

But even if this appeal had produced no effect on Madelaine, she found, long before the weary weeks which the voyage consumed were over, that she could hope for no human aid. She was

believed mad by the captain and crew; believed mad by all who came near her, during the journey which succeeded their landing; her uncle told everybody she was mad, and everybody believed him.

She had been taken to the convent, and forced to assume the novice's dress. Once Uncle Christopher paid her a visit, but all her prayers were unavailing. She only received for answer,

"You are safe here, anyway; you might have been worse off, had you been left to your own devices; remember your mother, and be content that you can save your soul. I'll leave it all written; let me alone. I can't die yet—I can't die yet."

Death came so suddenly, that the old man had no time to leave the promised record. Nor into whose hands his secret might have fallen, could it have served any purpose; for in those days no law was strong enough to open a cloister-door, when it had once closed between a captive and the outer world.

IV.

OLD Madam sat in her spacious library. It was evening. She sat in the light of the great chandeliers, arrayed in rich velvet and costly lace, glittering with all the Stukely diamonds, brought out of their hiding-place for the first time in years.

She was awaiting Robert Stukely and his wife. Her grandson had written to her, by a ship which left England, a fortnight before they were ready to sail. News had this day reached Madam that the vessel which was bearing them home had been signalled, and that they would arrive at the Manor to-night.

Old Hobart stood on the wharf, when the ship landed, and the letter which he placed in Robert's hands was, to the young man's surprise, full of congratulation and welcome.

"I had not hoped for this," he said to Madelaine. "But she gives us her blessing. She says she loves us both. We shall, at last, be happy."

Madam had written a long letter of explanation, which Robert and Madelaine read together. So far as the terrible mystery went, Madam said she could not repeat what she had at first told her grandson. She had been sent for to the cottage, in the middle of the night; had seen Madelaine very ill. When she woke in the morning, Christopher told her that the girl was dead. She had gone home at once; had kept her bed for days. Her servants and several of the village people had attended the funeral. No suspicion, Madam added, had ever crossed her mind. Why should there? She could only account for the

terrible act by one hypothesis; Christopher had not believed that Robert Stukely would ever make the gardener's niece his wife, and had determined, at all hazards, to snatch her from the fate which had befallen his unhappy sister! Hence he had pretended she had died.

"We have been unjust to her," said Robert.

The sound of carriage wheels reached Madam as she sat in the library; hurried steps along the corridor were heard; the door opened; the young pair were in her arms, and she was crying,

"My children! My children! At last! At last!"

When they could at length get down to the level of commonplaces, Madam was full of tender, hospitable cares. But they had dined, they said, upon the road.

"Then Madelaine shall have some tea," Madam said. "Child, you remember my tea? It used to be your holiday treat when you were a little thing. Ah, come and kiss me again, that I may be sure it is real! My children! my children! I don't dare to talk—I don't dare to think. I might die of joy! I am old—old!"

But before they had the tea, she must see and thank the good Ursula, to whom they owed so much. Then she would have Robert show Madelaine her rooms, and Madelaine must gratify grandmamma's whim, and come down dressed in white, that she might indeed look like a bride.

Twice as they reached the door she called them back.

"Only to be sure that it is real," she said. "Now let me rest a little. I might die of joy! I am so old—so old!"

They left her, and presently Madam rang the silver bell on the table before her, and at her bidding the butler brought the famous tea-service, which one of the former Stukelys had caused to be manufactured for his new wife, marvelous sea-tinted china, and painted on each cup a lion's head, holding open red, hungry-looking jaws, with fierce eyes, which made one think of Madam's own.

Madam was alone again, sitting by the table, her head resting upon her hand. Suddenly the bronze kettle on the hearth began to bubble and talk gayly, as if to have its part in the general rejoicing. Madam started, as though it had been a living voice, then laughed aloud.

She arranged the service upon the silver salver; took from her bosom a tiny scent-bottle; opened it, shook two drops of a colorless liquid into one of the cups, and then laughed again.

"I am old, old," she muttered, "but Fate has never beaten me yet; and it shall not now. Ralph Stukely's daughter shall never take my

place. Of all human beings he was the one I hated most. I'll have my vengeance here, and take my hatred on into eternity. The gardener's niece! There's not a stain along the whole line. I'll not have her baby-face bring one now."

Another moment, and the husband and wife were in the room once more, Madelaine robed in white, as Madam had desired.

Robert brought the kettle from the hearth, and Madam made the tea, in the dainty fashion in which she did all things; the priceless diamonds that decked her fingers and wrists gleaming in the lamp-light, till her white hands looked as if ringed with flame.

She filled the three cups. The one intended for Madelaine was set in the middle. She was about to offer it, when some hasty movement dislodged the little bottle from her dress, and it fell to the ground. She said to Robert,

"It is only my scent-bottle, just here by my foot. Don't stir; I'm always in agony lest some accident should befall my precious china—yours, now, Madelaine, child."

Madam stooped to recover the *flacon*. As she did so, Robert mechanically put out his hand and set the cup nearest him before Madelaine; in the same unconscious way pushing the middle cup, into which Madam had poured the liquid, down to the place before occupied by the one he handed his wife.

Madam found her *flacon*. She glanced at the table. Madelaine was sipping her tea. With his own hand (this was Madam's thought,) Robert had dealt the blow. He had given his wife the poisoned cup.

"Now I shall drink my tea," said Madam, and took one of the remaining cups, that which held death. "This is your cup," and she handed the other to Robert, who took it, kissing her hand as he did so; for he believed implicitly the tale she had told in her letter, in regard to Uncle Christopher, and had no suspicion now of her guilt.

There they sat, talking gayly; Madam listening with interest to Robert's account of the homeward voyage, though she kept her eyes fixed on Madelaine's face.

Suddenly she put her hand to her heart, and a gray pallor settled over her features.

"You are ill!" exclaimed Madelaine.

Madam looked at her, and smiled, while an awful expression, made up of rage and pain, dilated her eyes.

"What is it, grandmother?" asked Robert.

Her gaze wandered to him, and then went back to Madelaine.

"It is nothing," she answered. "Too much joy—only that. Call Elsie; I must go to bed."

Smiling still, she waited until her woman came, spoke pleasant words of good-night, and went her way.

"Go out," she said to the attendant, when they reached her chamber.

She sat down, alone, in the silence. The face of the dead-and-gone Robert gazed at her from the mantel.

She writhed and shook in mortal agony, but not a moan escaped her lips. With a last powerful effort she took the little bottle from her bosom, threw it into the fire, and heaped the coals above it, then sank into her chair again.

"Did you hinder me, Robert?" she asked, raising her eyes to the picture. "Well, Fate has beaten me at last, but I don't yield. I'll battle beyond the grave. So near, and yet to fail! The first plan seemed so certain—who would have dreamed that he could find her in that living tomb!"

She crouched lower in her chair, as a fresh spasm of pain shook her from head to foot. Her wild eyes wandered about, trying to pierce the shadows.

"Is it you, come at last, Robert?" she said, aloud. "Is the old man Stukely there? Christopher believed that it was he who poisoned the old man by mistake; that was the way I kept my power over him. I told him he should hang, long ago as it all happened, if he did not take the girl away."

She was quiet for a little, then a low groan broke from her. "Why have they put the lights out?" she gasped. "It is cold—cold! What is that road, yonder? Must I go? Not that way—not that! Robert—Robert. Oh——"

Another groan, and all was still.

When Elsie entered the chamber, the next morning, her shrieks roused the whole household.

There Madam sat, in the light of the failing lamps, dressed yet in her velvet and jewels; her white hands clutching the arms of her chair; her glazed eyes staring up at the portrait of the man she had loved; but her soul had gone to its "own place," and her secret had perished with her. She had kept it **EVEN UNTO DEATH.**

THREE SCENES.

BY CARRIE F. WHEELER.

THE wild, bright hair of the morning streamed,
From under the dusky hood of night;
On the gleaming sand a young man stood,
By the glittering sea-waves flashing bright.
The tide came steadily creeping in—
Came steadily tramping over the sand;
And over the glimmering, purple sea,
A ship sailed from the land.

It was golden noon, and an older man,
By the glistening sea-waves stood alone,
At the turn of the tide; 'twas ebbing out,
With a restless, angry shuddering moan,

He looked away o'er the wrinkled waves,
For a beautiful ship, with wings of white;
The sea went up, the sky came down,
And never a ship in sight.

The new moon launched her pearly boat,
From the edge of the twilight's silver shore,
And the dusky banners of night blew out
O'er the glow of the sunset's crimson door.
An old man lay, with streaming hair,
When the tide forever had left the strand;
The wreck of a ship came drifting in,
And lay on the shining sand.

LOVE SONG.

BY ETTA NELSON.

LEAD me, darling, I will follow,
Whatso'er the path you take;
Be it through the darkened hollow,
Or among the tangled brake,
Where the spider hangs her curtain,
And the wild bird builds her nest;
I will follow, sure and certain,
If my hand in yours is prest.

Lead me, darling, I will follow,
Through the desert, bare and brown;
Up the heights, swift as the swallow,
There to pluck leaves for thy crown.

I will go through dark recesses,
Where the laurel branches twine,
Feasting on thy sweet carcases,
If you clasp my hand in thine.

Clasp my hand then close, my dearest,
Lead me in life's choicest ways,
So the sun of truth may brighten,
All our glad, on-coming days.
In my heart, lo! I have throned you,
There to reign, my king of men;
And with truest love have crowned you,
Purer than earth's choicest gem.

THE DESERTED WIVES.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

In the small village of Atholton, that nestled at the foot of a northern mountain, there were two men who had deserted their wives—John Ford, and Newell Foster. And yet the village paper, the *Weekly Enlightener*, which paused in its glorious career of enlightening the darkness of the world, to condemn, as a righteous paper should, the crime of John Ford, in fact devoted a column and a half to very large-worded editorial denunciation of him, said not a word about Foster.

Sympathy without stint or measure, and a few dollars in money, were given to Mrs. Ford, but not a pitying glance was bent on Mrs. Foster. And yet I think her condition incomparably the worse of the two; for when John Ford deserted his wife he took his body along, while Foster left his at home for his wife to care for, to supply its needs, to be a constant anguish to her, reminding her every moment of the bright days before he had deserted her.

Some people have a wrong impression, I think, in regard to these things. They think it is necessary for a man to run away in order to desert his wife. I do not. Newell Foster had left his wife, just as truly as if he had betaken himself to Australia, or Ethiopia, or where not; and she was just as truly a forlorn, desolate, broken-hearted woman, as if she were outwardly, as she was in the sight of God, alone.

Mrs. Foster knew this. Ah, yes! Let her midnight tears bear witness to the truth.

John Ford and his wife had a terrible quarrel before he ran away: lawyers, and a few meddling neighbors helping the matter along. Mr. Foster and his wife had had no quarrel. No officious friend had told Mrs. Foster that they "wouldn't stand it so," and "to stand up for her rights," for Mrs. Foster never complained; and as for rights, I don't think Mrs. Foster thought she had any, at least she did not, after she had been married a few years. In the case of Ford, a woman was connected; a woman whose mission in the world seemed to be to prove how low a soul may plunge into the depths of degradation, and how many weak souls she can carry downward with her. Newell Foster had been true to the letter of his marriage vows. Since he had stood at the altar, ten years before, with the one woman he had chosen out of the world, he had "forsaken all others" as he promised then to do.

What then had brought this state of things to pass with Mr. and Mrs. Foster? Well, I think Foster was disappointed in his wife. He thought he was marrying an heiress; not that he married her entirely for her wealth; she had plenty of other attractions for him in those far-off days of their courtship. But Mr. Foster was a shrewd, keen, business man, who looked out for the main chance; and it was unpleasant to him, to say the least, that his respected father-in-law failed, during the first year of their marriage: failed, and hid himself from his hungry creditors in the grave, leaving his only child no heritage but a dishonored name. This was one thing. And, for another, she had borne him no children. And then she disappointed him in many ways. Her health was not good. She had been a very bright and blooming girl, when he married her; but ten years of married life, with Newell Foster for a husband, had very thoroughly weeded the roses out of her cheeks, and the brightness and elasticity out of her spirits. She was now a pale, spiritless household drudge, still worshiping, unhappily, the man who had taken her from her happy, girlhood home, and then deserted her. It was this love that still remained so warm and true in her heart that made the very sting of her grief. If she could have been so indignant with him that she could have resented in spirit the constant slights he put upon her, the daily humiliation of his indifference, the harsh words and looks, the hardships of labor and endurance, she could have borne it better. But she loved him, and love always makes a woman a slave. A slavery sweeter than freedom, as many a happy heart will testify, when the love is mutual, and tender, and generous. But in the case of Mrs. Foster, it was a failure so far as happiness was concerned.

Mrs. Ford's husband had left her with six little children, needy and destitute. There were plenty among those who had known her in more prosperous days, to recommend the Orphan Asylum, or the Poor House. But there was one pale woman, who opened her arms, longing to clasp the weakest and youngest, and most helpless, in them. Foster did not object when his wife proposed to adopt little Winnie Ford for their own child. Of course, his wife would take the care of it. He would have a separate room during

its babyhood; he couldn't be disturbed. But the child was sweet and wonderfully bright-looking. She might grow up to be an honor to him, and he would never have any children of his own.

So little Winnie Ford Foster came to live with them, and the mother-love, that had never been satisfied, found expression. No mother could be tenderer in care and watching to her own child, than was Mrs. Foster to the little one Providence had thus given to her arms. It was, perhaps, two years after this, for Winnie was a most beautiful and engaging child, just running around and beginning to say a few words, when Mr. Foster resolved to emigrate to California. He thought he could do better there. Of course, his wife made no objections to anything he proposed; if she had, it would not have changed matters at all. So one September day they set out, poor Mrs. Ford, who was having a hard time to keep her children's bodies and souls together, dropping many tears on Winnie's little fair face.

Arrived at their destination, Mr. Foster did do well; he made more money in a year and a half, than he had ever made in his life before. And, of course, he was not satisfied, and wanted to make more, so he bought a claim, hired a gang of miners, and proceeded to the distant canyon where his claim was situated.

Mrs. Foster was beginning to like the mild climate of San Francisco. She had formed some pleasant acquaintances amongst certain people, who, like them, had emigrated hither, and her comparative freedom from labor had given back to her a portion of her lost health. She dreaded inexpressibly the new wild home amongst the mountains; the lonely life, with only rough miners for associates; and the hard labor that must be her portion. Mr. Foster was abundantly able to hire servants to do the cooking for his men, but I don't think the idea that he could do so had ever entered his brain. He was so accustomed to the services of his legally bound hand- maiden, that, to do the man justice, I certainly do not think the thought occurred to him, that he could employ another to relieve her.

Early in May they were established in their new home, Mr. Foster's healthy, handsome countenance beaming with content, as he overlooked the labor of his men, for his venture was proving more successful than he had dared to hope for. Mrs. Foster's face looked more faded and worn than ever, for she had no gratified ambition to inspirit her. Greater wealth would not affect any favorable change in her circumstances, judging from the past. And poor, patient, weary eyes, looking into frying-pan and gridiron, and sul-

try oven interiors, they had no time to look away from the poverty of her surroundings indoors, to the glory of the mountains, the glory of the forests, the glory of the waters; for it was on the bank of a rushing torrent that their shanty was situated.

The rough board walls of her cabin kept the glory and the sunshine from the tired eyes, as palace walls have sometimes done when sick hearts have languished within them.

But little Winnie was happy. Her child eyes, so new to all the world, found unending delight in all the wonderful, beautiful things about her. She was the one ray of sunshine in Mrs. Foster's toilsome, loneless life. Mr. Foster was proud of his "little daughter," as he called her, and thought of her. Her exceeding beauty and intelligence gratified his ambition, and gave him hopes of a brilliant future for her. And, to do him justice, he was a great lover of children, and the disappointment of not having any of his own, had been very hard for him to bear. They all loved her, and, in fact, it would be very difficult to help loving little Winnie Foster. Her face was sweet as an apple-blossom; just such a healthy, cheerful beauty, too; none of your delicate, wax-like, hot-house blossoming in her round, rosy little face. Her hair hung around her brow and cheeks, like wavy masses of spun gold; and her eyes were like the blue gentians on the dear northern hill-sides that Mrs. Foster remembered so well.

All day long, that little golden head could be seen flitting about the cabin. The miners grew to love it, hold it in a tender, sacred reverence, as they did the memories of their own little ones far away. But, above all, there was one man amongst them, whose love for her knew no bounds. This was a man, with wild, uncouth locks, and face nearly covered with a beard of patriarchal growth; his face was rendered more forbidden, too, by a long scar, newly healed, that cut across the forehead and one cheek.

This man, who had been hired by Mr. Foster after they had nearly reached their destination, was a stranger to all; but Mr. and Mrs. Foster were often puzzled by a curious resemblance, in the dark eyes, to some one they had once seen. He was faithful to his work, and to his employer's interests; but he was not a favorite with the men. He was too reticent—surly, they called it; and as he seemed to wish to have nothing to do with them, they looked upon him with consequent distrust and dislike.

But Winnie loved him. His rough, scarred face was beautiful to her, for it always wore a smile for her. He was never too tired to tell her the long stories she demanded of him.

He gloried in the joyful ignominy of being her horse, her dog, her elephant, or whatever other animal her capricious fancy might dictate. She rode in triumphant security on his shoulder, queenly mistress of these refractory animals, her small, white hands clasped about his neck. To thus bear her up the hill to the cabin, prancing heavily, if he were a horse, or with long, unwieldy strides, if he were her camel, was to Jake Wilder sufficient reward for the labors of the day.

It was one lovely morning in August, that she appeared at his side, as he was rocking his rough cradle, seeking for golden reward.

"Dake, what o'o doonin'?"

He left off his work at once, to tell her what he was doing; told her with a kiss on the little, fresh, eager face. He was glad to think of this afterward; glad to think that he stopped his work for a moment, wiped his hands on his coarse miner garb, and lifted her up in his brawny arms for one of the flying leaps through the air, that she relished so well. He was obliged to go up the hill, then, to the cabin, and she at once proposed that he should go as "her el'fant." He consented, with great readiness and delight, and placing her on his shoulder, he pranced solemnly up the hill, like a good-humored elephant bearing a fairy princess, went in his best "el'fant" tread, slower and more majestic than his gait when he was a horse.

At the cabin-door he set her down with another kiss, and she looked up in his face with her trusting, child-eyes, and patted his rough cheeks tenderly, and said,

"I love you, Dake; you'r dood; you'r my dood old Dake."

In a few minutes she was at her mother's side.

"What o'o doonin', mama?"

This was a great habit of the little maiden, asking every one what they were doing. Everything was so new to her; she had so many things to learn; people were doing such strange things all the time. Everything was strange to her; she must be constantly asking, in order to find out things,

"What am I doing? I am working my life away; I am killing myself."

And poor, despairing, hard-worked Mrs. Foster dropped her rolling-pin in the bread-tray, and sunk down in a chair.

Mrs. Foster was not pale this morning; her cheeks were flushed with a deep red hue, and her eyes shone with a strange, unnatural brilliancy. She had a terrible headache, was nervous, so she thought; all the morning her life, so tire-

some, so bare, had been confronting her. Her husband had been unusually cold and stern to her, too. Winnie looked up into her mother's despairing, passion-worked face, with innocent, frightened eyes, and pretty soon her pretty lips began to quiver. Seeing this, Mrs. Foster caught her to her breast.

"Oh, my darling, if it were not for you, I would wish to die! Nobody loves me but you. Nobody would care if I did die. But you would miss me, wouldn't you, my precious?"

"Papa would cry, too," said little Winnie, with an effort at childish comfort.

"No, papa wouldn't care. Papa don't love me," cried the poor woman, bursting into tears, for she was unstrung by the near approach of the terrible sickness of which she was as yet unaware.

"Winnie loves mamma. Winnie will be dood dirl all day, two—four—nine days."

Had her scant knowledge of arithmetic enabled her promise to extend to a longer date, it would most assuredly have done so, so wrung and troubled was her childish heart at the unusual spectacle of her mother's tears.

Seeing the trouble on the baby face, and the grieved quiver in the childish voice, Mrs. Foster made a great effort to calm herself. And soon the little cabin was as quiet, to outward appearance, as if no gust of stormy passion had so lately swept through it.

Mrs. Foster braced her fainting form to go on with her preparation for dinner; and Winnie, soon as light-hearted as before, flitted about as usual.

Mr. Foster was sitting on a bench, at some distance from the cabin, looking at some new specimens of ore one of his men had recently discovered. It was richer than had ever been taken before from his mines, and he was sitting, lost in golden visions, with his sombrero drawn down over his handsome, blonde face.

"What o'o doonin' papa?"

So absorbed was Mr. Foster in his golden dreamings, that, as he was sorry to remember afterward, he did not respond to her childish question, till after it was three or four times repeated, and then he bade her "run away, he was busy." But little Winnie had something upon her mind, and was not to be put away.

"Papa, mamma is killing herself!"

"What is it?" This drew his attention very thoroughly. "What is it you say, child?"

"Mamma is killing herself, and she said you wouldn't care! She said you didn't love her; and then mamma cried, she did. Don't you love her, papa? She's a dood mamma, I fink."

"What do you mean by her killing herself?"

And then Winnie went on, with great minuteness, to explain the rise and progress of the conversation.

"I said, 'mamma, what o'o doonin'?' Mamma said, 'I killing myself, working.'"

"Oh," cried Mr. Foster, with a relieved look. It was only a womanish, nervous complaining, that was all. But little Winnie went on.

"That wasn't when she cried—when she said she killing herself! She said, you wouldn't care, she dead; then she cried, she did, awful hard, she cried; she said you didn't love her. Don't you love her, papa?"

And little Winnie, who was constantly asking questions of everybody, and would, if possible, never give up her pursuit of knowledge, upon any subject, in her eagerness to discover the truth of this most singular assertion of her mother's, repeated the question, looking up into his face with innocent, wondering eyes.

"Don't you love her, papa, my dood mamma?"

"Love her? Of course. What a question! Run away, now; I am busy."

And he turned away once more to examine his golden treasure, and delight in it. But, somehow, after the little form had fitted away, as he had bidden it, he couldn't help letting his mind wander from the golden treasure in his hands to the words of the golden-haired little preacher, who had so lately spoken to him. "Love his wife!" The words had come glibly enough to his lips, when he was speaking to little Winnie. "Of course he loved her! What a question! Wasn't she his wife—his lawful wife? The idea of his love for her being called in question; he a church member; he who read the Bible every Sabbath, and who had always kept his heart from wandering after strange idols. Love his wife! What an idea! But he couldn't quiet his conscience—his remorseful emotions, by thus braving it out. His conscience, that had been his servant, a careless servant, too, sleeping at its post, woke up now, and was his master: a more relentless and inexorable master, because it had so long slumbered, and was now arisen, a king indeed.

In what way, had he shown his love for her, for years past? Were frowns, and indifference, and cold, harsh words, the language of love? Was it in that way he had won her from all other suitors, in the long-forgotten spring-time of their lives? That sweet, girl-wife, so fair, so dear, so blooming. "Her good mamma." Yes, she had been a good mother to the child, a good wife to him. Memories of her unselfish, patient devotion, her life given for him, rushed upon him like a wave—a wave, that long held back by icy bar-

riers, rushes on more overwhelmingly, relentlessly. There could not be a more complete abnegation of self, than had been here, all through their married life. Her life had been given for his, as truly as if she had laid it down for his sake on some battle-field. It was not an easy thing for him to stand thus, face to face, with conscience, with these remorseful memories, these new anguished thoughts of the patient love he had so long slighted. But he had made a home for her. So he said to himself; he had supported, her, fed and clothed her. But this relentless conscience said to him, that he would have done all that for a servant, and never would have dared to treat a servant as he had her, knowing the servant would leave him if he did. This legally-bound, patient thrall, he knew could never leave him, bound as she had been by her pride—her love for him.

But he had worked hard himself for their united interests; had been successful; and was it not for her as much as himself. Was it? His conscience asked him now. Was it to gratify his ambitious desire to be a rich man, or was it to make his wife's life easier, happier, more perfect and complete, that he had striven? Many, many questions did his conscience put to him, questions which he tried to evade, but could not. But, above all, did his heart ache with the thought of the patient love, willing, year after year, for his comfort, yielding to his most unreasonable wishes, patient with his upbraidings, his coldness, his cruel words, and loving him—loving him through all.

The sun stole upward, and stood over his head, and slowly, silently the shadow of the pine-tree crept toward the east. He did not notice that the dinner-horn, which always sounded punctually at noon, had not been heard; did not notice how far the shadow of the pine-tree over his head was reaching eastward. He sat there, with his face in his hands, and his golden ore falling unnoticed in a glittering mass at his feet, till the loud sound of excited voices reached his ears, coming from the cabin. He rose and followed the voices. The rough miners made way for him to enter his own door. And there, by the half-prepared dinner-table, fallen like a good soldier at her post, lay Mrs. Foster. An honorable soldier, worthy of a commander's stars and straps, in that wide band of household martyrs, who fall unknelt and undecorated by admiring nations; but who surely will not be forgotten by the great Chief Captain of the world, when He makes out his true roll of honor.

Dead! So they all called her. Dead! So the sorrow-stricken, conscience-smitten man, white

to his lips, said, as he bent over her, calling her by the old, loving names, that surely, if her spirit were still outside the heavenly gate, would waken her to blissful consciousness. Dead! And he could never tell her his remorse—never, never beg upon his knees for her forgiveness.

But Mrs. Foster was not dead. Slowly did she come back out of the terrible fainting fit, that was like the twin sister of death—came back out of the shadow of the Valley. Awoke to a stupor and delirium, that left her mercifully unconscious of another grief, that fell upon the sorely-tried heart of her husband.

Winnie was gone!

It was some time before they thought of the child, so engrossed were they with the apparently dead woman. It was Jake Wilder who thought of her first. He was the first man to go, although they rushed out at once to search for her. Mr. Foster, although torn with anxiety about the child he loved so well, still stayed with his wife, of course. A man was despatched for the nearest doctor, twenty miles away. The rest all dispersed in different directions in search of Winnie.

At nightfall they came in despairing, went out again in the solemn darkness, their lanterns gleaming, like falling stars, through the forest-paths, and up the woody side of the canyon. But it was near midnight when they came upon the first trace of her, a scrap of her white dress torn off by a thorny bush. It was on the direct path that led to a precipitous bluff, hundreds of feet high, beneath which deep, muddy waters whirled and eddied. Arrived here, one man, held by another strong hand, peered over the dizzy verge, holding his lantern so he could look downward. It was no use, the man said, drawing back; no human power could reach her, if she had fallen down there. Even as the man said this, a child's cry was borne faintly upward from the depths below. They were brave men, bred to danger, and they would undoubtedly have faced death with coolness and bravery, but they trembled and turned pale before that first child-cry. Again, the man who had looked first, held by the same strong hand, peered downward over the straight rocky wall, and there he could just discover, far, far down, amidst a cluster of bushes and stunted trees that grew out of a cleft in the steep wall, a faint glimmer of white. In falling over the cliff, midway to death, these bushes had caught the child, and had saved her. "No! no human power could save her," so the man said, shuddering as he looked downward. They only detained her for a moment at death's door.

At this moment Jake Wilder came up from his search in another direction. "I will save her,"

he said, "or die with her." Life, to tell the truth, was not over sweet to Jake Wilder. A hundred times, during the past year, had despair urged him to end it, throw it down as a miserable failure. Now he would give it, give it for the sweet little Northern Blossom, the one being in the world, whose innocent little heart loved him, trusted him. In vain his rough mates endeavored to dissuade him from his suicidal purposes, his vain attempt, for no one could save the child. No one, they declared; it was only throwing his life away, too.

He knew it would be impossible to reach the child by going downward—down that straight, steep, slippery wall. His only hope lay in reaching her from beneath, working his way out over the whirling, mad waters, and then toiling up the steep precipice, a little less steep here, upward, toiling upward, with that little white form for an inspiration. We read of men whose conversion to good is the work of many years, toiling in their upward path toward good, helped by the inspiration of a purer soul, who leads them gently upward by her nobler example. Learning, by the love and patience of a human soul, above them, yet still beating for them, something of the Divine Love and patience that shines downward upon the weakest, lowliest toiler, who looks upward through these earthly mists, seeking the heavenly light.

And we read also of those whose soul's change is the work of a moment, wrought in some crisis, some great temptation resisted, some wonderful preservation, some despairing prayer, that God has answered in the midst of deadly peril. Who shall say that this rough miner's cry was not heard in Heaven! His frenzied appeal, that perhaps he did not call a prayer; the wild cry for Divine help, when his human strength was failing him? The wild promise that if God would permit him to save the child, he would be a different man, a better man? And so, in the night and the darkness, he worked on, struggling upward, despairing, yet fainting not, for love of the little, fair soul above him. Toiling slowly upward, through the solemn shadows, near to the more solemn mystery of death, upheld by the divine inspiration of love.

It was a miracle! That was what his wondering companions called it; as he sat at the foot of the precipice, with Winnie's little form pressed to his heart, and the morning light faintly dawning in the East. The fresh, pure light of another morning shining upon his uncovered brow, and his earnest eyes that were filled with a new purpose. They called it a miracle, and talked loudly about it. He said little. I have noticed

that heroes are rarely garrulous concerning their heroic deeds. As soon as he could walk, he bore Winnie back to the camp, disdaining any help in carrying her. He said little, but his rough cheek, wet with tears, lay upon Winnie's little, fair face, the face of the child who loved him, trusted him; and as he bore her onward, he murmured often in her ear, "My child, my own child, my little Northern Blossom."

Did this love and trust that he read in the pure little face, looking up into his so confidently, encourage him, reminding him of the greater love, the greater trust, that never tires, never wearies, that yearns over the weakest and lowliest wanderer, longing to give him Divine welcome home?

Mrs. Foster lay for many weeks, with death upon one side of her, and her husband's devoted, untiring love and care upon the other, uncertain to whom would be given the victory. And, in those long, long hours of watching and waiting, he learned more of the heart-history of the patient, reticent woman, than he had ever known. Learned, through the wild delirium of the aching heart, that had carried its burden so silently and patiently; learned of the passionate love, that, like an eastern idolater, she had lavished upon her stone idol. It was not a stone idol now. No. His heart was very human in its aching, its despair, its longing that she might live, so that he could redeem the past; could teach her what love was, what it was to be guarded and shielded by loving care; could teach her what it was to be treasured, beloved, precious to the heart, that had so long slighted her goodness, her long-suffering.

When the delirium of the fever left her, a pale shadow hovering upon the mysterious, intermediate realm between life and death, I think it was her husband's kisses upon her face, his loving words lavished so freely, that wrought the real

miracle of restoration. Dr. Peachenbos thought it was his pills.

As for the man they called Jake Wilder, the change wrought in him, in that hour of peril and agony, was not evanescent. He said little, but his life spoke. A weary woman in Atholton read of that change, in burdens lifted from her by a stronger hand, in letters doing her a tardy justice, in repentance, in promises of future well-doing. And so John Ford returned to his wife.

Newell Foster sold his claim with large profits, and built a splendid mansion in his native village of Atholton, in which his wife and beautiful daughter dwelt like princesses. It was an elegant place, furnished as was no other house in the place. Well-trained servants relieved Mrs. Foster of all the drudgery of domestic toil. And people thought, as they looked in Mrs. Foster's happy, rosy face, that the content and happiness that was to be so plainly read there, was caused by the beauty of her surroundings, and the ease of her life. But she knew, in her heart, that the secret of her joy was not in these, although they were very pleasant; but in this, that her husband, who had deserted her, had returned to her.

In an humbler-home, John Ford and his wife were practicing the old lesson they had scorned to learn once, to bear and forbear. Mr. Foster helped John Ford to a business that enabled him to support his family in comfort. And so John Ford returned to his wife, and was forgiven. And the Weekly Enlightener made a good thing out of it, in the way of an editorial, warmly commending the repentance and the forgiveness, in words nearly all of which were from three to four syllables in length. And Newell Foster returned to his wife also; and since God and his angels made note of it, I think it is of comparatively little moment, that the editor of the Weekly Enlightener did not record the fact in its columns.

TWILIGHT SHADOWS.

BY J. H. CHAUNCEY.

THE daylight fades, and, strangely still,
Floats down upon the distant hill,
And on the nearer plain and trees,
The twilight veil of mysteries.

Unseen, the harbinger of night
Creeps stealthily between my sight,
And the faint letters of the book
That fade and darken as I look.

In silence, sitting by the fire,
What wonder if my thoughts aspire
To people with companions bright
This silver border of the night?

What if to me the shadows take
A definite and real shape,

And I behold around me stand
Guests from the unseen spirit-land?

Invisibly, and one by one,
They gather in the gloaming dun;
I cannot touch nor feel them here,
But yet I know that they are near.

Oh, loved ones—kindest, dearest, best,
My spirit clings to you for rest;
Sweet comforters in life's sad pain,
For evermore with me remain.

It may not be. Alas! they go
Fading majestically and slow;
Yet never doubt that they have been
Because their presence is unseen.

MY CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

BY MRS. A. B. HARRISON.

"THE idea of sailing in the middle of December, and spending Christmas-day at sea!"

So said my sister and every one of my friends, and I could only answer that I had already staid much longer, in England, than I intended, and that mother was impatient for my return.

All perfectly true. But still very far from being the whole truth. For I could tell no one of the contents of a package of letters that lay safely hidden in my desk—letters that had traveled thousands of miles to reach me, and the last of which had said, "I shall be in New York, if all goes well, on the first of January, and shall come to you for the welcome that fills all my dreams by day and night!" Said that, and a good deal more I do not care to repeat, making me feel that no earthly consideration could tempt me to delay my voyage.

So my preparations were made, and the fifteenth of December found me in Liverpool, dining with my brother-in-law, Henry, and two friends of his, at the Adelphi Hotel.

"You must let me introduce you to Capt. Stuart," said one of the gentlemen. "He is the finest fellow in the world, and will take the kindest care of you."

How the wind roared and whistled that night, and even the next day, when I went on board the steamer. There could be no last lingering looks, for the pouring rain prohibited any standing on deck. So, with a word or two to Capt. Stuart, to whom I was introduced, and who very cordially accepted the office of protector. I sought the shelter of the saloon, and before many hours was glad to hide myself in my berth.

I am sure I had not once thought of the captain, when, on the third day, at dinner time, there came down a beautiful bunch of grapes, with his compliments; and the next morning there was a rap at the door, and a cheerful voice that said, "Well, young lady, is it not time that you were reporting yourself on deck?"

"I wish I could," was my response, in rather a doleful tone, I am afraid. "I am so tired of being in prison here."

"Very well. Where is the stewardess? Here, Mrs. Grant, have this young lady ready to go on deck at eleven o'clock," and he was gone.

Eleven o'clock came, and found me dressed, and lying on the sofa, feeling as if it would re-

quire an effort worthy of Hercules to get any further; but there was strength and inspiration in the greeting of my new friend, when he came again to my door, and I went without a murmur.

Oh, the delight of breathing the fresh air again! The storm was over, though there was still what a sailor would call a pretty stiff breeze; the sun shone on the sparkling waves, the sails were set, and the cheerful sights and sounds soon put to flight all thoughts of the misery of the preceding days.

How it was I scarcely knew, but I found myself reclining in the most luxurious of steamer-chairs, wrapped up in rugs and shawls, that were certainly not all my own; made utterly comfortable, without once being asked "Would you like this?" or "Shall I do that?"

I had never been accustomed to be taken care of, being rather one of the independent class of young women; but it was wonderfully pleasant, if only from the novelty. Then I was left to myself, and I lay there idly watching the movements of the sailors, and the few passengers who were on deck, dreaming waking dreams, but now and then recalled to the present as the captain would stop in his walk to tuck in some stray corner of a shawl, or to turn my chair a little to keep the sun out of my eyes, say a few pleasant words, and then go on. Very kind he was, certainly, and I sent a grateful thought to my brother's friend, who had given me into his care.

After a while he came and sat down beside me.

"Well, isn't this better than being down below, bemoaning yourself, and wishing you were safe on shore?"

"Infinitely." I scarcely felt well enough yet for more than a word at a time.

He smiled, and nodded his head.

"Very good. By to-morrow, we will have you chatting away with the best of us. I intend to make a capital sailor of you yet."

"I am sure you will."

He looked at me steadily for a minute or two, with a far-away look, as if he were not thinking at all of what we had just been saying, then said, suddenly, but very gently, "Do you know, that you remind me strangely of a dear friend, whom I have not seen for years?"

"I am very glad," I answered. "I hope it is some one that is very nice."

"Nice!" Such a curious odd smile he gave me. "Nice! I dare say other people think so. To me," and his voice lowered and deepened with some intense feeling, "she is the one among a thousand——"

He broke off with an order to one of the sailors, continued his walk up and down the deck, and left me to my own thoughts. Naturally enough they were of the friend of whom he had spoken. I should not have been a woman if I had not been curious to know more. Who was she? His wife? Men do not often speak of their wives in that tone; besides, he said he had not seen her for years. Was she dead? Or had he a wife? I watched him as he paced backward and forward, and fancied I saw that his words had stirred up some feeling far below the surface, for he seemed lost in a reverie. Not to forgetfulness, however, of anything that had a claim upon his attention; even I could see how he watched every motion of the vessel, every quiver of the sails, every changing shadow; and it seemed to me then (and the feeling grew stronger each day of the pleasant voyage) as though the ship were a living creature, that he held in control by an invisible rein, and mindful of her every movement, guided her by the mere force of his own will.

I had not been allowed to feel myself neglected when he returned to me.

"It is rather cold for you, I think. I shall take you below."

I uttered an emphatic remonstrance.

"What! In rebellion already! Do you not know the first duty at sea is subordination?"

"Yes, I suppose it is, and if I must——"

"Come, come, if you take it so to heart, we will have a compromise; you shall go in, but not below."

He opened the door of his own cabin, which stood in the middle of the deck.

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

What a very little place it was! A sofa ran along one side, a writing-table occupied another, and the captain's own easy-chair stood against the third. There were three windows, and with the open door, one was still on deck while under shelter. Over the foot of the sofa there was a small book-case; a picture peeped out from every possible corner; every inch of space was made use of for comfort or for beauty. As I looked around I could not help exclaiming, "This is delightful!"

"Ah, I am glad you are pleased. It is to be your parlor for the next week."

"Oh, you are very kind; but I am afraid I shall be in the way."

"Such a little thing as you? When you are

curled up there, you scarcely take up more room than a kitten."

"I did not mean physically."

"Then you need not be uneasy. I will tell you when I find your presence insupportable."

I knew he was laughing at me, and I made no further remonstrance. From that day the captain's cabin was my constant haunt; there I read, wrote letters, worked away at a piece of knitting I immediately undertook, happily finding in my steamer-trunk the material for a comforter for a Christmas offering to my new friend; but spent more time than in either or all of these ways, lying on the sofa, looking out upon the sea, and thinking of the happy future before me.

For I soon felt perfectly at home with Captain Stuart, with the comfortable sense of being quite at liberty to follow my own inclinations, which one has only in the society of a real friend. We chatted together when we liked, but often he sat opposite to me for half an hour at a time without either of us uttering a word.

Little by little I had told him all about my home, with its happy band of sisters, and the dear mother who was its brightest blessing; of Adelaide, who had left it for a home of her own in England, and of my going to her when her health was delicate; but so far I had kept my own secret, until, one day, when we had been nearly a week at sea. I was alone in the cabin reading, when suddenly the steamer stopped. There was no commotion, nothing to create alarm, only the cessation of the noise and jar to which one had grown so accustomed that the quiet seemed very strange. Half an hour passed, then the door opened, and the captain's face appeared.

"Well, you are a model young lady, I must confess. Are you not frightened? Not even curious?"

"Is there anything to be frightened about? I had forgotten that such a thing was possible."

He took off his cap and made me a profound bow. "A very pretty compliment. I'll take the curiosity for granted, and tell you what is the matter."

It was some injury to the machinery, which he tried to explain in a manner adapted to my comprehension.

"And what is to be done about it?" I asked.

"Repair it, and failing that, make our way to New York under sail, reaching there in two or three weeks."

"Oh!" I started up, and felt the hot blood rush to my face. "I must be in New York on the first of January. I must! I must!"

He looked surprised, but only said, quietly, "Shall I send word to the engineer?"

It was very silly, but I could not help it; I burst into tears.

"Why, my dear child," he said, in a tone of real concern, "what is the meaning of this? Tell me——"

But I would not; and after a few ineffectual efforts to soothe me or to discover the cause of my grief, he went away, and I was left alone.

For a little while I cried, and made myself thoroughly miserable, but at length the sober, second thought came, and I began to be heartily ashamed. What was a little delay even involving such a disappointment as mine, if only our lives were not endangered?

I had time enough to read myself a lecture, for my friend did not make his appearance again for two or three hours. When he came at last, evidently tired and worried, he gave me a look such as one bestows upon a naughty child, and I had so much of the naughty-child feeling that I scarcely knew what to say for myself. But I soon found that he meant to wait for me to speak; and when I once began, in my contrition, I made a clean breast of it, and told him just why I had felt so badly. He was very kind, very full of sympathy.

"Poor little girl," he said, "it would be too bad, indeed, if you were not there. I am sure I hope, for your sake, we will succeed in repairing the damage." And several times, during the day, he came to give me a word of hope and encouragement; for the whole of that afternoon and the next day the ship lay idle. Fortunately the weather was perfectly calm, and there was nothing to interfere with the engineer's efforts; and some time in the second night I awoke to hear the welcome sound of the engines in motion, and to feel the quiver of life in the good ship once more. How glad and thankful I was it would be impossible to tell.

The next day all was going on as usual. I was in my accustomed corner, and the captain was sitting at his writing-table, when he opened his desk and took out a small velvet case, unclasped it, and handed it to me.

"There," he said, "in return for your confidence I must show you my one treasure. That is my wife."

The words themselves were simple enough, but the tone was so tender, so full of feeling, that I did not dare to look up. I knew that he had touched again upon the mystery of the dear friend he had not seen for years.

My eyes rested upon the picture of a woman, not very young, not strictly beautiful, but with

an indescribable loveliness of expression I have never seen equaled. That was my first thought; the next was, I have surely seen that face. As I gazed, Capt. Stuart spoke, in his ordinary voice, "Well, do you see the resemblance I spoke of?"

"The resemblance?"

"Yes; to yourself?"

"No, indeed; but I do think it very like some one I have seen. I cannot tell who it is."

"If you look in the glass, you will see."

"No, no; I cannot flatter myself with any such fancy. But I have certainly seen some one that it recalls."

I was still sitting with the picture in my hand, when I became aware of voices under the window beside me. Some of the passengers were sheltering themselves from the wind beside the captain's cabin. It was a woman's voice that said, "Has Capt. Stuart a wife?"

The answer came from the surgeon of the steamer. "No, he has never been married."

"I wonder at that; he seems so fond of ladies' society," said the first speaker, with a light laugh.

I did not look at the captain, but I felt that he was looking at me.

"I did not mean to give you any half confidence," he said. "The sphinx will explain the riddle, but it must be when there are no other auditors. I have not learned yet to wear my heart upon my sleeve, though the daws peck at it all the same, as you see."

The time for the telling of his story came that evening. I always liked to see the sun set from the deck, and I was nestled down most comfortably in my rugs and shawls at the stern of the steamer, when the captain joined me.

"Will you listen to my story now?"

"Most gladly."

He began, at once.

"The dear friend of whom I spoke to you, the original of the picture you saw this morning, I met first on board my own ship. That was six years ago, and she seemed to me the very embodiment of sunshine, the fairest, brightest creature that ever crossed my path. She was an only child, and the very idol of her parents. The mother was a sweet, gentle woman, whose whole married life had been a sacrifice of herself to a most selfish and exacting husband; she loved him, though, and I verily believe was happy in her martyrdom. Of the father I cannot trust myself now to speak. We became firm friends, for they made two voyages with me; and when on shore I often spent a day or two with them, at their beautiful home in Wales. I

think I had loved my darling from the moment when I saw her first, and we had no doubt that both her parents understood and approved.

"Had her mother lived all would have been well but she died very suddenly about six months after, and in her last moments she demanded of her child a promise never to leave her father. Poor woman! He had been in feeble health for years, and she had nursed and tended him like an infant. He was such a care to her, that she was only anxious for him, and never once thought how she might be sacrificing her daughter.

"The promise was given. I need not say it has been kept. The shock of his wife's death told upon the old man terribly; he became morose and irritable, and so difficult to deal with, that his daughter is the only person who can bear to be with him. She endures all his varying moods and tempers with a patience and serenity that are a daily miracle, taking up the cross her mother bore so long; I sometimes fear, like her, to lay it down with her life. Very soon he grew to dislike me, from the suspicion that I might come between them. We had one stormy interview, and then we parted. Well, she feels that so long as he lives, she must be with him, and she has promised him so much. He makes it impossible for us to meet; they travel a great deal, cross and re-cross the Atlantic, but never with me; are never within reach when I am on shore; all that I have is her letters; he would have forbidden her to communicate with me at all, but there she claimed her liberty; and he knows that she will come to me when his death shall set her free. So the years go on, she living a life of daily self-immolation, I—I never had a home. I long for one, such as her presence would make, with a heart-hunger that is unendurable. She is my wife, before God, and I may not claim her——"

He stopped abruptly, turned away, and walked up and down the deck several times before returning to me. Of course, he found me crying; it was all that I could do.

"There!" he said. "I had no right to burden you with my troubles."

"Yes, you had; I am very glad you have told me; very glad you could trust me so far."

"I could not help trusting one who reminded me so strongly of Mary Allison."

"Mary Allison!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I knew I must have seen her."

It was his turn to be astonished.

"Yes, I have seen her, last winter; at Torquay. She got interested in Adelaide, seeing her look so delicate, and I fairly fell in love with her. We saw her every day, and they all laughed at me,

for saying she was the only woman I ever knew that I would like to marry if I were a man." So I rattled on in my pleased surprise at finding I knew the heroine of his story. I had not thought that he could be so eager and excited.

"You have seen her," he said, as he took my hand, and grasped it with a pressure that was almost painful. "Ah, that was what drew me to you at first, even more than the resemblance I detected."

He asked me a hundred questions, and I was only too glad to speak of one who had awakened in me that enthusiastic affection which occasionally exists between two women, and is as beautiful as it is rare. Every little incident of the months when we had been near neighbors, I recalled for him, and, of course, we were better friends than ever. He did not ask me about her father; but when he bade me good-night, he said, "Pray God, that no other human life may ever stand between you and your all of earthly happiness."

The weather continued fine, and the steamer made such good progress, that but for the detention we had had, there might have been a chance of arriving in time to keep Christmas at home. It was impossible now; and one day the captain said to me, "I am going to give you some work."

"What! And destroy the *dolce far niente* one can only enjoy at sea?"

"I think it will tempt you. Come."

At the stern of the vessel, on the main deck, there was a small cabin which I had not entered before. He took me there, and saying, "This shall be your work-room," opened the door.

It was a charming sight to behold; an open fire blazing in a grate (well-guarded, of course,) and a great heap of evergreens piled up on the table. "Some kind friend sent those on board the day before we sailed. I thought you might like to arrange them."

I was delighted; for now indeed I began to have something of the Christmas feeling, as I sat down to the familiar work so often shared with my sisters in the home I was approaching. Supplies of rope, twine, and pasteboard were ready to my hand, and the hours passed quickly and pleasantly as I worked away.

It was the day before Christmas when I was done. I had made a wreath to festoon around the walls, covered a star and cross, and the captain was helping me to put them up.

"What is the matter that the ship rolls so today?" I asked of him. "There does not seem to be much wind."

"No, but there must have been a pretty heavy storm somewhere hereabouts, that we have just

escaped. We feel the effects of it a little. Some poor fellows may have had a hard battle with it in its fury!"

How little he knew!

When he had finished his part of the work he went on deck. I looked around. Something was wanting. A bright thought struck me, and I went down to my state-room for an illuminated motto I had in my trunk.

"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" were the words. "It is not particularly appropriate for Christmas," I thought, as I looked at it; "and yet I don't know; perhaps it is, for one spent at sea." I fastened a border of holly leaves around it, and put it up over the fire-place, then stood back to see the effect. Just then there fell upon my ear the sharp, distinct report of a gun, followed by another a minute after. There, in mid-ocean, separated from all the rest of the world, one can scarcely imagine the electric effect of that sudden message, a message never to be misunderstood—the cry of human hearts to human hearts for help.

A vessel in distress! I caught up my hood and shawl, and was on deck in an instant. All was commotion and excitement, for the wreck was full in view; our course had been altered, and we were bearing down upon her. She seemed to be a small steamer, and as she lay in the trough of the sea, rolling helplessly from side to side, even to my unpractised eye she was evidently unmanageable.

We could see the passengers crowded together on the deck, and various were the surmises as to what port they had left, and their probable destination—as usual, those who were likely to know the most saying the least. I think the captain purposely kept away from the idle questioning of the passengers, till he could speak positively.

How long the moments seemed till we were near enough to speak! And if long to us, how interminable to those who watched us coming to save them from certain death; for the short winter day was drawing to a close, and if night-fall had found them still unrescued, their fate was sealed. She proved to be a Bermuda steamer, bound for New York, but driven far out of her course by a series of violent gales which had entirely disabled her. She was leaking badly, and could not hold out much longer; her own boats had all been lost overboard, and her officers were powerless.

We were as near now as it was possible for us to approach, and the boats were lowered; but though the men bent gallantly to their oars, the heavy swell of the sea made their progress slow. How anxiously we watched them as they neared

the wreck; how our hearts beat and our pulses throbbed as we saw a line thrown out, and the boats made fast; then knew from the hurried movements that there was no time to be lost, as the passengers were let down over the side.

Slowly, the moments passed, but at length the boats were approaching. The captain hailed the officer in command of the first. "Have you brought off all the women and children?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Then there went up a shout that could not be repressed—the gladness and exultation of every heart thus finding relief. The gangway was thrown open, and eager hands were ready to help the rescued on board. The passengers were gathered together on the upper deck, where they could see all that was going on; the captain stood just below the spot that I had chosen.

Two little children came first, then their mother, with an infant in her arms; and it would be impossible to describe the heart-thrill with which they were welcomed, strangers though they were. They were passed quickly along, and down to the ladies' cabin, where everything had been prepared to make them comfortable, for they were wet with salt water, cold, and hungry.

Another and another followed, until the last. I was looking down as she was helped up over the ship's side; she raised her eyes to Capt. Stuart where he stood, and held out her hand. He sprang forward with a sudden exclamation, lifted her in his arms, and carried her, as though she had been a little child, to the cabin I had so lately left.

I understood it all in a moment, for I had caught a glimpse of a face I knew. It was the woman whom he loved that he had rescued. Was she won at last? There were wondering exclamations all around me; but I did not heed them. With all the excitement of the past hours, my heart was so full that I could only find relief in a woman's usual refuge, a good cry; my face went down into my hands, and I got away into a corner by myself. It was nothing to me now who should come in the other boats.

Capt. Stuart's touch on my arm aroused me. "Go to her," he said, "I trust her to you. I cannot be absent from the deck."

I held out my hand. He grasped it for an instant, then turned to his post of duty, and I to mine.

Yes, it was his wife, my friend, Mary Allison, who held out her arms to me, with her own sweet, winning smile.

"Nellie! Dear child, what a pleasure to find you here!"

I tried to prove worthy of my trust; I asked

no questions. I would not let her talk till I had done all that I could for her comfort; then I let her tell me the story of the wreck.

An hour later she was lying on the sofa, warm and dry, wearing some of my clothes; the fire-light was dancing on the walls, shining on the Christmas evergreens, the ship was under weigh, and I was sitting holding her hand in mine, when there was a rap at the door, and I started up to open it for the captain. He knelt down beside her, took her face between his hands, and gazed long and earnestly into the sweet eyes up-raised to his, then buried his own in the pillow; and, in the utter silence, I almost heard the thanksgiving that went up from a full heart to God.

She was the first to speak when he looked up again.

"I was coming to you, dear. I thought I would be in New York to welcome you."

"And I so nearly lost you." He fairly shuddered as he spoke.

"Yes; this morning I thought I would have to wait for you above. God has been very good to us, my own."

"And you are alone, now?" he asked.

"Never alone any more," she answered him; and he took her in his arms, and I heard him say, "*My Wife*,"

I had made a movement to go, but Capt. Stuart had detained me.

"No, we are not going to send you away to spend Christmas-eve by yourself," he said to me, after awhile. "You must just try to endure the sight of what you will soon know by experience."

And I was only too glad to stay. Of course he could not be absent altogether from the deck, but he went and came, and it was a sight to see the look that was in his eyes as they rested upon the fair face that was always turned to welcome him; the utter satisfaction and contentment that seemed to well up from the very depths of his heart.

He was not selfish, however, but insisted upon taking us below before it grew late.

"You must try to sleep, my darling," he said to her, "not only to rest. And you, too, Nellie, you will be unfit to enjoy to-morrow, unless you get over the excitement of to-day."

So it was arranged that we were to breakfast together at nine o'clock the next morning, and he bade us good-night.

But when the next morning came, I was awake bright and early, as I always had been on Christmas-day. It was impossible to remain in my birth, and I dressed myself, and went on deck.

It was a glorious morning, cold and clear; the sky was as blue as a sapphire, and the waves seemed to be fairly dancing in the sunshine. I walked quickly up and down, till I was all in a glow, then thought I would go and look at my Christmas decorations.

The fire was burning brightly in the grate; the table was set for breakfast; everything was so pleasant and cozy, that I sat down and made myself comfortable. There, about an hour later, Capt. Stuart found me.

"I am not going to wish you a merry Christmas yet," I said.

"Nor I you. What is that about 'Hearts of better right?'"

"I see you understand me, but my first greeting to-day ought to come from you."

"Wait," he said, with a curious smile.

Altogether there was something in his manner I could not fathom, as he stood with his hand upon the door.

"Have you pretty strong nerves, Nellie? Could you bear a great surprise without fainting, or doing any of those uncomfortable things common among young ladies?"

"Yes; I think I could."

But my heart was beating fast, and my cheeks were burning. What was coming? I could not guess.

"Just now, on the deck, one of the rescued passengers came to me to inquire for Miss Allison. His words and tone were so pleasant that I asked his name. 'Don't start now! It was——'"

"John! John!"

The captain had vanished, and in his place was some one who caught me up as I sprang forward, when the door was thrown open, and holding me as though he never meant to let me go, murmured words too precious to be repeated, but whose music will echo in my ears forever.

"And you were on the wreck? You were so near me last night?" I said at length.

"I was. Most unexpectedly I found that I must go to Bermuda on my way home. There I took the steamer for New York, and you know the rest. Fancy what I felt when the captain said he believed he had a friend of mine on board, and mentioned your name."

"And, oh, John! do you know who Miss Allison is?" (What woman could forget her interest in another's love-affairs, under any circumstances?) "He has loved her for years, and she was coming to meet him in New York."

"I may wish you a merry Christmas now, Nellie," said the captain, half an hour after, and as Miss Allison was with him, I felt that I might return the greeting.

What a Christmas-day it was to us all, the four who sat down together in the little cabin, where the motto over the fire-place seemed to have been prophetic; not a merry Christmas, perhaps, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, but a very happy one, happy with the quiet and subdued happiness of those who feel that God himself has come very near, to give the gladness that fills their cup to overflowing.

"How about the two days we lost, Nellie?" the captain asked of me that afternoon.

"How about anything and everything in our

lives?" I answered, looking up unconsciously to my motto, "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Three days later we landed in New York; and before the ship sailed again, there was a quiet wedding in a church up town, where John and I officiated, for the last time, in a secondary capacity.

We went on board the steamer to bid our friends good-by, and there, in the dear little cabin, promised, at some future time, to spend a merry Christmas in England with Capt. Stuart and his wife.

A MIRACLE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sits there through the long, sweet hours,
And sees the garden, gay with flowers;
And while the yellow sunshine falls
Across the sweetbriar on the walls,
And on her silver tresses gleams,
The aged woman knits and dreams.

And as she dreams, the years go back,
Like wanderers o'er a time-worn track;
And he is with her, who has been
So long the gates of Heaven within;
Is with her, and she hears him speak,
And feels his kisses on her cheek.

Sometimes adown the garden ways
They walk, as in the Summer days
Of long and long ago they went,
And she is full of love's content;
And, as of old, he smiles on her,
His eyes his heart's interpreter.

She smells the sweetbriar by the gate,
And dreams the Summer night grows late,
The while in love's enchanted land

They linger, till the moon's white hand
Uplifts in warning, and, at this,
He leaves her with a lover's kiss.

And then she hears the prattling mirth,
Of happy children by the hearth;
A baby nestles on her breast,
And eoes her mother-heart to rest.
He thinks no other music sweet
By half, as of those little feet.

Again the children, by her knee,
Their prayers say over, dreamily,
And then, all clad in gowns of white,
Crowd round her while they kiss good-night.
The years, like nuns, their beads have told,
And yet her babes have not grown old!

Oh, dreamer! living at the last,
Not in the present, but the past;
For you a miracle is wrought,
Of which the poets dreamed and thought,
And which has haunted many men,
For you!—you have your youth again!

THE SHADOW ON THE ROOF.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

When the trees their crimson banners,
Flaunted in the Autumn sun,
And the north wind sang hosannas
For the Winter coming on,
Walking close to us came sorrow,
Weaving dark threads in life's woof,
And we thought, "ah, the to-morrow!"
For the shadow on the roof,
For the dark and sombre shadow—
For the shadow on the roof.

'Twas the gloomy wing of Azrael,
That obscured the golden light,
"Will our prayers no more avail us!"
Asked we often through the night,
As, with cheeks so white and tearful,

Looking on him with reproof;
Weeping, and oh, sadly fearful
For the shadow on the roof,
For the dark and sombre shadow—
For the shadow on the roof.

But the dear God heard our pleading,
Heard us, as with bated breath,
We the while were interceding
That she might be spared from death.
Shines the sunlight on the meadow,
Sorrow keeps from us aloof,
And passed by the sombre shadow—
The dark shadow on the roof.
Passed us by the dreary shadow—
The dark shadow on the roof.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

A LOVELY English valley, broken, picturesque, and beautiful, with a river flashing up, here and there, through the rich verdure of grass and trees; a small, bright river, which gave life and sparkle to the whole scene, supplying to the valley what the soul gives to a human being. On the uplands stood a grand old mansion, half ruins, half palace, one of those places in which the antiquity of a family is carved in stone, and planted so firmly in the soil that even civil war fails to root it out.

Lower down, on the banks of the river, stood another house, more humble, certainly, but well worthy of notice; for it was a wonder of picturesque beauty, nest-like as a cottage, but far more imposing in size and architecture. The grounds attached to it were almost the size of those of a park. Beyond the house, lay a perfect wilderness of trees, grass, and burning masses of flowers. The entrance-door, deeply set in an ivy-laden porch, looked cool as the mouth of a cave, on that hot July day, when a young lady came from it, and moved off toward the distance, where the shadows, flung downward by some fine old oaks, gave a delicious promise of cool enjoyment.

Scarcely had the young lady disappeared, when a prim female, evidently belonging to the better class of domestics, emerged from the servants' entrance, prepared for a walk; for she wore her best bonnet, and a rather showy, imitation shawl, articles of apparel that seldom made their appearance except at church. Walking hurriedly down the carriage-road, that skirted the lawn, this woman came out into the highway, which, in that place, crossed the river by a stone bridge of one arch, a building, as old, almost, as the castle to which it led; for the pretty residence, which she had left, was only divided from the castle and its broad park by the bright windings of that active little stream.

Instead of turning to her left, where the village lay, the woman went directly across the bridge; and, after following the road awhile on the opposite shore, turned into the park. For more than a mile she kept to the great chestnut avenue, until it brought her in sight of the castle,

which was so much larger and grander in its ancient massiveness than anything she had been led to expect from the distant view allowed from the valley, that she paused, at the first glance, with something like a feeling of consternation. A broad terrace, heavy with stone carvings, lay before her, from which a flight of massive stone steps descended to the avenue. Beyond was the great oaken doors of the entrance-hall, with broad, oriel windows jutting out from the stone work above them; while beyond these, and on either hand, towers, battlements, and turrets, rose in bewildering confusion.

"The Duchess lives in one part, and keeps the rest for show, they tell me," muttered the woman; "but how am I to know which is which? If there is a servants' entrance, as there must be, how am I to find it? One might as well search in the heart of a strange town. Any way, here is a door, and it must be the grand entrance."

Folding her shawl firmly around her, and moving sedately up the terrace-steps, she seized the bronze tongue that fell from the open jaws of a lion's head that frowned upon the door, and let it fall with a crash that made her start back in dismay. Before she could recover herself the door opened, and a man, resplendent in silver-gray and scarlet, stood on the threshold, gazing at her from head to foot, with a look of solemn disapproval.

"Some mistake, no doubt," observed that functionary, stepping back, and looking at the lion's head, as if wondering it had not bitten off the audacious hand that touched it. "The servants' entrance is in that direction."

Then the porter moved his fat, white hand to the left, and was about to disappear; but his visitor was quite as well informed regarding the duties of a lordly household as he could be, and found herself entirely capable of meeting his airs half way, if that became necessary.

"I come," she said, "with a message from my Lady Rose Houston, to her Grace the Duchess, which I am to deliver in person."

"Ah-hem!" ejaculated the great man, smoothing his chin with one hand. "To her Grace in

person! That makes a difference. You can pass into the hall, while I summon the footman."

The lady's maid passed into the hall, and stood waiting among the mailed statues and grand relics of former times that it contained, while another servant, also glowing with scarlet and silver-gray, went up a broad oak stain-case, and disappeared. Directly, he came back noiselessly, as if treading on moss, told the woman in a low voice to follow him, and led her up stairs, through various apartments, along a spacious picture-gallery, and, at last, opened a door.

"The person from Lady Rose Houston," he announced.

"The name being Hipple, your Grace," said the waiting woman, scarcely satisfied with the announcement, and far less abashed by the great lady than she had been by her menials.

The Duchess Dowager of St. Ormand looked up from her embroidery, and smiled.

"Yes, I remember you very well, Hipple," she said. "Come nearer. I hope nothing has gone wrong with your young lady."

Hipple did come nearer, in great embarrassment. She had wonderful self-possession, and entire confidence in her own ability; but found it very difficult to open the subject, that had brought her into that presence. Thus, for a moment, she stood, silent and hesitating, while the old lady went on with her embroidery.

"You brought a message from your lady, Hipple. What was it?" the Duchess said, at last, surprised by the woman's silence.

"No, your Grace. I brought no message. That was an excuse. It was entirely of my own will I came. My young lady knows nothing about it; and if I might ask a favor, it should be that nothing is said to her of my being here, at all."

The Duchess dropped the embroidery into her lap, and looked at the woman, through her glasses.

"Then why did you come, Hipple? I do not understand."

"I come, your Grace, because I love my young lady better than anything on earth."

"Well! That is not strange."

"Better than myself," persisted Hipple, with energy. "Nothing else would have given me courage to come here."

"Go on, Hipple. I like to see this affection in a family servant."

"I was her mother's servant, before she was born, your Grace," answered Hipple, stifling a dry sob, that rose to her throat. "I—I gave her into her mother's arms. I—I have grown to worship the ground she treads on. How can I see

her pining herself into the grave, then, without doing my best to hold her back."

The Duchess became suddenly interested.

"Pining! Your young mistress! I know that she was grave, too grave for a young creature of her years. She has a sad look of the eyes too. But that may be natural."

"Natural! No, your Grace. That look was born in deep trouble. It comes from her poor, wounded heart, from a grief she is too delicate and proud to speak of, but which eats in all the deeper for that. I have borne the sight of it, till my own heart is breaking!"

"Is it a thing you can tell me of, without a breach of faith?" questioned the old lady.

"That is what brought me here, your Grace. There is no one on earth my lady trusts in, or loves, as she loves you, now that she is separated from her guardian. No one else can help her. It isn't a very strange story, and she was led into loving her guardian's son blindfolded, as one may say. Everybody thought it the most natural thing in the world. They were both rich, both young, and so handsome! Oh, your Grace, you have no idea what a bright, happy creature she was, till the very last—rosy, smiling, bright as a bird. The sad look you speak of, has come into her sweet face since then, and it deepens every day. This is what brings me here. I can stand the misery of it no longer."

"I remember now the young man, Mr. Walton Hurst, heir of—of—"

"Norston's Rest, your Grace."

"Yes, the heir to a baronetcy, second to none in England. He married—what did he marry, Hipple?"

"The gardener's daughter."

"Yes," answered the Duchess, while a look of quiet scorn stole over her aristocratic features.

"It was a gardener's daughter; something quite beneath any gentleman. And he might have married that lovely young creature. I cannot comprehend such folly."

"The girl was handsome, in a way, your Grace, and had her opportunities. I wish to say nothing against her, though my young lady did lie, all night long, like a dead image, the night she heard of it, and never seemed to breathe easy till she left The Rest, which had been her home so many years, and had come to her estate here, bringing only me of all the servants with her. It is more than a year since we came, but there is so little change."

"Poor child! and that is why she hides herself here? Young, rich, and so beautiful."

"Just as she was coming out, too, and every preparation made for it. But that she never

seems to think of. It nearly broke her guardian's heart when she insisted on burying herself here. Not that she is buried, while your Grace is her neighbor; but after all, it is a dreary life."

"Dreary? Yes, I could not have endured it at her age. Poor girl! poor, sweet girl! This is all you have to tell me, Hipple. If I am to do your mistress any good, remember, it can only be with a thorough understanding of all the circumstances."

"There is nothing more, your Grace. But that was enough to take her out of her own world and send her here. Enough to change her, from the most blithesome creature you ever saw, to the sad-eyed lady whom you know."

"You have done well to come here. This confidence is safe with me. Now, Hipple, go home, and rest content that you have done your young mistress some service. I will think the whole thing over, and see what can be done."

Tears came now into Hipple's eyes. She strove to brush them away with a finger of her glove; but a passage once made in that dry channel was not so easily controlled.

"I'll go home, now," she said, turning away, ashamed of the honest emotion. "If your Grace had not always been so kind to my young lady, I never could have told you what it was that preyed upon her. She was brought up with the young man, that accounts for the depth of it."

The Duchess took off her glasses, and wiped away some mist that had settled on them, while Hipple made a reverential curtsy, and left the room.

When the Duchess found herself quite alone, she flung her embroidery into its basket, and began to walk up and down the room very thoughtfully, and very slowly, for she was an old woman, and even strong feelings could not give back the elasticity of youth to her limbs. Still she paced that floor back and forth, a long time, thinking, perhaps, of her own youth; for more than once she stole a hand into her pocket, and taking out a handkerchief, edged with rich old lace, wiped her eyes. Then she resumed her work again, and sat down in the bay window, where the light, falling on her black satin dress, on the fine old yellow lace that fluttered over her bosom, and on the waves of her snow-white hair, made as lovely a picture of gracious and bland old age as ever was drawn by artist.

The dear old lady never thought of making pictures of herself, but they came naturally everywhere she moved; for the grace of a youth that had been singularly beautiful followed her into extreme old age, and grew softer and sweeter as she drew nearer to the end.

For an hour or two she worked on, counting her stitches mechanically, and making roses with her fingers, while she was planning to scatter them, if possible, in a path from which they had so suddenly been swept away. Then, as if she had made up her mind to some course of action, she put away her work, and rang the bell.

A servant appeared.

"John, you can order the ponies," she said, "I shall drive out, before dinner."

The servant bowed, and disappeared.

CHAPTER II.

THAT afternoon, a low, basket-carriage, drawn by two steady, black ponies, with delicate hoofs, and long tails that almost swept the ground, came over the bridge in the valley, and drew up before the gates of Moss-Knowle.

Here a middle-aged groom descended, with great deliberation, from the rumble, opened the gate, and took his place again; while the old lady, in front, gathered up her reins, and drove along the carriage-way, talking softly to her ponies, as she approached the house.

"So-ho, black Kate! Careful, Jet! Keep the road, and no antics, or I shall be severe with you. There, there! You need not break into a run, because the house is in sight, and its pretty mistress too! Ah, she is coming through the porch, ready to help the old woman out. Upon my word, I think I love the girl, as if she were my own daughter. Daughter, indeed? Granddaughter. For she is five years younger than St. Ormand, and I lost two grandchildren before he was born. Bless the boy, I wish he were here now. Who knows what might happen?"

By this time the basket-carriage had stopped, and Lady Rose came out to meet it, and welcome her guest to Moss-Knowle.

"Ah, here you are, my Rose of Roses!" cried the old Duchess, giving both her slender hands to the young lady, who stooped to receive a kiss, before she helped her guest from the carriage. "You see I am always coming this way. But can you guess why I drove down just now?"

"Indeed I cannot," answered Lady Rose, with sweet cordiality. "Some kind thought, by which you mean to give me pleasure, no doubt."

"Perhaps. But no. This time it is myself I am thinking of. So do not give me too much credit."

Lady Rose shook her head, and a sad, sweet smile stole over her face. She had become too well acquainted with this grand old lady, for any belief, even in remote selfishness, connected with her.

"Well, dear, if you won't believe me, let us go into your pretty drawing-room, and I will convince you that there never was a more selfish monster. Here we are. Now sit down, at my feet, darling. I love to have you there. How pretty this room looks. I remember no place where the sunlight comes in so brightly. And this easy-chair is like a hollow of wood-moss. Besides, you are looking more than usually lovely. I declare, child, you have quite a color. Now, sit down, and let us talk over this project of mine, quite comfortably. I am getting dreadfully tired, Rose."

"Tired? Did the ride weary you so?" questioned the young lady.

"The ride! Dear, no; it isn't that. With such ponies, one might as well be in a rocking-chair. But I am getting tired of the castle and of the valley, of everything about it. So I am going to leave it."

"Oh, no! no!" protested Lady Rose, with quick anxiety. "What would I do without you?"

"It is true, my Rose of Roses; I must go. One gets rusty, staying so long in one place. You will hardly believe it, at my age; but I am getting to long for another plunge into the gay world."

Lady Rose shook her head.

"You will never make me believe that, dear lady."

"But I am dreadfully in earnest, Rose."

"In earnest? Why, it would break your heart to leave the dear old place, in the blossom season. Then what would become of poor me?"

"You? Why, here is just where all my difficulty lies. What should I do, wandering about the wilds of London, alone? Of course, if I go, you go with me."

Lady Rose seemed to shrink within herself. The rich bloom, natural to her complexion, had been faint from the first; but it entirely disappeared now, and a look of absolute dismay troubled the deep blue of her eyes.

"I could not, your Grace. Indeed, I could not," she said, falteringly.

"But you must, Rose. I cannot go alone. St. Ormand expects that I shall come out from my solitude, for a season, at least."

Lady Rose met these reasonings with a weary smile. Had the kind old Duchess dowager been appealed to by her guardian? And was she ready to endure a fashionable season in London for her sake? The thought filled her with gratitude, but underlying it all was a sharp pain.

"Has Sir Noel, my guardian, made this request?" she questioned, speaking with difficulty.

"No, no, he has not. I do not think he would so far influence any movement you may choose

to make. The idea is my own. St. Ormand wants me, or thinks he does; and I cannot oblige him, unless you will go with me."

Still Lady Rose looked irresolute.

"Poor child! What has brought these tears into your eyes?" said the old lady. "Do you know I hoped to give you pleasure?"

"And so you do, dear, dear lady, if gratitude is a pleasure. And I think it is the sweetest sensation I shall ever know. How could you have wounded me, then?"

"But you will wound me, Rose, if, for this once, you refuse to let me think for you."

"I have not refused. Only you do not know—you cannot know how unutterably painful it is for me to think of society, just now."

"But, my child, you have never been presented. No young lady can be so lavish of her youth as to waste its opening years in this place, which is as beautiful as Paradise, I must allow, but almost as quiet, too."

"But I love you, my dear friend," said Lady Rose, and the tears that stood on her long lashes began to drop, "and a few people at home, who love me dearly."

"I know, I know; but all this is time wasted. You will love me, such as I am, in London as well as here. I will write and ask your guardian's consent, if you wish it."

"Oh! No, no, not for the world. He will not care; no one will care, now," cried Lady Rose, anxiously. "It is better that we should have no communication."

"Perhaps. I will not decide that. But listen to me. The Queen has come out of her deep mourning. St. James is to be thrown open, once more. It is a fit time that all her court should be there."

"But in all that gay throng I should never be missed," said Lady Rose.

"You would be putting off a grave duty which belongs to your rank, Lady Rose," said the Duchess. The young girl bent her eyes on the floor, and sighed heavily.

"Tell me," she questioned, at last; with the words came a swift rush of scarlet to her cheeks. She could not force herself to complete the sentence, but dropped her head on the lady's lap, and began to sob.

The dear old lady began to cry, also, but wiped her tears away, before Rose could observe them, and spoke cheerfully,

"Of course, dear, your guardian would like to be with us, if you care for that; but while his son and wife remain abroad, I suppose he will hardly come to England, and you will have to give up the association."

Lady Rose looked up suddenly.

"Do you know—are you sure they are still abroad?" she questioned, eagerly. "Sir Noel never mentions them to me."

"I do not wonder," answered the dowager. "Your guardian is a proud man, and shame of that horrid *mésalliance* would keep him silent."

The old lady saw that Rose winced and turned white, as if some hidden wound had been touched, and went on more gently.

"Of course, my dear, you can never be brought into an intimacy with this family again. It will be my duty to save you from that. When such misfortunes happen, they must be borne by the persons nearest in interest. We cannot extend sympathy, as at a funeral: we have only to keep aloof. No one can expect you to keep up even a remote intimacy with the girl young Hurst has ruined himself in marrying."

"I could not. Indeed, indeed I could not," answered Rose, almost with a cry of distress. Then, frightened at her own vehemence, she added, "Not that she is not good, and capable of grander things than I could do. Besides, she is beautiful, oh, how beautiful."

"Oh, yes; I dare say. The beauty of a peasant or a donkey girl, such as we find about Naples. Those black-eyed, free-stepping creatures, like this girl, have demoralized the taste of our young men."

"Nay," replied the Lady Rose, hesitatingly. "I must not let you say that. You are unjust, dear lady."

"Why, then," was the answer, and the Duchess shook her head, doubtingly, "did she throw herself in young Mr. Hurst's way?"

"She did not. She never did," replied Lady Rose, eagerly. Then she stopped, blushing vividly. For a moment it seemed as if she was a little ashamed of her own warmth; but her love of truth prevailed over every other feeling, and she went on, speaking hurriedly.

"I must tell you all. You have, I find, heard garbled accounts. Ruth, for that was her name, Ruth Jessup, was often at my guardian's, the housekeeper being her godmother; and so she and young Mr. Hurst became acquainted; and—and, finally, they ran away, and were married, secretly, at a little church, half a day's journey from the Rest.

"There was another lover," she continued, "a coarse, vulgar, brutal wretch; oh, such a villain; I do not wonder that Ruth hated him. The night of the marriage, old Mr. Jessup, Ruth's father, was found desperately wounded, in the woods, near his cottage; and close by was Mr. Walton Hurst, also wounded, and also insensible.

To make a long story short, what does this wretch do, Storms was his name, but go to Sir Noel, and say that he saw the two quarrelling, and that young Mr. Hurst had shot the old man? And when Mr. Jessup died, the villain threatened to hang Sir Noel's son, with this evidence, which was all false, unless bought off with a farm. He also went to Ruth, and made the same threat, to induce her to marry him; for he suspected she loved Mr. Walton, though he did not know of the marriage. And here is where she behaved so nobly!"

"What did she do?"

"Finding what danger Mr. Walton was in from this villain, what shame impended over a noble house, what a broken heart would come to Sir Noel, she quietly went away, no one knew where, thinking that her absence would set things right. She gave no thought to herself; she abandoned everything, you see; love, husband, rank, even her good name; and all to save Mr. Walton——"

"Poor child! Poor child!" interrupted the Duchess, soothingly; but whether she meant Ruth, or Lady Rose, she did not tell.

"By this time," resumed the Lady Rose, mastering her emotions, "young Mr. Hurst had recovered, and the first thing he did was to tell his father of his marriage. The disappearance of the poor girl was now known, and they thought, at first, she had made away with herself. The innocence of Mr. Walton was now known also. But the truth soon came out that Ruth had only fled, and Sir Noel and his son went up to London, and found her. That is all."

"My dear," said the venerable Duchess, laying her hand on Lady Rose's head, "I wish, if ever I should need an advocate, that you would plead my cause."

The Lady Rose blushed again, and to the tips of her small ears.

"I only wished," she said, with embarrassment, "to show you that Ruth did not throw herself in young Mr. Hurst's way, and that she was good, and true, and noble, even heroic."

The Duchess made no answer, for awhile; but she sighed heavily; for she saw what the Lady Rose herself did not see, the secret of her championship. "She loves this young man still," the Duchess said to herself, "but we must try and cure her. Ah! how generous, how noble, how forgiving she is, and to both."

After a minute, however, she said, briskly,

"But now, dear, to business. We must settle on this trip to London. Can you be ready in a week? I have but to telegraph St. Ormand, and have the house put in order. It might be earlier, if you cared to hasten things a little, for my sake."

"If you wish it—if you really wish it. How could I say otherwise? Since I came here, a solitary, aimless person, too young for independence, but craving all its rights, you have been more than a friend, yes, more than a mother to me."

"There! there! Don't cry. If you only knew what a treat it was to get any one so fresh and lovely up to my grim old castle, and make a sort of daughter of her, you would never think of leading me for my selfishness. Now, my love, ring for a biscuit, and a glass of wine. The drive has given me an appetite."

Lady Rose did not ring, but she went out to order the refreshments, and would have brought them in herself, but Hipple was present, and insisted on performing the duty, which she did with a demure air of reverence that amused the old lady. The brown eyes of the Duchess twinkled as she took the wine, and with a mischievous smile on her little, old mouth, she said,

"We shall have to look up a French maid, I fancy, when we get to London."

"A French maid!" As these hateful words fell on Hipple's ear, she gave a start, that sent a dash of wine over the silver tray, which nearly fell from her hands, and cast upon the dowager a look that was bitter with unspoken reproaches.

Lady Rose saw the shock, and spoke eagerly.

"No, no! I shall never be able to have any one about me but Hipple."

The old lady sipped her wine daintily, and regarded Hipple's consternation with sly enjoyment.

"If this is Hipple, she seems a very respectable person, and, possibly, may be made to do. Now, my good woman, let us judge of your capabilities a little. Can you have your young lady in readiness for a London season in just one week?"

"I can have my lady ready whenever she desires it," answered Hipple, struggling hard to subdue her voice to its most respectful accents.

"That seems encouraging," observed the Duchess, placing her empty glass on the tray. "No doubt we shall get along very well without the French maid. Now, Hipple, be sure that everything is ready at the time."

"Everything shall be in readiness, your Grace," said Hipple.

Here the old lady arose, her heavy silk dress rustling sumptuously, while the jet embroidery and fringes upon it rattled around her like a hail storm. Leaning affectionately upon the arm of Lady Rose, she walked down to her carriage, and,

after sitting awhile to chat there, drove away, rather proud of her ability to guide those long-tailed ponies so dashing across the bridge.

After she was entirely out of sight, lost, as it were, among the trees of her own park, the old lady allowed her ponies to creep at their own pace, while she fell into thought.

"A pretty business I have let that grim waiting woman lead me into," she thought. "A season in London! A presentation, of course; operas, parties, and racketing of every kind. All of my own proposing, too, and just because I have taken one of my silly fancies for this lonely girl, dreaming dreams about her, and that boy, my grandson. Well, I do confess, I should like to see another Duchess of St. Ormand at the castle worthy of the old name. Where could I find another like this same Lady Rose? An Earl's daughter, inheriting everything but the title; so young, so dreamily beautiful. Yes, yes! She is worth the trouble. Why, what are the ponies about, with their noses to the ground. Come, come, this will never do!"

CHAPTER III.

ST. JAMES PALACE was one grand fire of illumination; every window in its grim old walls, which time itself can never make picturesque, was ablaze. The street on either hand, the park beyond, in all its billowy and emerald greenness, were bathed in streams of light. The Life Guards were out, stationed here and there along the approaches to the palace, like equestrian statues. Beyond, all London was thrown into a pleasant commotion. The Queen was about to assume one of her most popular prerogatives, and appear once more, with the finest court in the world about her.

The side-walks were lined with people, eager, joyous, and grateful that the court was showing signs of social life again. Women and children thronged on the steps and at the windows; street sweepers retreated to the gutters, and, leaning upon their dirty brooms, joined in the general jubilation.

As time wore on the crush of carriages around the palace became immense, and those citizens who could get near enough to see their inmates descend and mount the palace-steps, held pleasant conversation together regarding those they were so fortunate as to distinguish in the noble throng.

"Who is that in the chocolate carriage, drawn by six horses, with the duke's coronet?" said one man, standing foremost in the crowd, answering a friend who had questioned him. "Upon my

word I doubt if I can tell you. Some Duchess, of course; and I seem to have an idea of the old lady's face; uncommonly old she is, and uncommonly pretty is the young person by her side. Ah, now she is getting out; she turns to sweep back her train. Now I have it. That lady is the Dowager Duchess of St. Ormand, grandmother to the young duke, you know; and a precious good age she has lived to."

"Is the young lady her granddaughter?"

"No, I think not. St. Ormand has no sister. The girl is a rare beauty, but I cannot make her out."

By this time the chocolate carriage, with its six horses had moved on, and the two ladies entered the palace, one walking slowly forward, with the stately grace of a courtier, well accustomed to scenes like that, carrying the train of her dress, thrown with apparent carelessness over one arm, still with a forethought that threw out all its matchless garniture of old Venetian point, under which the velvet glowed fitfully, like the bloom of ripe plums through gossamer woven over them in the night.

Behind her, following like some bright cloud, came the Lady Rose, with the delicate blue of heaven in her dress, and the soft whiteness of its clouds floating over the blue in airy ripples and waves of lace. All adown the long, sweeping train blush roses gathered up the gossamer wool and lay, as if floating on foam, among the white spray of an ostrich plume, and a glimmer of misty lace that gave the requisite courtly dignity to as fair a face, and as queenly a head as entered the presence that night. As these two came into the full glow of the wax lights, the old lady cast one anxious look on her protegee, and prepared to move on with the crowd.

"Just enough excitement to give her color, and not enough to stir the pearls upon her neck," she thought. "A true patrician, if one was ever presented here. If this is an old woman's folly, no one can say that she has not a fair excuse for it."

Thus congratulating herself, the old lady mingled gently with the stream that was pressing toward the state drawing-room, and was carried across the threshold, where her train fell, and arranged itself, as if by magic, and a grave, sweet smile illuminated her face, taking away ten years of its age.

The presence-chamber was crowded, and many a face lighted up, with pleasant recognition, as the old Duchess passed up to the presence of the Queen, who still bore traces of mourning under the blaze of regal jewels that shed their light upon her pleasant features, and half-sable dress.

It was over in a few moments. The slow, grace-

ful homage, the few words of cordial welcome from the lips of the Queen. Then the presentation which opened the fairy-land of fashionable life to Lady Rose Houston—a presentation received with such gentle grace by the Queen, that Lady Rose bore away the remembrance of a smile that warmed her heart toward the good sovereign whenever she thought of that hour in after years—this once dreaded presentation was over.

The two ladies retreated, with a backward gliding of the person, which soon brought them directly out of the presence and into a crowd of friends, all eager to greet the old lady, and to recognize the new star which promised to rise so brilliantly. The old Duchess was in high good humor, her reception back among her old friends was becoming an ovation. The Queen had been more than gracious, and her own opinion of the impression Lady Rose might produce was thoroughly confirmed by the signs of admiration no one understood better than herself.

"Do we spend the season?" she said, to one who inquired, with a gentle nod of the head.

"Yes, indeed. Have you a fancy I could get my young friend away, so long as London is itself? Having plunged into a new career, we intend to carry it out to the utmost. Oh," she added, lifting her glass, and turning it upon a young man who that moment appeared in the crowd, "I can hardly believe it, but that must be St. Ormand. Yes, yes, he is coming this way."

Certainly, a tall young man, whose face lighted up with quick pleasure the moment he looked that way, was quietly moving toward the Duchess, who had signaled him with a little wave of her glass.

"I did not know that you had reached town yet," he said, addressing the old lady with cordial reverence. "Off at one of the hunting-lodges, and got neither telegrams or letters till yesterday. Came down at once to see that everything was in readiness."

While he was speaking, the young man's glance happened to fall on Lady Rose, who had not heard his name, and met the look with a warm glow of color.

"Tell me," said the young Duke, bending low over the dowager, who was busy untangling the fragile chain that was always twisting around her glass. "Who is this young lady standing so near? I saw her speaking to you as I came up."

The old lady had disentangled her chain while he was speaking. So, with the glass between her daintily-gloved fingers, she gave Lady Rose a signal to draw near.

"Lady Rose Houston, St. Ormand desires to be presented," she said, with a reserve of man-

ner that seemed to chill the young man, and rather surprised the lady.

Before the formal salutations were over, the dowager drew her grandson's attention away.

"Now, that you are here, Ormand, we may as well be making our way out of the crowd. One sees so many old friends in groups, that it is quite bewildering. It seems to me as if the crush would never end."

Thus breaking into the first stages of an introduction, the old lady quietly put her hand on the arm of the Duke, and moved on, looking wonderfully demure and self-satisfied.

They had hardly advanced a pace or two, when the old lady turned sharply, and looked at her charge, from whom a cry had broken scarcely above a breath, but sharp with intense pain.

The girl's face was white as the feather that drooped toward it, and an expression of such keen anguish was in her eyes, that the astute old lady had but to follow their wild look to learn all the wished to know.

"The rooms here are so dreadfully overheated," she said. "Lady Rose is quite faint. Give her your arm, Ormand, and let us find a breath of pure air. Not that way, where the crowd is thickest, but toward the stair-case."

The old lady gave one swift glance at a head, that had fascinated the gaze of that poor girl

with such terrible magnetism, as she left the room. It was turned from them, and moving onward with the crowd, apparently unconscious of the attention it had won. Then the old lady gave a look at her lordly grandson, and a smile crept over her lips. He was looking down into the drooping face of his companion with a look of intense admiration, such as she had never seen in his eyes before.

"May I be permitted?" questioned the young man, glancing wistfully into the carriage, when the ladies were seated there.

But the old duchess interposed at once.

"No! no! It would be a shame to take you away now," she said. "Besides, Rose and I are completely fagged out. Why, the weight of one's diamonds are enough to ensure a headache. Order the people to drive on. Of course, we shall see you before long."

So the young Duke of St. Ormand gave the proper orders, and stood, rather disconsolately, watching the chocolate-colored carriage and six horses as they passed slowly out of the crowded street, in the direction of St. James' Square, where they drew up before one of those plain, but vast and stately mansions, which have been the pride and heir-looms of the older and more exclusive English nobility, the Norfolks, Derbys, etc., for two centuries and more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHILDREN.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

I see fond mothers leading by the hand,
The fair, sweet children, with their sunny brows;
Those precious links that form the household band—
The little "wells of sunshine" in the house,
In days to come, a power in all the land—
Who knows but what their voices will arouse
Some slumbering echoes that shall roll and roll,
In waves of penitence o'er many a soul?

The children! God forgive us if we stand,
Sometimes with longing eyes, and lips compressed,
While wandering through the city's busy ways,
Its lanes and alleys, where there is no rest
On Summer nights; and Winter's weary days,
Are filled with sights and sounds to them unblest.
Forgive us if we find it hard to give
Our own to death, while such as these still live.

CAPTIVE.

BY ANNA CLEAVES.

DEAR voice—sweet voice!
Why dost thou come to me?
Oh, hush, sweet voice!
I may not list to thee.

Dear eyes—sweet eyes!
Turn ye another way;
Look not in mine,
I cannot say ye nay.

Dear lips—sweet lips!
That taught me love's own creed;
Nay, tempt me not,
My tears with ye would plead.

Oh, love, I bow
A captive unto thee;
Loose thou my bonds,
In mercy set me free.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, something quite new for a walking-costume. The material is either of cashmere, merino, or reps. Here the lower skirt is cut three and a quarter yards in width, and very slightly trained at the back, and is provided with loops underneath by which to

Polonaise has a kilted plaiting, four inches deep, headed by a bias band of silk, two inches in width. At the back the Polonaise is looped, so as to form a double pannier. It will be seen that the trimming on the back of the under-skirt is bound, top and bottom, with the silk, and that the band just below the heading is much wider than the band which finishes the front. This band is no less than three inches wide. There is an open, pointed collar at the back of the neck, forming lapels in front. The sleeves are tight coat, with cuff to match the collar, as may be seen, ending at the hand with a double puff. At the neck and wrists are worn frills of clear muslin. For this costume fourteen yards of cashmere or merino will be required.



raise it for walking. The front breadth and the side gores, are ornamented by a deep kilted flounce, put on straightway of the material, and this is headed by two kilted plaitings, turned-up each three inches deep, which is separated from the lower kilting by a narrower one, turned down two inches deep, finished by a narrow bias band of silk of the same color as the dress. The Polonaise opens from the waist down, finished by buttons and button-holes. The bottom of the



Above is a pretty, drossy costume, for a very

young lady, say fifteen or sixteen years of age. Would be charming, made of white mohair, or a light-colored silk, and trimmed with a contrasting color, or with black velvet ribbon. The under-skirt is just below the top of the neat-fitting boot, and has a flounce, six inches deep, just in front, deepening at the sides of the front breadth to eight inches, and then narrowing to



six inches again at the back. This has but enough fullness to allow it to fall gracefully, and is ornamented on the edge with the trimming of silk or velvet, two inches wide. There are two bands of the trimming above the flounce, one inch wide, and one inch apart. The tunic is quite short in front, forming an apron, ornamented with four rows of trimming, finishing at the sides with bows of the same. The lower row of trimming extends all round the back of the tunic, which is finished with a ruffle three inches deep, bowed on the edge. There is but little looping of the tunic at the back. The basque-bodice is double-breasted in front, forming a short basque in front, and a postillion at the back, all trimmed to match the

skirt. Coat-sleeves to match. Clear muslin frills at the neck and at the wrists. Twelve to fourteen yards of mohair, six yards of two-inch wide velvet ribbon, eighteen yards, or one and a half pieces of velvet, one inch wide. Two pieces of inch or inch and a half velvet would trim the whole; using the same width for the edge of the bottom flounce would be more economical. A partly worn silk would look well, renovated in this way.

Opposite is a costume for a miss of twelve. The front of the under skirt has three large box-plaits from the waist down. These are laid flat, and ornamented with large buttons, made of moulds covered with the material. The overdress is cut quite plain, simply hemmed, and looped very short at the sides, and displaying the trimming of the under-skirt. A skirt-waist, made with box plaits, ornamented with buttons to cor-



respond, as also the cuffs upon the coat-sleeves, completes the dress proper. For out-door wear is the double-breasted jacket, with pockets and cuffs to correspond. The rest of the jacket is

finished with a thick-covered cord. Ten yards of twenty-seven inch wide goods will be required, or eight yards of yard-wide material, such as pique or percale, eleven dozen moulds for the dress and over-jacket.

On the preceding page is a dress, for a little girl, of a solid colored merino, or tweed, and trimming of a narrow striped poplin, black and white, cut on the bias. There is a narrow ruffle, three inches deep, just on the edge of the skirt, and the front of the skirt has kilt plaits, out sepa-



rately, bound with the bias trimmings, and then arranged on the front of the skirt, as seen. The tunic is simply bound with the bias poplin, and looped at the sides, forming an apron front, and but little fullness at the back. The jacket has revers turned back, on the front, and ending in a square collar, at the back. Coat-sleeves, with a cuff formed of three pieces. The edges of jacket, pockets, cuffs, etc., trimmed same as skirt.

Buttons covered with the black and white poplin. Six yards of merino, and two and a half yards of striped black and white poplin, quarter-inch stripe, make the prettiest trimming.

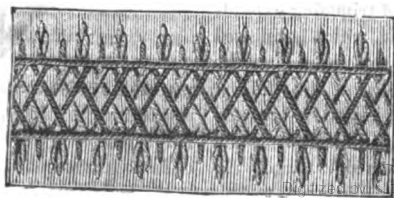
Opposite is a pretty design for a basque jacket, suitable either for a house-dress or for an outside jacket. It may be made of habit-cloth, or of black cashmere, and would also look well for an out-doors wrap, made of navy-blue, water-proof cloaking. It is double-breasted in front, buttoning all the way down to the end of the jacket, where the skirt of it is slashed, as may be seen, in front, at the sides, and at the back. The side lapels are ornamented with square pockets. The whole is bound simply with a bias binding of black silk. The sleeves are trimmed at the bottom, with bias puffings of the silk, knotted at equal distances. The narrow frills around the sleeves, at the neck, and under the standing collar, are of clear muslin. Two and a half yards of cashmere, or one and a half yards of cloth, will make this jacket. Habit-cloth, at three dollars per yard, or water-proof, at one dollar fifty cents, will make a very nice garment.

Next we give an entirely new design for an apron for a little Miss going to school. It may be made of black alpaca, or silk, trimmed with



narrow, black velvet ribbon, or of brown holland, or white pique, trimmed with Hamburg edging and Marseilles braid. The pattern can be easily cut from the drawing.

EMBROIDERED BORDER.



WINTER DOLMAN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here an engraving, and on the next page a diagram, of the new and fashionable "Winter Dolman."

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

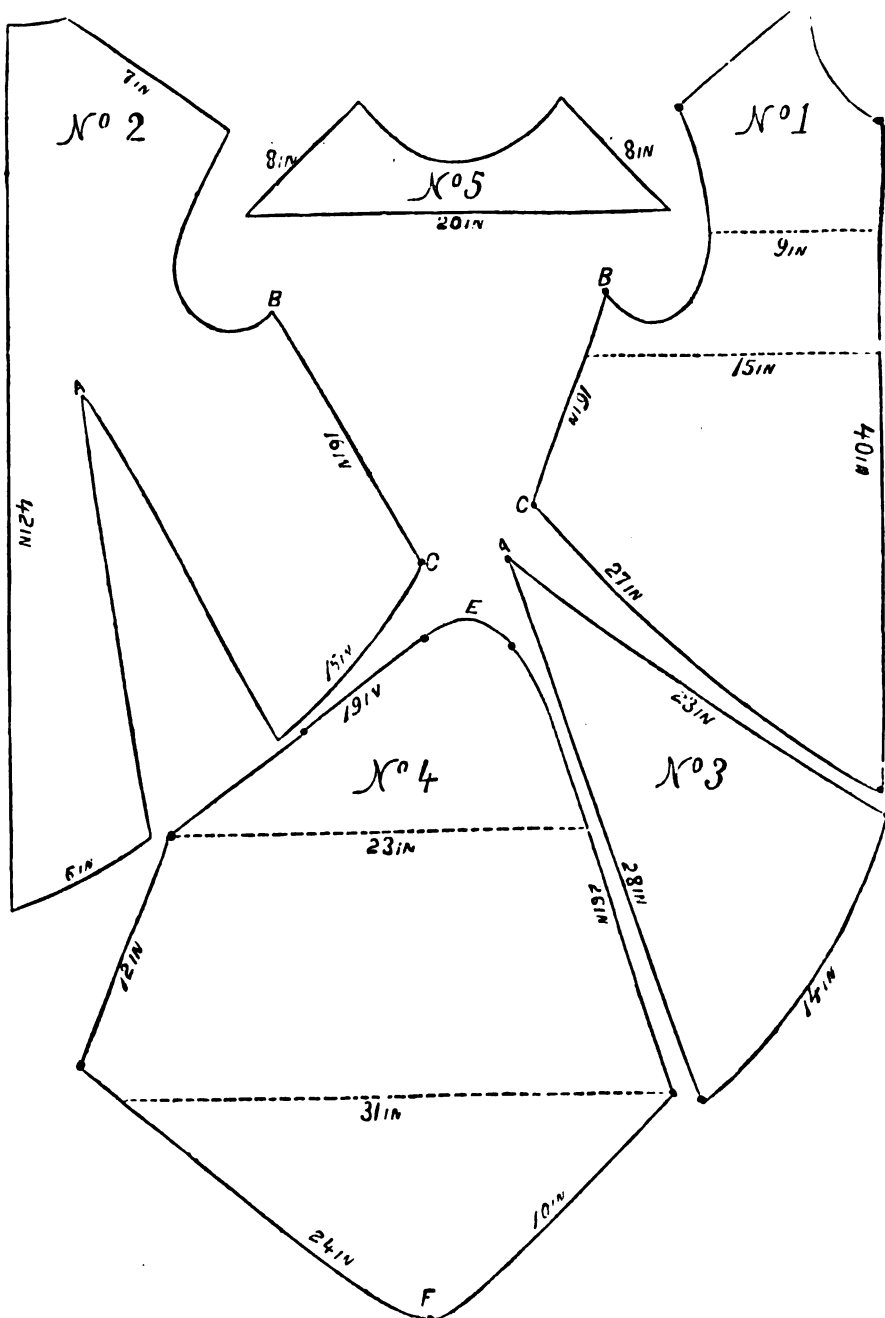
No. 3. HALF OF GORE OF BACK.

No. 4. WHOLE OF SLEEVE.

No. 5. HALF OF COLLAR.

No. 1, front, needs no description. No. 2, half

of back, B of back, and B of front, join under the arm to C. A of front, and A of gore, join. No. 4, sleeve. E is the top, and is joined to the shoulder, as far as will make it hang gracefully, from which point it is left open, as seen in engraving. Make of cashmere, or cloth, and trim with bands of worsted braid of two widths, and buttons, two sizes. If preferred, it need not be trimmed all over; six or eight rows of braid will

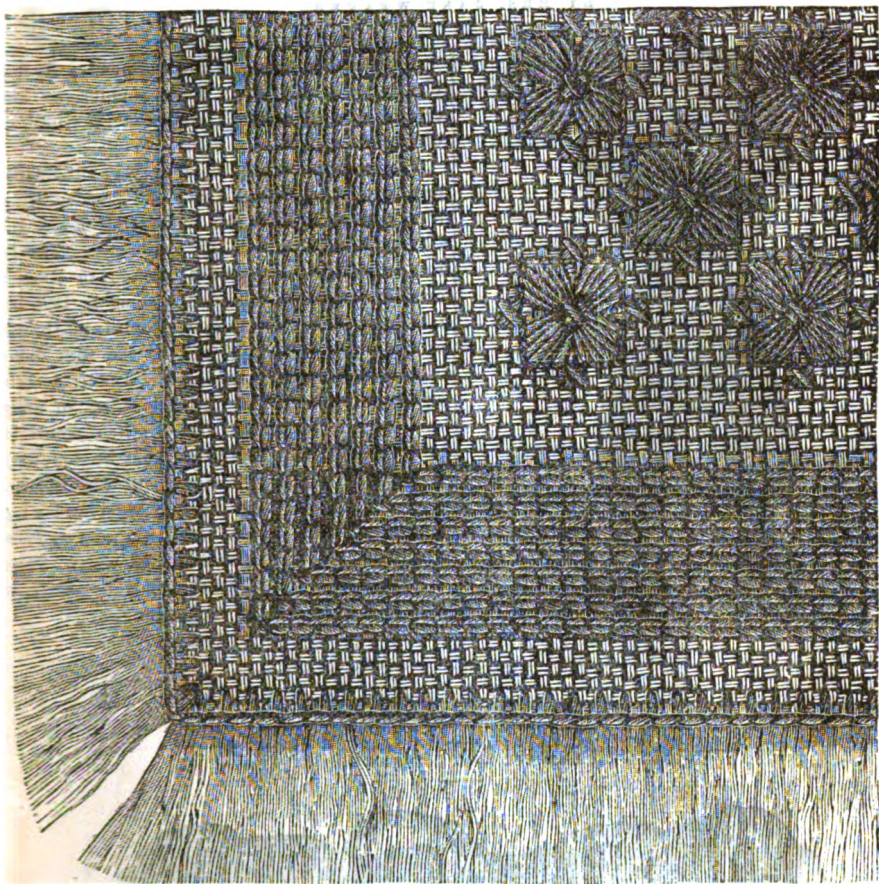


look equally well. As may be seen, this Dolman is much longer than those lately worn.

We give the size of each piece of the pattern, in inches. You had better first make a pattern, full size, from this diagram, using an old newspaper, and then fit it, before you cut into your stuff.

MAT OR CUSHION, (JAVA CANVAS.)

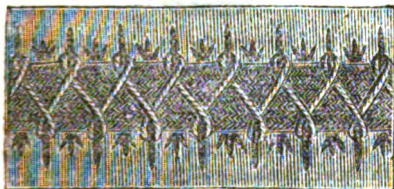
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



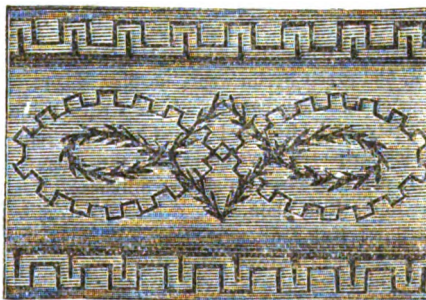
Worked in shades of red wool, or, for mats, of wool. The band forming the border is worked in rows of chain-stitch in stripes of seven shades.

BORDERS FOR SACQUES, ETC.

These borders are worked in coral and long not always a recommendation, especially for orna-



stitch, with silks of different colors, on black. They are now very fashionable, and they are very pretty, two important considerations, for to be merely fashionable, without being beautiful, is



mental work like this.

BOY'S SCARF, CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

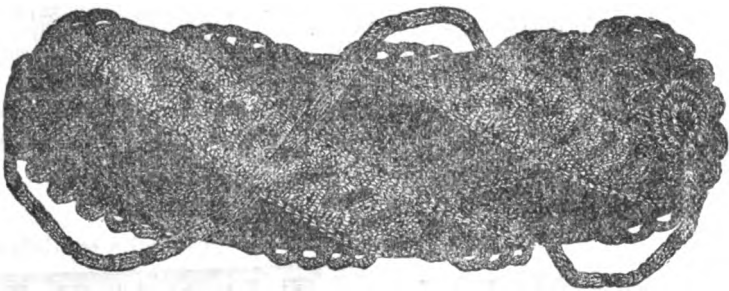


Materials required: White and pearl gray double Berlin wool, and a short wooden or bone crochet or tricôt needle, the stem measuring No. 3 of the Bell gauge.

The scarf is worked the long way in Russian crochet, and consists of 4 gray and 3 white stripes of 6 rows each. For the foundation make 230 Ch., very loosely, with the gray wool. The 1st row is plain DC, the rest is worked in Russian or ribbed crochet, which is the same as DC., but taking up the lowest of the two horizontal threads of the stitch, or that nearest to the first finger of the left hand, when holding the work. A chain stitch must be made at the beginning of every row to turn with, otherwise a stitch would be lost. The whole of the work must be done very loosely, that the scarf may be soft and pliable. To finish the ends with the gray wool and a rug needle, knot into each of the 7 stripes two loops over a flat mesh or ruler 2 inches wide. These loops are fastened together below by tassels of gray and white wool, 3 inches long.

CHAIR BOLSTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: White, dark-red, maize, dark-brown, violet, and green Berlin wool; needles, No. 14.

This chair-bolster consists of six stripes made separately, and afterward joined together, joining each stripe ten rows lower than the other.

For each stripe cast on sixteen stitches.

1st Row: Knit plain.

2d Row: Knit four, purl eight, knit four.

Repeat these two rows seven times.

10th Row: Knit four, take the second color, and knit four; turn, and work these four stitches

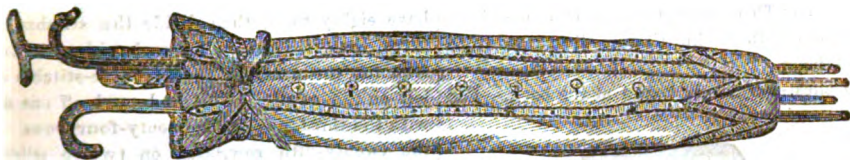
backward and forward for fifteen rows, knitting one row and purling the other. Take these stitches off and put them in front, then knit four of the foundation; pick up the four dropped stitches on the left needle, and knit to the end of the row.

11th Row: The same as 2nd.

Repeat from 1st row. The ends are sewn together and wadded. A rosette is made of loops of wool, finished with a button in the centre. A plait is made of three lengths in wool, to correspond with the stripes.

UMBRELLA-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



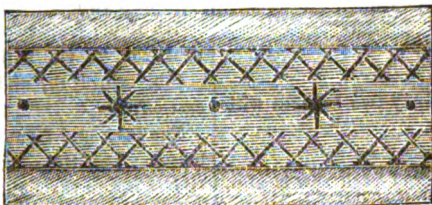
This case, which is intended to contain four umbrellas or parasols for traveling, is made of strips of holland, joined together, and ornamented bottom of the case. This, of course, is in a greatly reduced size. The pointed pieces joined to the bottom will be easily copied from design.



over the joins with a small pattern in embroidery, the design for which is shown in the full-size engraving. No. 1 shows the embroidery for the buttons, No. 2 the mode of making and binding the



The top of the case is button-holed in small scallops. The slide, into which a piece of sarcenet ribbon is run, is covered with a strip of the border shown in the engraving.



PATTERN IN BERLIN WORK, IN COLORS.

In the front of the number we give a pattern in Berlin work, in colors, for a chair-seat, etc. etc. This is one of the most beautiful designs we have ever issued. It is printed in ten colors, each color printed separately, a fact we mention, in order to give our readers some idea of its expense. Similar patterns are sold, in the stores, in Philadelphia and New York, at from fifty cents to one dollar each; yet we furnish them without charge, to subscribers, as part of our illustrations.

NAME FOR MARKING.

LOUISE

CHEST-WARMER, IN KNITTING,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Three ounces pink, one ounce black double wool, three knitting-needles, moderate size, of bone.

The chest-warmer is begun at the back. For



a medium size, cast on forty-two stitches with the pink wool.

1st Row: Plain knitting.

2nd Row: The first stitch of each row is slipped, as if for purling. Repeat those two rows, alternate plain knitting and purling, until you

have eighty rows, then divide the stitches into three, that is, fourteen for each side, and fourteen for the centre. These centre-stitches are left on the needle. Knit and purl off one side with the third needle for twenty-four rows. In the twenty-fifth row, cast on twelve stitches. Knit and purl for eighty rows; cast off and knit the other side to correspond.

For the border, with black wool, cast on six stitches, and in the beginning of every other row slip one; pick up the side stitch of the foundation, and pass it over the slipped stitch; continue this on both sides. The front is worked in the same manner.

For the neck, pick up the stitches on both sides to meet those on the back needle. Knit four plain rows.

5th Row: Knit two, * make one, knit two together. Repeat from *; end with knit two.

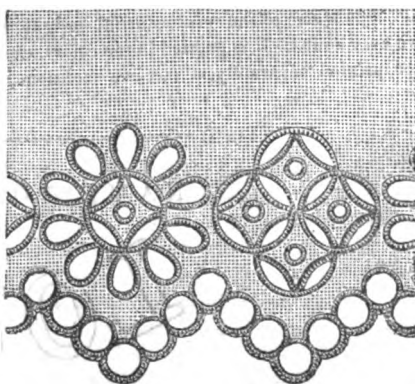
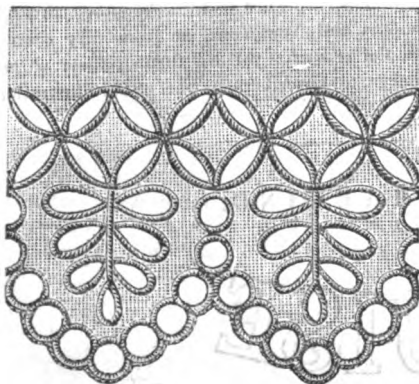
6th Row: Knit two, * knit one, purl one in the made stitch, knit one. Repeat from *; end with knit two.

7th Row: Knit two, * knit two together. Repeat from *; end with knit two.

8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th Rows: Knit plain; cast off.

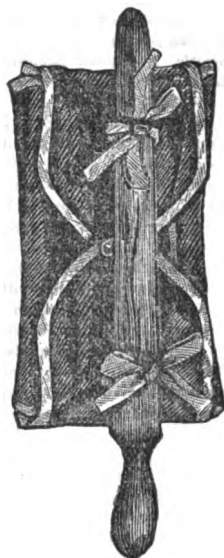
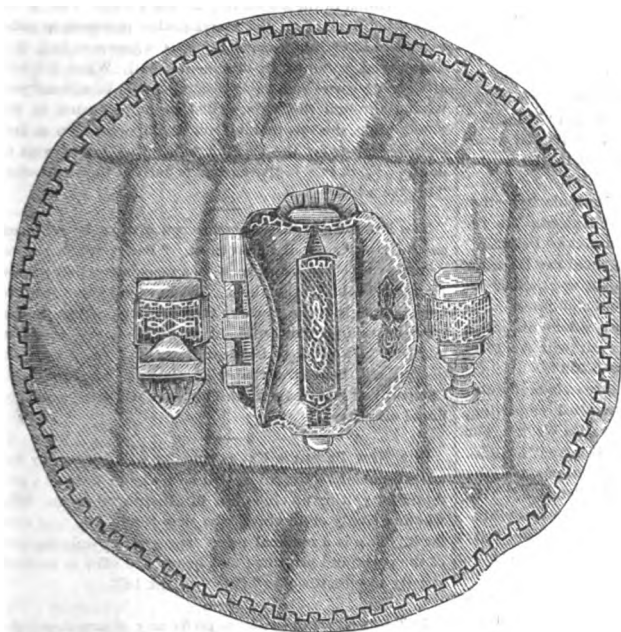
The back and front are knitted together at the bottom; knit the same rows as for the neck. A ribbon is run through the holes. When entirely finished, damp a cloth, lay it on the work, and pass over it with a hot iron.

EMBROIDERIES FOR UNDER-LINEN.



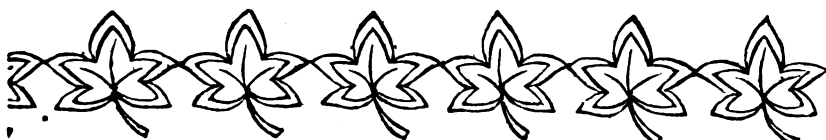
TRAVELING DRESSING-CASE—CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The outside is of American cloth. It is lined with holland, and has, inside, a narrow embroidered pattern, worked in chain-stitch. The shape of the fittings may be copied from the design shown open. The outside is bound with sarcenet ribbon, and has strings for tying on a wooden hair-roller to dress curls on. It is a very neat and convenient article.

EMBROIDERIES: INSERTION.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

"PETERSON" FOR 1875! BETTER THAN EVER!!—We offer this number to the public as an earnest of what we intend to do for 1875, and as a proof that "Peterson," already the "cheapest and best," will be more worthy of patronage than ever. *Above all other magazines, it is, we claim, the one for the times.* Continued and extraordinary success is impossible, as every one knows, without sterling merit; and "Peterson" has had, for ten years, an average edition of 130,000 copies monthly. No similar publication, anywhere in the world, has such a circulation.

For 1875, "Peterson" will deserve this popularity better than ever, for it will be greatly improved in all respects. The reform in the postage law, meanwhile, will make "Peterson" cheaper than ever. For it must be remembered that the prices to clubs, as well as to a single subscriber, now include the postage, which we will pre-pay here. Our old club prices, with the postage that the subscriber had to pay afterward, made "Peterson" cost, in all cases, more than it will for 1875. Too much attention cannot be called to this fact!

We continue to offer, as will be seen, three kinds of clubs. For one kind the premium is our unrivalled engraving, "WASHINGTON'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE." For another kind, the premium is a copy of "Peterson" for 1875. For still another kind, there are two premiums, viz., the large-sized engraving and also a copy of "Peterson." We have been offering these three kinds of clubs for two years, and find the plan so popular—some persons wishing only an engraving, and others only a copy of "Peterson," while others wish both—that we renew the offer for next year.

Now is the time to get up clubs. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merit and cheapness are fairly put before them. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR is the title of a new collection of engravings, twenty-five in number, which we offer, for 1875, as a premium to persons getting up clubs. Instead of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," if they prefer it. "The Pictorial Souvenir" is a companion to "The Gems of Art," which has been so popular. This is a rare chance to obtain twenty-five first-class steel plates, like those published in "Peterson." Elsewhere, a similar number of plates, equally good, would cost five or six dollars. Meantime, we will continue to send the "Gems of Art," if wished, as a premium. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn not only the premium engraving, and an extra copy of the magazine, but also the "Pictorial Souvenir," and the "Gems of Art."

VARIEGATED FLOWERS.—A really pretty effect can be produced on any colored flower, peony, rose, fuchsia, etc., making them beautifully variegated, by holding the flower in the hollow of the inverted hands, and lighting a match underneath it, being careful not to let the flower get close enough to get scorched. It is the fume of the brimstone that does it, and the effect is sometimes so startling as to deceive a botanist into thinking he has discovered a new variety.

OUR COLORED PATTERN for this month is a gem. So was that in December. Each cost as much as a premium "chromo." Yet we give two, or three, every year, of these expensive patterns, and have never boasted of it before.

THE ORIGIN OF BALLS is not generally understood. It was out of an old German custom that the ball grew. This custom consisted in the assembling in the villages during the Easter holidays, of all the marriageable maidens, in order to present to each new-made bride, at whose wedding they had danced, a beautifully-ornamented ball. When this ball, after being borne on a gayly-decorated pole in solemn procession through the village, had been presented to the young bride, she was thereby laid under obligation to furnish free music for the evening to all who might wish to dance. From this festive custom is derived the expression, "to give a ball."

THE FASHIONS in this magazine can always be relied on as the latest as well as prettiest. "Peterson" is not, as nearly every other lady's book is, a mere advertising sheet for second-rate dress-makers. We have no interest to recommend ugly styles, because they are ours, or because the wood-engravings that represent them are given to us for nothing. We send to head-quarters, at Paris, for all our designs, and hence their superior elegance and freshness. Compare our fashions with the hideous, stiff ones, generally found elsewhere.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING, as will be seen by the advertisement on the cover, will be sent, not only as a premium for getting up clubs, but to all subscribers for 1875, whether singly or in clubs, who may remit *fifty cents extra* for it. This is a nominal price, representing only the cost of the paper and printing; and hence the offer is confined strictly to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1875.

IF THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS prefer any of our other large-sized engravings to "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," they have only to say so, when they remit, and we will send the one they desire. See the list in our advertisement. Or any subscriber for 1875, by sending fifty cents extra, can have any one. Or he, or she can have as many as may be wished, by sending fifty cents for each one.

A NEW THROATLET, OR COLLAR NECKLET, has recently come into fashion. It is black velvet, with the name of the person who wears it, as well as that of the donor, traced out in diamonds, and a small diamond fringe falls from the lower edge of the velvet. These throatlets are also made with less costly stones, such as turquoises, pearls, Rhine crystals, etc.

EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, on the average, have been spent, every year, for twelve years past, for artistic and literary purposes, on "Peterson": that is, for original stories, steel engravings, and illustrations generally. No magazine, either in America or Europe, can show such a record.

"TWICE THE PRICE."—A lady writes:—"For the past year I have been without your magazine; but twice the price would not prevent me having it, another year."

"THE ONLY ONE TAKEN."—Says a lady:—"Your magazine is the only one taken at our office: it seems to be the only one that a club can be got up for."

YOUR SWEETHEART will like no gift so well, young bachelor, as a copy of "Peterson" for 1875. Every time she receives a number, she will think of you kindly.

OUR PREMIUM MESSENGER for 1875, is universally admitted to be the finest ever offered by any periodical. The Norristown (Pa.) Herald only echoes the words of hundreds, when it says:—"It is worth several ordinary premium chromes." A full description of it will be found in the advertisement on the cover. The premiums given away, by newspapers and magazines generally, are cheap, colored lithographs, utterly worthless in an artistic point of view. But whatever "Peterson" does, is, as the Havre de Grace (Md.) Republican says, "the best that money, talent, and taste can accomplish." Hence the "Washington's First Interview With His wife" is a first-class engraving, from an original picture by J. W. Knicker, and executed in the very highest style of art. The plate alone cost two thousand dollars. For patriotic, as well as artistic purposes, this premium ought to hang on the walls of every American home. By getting up a club for "Peterson," at our extremely low terms, you can secure this invaluable premium, which, at a retail store, would sell for five dollars, or upwards. Specimens of the magazine will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show. But see the Prospectus for 1875, on the last page of the cover.

"NEVER FAILED."—A lady, remitting her subscription for 1875, adds, "You will please to continue 'Peterson' for another year, as I should hardly know how to do without it. I always welcome its coming as one of my best friends. Also accept my thanks for your punctuality. I have taken your magazine for three years, and never failed to get every number, in due time."

"A MEAL A DAY."—Says a lady, writing to us, "I did not take your magazine for 1874, but I mean to take it for 1875, even if I have to go without a meal a day."

NONCE TO COMPETE.—The Hawkinsville (Ga.) Dispatch says of this periodical:—"We know of no other magazine that will compete with it."

"AS GOOD AS A MOTHER," is a charming engraving, after a picture by J. Hallyar, an eminent English artist. It tells its own story.

THE FULL WORTH OF YOUR MONEY can better be had by subscribing for "Peterson," than in any other manner.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Mistress Of The Manor. By J. G. Holland. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—The many admirers of Dr. Holland's former poems, especially of "Kathrina," will welcome this new work of his with hearty pleasure. "The Mistress Of The Manor" is a love-story; but not a mawkish one: on the contrary, it is full of noble thoughts and lofty teachings. Mildred, the heroine, is drawn with great skill. She first attempts to become "all in all" to her husband, by imitating him in his pursuits; but in the end she adopts the wiser policy of being purely womanly; she ceases to be his echo, she becomes herself. It will be seen, from this, that the poem is essentially didactic. Indeed, Dr. Holland would find it impossible to write, unless he could also teach: genius is given to man, he evidently believes, to do good with. Yet he never prosés with it all. In depicting the quieter scenes of life he is particularly effective. The poem is full of bits of rare beauty. We instance, especially, the lines on Sabbath bells, on the midnight rain, and a cradle song. The volume is exceptionally well printed.

Sunny Shores; or Young America In Italy and Austria. By William T. Adams. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a story of travel and adventure, a field in which Mr. Adams, better known to many as "Oliver Optic," is particularly good.

Isachoe. By Sir Walter Scott. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—It is a striking proof of the growth and prevalence of a good literary taste, in the public at large, that the demand for the fictions of Sir Walter Scott, not only continues, but steadily increases. This is the first volume of a new and cheap edition of his works, which that enterprising firm, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, are passing through the press. After all the changes of nearly fifty years, Sir Walter Scott remains, to-day, at the head of writers of romance in the English tongue, and we do not exaggerate, when we say, that he will probably always remain so.

The Mysterious Island. By Jules Verne. Authorized Edition. With Forty-Eight Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—The popularity of this author is easily explained. He describes the most exciting, and even the most astonishing adventures, with such an air of truth, that, for the time, the reader is quite carried away with the illusion. What De Foe would have been, if he had written a hundred and fifty years later than he did, Jules Verne is, at least to a certain extent. This is a cheap edition. profusely illustrated.

The Pictorial Tower of London. By W. H. Ainsworth. 1 vol. 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This very handsome volume, bound in morocco cloth, with beveled boards, is crowded with engravings after Cruikshank, illustrating the towers, gateways, arches, chapels, and dungeons, that make up what is known as the Tower of London. The letter-press is not less interesting, however, than the pictures. The work is one of great interest, in fact, historically as well as otherwise, and very much better suited for popular reading, than if more pretentiously written.

My Sister Jeannie. By George Sand. Translated from the French by S. R. Crocker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is one of a series of George Sand's novels, printed in uniform style, which Roberts & Brothers are publishing. Six volumes have already appeared, this one making the seventh. The type, paper, and binding, are unexceptionable, and the volumes of a convenient size for handling.

Quiet Hours. A Collection of Poems. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Under this modest title we have here about a hundred and fifty of the best short poems in the language. The compiler, whoever she is, has a rare taste, and also, what is equally valuable, good judgment. The poems are on all subjects. This dainty little volume is just the book for a Christmas or New Year's gift.

Ebon and Gold. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This novel belongs to the most pronounced sensational school, and "Owen Meredith" seems to be the author's favorite poet. The volume is printed in large, clear type, and handsomely bound. The writer does not give her name.

The Runaway Match. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The novels and stories of this author will always have a very great popularity, for she manages her plots skillfully, and keeps the action going incessantly. This is a cheap edition.

Ten Old Maids. By Julia P. Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.—This is a sensational story, and very highly spiced at that, the climax being the hanging of the hero, which the heroine sees, and dies, literally of a broken heart.

Camilla; a Tale Of A Violin. By Charles Barnard. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is an account of the artist life of Camilla Urso, and is the story of a real musical life; and for the student, especially, is full of valuable suggestions.

The Nobleman's Wife. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another of Mrs. Wood's shorter stories, printed in large, legible type; just the thing to read on a winter evening.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SIXTEEN MILLIONS OF NUMBERS.—The circulation of "Peterson's Magazine," for ten years, has exceeded an average of 130,000 numbers, every month. In all, more than a million and a half of numbers have been sold every year. In the ten years, the grand total has been rather over sixteen millions of numbers, as our subscription-books will show. This enormous circulation, maintained for so long a period, is the best proof we can give that "Peterson" is the *cheapest and best*.

A FIRST CLASS ONE.—The Moberley (Mo.) Enterprise says of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," our premium engraving for 1875, "It is really one of the most beautiful and costly we have ever seen. It is not one of those cheap, colored lithographs, with which the market is flooded, but a first-class line and mezzotint engraving, executed in the highest style of art."

"TAKE IT AGAIN."—A lady writes to us, as follows:—"In 1872 I got a club of, I think, eight persons for your magazine, but last fall I decided to try another work, very highly recommended. I can say candidly that I very much prefer yours. I consider it of more practicable benefit than any other lady's book that has come under my notice. I wish to take it again."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address **PETERSON'S MAGAZINE**, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BEAUTIFY THE SKIN, by using the best Toilet Preparation. Laird's Bloom of Youth will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it soft, smooth, clear, white, and beautiful. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold at all druggists. Depot 5 Gold Street, New York.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVESLEY, M. D.

No. I.—RUBEOLA OR MEASLES.

Deeming it important that mothers should be able to recognise the approach or an attack of measles in their children, a minute description of the symptoms and course of the disease will be given, faithfully pictured as it occurs in a vast majority of cases in each epidemic visitation.

Symptoms of chill or shivering, alternately succeeded by heat, first manifest themselves perhaps for the first day; next a regular fever, with more or less derangement of the stomach, thirst, loss of appetite, a white tongue, some cough, fullness of the head, heaviness of the eyes, and tendency to drowsiness. With more or less discharge from the nose and eyes, are present during the second day.

These general symptoms are followed upon the third day by sneezing, swelling of the eyelids, redness of the eyes, more cough, tendency to vomit, and looseness, attended with green evacuations, especially in children who are cutting their teeth. On the third, fourth, or fifth day, from the appearance of the first symptoms of disordered health, little red spots like flea-bites, about the size of mustard seeds, appear on the forehead, face, and neck, which, during the following twenty-four or forty-eight hours grow more prominent, larger, and unite more or less, and thus mark the face with large red spots. There are points in these discolored blotches which rise a little above the surface of the skin, and feel slightly rough to the finger when passed over

them. From the face and neck, the spots extend gradually to the breast, abdomen, and finally to the thighs, legs, and feet, where the blotches are still larger, more distinct, but with no feeling of protrusion above the skin. The symptoms above narrated do not abate upon the appearance of the eruption, except the nausea and vomiting, if they have been present; but the fever, cough, difficulty of breathing, increases somewhat, whilst the watery discharge from the eyes, the drowsiness and loss of appetite continue. On or about the sixth day the forehead and face become rough, and the eruptions begin to dry or fade; but on other parts of the body and limbs, it does not entirely disappear before the ninth day, leaving upon the face and limbs dry bran-like scales. Still the cough, some fever, with dryness of the skin, and shortness of breath, are apt to continue a few days longer, about which mothers need manifest no uneasiness.

The usual time for the appearance of the rash of measles is from the seventh to the fourteenth day, after a "chance," though the disease may occur at any time from three days to three weeks after exposure to the specific contagion.

The first symptoms being so like an ordinary catarrh, particularly in cases of children teething, when an eruption frequently occurs, that mothers often are led into the error that their children have had the measles. In these catarrhal affections, however, the sneezing is generally absent, the eyes and eyelids are not so prominently affected, and the eruption is first seen upon the stomach and back, instead of upon the face and neck.

In these cases of "rashy catarrh," the secretions of the alimentary canal are generally much deranged, and hence the cause of the rash; but if the bowels are attended to, by the mother's administering a dose of rhubarb and magnesia, or soda, the eruption will entirely disappear in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. There is also a form of this disease called "black measles," wholly dependent upon its peculiar production and difference of appearance upon an exhausted state of the vital powers, vitiated or broken constitution, languid circulation of the blood, etc. In these cases, there is a tendency to low fever, a condition which requires the child to be treated on a stimulating plan, good food, with wine whey, and aromatic spirits of hartshorn, followed with aromatic sulphuric acid and quinine. The beneficial results of the last two articles are especially marked.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT

OPEN THE DOORS.—Where there are children it is of great importance that rooms and entries should be of the same temperature. A large proportion of colds, and chest and bowel affections of the young, can be traced to this change of the temperature, which they experience in going from over-warm rooms to cold and chilly outer-rooms; and the same is true in instances where children sleep by the fire; in the early part of the evening the temperature of the room is probably 70° or 75°. When the fire burns low, and goes out for the night, the temperature, before morning, if the night is cold in winter, will fall to 40°, or even to the freezing point. This, certainly, is very pernicious. The temperature had better be 40°, and remain there, with clothing sufficient to keep the little ones warm, than have it first 70°, and then 40°, or something else. Keep your rooms, therefore, all over the house, those that are used by the family, of the same temperature, or as nearly so as possible.

SLEEP AS A MEDICINE.—The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to get. The best rest comes from a sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an

over-worked brain. It will build up, and make strong, a weary body. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the headache. It will cure the heartache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, freedom from too much care, a clear stomach, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

Especially for those who are overworked, haggard, nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

DECORATION.

FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you wish to preserve—such as are latest in blooming and are ready to open—cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of stem about three inches long: cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax, and then the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled; wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box, or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or at any time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre of salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display the most lively colors, and breathe their agreeable odors.

TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS.—Construct some baskets of fancy form with pliable copper wire, and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium-leaves—in fact, any flowers except full-blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water, after the solution has cooled. The colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold faster than when from a hot solution. When you have a light covering of crystals that covers completely the articles, remove the basket carefully, and allow it to drip for twelve hours. These baskets make a beautiful parlor ornament, and for a long time preserve the freshness of the flowers.

Recent experiments have demonstrated that by putting cut flowers in a vase, with a little water, under a glass shade, they will be preserved for a long time in fresh beauty. Some maidenhair fern, thus treated, was as perfect at the end of a fortnight as when it was placed under the glass. It is said that this blooming might be still further prolonged by inserting the flower stems in white sand instead of in water alone.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

"Judge and Jury" is played by one, the judge, asking any question he pleases of the others, who are the jury; and they in their replies must not make use of the words "black," "white," "yes," or "no;" whoever does so at once becomes judge.

Most games require forfeits, and, as we have often found a difficulty in redeeming these, we will tell some of the methods we have adopted. We require the gentleman to

make a speech to three of the ladies, one on the fashions, another on politics, and the third on domestic economy; or we make them quote lines from four negro melodies, and sing them; or they may be put up for sale, everybody bidding according to the value which they set on them. Or three of those who have forfeits to pay are compelled to build a card house each, and are not released until the three are all standing together. Sometimes the forfeits are redeemed by repeating everything that is said during a stated time. Sometimes all the people owing forfeits are required to go through the figure of a quadrille by keeping the feet together and jumping; or sometimes they have to dance a quadrille blindfolded, which leads to the most absurd results, and before the third figure everybody is to be found anywhere but where he or she ought to be. Sometimes they have to sing a song, substituting the word "quack" throughout for the real words of the ditty. "A Marmoset Quadrille," too, is always good fun. In this the ladies are neither to talk or laugh whatever inducements are held out to them to do so by their partners, on whom no restrictions are laid. Whenever the rule is broken, the figure must be recommenced.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Beef Soup.—Crack the bone of a shin of beef, and put it on to boil in one quart of water to every pound of meat, and a large teaspoonful of salt to each quart of water. Let it boil two hours, and skim it well. Then add four turnips, pared and cut in quarters, four onions, pared and sliced, two carrots, scraped and cut in slices, one root of celery, cut in small pieces, and one bunch of sweet herbs, which should be washed and tied with a thread, as they are to be taken out when the soup is served. When the vegetables are tender, take out the meat, strain off the soup, and return it to the pot again, thicken it with a little flour mixed with water; then add some parsley, finely chopped, with more salt and pepper to the taste, and some dumplings, made of a teaspoonful of butter to two of flour, moistened with a little water or milk. Drop these dumplings into the boiling soup; let them boil five minutes, and serve them with the soup in the tureen.

Oyster Soup.—Take one hundred oysters out of the liquor. To half of the liquor add an equal quantity of water. Boil it with one tea-cupful of crushed allspice, a little mace, some cayenne pepper and salt. Let it boil twenty minutes, then strain it, put it back in the stew-pan, and add the oysters. As soon as it begins to boil, add a tea-cupful of cream, and a little grated cracker, rubbed in one ounce of butter. As soon as the oysters are plump, serve them.

Clam Soup.—Wash the shells of the clams, and put them in a pot without any water. Cover the pot closely, to keep in the steam; as soon as the clams are opened, which will be in a few minutes, take them out of the shells, and proceed as directed for oyster soup.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Potato Puff.—Take cold roast meat—beef or mutton, or veal and ham together—clear from gristle, cut small, and season with pepper and salt, and cut pickles, if liked. Boil and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with an egg, and roll out, dredging with flour. Cut round with a saucer; put some of the seasoned meat upon one half, and fold the other over like a puff; pinch neatly round, and fry a light brown. This is a good method of warming up meat, which has been cooked.

Friscasse of Chicken.—Cut up a large chicken into neat joints. Throw them into boiling salted water for two or three minutes. Take them out, and rub each piece with a lemon cut in half. Melt an ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, add a tablespoonful of flour, white pepper, salt, powdered nutmeg to taste, and half a pint of white stock, with an onion, a bunch of parsley, and some button mushrooms; stir the sauce till it boils, then put in the pieces of fowl, and let them stew gently. When done remove the onion and parsley, lay the pieces of fowl neatly on a dish, stir into the sauce, off the fire, a couple of yolks of egg, strained and beaten up with the juice of a lemon, and pour it over the pieces of fowl, arranging the mushrooms round them.

To Broil a Fowl.—Split the fowl down the back; season it very well with pepper, and put it on the gridiron, with the inner part next the fire, which must be very clear. Hold the gridiron at a considerable distance from the fire, and allow the fowl to remain until it is nearly half done; then turn it, taking great care that it does not burn. Broil it of a fine brown, and serve it up with stewed mushrooms, or a sauce with pickled mushrooms. A duck may be broiled in the same way. If the fowl is very large, half roast it, then cut it into quarters, and finish it on the gridiron. It will take from half an hour to three-quarters of an hour to cook.

Hashed Mutton.—Fry an onion, chopped small, with some butter, till it is browned, add a tablespoonful of flour, and one and a half or two gills of stock with a few cloves, some whole pepper, salt to taste, a teaspoonful of walnut catchup, half that quantity of Worcester sauce, and a tablespoonful of tomato sauce; stir the whole together, let it boil once or twice, and strain it into a sauce-pan. When cold, lay the pieces of mutton in it with this sauce, and place the sauce-pan by the side of the fire, so that the contents are very gradually heated; shake the sauce-pan occasionally, but never let the hash boil. Serve with sippets of bread fried in butter.

Venetian Stew.—Take one tablespoonful each of chopped onion, parsley, flour, and Parmesan cheese, a little salt, pepper, and ground mace, spread between some thin slices of veal; leave for some hours, then stew in rich broth, with a good piece of butter.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Salad and Salad Dressing.—Cut a dozen cold boiled potatoes into fancy shapes, one quarter of an inch thick; mix with some flakes of cold boiled fish, halibut, cod, or salmon, and pour over them a boiled salad-dressing, made with six tablespoonfuls of melted butter or salad oil, six tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, one teaspoonful of salt, half that quantity of pepper, and one teaspoonful of ground mustard. Into this mix one coffee-cupful of vinegar. Boil well; then add three raw eggs beaten to a foam; remove directly from the fire, and stir for five minutes. When thoroughly cold, turn over the salad; garnish with slices of pickled cucumbers, beetroot, hard-boiled eggs, and fresh parsley. This boiled salad can be made in quantities, and kept tightly bottled for weeks. It is very toothsome. When used for green salads it should be placed at the bottom of the bowl, and the salad on top; for if mixed the vegetables lose that crispness which is so delicious to the epicure. Slices of eggs, beets, and cold potatoes, serve to ornament the dish.

Spinach.—Spinach, and all other green vegetables, should be put into plenty of boiling water, and kept boiling until done; a little soda may be put into the water, when sufficiently boiled, take out the spinach, and strain it in a sieve; then pass it through the sieve, or pound it in a mortar, picking out all the bits of stem and hard pieces; then beat it up well with cream, a little salt, and a small piece of butter, make it hot, and serve. This is excellent. A pretty and delicious dish may be made by forming a nest of the spinach, and putting nicely-poached eggs in the centre, with a border of rolled bacon or veal cutlets.

Potatoes.—To be good they must look fresh, the smaller the eyes for their kind, the better. By nipping a piece with the nail at the larger end, or cutting it with the knife, you can ascertain if the potatoes are sound. They must not have decayed spots, as this is a sign of disease. The part immediately under the skin is the best. When peeled raw, the peel must be grated away, or cut as fine as possible, and the potatoes immediately dropped in cold water, else, by being exposed to atmospheric air, they turn reddish. It is better to steam than to boil potatoes. Being very watery, they are more mealy when cooked; they are still more so when baked or roasted. Every one knows what a potato steamer is. The potatoes should be of a uniform size to cook evenly. Those who do not possess a steamer should, as soon as the potatoes are boiled, (which takes from twenty to thirty minutes,) turn the water off, cover the pan well with a towel and the cover, put it back on the corner of the range or stove for fifteen minutes, and then peel and use; the gentle heat for that period makes them more mealy, as it evaporates the water.

Winter Salad.—Cut one pound of red cabbage in thin shreds, blanch it in boiling water for fifteen minutes; cool, drain, and put in a basin with one ounce of salt, and let it pickle for four hours; then pour off the water, add half a gill of vinegar, mix, and let it remain for two hours; trim one pound of celery, cut it in small dice, and blanch it in boiling water for ten minutes and drain it; cut an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes in the same way. A quarter of an hour before serving drain the cabbage, and mix the whole in a salad bowl, adding three tablespoonfuls of oil, one tablespoonful of chopped tarragon, and two small pinches of pepper, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Plain Puddings.—Bread crumbled and put into a pie-dish with alternate layers of stewed apples and a little sugar, when baked makes an excellent pudding, the juice of the apples making the bread-crumbs quite moist.

Queen of Puddings.—1. Soak a pint of bread-crumbs in boiling milk, add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and sugar to taste; bake in a pie-dish; when cold, spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put into the oven, and bake a very light brown; flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

2. Cut stale bread into slices, butter them, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with a little brown sugar and a few currants. Repeat this until the dish is quite full; then pour on the bread boiled milk mixed with one beat-up egg, until the bread is soaked; bake it light brown. You can make a still plainer bread-pudding of odds and ends, when too stale to use otherwise, by soaking them in skim milk, then beating the bread to a pap, adding a few currants, and a little brown sugar, and boiling in a cloth. Or another very palatable and economical pudding may be made as follows:—Boil the pieces of bread, crust and crumb together, until so soft that it can be beaten up with a fork; add a little chopped suet, some skim milk, and a few spoonfuls of molasses; put it into a pie-dish, and bake it brown; leave the top of it quite rough, or scratch it rough with a fork.

3. Put the scraps of bread, crust, and crumb, into a basin with sufficient milk to cover them well. Cover the basin with a saucepan-lid or a plate, and put it into the oven to soak for about half an hour. Take it out and mash the bread with a fork till it is almost a pulp; then add a handful of raisins, and as many currants, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, some candied lemon-peel, and one egg. Stir it up well, grease a pie-dish, and pour the pudding in. Grate over a little nutmeg, put it into a moderate oven, and let it bake for an hour and a half or two hours.

4. One pound of flour, half a pound of dripping. Rub the dripping into the flour, mix into a dough with as little water as possible, grease a basin; dip a pudding cloth into hot water, wring it and flour it; tie the pudding up in it, taking care that no opening is left, and boil it for two hours or more. To be eaten with molasses or brown sugar. These are well-proved receipts, and the latter one is especially liked.

Pumpkin Pie.—The pumpkin must be carefully stewed, and strained through a sieve. To a quart of milk add five eggs, and, having beaten these into an amalgam, stir in the stewed pumpkin till the mixture assumes the consistency of a moderately stiff custard; sweeten with sugar, add a little salt, and a dash of sifted cinnamon, a soupçon of powdered ginger, and a little grated lemon-peel. "Punkin" pies should be baked for about an hour in shallow dishes or soup plates, which should be lined with a good crust. There is no upper crust to these pies, but in its stead a dust of powdered nutmeg should be added.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bigarade Sauce.—Pare off, as thin as you can, the yellow rind of two Seville oranges; cut it into very thin shreds, and boil them in water for five minutes. Melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan; add to it a tablespoonful of flour, and stir until it begins to color; add a gill of stock, pepper and salt to taste, the juice of the oranges, and a good pinch of sugar; then put in the boiled rinds, stir the sauce until it boils, and serve.

Barley Sugar.—Dissolve one and a half pounds of loaf sugar in half a pint of water, with the white of half an egg; when it is at candy height add a tea-cupful of strained lemon-juice, and boil it quickly till it recovers its former state; pour it over a marble slab, and when it becomes stiff, cut it in strips and twist it.

Cheese Straws.—Take a quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of parmesan cheese, grated, quarter of a pound of fine flour, well mixed with a small saltspoonful of cayenne pepper, one egg, and a little salt. Roll it out into a thin paste, and bake a light brown. Cut it into a neat form, and serve quite hot on a napkin.

Eggs en Coque.—Make some small paper boxes, and butter the bottoms, half fill with a mixture of stale bread-crumbs, butter, minced parsley, salt, cayenne; break an egg into each box, cover it with bread-crumbs till the box is quite full; put them on a gridiron for two or three minutes, pass a salamander over the top, and serve.

Eggs a La Bonne Femme.—Slice an onion, fry it in butter to light brown: add a teaspoonful of vinegar; butter a dish, spread the onion and vinegar over it, break the eggs into it, put the dish into the oven; when the eggs are done, strew fried bread-crumbs over them, and serve very hot.

To Cure Owl Beef Tongue.—Take two tablespoonfuls of salt two of brown sugar, one of saltpetre. Rub the tongue with the mixture daily for one week. Then add two more spoonfuls of salt, and rub for another week. The tongue is then ready for smoking or drying.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS.—The under-dress is of pink silk, with four puffs of the same around the bottom as a trimming. The over-dress is of white organdy, trimmed with a ruffle of the same, edged with white lace. A kind of small tunic reaches from the middle of the front to the middle of the back, where it is caught by a bunch of roses, and a bretelle of lace passes from the back over the right shoulder to the middle of the waist in front. Pink roses and white lace in the hair. The organdy skirt is caught up here and there by bunches of crushed roses.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS.—The under-dress is of white pompadour silk, striped with green satin and large roses. The over-dress is of light-blue silk, long at the back, shorter in front, and caught up in a puff at the hips. The body and skirt of this over-dress is cut all in one, and the waist and sleeves are trimmed with pompadour silk. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS.—The skirt is of very thin white muslin, made with one deep flounce, over straw-colored silk. The cuirass-waist and tunic, cut in one piece, are of the straw-colored silk, trimmed with white lace. The tunic is square, and longer in front than at the back, and is tied together from the sides with a bow and ends of ribbon. Straw-colored ribbon and tea-roses in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS.—The petticoat is of white silk, and trimmed across the front with many ruffles of white lace. The waist and train are of pale-green satin, without trimming, and caught here and there to the petticoat by large bows of satin ribbon without ends.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS.—The skirt is of delicate pearl-gray satin, without trimming. The tunic is of light-blue silk, brocaded with pink roses, and lined with white silk; it is trimmed with a silk quilling, looped up high on the hips, and entirely open in front. The short, puffed sleeves are of the satin. A blue ribbon hangs loosely from the back of the neck under the arms, and meets at the waist in front. Pink roses and white lace in the hair.

FIG. VI.—THIS MANTLE may be made either of black gros grain or cashmere. The front is trimmed with rich frog buttons, and is bordered with fringe. The basque at the back is short, and is ornamented with a sash with falling loops. High collar, fastened in front with a bow.

FIG. VII.—PALETOT OF GRAY OR WHITE CLOTH, trimmed with velvet pockets and metal buttons. The collar is velvet, likewise the revers on the sleeves. The basque at the back has a plait at the waist, and buttons on the side seam.

FIG. VIII.—CARRIAGE COSTUME.—The dress is of gray silk, and is trimmed with bands of black velvet. The upper-skirt is untrimmed in front, and is looped back by a full lasode of black velvet, which is tied in a bow low down. Jacket of black velvet, trimmed with gray ostrich feathers, and loops and buttons.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY SERGE, trimmed with bands of blue serge.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give our usual great variety of novelties in the way of wraps, dressing the hair, etc. The circular cloak, the back and front of which is shown, is made of black cloth, slightly adjusted to the figure, and is trimmed with bands of galloon, wrought with jet; a heavy-jetted worsted lace trims the bottom. The jacket is of light brown cloth, trimmed with braid, and a worsted-tassel fringe of a much darker shade of brown. The hood is also trimmed with this brown braid in stripes. The cashmere lasque is of black cashmere, and heavily trimmed with jet braid, put on very thickly in straight lines over the basque; heavy jet fringe finishes the edge of the basque. No sleeves go with this garment. We also give all the very latest styles of arranging the hair; but these fashions are principally for the house, as, of course, puffs are soon flattened under a hat or bonnet, and curls get disordered sooner than a single braid; but that is worn tied with a bow of ribbon, as we have shown in previous plates.

Nearly all walking-dresses are made short enough just to escape the ground, and are of some woolen material, the coarser the more fashionable and stylish looking. Almost any cut seems fashionable, provided that it falls very flat in front and at the sides, and is tied back so uncomfortably, that a long step is difficult, and sitting down almost an impossibility. Strings are now put on under-skirts to tie them

back to within a quarter of a yard of the bottom. Pulonaise are still worn; but jackets are more popular, especially for young people—a modification of the old-fashioned round basque being one of the prettiest for a good figure. The very thin persons should eschew them, and more especially very fat ones. These basques are called *cairae* waists, jackets, etc. Half-tight jackets are more generally becoming. Worsted fringe is much used for the woolen dresses; but fur or feather is more elegant, and much more expensive. Some very stylish dresses are made without any trimming at all, except on the petticoat, which is usually of silk, either of the color of the dress or black.

We have given in previous numbers full descriptions of the *matelassé*, and other new winter materials for dresses.

The pointed shawl, or apron front, without any skirt at the back, continues very popular. The back of the under-skirt is ruffled, or, what is newer, the apron is tied at the back with a bow of silk; and similar bows of silk, and the material of the dress, alternately, fall on the under-skirt. The necks of dresses are made very high and elaborate. Sleeves are closer to the arm, and have but little cuff; they are usually of a different material from the bodice.

For House-Dresses, skirts box-plaited at the back are superseding the pouffe entirely. It is a deeply-folded triple plait, with the centre box-plait about an eighth of a yard wide. The plaiting occupies the space hitherto given to a plain back breadth, which, for this make of skirt, should measure a yard in width. The material should be lined, and the plait is kept in place with rows of tape sewn underneath, the lowest row being half a yard from the edge. When properly arranged, the plait is well defined to the edge of the skirt, and spreads out in a fan-like train below the last tape. This dispenses with all flounces at the back, and is newer than the rows of horizontal plaitings recently worn from the waist downward. Two large bows of long loops of doubled silk are placed upon the plait, and an ample tournure—not abruptly projecting, as in the days of the Grecian bend, but sloping, is worn under these plaited skirts to give them a graceful effect.

EVENING-DRESSES are not so close-fitting as street and ordinary house-dresses; the thin material in such general use for these dresses makes them more "stuffy." Tulle, the color of the silk, is much used as plaitings and puffings for trimming evening-dresses. Alternate plaitings of tulle and pale silk flounces, pinked at each edge, form very suitable trimmings to young ladies' evening toilets. Every shade of buff, maize, salmon, yellow, and lemon color, is popular for evening wear; scarlet geraniums, roses, oleanders, fuchsias, tropical crimson leaves, or any dark, autumn foliage, form the chief ornaments. Brocaded silks are in vogue for married ladies; they are of single color, pink, buff, or blue, and are trimmed with plaitings of plain gros grain, used alternately with white gauze, and headed with ostrich feathers. They are made with triple aprons, fringed at the edge and culottes bodice, either laced or buttoned at the back.

As Rows of braid are now so fashionable, they can be used with advantage in modernizing last winter's costumes. Narrow silk braid is sewn in rows upon sleeves, collars, and jackets, while upon the rest of the costume there is no braid at all. The rows go round the sleeves, not down them; and if braid be used on the tunic, it is arranged in short rows, falling like a fringe above the hem. There are several new galloons introduced, all woven with beads—blue, steel, green, violet, and black.

JET TRIMMING is still much used on black; but some of the newest black silk dresses made by Worth are piped, and have the flounces lined with pale maize, light blue, or cardinal red. These colors light up a black silk very much, and make it quite "dresy."

WINTER WRAPS are of all descriptions, to suit all figures,

fancy, and purse. Black is universally used, as it can be worn with any color—colored wraps being only used when they match the costume. Seal-skin, beaver-cloth, and the heavy diagonal cloth, are most in favor for the cold weather.

There is a possibility that the regular cloak will come into favor again, as many are shown made of the new-figured and wadded silk called *matelassé*, and also of the real Indian cashmere called *Rahjampore*, both materials being bordered with black fur. They are not fitted to the figure, but cling closely to it; they have a deep cape in front, and armholes, but no sleeves. They reach to the knee, are buttoned in front, and are altogether comfortable-looking garments; but their general adoption is by no means assured.

BONNETS and HATS are of as various shapes as the winter wraps; all styles and ages may be accommodated; but one thing is general, the bonnet or hat must not be tilted down on the forehead, it must set back on the head. Colored bonnets are more worn than formerly, and are most frequently made of two shades of the same color, or of two pretty contrasting colors. White silk and feathers are much used in combination with black or other colors for more dressy occasions.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF ROSE-COLORED CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The back of the skirt is trimmed with three ruffles. The front is a plain apron front, trimmed down the sides and across the bottom with bias bands of the cashmere. The waist is round, with puffed sleeves and a berthe. Snash of rose-colored silk, and a rose colored ribbon in the hair.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S HAIR.—The petticoat is of Gray camel's hair, with narrow lines of blue in it, and is made quite plain. The upper-skirt is of plain gray camel's hair, simply looped back. The basque is of the plain material, with blue buttons. The collar is of blue velvet, as well as the cording and bows on the cuffs. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME OF BROWN KERSEYMERE.—The trousers are rather loose, and fasten below the knee. The jacket and waistcoat are of kersesmyere, the jacket fitting rather loosely. Red neck-tie and stockings.

FIG. IV. AND V.—JACKET, TROUSERS, AND OVER-COAT FOR A YOUNG LAD.—All are made of navy-blue cloth, and finished with black military braid.

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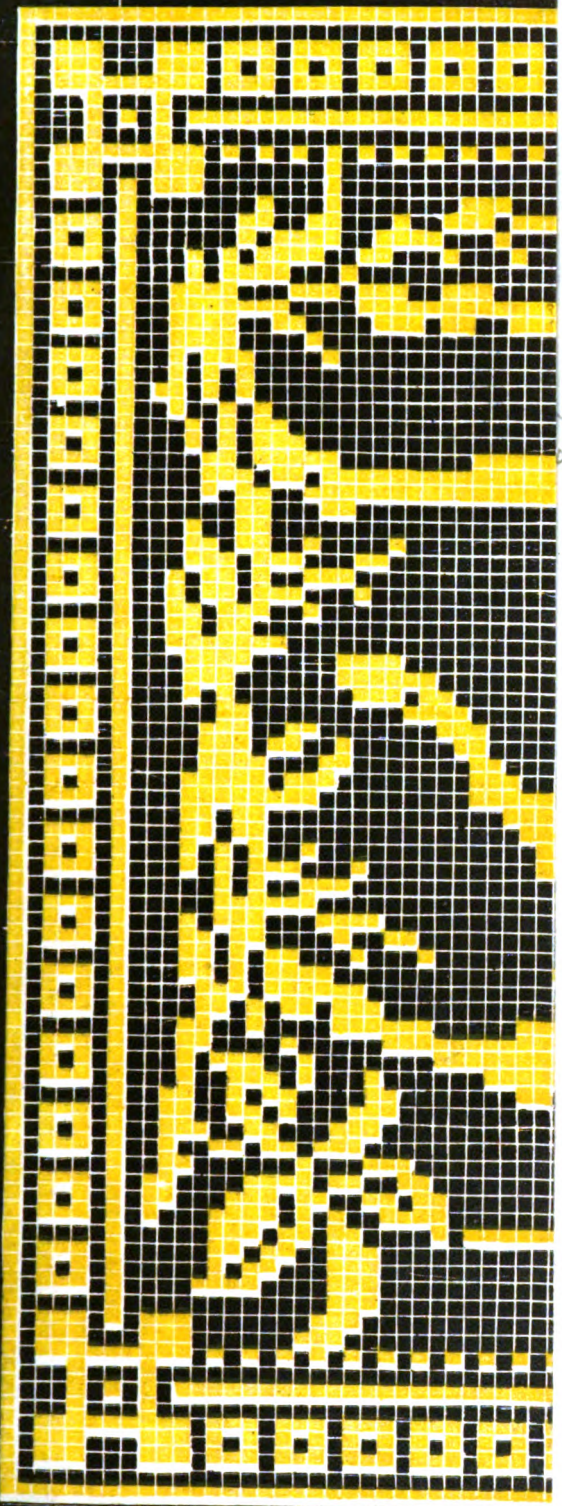
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THE COTTAGE BY THE RILL

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—FEBRUARY, 1875.

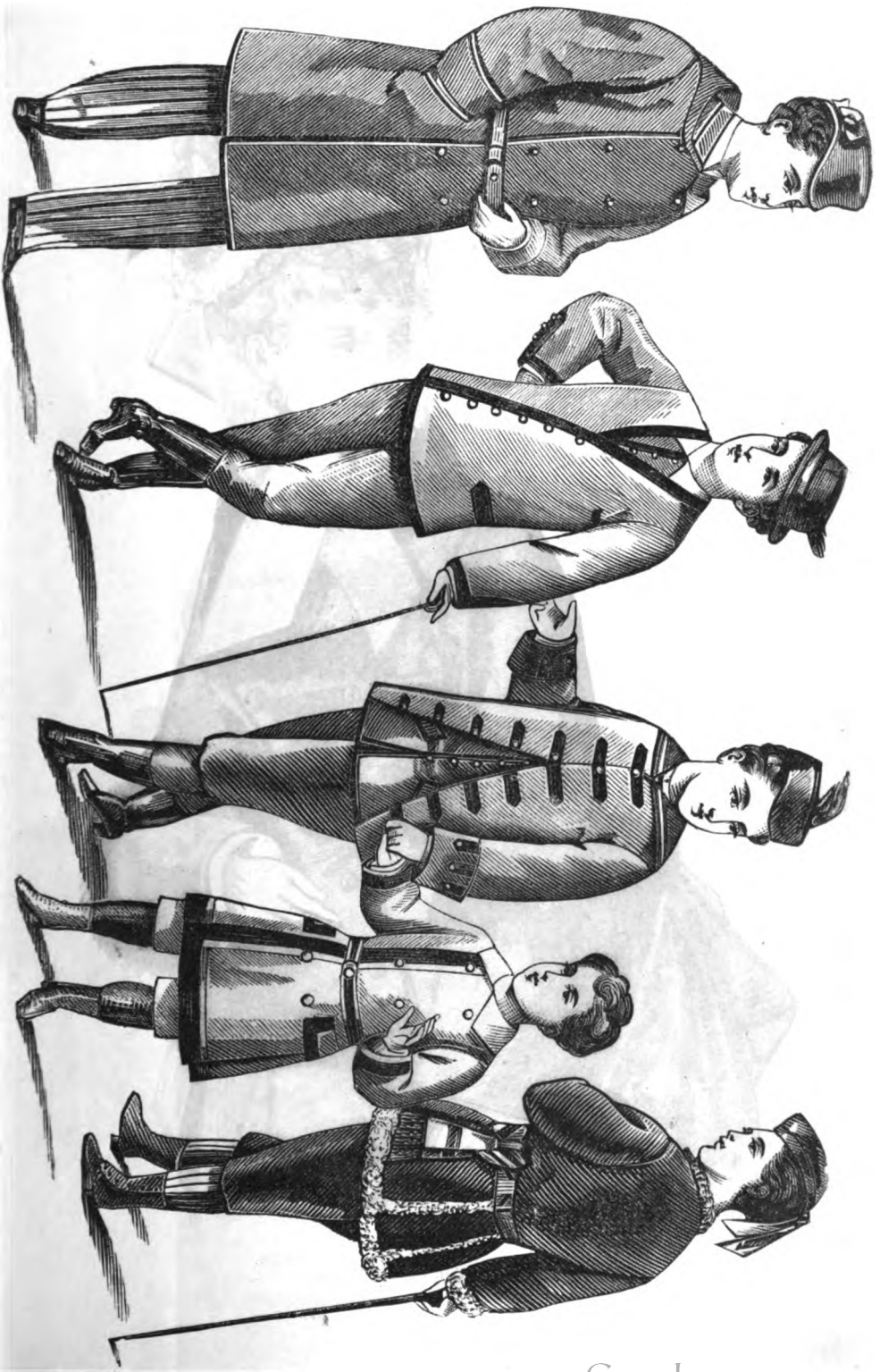


TIDY IN JAVA CANVAS.



THE MISSION OF MERCY.

[See the Story.]





NEW STYLE FOR CLOTH CLOAK.



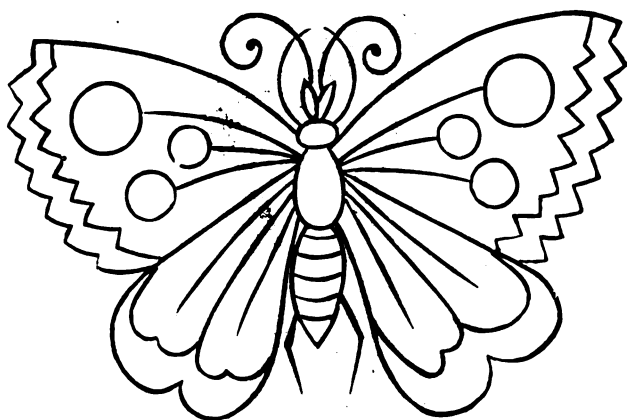
NEW STYLE FOR VELVET CLOAK.



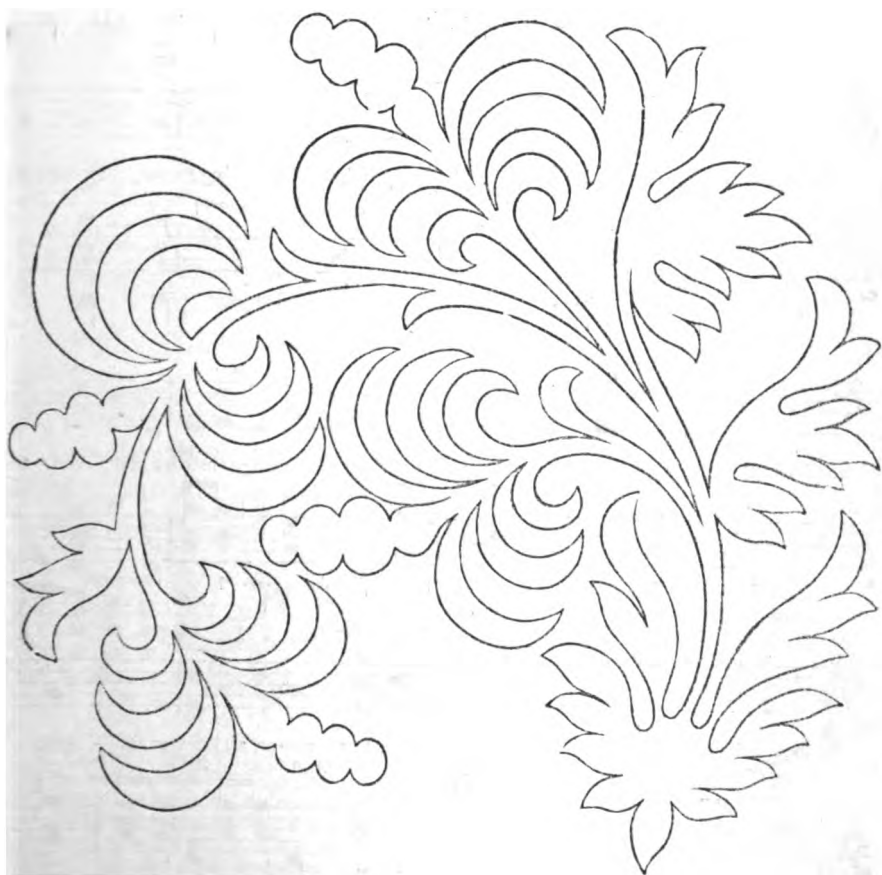
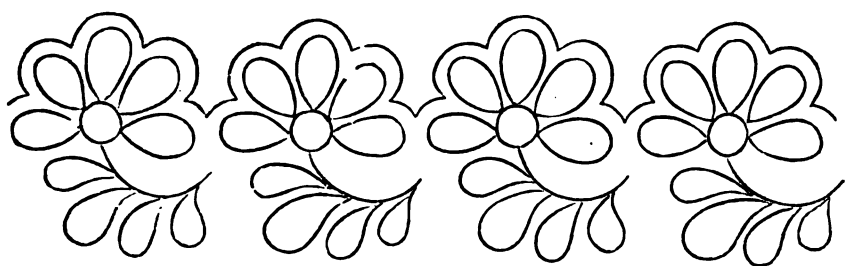
WHITE CASHMERE BASQUE. SLEEVELESS JACKETS.



SLEEVELESS JACKET. HAT. NEW STYLE FOR THE HAIR.



PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN. EMBROIDERY PATTERN.

DEAR MOLLIE MAGEE.

SONG AND CHORUS BY SEP. WINNER.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

INTRODUCTION.

Moderato.



VOICE.

There's a beau-ti - ful Isle a - far, A - far o'er the spread of the sea, *f* *p* There's a

GUITAR



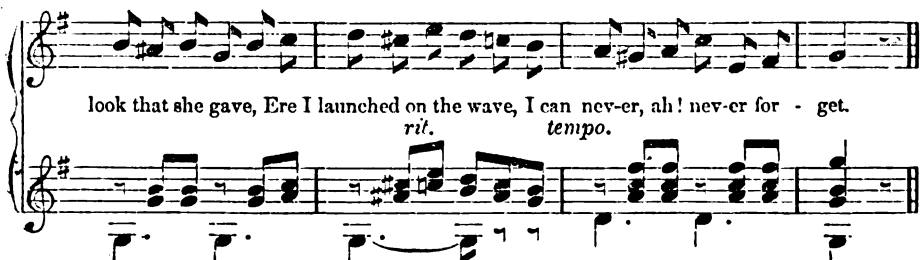
heart that is sad to - day, And eyes that are watching for me, Though the



months have been few, Since I bid her adieu, Yet it seems like an age since we met; And the



look that she gave, Ere I launched on the wave, I can nev - er, ah! nev - er for - get.
rit. *tempo.*



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DEAR MOLLIE MAGEE.

CHORUS.

AIR.

Oh, thou beau-ti-ful Isle a - far, A - far o'er the spread of the

ALTO.

Oh, thou beau-ti-ful Isle, thou beau-ti-ful Isle, A - far o'er the spread of the

TENOR.

Oh, thou beau-ti-ful Isle, thou beau-ti-ful Isle, A - far o'er the spread of the

BASS.

GUITAR

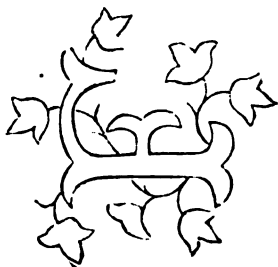
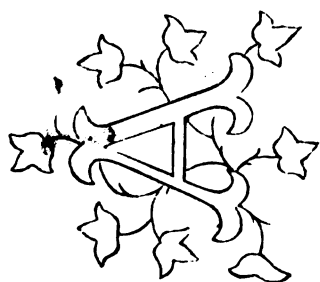
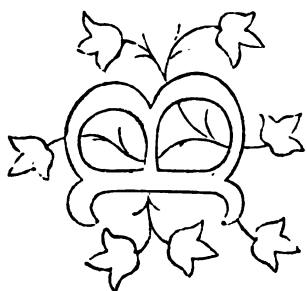
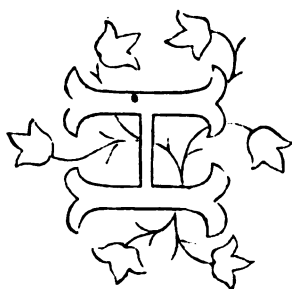
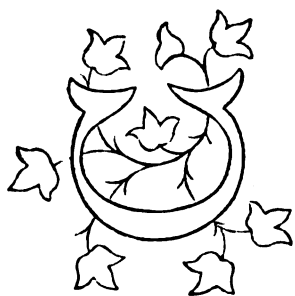
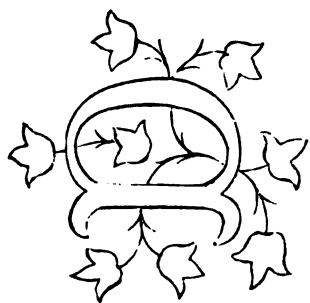
sea, Yes, 'tis dear to my heart you are, Sweet home of dear Mol-lie Ma-gee.

sea, Yes, 'tis dear to my heart you are, Sweet home of dear Mol-lie Ma-gee.

sea, of the sea, 'Tis dear to my heart you are, Sweet home of dear Mol-lie Ma-gee.

2 There's a green little Isle beyond,
Across the wide waters away,
And I'm dreaming a dream so fond,
Of home and of Mollie, to-day,
And I think with a sigh,
As the moments go by,
Of our land that is over the sea;
Oh! I wonder a while,
With a hope and a smile,
If my Mollie is dreaming of me.

3 I am coming across the main,
Am coming again o'er the sea;
For I long to be home again
Beside thee, dear Mollie Magee.
If we meet on the shore,
We will part nevermore,
For our days shall be happy and bright,
And we'll go hand in hand
In our beautiful land,
Where our hearts may be joyous and light.



ALPHABET FOR TABLE LINEN, IN RED AND WHITE

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

THE MISSION OF MERCY.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"Come, Eva, put on your hat, and walk down to the store with me," said Edward Harrington, as he rose from the breakfast-table. "It will do you good, this fine, winter morning."

"You had better stay with me, Eva, and finish braiding your new Dolman," said her sister-in-law, who was gathering up the silver, preparatory to washing it in a little brass-bound tub on a side-table, for she was too thrifty a house-keeper to allow her shining forks and spoons to pass through Bridget's destructive fingers.

"Don't hear to her," said Edward, drawing on his overcoat, "you'll get as pale as these city girls, if you stay in the house so much. Come along. I'll show you the grandest cat you ever saw in your life. A magnificent white one, with eyes of topaz, or emerald, or any of those shining things Emma thinks so fine."

Wily Ned had hit on his sister's peculiar weakness, so she started at once for her wraps, promising to be with him in three minutes.

"Don't stay long," said practical Mrs. Harrington, "for we must finish that suit this week. That cat, Eva, is one of Ned's extravagances. He pays a boy a dollar a week to feed it. Isn't it awful to waste money so?"

"That cat is my best advertisement," answered Ned. "People will go blocks out of their way just to see her."

In a few minutes Eva appeared in her wraps, and brother and sister set out, in high spirits, for a brisk walk of two miles.

"I should like to run with you, Ned, as in the old times, when we trudged off to school together, in the bright winter mornings."

"Yes, isn't this better," said Ned, "than shutting yourself up in that close sewing-room, all the morning? It does take one back to the old house, on that breezy hill-side, Eva, to have you by my side. It was a dear old home, wasn't it?"

"Isn't it, you mean to say. You forget it is my home still, and always will be, I hope."

"Dr. Ralph may have a word or two to say on that subject, if he chooses to move away," said Ned, slowly. "For my part, I think he ought to be here. He is too able a physician to stay where he is."

Edward Harrington had come to the city, when a boy, to be under the care of an uncle, and had worked his way steadily up to a good business and position. The ranks of the successful business men of all cities are largely recruited from the files of country youth, who go up to these great Babels to seek their fortune. It is a rare thing for a man of wealth, in the city, to bequeath his business talent to his children's children. If, indeed, even his own sons inherit it.

Edward had "married well," as the world has it; but he knew there was a deeper deep, in his heart, that was unfilled. His loving sister, whom he had lured to make them a winter visit, took him back to the old life more than anything had for years. Holmes truly says, "a youth may leave his country home, and walk the streets of the city for forty years, yet his dreams will still be of running barefoot through the clover."

"But there is something delightful in all this rush and bustle, after all," said Eva, whose abounding health and spirits made her see everything, this morning, in rose-color. "If it were not for the sad faces one meets, and the sad sights we can't help seeing, one might thoroughly enjoy it."

They were at the store now, a large furniture warehouse; and the first object which attracted the eye was a snow-white cat of immense size, which lay at length on a regal mat, in the window. He wore a silver collar, with his name and address engraved upon it. The royal tiger woven on his mat could not have assumed more lordly airs.

"There is 'Louis the Magnificent,'" said Ed-

ward, enthusiastically, as his pet came forward, quickly, with his good-morning greeting.

It certainly was a cat to take the prize at one of the grand "cat shows" in London: but his owner would never risk his favorite on the trip.

While Eva was petting and admiring him, Edward turned to attend to a customer. All at once, the manners of Prince Louis changed suddenly. Like the cat in the fable, he proved true to his cat instincts. He had caught sight of a lad, with an old basket on his arm, coming up the steps. This was Harry, who catered for his highness, and this morning had brought him some boiled fish for his breakfast, with his customary saucer of milk.

Eva watched the process of feeding, with much amusement. But her interest was soon transferred and absorbed by the face of the boy. It was a beautiful face. But there was a look in the large hazel eyes, more pitiful than tears; and a softened tremor in the tone, which was born of nothing but deep sorrow and pain.

She spoke to him kindly, and the boy looked up, and regarded her a moment with intense engerness. It was not so much her words, but her voice, that attracted him. It was a rare voice, in this world of ours. The poor and suffering everywhere, though they heard it for the first time, recognized it as the voice of a friend.

A few magic words of kindness opened the boy's heart, and unsealed his lips. He had watched, all night, with an older sister, by the side of their dying sister, Lily; and they could not procure for her even the most common comforts she craved. He had even taken off his jacket to spread over her cold feet, when she was drowsy, and could not know it; and he had tried hard to earn enough, beyond their rent and bare bread, to buy her a little fruit, which she so coveted. But now Fanny could get no work: they could only live, and hardly that. Sobs choked his voice, as he told his sad story, and Eva's loving heart beat warmly in sympathy.

"Is your home far from here?" she asked.

"Will you go there?" he said, gladly. "It is not three minutes walk. I will take you, and then hurry back, for I have four places more to go to. Nobody pays me like Mr. Harrington, though, and nobody's porter is as kind as Hugh," he said, looking up, almost happily, as his broad-shouldered friend passed out on an errand. He had time for a pleasant "good morning" to the boy, slipped in the latter's hand a brown paper parcel, containing full half of the honest fellow's luncheon. "He needs it more than I," Hugh thought, as he walked away, his heart full of pity for the famine-pinched face.

Eva nodded good-by to her brother, across the store, where he was busily talking with several gentlemen, and walked away with her little guide.

It was a new part of the city to Eva, though only a stone's throw from the marble fronts and busy haunts of traffic. It, too, had had its day of grandeur. The very garret, where Harry and his sisters lived, belonged to a house which had once been the home of a merchant prince. But the march of improvement had kept pushing steadily on, up town, and the house had been leased out, and fallen deeper and deeper into decay, until at last it was rented, room by room, like the poorest tenement-house. Yet there were traces of the old frescoing in the lofty parlor, though a butcher's block and cleavers stood where the marble table had once been placed. There is nothing more suggestive of the mutations of fortune, than to go through a dwelling which has come down, through such changes, to become at last a crazy old tenement-house.

A formal introduction was not needed in that home of poverty. Though utterly dismantled, there was an air of comparative refinement about it still, and the very tones of the sisters spoke of better things. The death of their father had left them to struggle on alone; but their very suffering and need drew them closer than ever together. They felt that they could not separate, if it was in their power to keep together.

On a low pallet of straw, but with a snow-white pillow under her head, lay a fair girl of seventeen, who was fading fast on earth, to bloom in immortal bowers. Beside her, watched, with tireless devotion, an older sister, who had struggled on so hard to keep a shelter over the heads of her dear ones. She had toiled on at the cheap shop-work, making plain shirts at sixty cents a dozen, flannel ones at four cents apiece, and other work in the same proportion. That, ladies, is the way you procure those ready-made garments, so marvellously cheap! The life-blood of just such toiling women has been wrought into every seam!

Eva seemed presently like an old-time friend, as she sat by the sick-girl's side, holding one skeleton hand in hers. She never made her "delicate nerves" a plea for turning away from the face of suffering and wretchedness. Such fastidiousness is often a flimsy veil, which covers a selfish heart.

The sisters were ready to pour into her ear the story of their sorrows, well knowing that they had a sympathizing listener. The sick girl could not withdraw her gaze from the beautiful face, so benning with health and love. She seemed almost like a visitant from that better land of which

Fanny read to her so much, where there is no more sickness, and where all tears shall be wiped away.

"I will come again to-morrow, if I possibly can," Eva said, as she stooped down and kissed the wasted cheek, and laid in the hand a cluster of grapes and an orange, which she had procured on her way.

"The hope of seeing you again, would almost keep me here, though the nights are so very bad," she added, sadly. "So much worse than the day. If we could only afford a light, it would not seem so dreary."

Eva went home, with very different views of life in the great city, from those with which she had set forth. What she had learned, in that half hour, of the sufferings and perils of those who are lone and unprotected in its inhospitable, pitiless streets, overwhelmed her with distress and almost terror. It seemed like that fabled monster of the Cretan labyrinth, who devoured every year his tribute of Athenian youths and maidens. But no Minotaur was ever more cruel than that stony-eyed famine, which haunts the streets of our great cities, so often, in winter.

"Edward has gone out of town to-day," said sister Emma, the next morning, as her sister came into the breakfast-room. "So you will have no one to tease you to walk; and we will have a good long morning for sewing together."

To sew, after housekeeping matters were adjusted, was the chief end of a woman's life, in Mrs. Harrington's view.

"I shall go out a little while, Emma, first. I shall sew all the better for it afterward!" said Eva.

"But see how the snow is falling."

"Just the weather I like. I am a country-girl, you must remember; and cannot stand prison-life, like those who are city-born."

"Well, go out if you must; but be quick, long; and you may as well get two or three more of that braid; we shall need it."

"I will take a piece to match," said Eva, glad to get off so easily.

The street cars soon brought her to the neighborhood she was seeking; and then her plans were quickly carried out. Procuring a large basket, she speedily filled it in the market with such articles as she felt would be most useful to the suffering group.

She was puzzling a little over the intricacies of the locality, and thinking she should yet be obliged to ask direction of a policeman, if, by any chance, she should see one, when who should pass by but the good porter, Hugh. She had frequently seen him at her brother's house, and

knew he was a young man highly prized for his stalwart integrity and faithful industry.

"Why, Miss Harrington," he exclaimed, in some surprise, "let me take your basket, please."

"I am glad I have met you, Hugh: I wanted help. Just find this street and number for me, if you please. It is not far from here. I will answer to my brother for your time."

"He would send me with you, I know, if he saw you carrying this heavy basket."

"Some mission of mercy, I do not doubt," he thought, as he plodded on, with a strong, ringing step that no one would fear to follow, even in the darkest alley. You can learn much of a man by his walk, as well as by his words.

Hugh insisted on taking the basket up the stair-ways, which were growing very old and unsafe. The door was opened by Harry, who joyfully welcomed the young lady; and then as gladly seized his old friend by the arm, and drew him within.

"This is the kind man who gave me so many nice lunches, Fanny," he said. "Now you can thank him yourself, as you have so often wished."

"I do thank you, most sincerely," said Fanny, frankly extending her hand, "for all your kindness to my little brother. You have been a friend, indeed, to him, when he was sorely in need of one."

Honest Hugh was quite ~~"taken aback"~~ by such warm thanks. ~~By~~ true appreciation is never very displeasing to a human nature. Hugh would gladly have ~~been~~ ~~met~~, but, like a true gentleman, he quickly ~~reverted~~ ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~old~~ ~~friend~~, until his quick eye had taken in the ~~whole~~ ~~scene~~. Little Harry, whose heart ~~was~~ ~~filled~~ ~~with~~ a child's elasticity, tripped down the stairs to his side, one hand nestling ~~under~~ ~~his~~ ~~friend's~~ ~~arm~~.

"I ~~am~~ ~~glad~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~you~~ ~~both~~," said Harry, "and ~~my~~ ~~mother~~ ~~died~~ ~~with~~ ~~this~~ ~~sickness~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~goes~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~heart~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~that~~ ~~look~~ ~~in~~ ~~any~~ ~~one's~~ ~~face~~."

"You do not think she will die?" said Harry.

"Not now, since the kind lady has brought her so many comforts?"

"She cannot linger with you long, my boy; not longer than Spring, I am sure. Do come, walk with me a little way, and we will talk of something else."

They stopped at the office of a carpenter, and Hugh ordered a quarter of a ton carried up to the garret-room, as large an amount as could well be stored there.

Stopping at another store, he bought a pair of fleecy white blankets, and directed Harry to hasten home with them.

There was a brightly-trimmed lamp, on the

window-ledge of that garret-home, all through that winter night, and the air of pinching poverty seemed to have fled away, now that the grate was filled with glowing coal. Oh, the blessing of warmth in winter! How little we think of it in our cheerful, comfortable homes. De Quincy, who had suffered from both cold and darkness in the garrets of London, said that the sufferings of hunger are not to be compared with the sufferings from cold.

"It seems almost like heaven, doesn't it?" said the sick girl, happily, as she nestled under the warm covers. "Just one more of those white grapes, Fanny, and give me the orange in my hand, please. Let me see you eat one of those rosy apples, yourself, and then I think I can sleep till morning."

No more, through that pinching winter, did the little group, in the garret, see the gaunt wolf peering in at their door. Hugh was commissioned to look after their wants, and many a hamper and package came down from the farm-house, on the hill, consigned to his care, to be used for their necessities. His ready hands and strong arms made the little room more comfortable and home-like, and his frequent presence gave them a sense of protection which was most precious to a little circle so alone in the world.

But Lily faded day by day. She did not fear, however, when her feet entered the Dark Valley. One was with her, made it light and glorious. She did not fear for the se she left, because the same hand would hold the y up. Her heart was full of love and gratitude to a kind friend who had come in a mission of mercy to them, in their darkest hour, and her last message was to her. The prayers and blessings of dying lips are a precious legacy.

One evening, some weeks after Lily's death, as Fanny sat in her lonely room, stitching busily by the lamp-light, and listening for Harry's step on the stairs, she heard another instead, to which she had grown quite accustomed. There seemed no reason why her cheek should flash,

and her heart beat quicker, but it was a fact, for all that.

"I came to tell you the news," said Hugh, taking a seat by her side. "Did you know Miss Eva was married?"

"What! To Dr. Ralph?"

"Yes; I do hope she will be happy."

"I 'know she will, God bless her!" fervently, said Fanny.

"But," said Hugh, after a pause, "I want you to congratulate me, too. I have been promoted to a clerkship."

"I am very glad of that, Hugh. You deserved it."

"It is nice to be appreciated. But what's the use of more salary to one who had quite enough before?"

"Lay up for old age. I thought you were worldly-wise, Hugh," she said, smiling.

"That's too long a look out. I know a better way than that, Fanny," he added, very earnestly. "I have wanted to say to you, all along, what I am going to say to-night. Will you take for a husband such a rough, uncultivated fellow as I am? Will you overlook my lack of polish in consideration of my deep, true love for you? It is an honest hand I offer you, Fanny, if it is rough and toil-hardened."

Happy Fanny dropped her shining needle on the coarse work in her lap, and her little hand nestled down confidently, if half-shyly, in the big palm, which grasped it joyfully.

"Bless you for that, Fanny," he said fervently. "I bless Miss Eva, too, who first brought me to your door. She is coming to the city, you know, to live with her husband. We will go and see her together, when she comes: and by-and-by we will welcome her in a home of our own, I hope."

What a blessing to all their lives had Eva's sweet mission of mercy proved. Alas! for the great, unrecaped harvest of golden opportunities which so many of us suffer to fall dead around us, while we fritter away the precious hours in the idle chase after butterflies.

CHANGED.

BY CHARLES EDWARD PRATT.

Love, dear, when Autumn's mellow days
Were first, when the amber air
Glided about me everywhere;
When, o'er the hills a purpling haze
Hung low, I went in paths most sweet.
The golden leaves dropped at my feet;
And gladly, looking toward the West,
Lingered with her I loved the best.

This year, the Autumn-lands are fair,
The distant hills with splendor glow,
And gold and purple mists hang low
About the landscape everywhere;
Yet as the lessening sun, to rest
Sinks down, beyond the crimson West,
Alone I wait, in vain I wait,
In sadness by the sunset's gate.

PALE GREEN.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

It came about in this wise:

We never had thought of taking boarders before; but after brother James died, and we were left two lone women, sister Susan and I, in that great, rambling house, with such quantities of fruit in the orchard, and cows which we could not bear to sell, and so many spare rooms on our hands, and all just within easy reach of New York by rail, sister Susan said to me, "Suppose we do?" and as I always think the same as Susan, I said, "Very well."

So we put an advertisement in the Herald, this being about the middle of April; and we had plenty of applications, but none that we exactly liked, for, as we were not obliged to take boarders on account of the money, and were only going to do it for a change, and for something to do, and for the sake of having some nice company with us in the hot days, when it was not pleasant to stir out of doors much, you see we were rather particular. The first people who applied were young married folks, with twin babies and a wet-nurse; so we decided at once that they would not do, for what, with the babies squalling, and the wet-nurse's airs, we knew we should be driven half-distracted. The next was a clergyman and his wife, who wanted to have half the house, and to pay next to nothing; and then came a fine lady in reduced circumstances, a Mrs. Wither-
spoon by name, who asked us how many servants we kept, and if she could have a cup of chocolate served in her room at ten o'clock, and a six o'clock dinner, and if our chambermaid could dress her hair, and so on, till we made up our minds that she would not do either. We were just on the point of giving up the whole thing altogether, and of taking our advertisement out of the paper, when Mr. Langley called to see us, and asked to look at our rooms.

We liked his looks, that is, both Susan and I did, from the very first. He was so nicely dressed, not finicky or dandified in the least, but in the very best black broadcloth, with just a thread of gold watch-chain shining on his vest, and a great onyx seal-ring on his little finger; no other jewelry; no studs, nor pins, nor big, clanking seals and charms hanging to his watch. He was very nice looking, though rather pale and thin, very tall, with light-gray eyes and lightish-brown hair; quite the gentleman, too, in

his manners, which, seeing that Susan and I are of as good a family as any in the land, (our mother was a Cotsford, and she was first cousin to the Wrigleys of Stoneybrook,) we were a little particular about. He looked at the rooms we had to offer, and talked to us so pleasantly, while he was going round the house, that we were both quite taken with him. Finally, he decided upon engaging the large front room with the view over the Hudson River. It was a good, big, airy room, and I think he could not have made a better choice; but the paper on the walls was not so pretty as it might have been, though it had been very gay once, being all over lilac roses, and blue parrots, and green hollyhocks; but the colors had faded, and the blue in the parrots was apt to come off if one rubbed against the wall, or brushed one's clothes against it. So I saw Mr. Langley looking up at the walls rather doubtfully, and I said, right away,

"The paper is faded, sir, and I'm sorry for that, but it is clean."

"Yes, my dear lady, yes," he made answer, still looking around; "but before I decide on this room, may I ask you a question?"

"Of course you may, sir," I made answer, wondering what was coming.

"Well, then, will you feel offended if I offer to have this room put in order and decorated a little before I take it? You see it is for my wife, whose health is not very strong; and, besides, I am obliged to leave her in America, and go to Europe on business; and I want her to have things bright and cheerful around her. Your room is charming, perfectly charming; but the paper is a little faded, and is not quite lively enough for my tastes. I am a great believer in pleasant surroundings; so, with your permission, my dear ladies—of course with your permission—I will have a little painting and papering done, and a curtain or two put up, and then I think my dear Emily will be happy and content here through the summer."

We were quite disappointed at not having him himself for a boarder, he was so pleasant and cheery, and he had such lovely manners. Of course, we were not so stiff as to refuse to let him have the room done up at his own expense, for, as sister Susan remarked, it would be all the better for the fixing up, and we none the wor

the matter was settled, and the room was engaged, and Mr. Langley bade us good-by, saying he would return in about a week. I forgot to say that we agreed to take no other boarders than Mrs. Langley; but, indeed, we had never intended to take more than two or three at most, and those of one family; and as Mr. Langley agreed to pay for two, it did not make any difference to us, except in the way of having less trouble. We thought we were very lucky to have got it all settled so pleasantly; that is, as sister Susan said, if Mrs. Langley only turned out to be as nice as her husband.

In the course of the next week Mr. Langley came back, bringing with him quite an army of decorators and painters. We were anxious, of course, to see the paper, and so he brought us a piece, right away, to look at. I never saw such pretty paper before or since. It was a lovely pale-green velvet, with a small gold leaf dotted over it, and it must have cost a mint of money, for velvet paper is, as everybody knows, the highest priced of all papers, and the color, though quite light, was very brilliant and beautiful. When it was put up, and the window-frames and doors painted white, with little lines of green, we scarcely knew our own room, it looked so bright and cheerful. Next, he sent an upholsterer, who brought curtains and a mosquito-netting, all of a pale-green tartan; and he fixed off the windows and the dressing-table with these light, airy-looking draperies, tied back with pink ribbons; and hung the mosquito-netting round our big four-post bed; so that the room looked all green and shiny, like an opening in the woods with the sun glinting through the leaves. Then he sent in a writing-table, and a breakfast-table, and a case of books, and some pictures, and bronze figures, and a clock, and so many other little matters that Susan grew quite cross before they were all unpacked and arranged. However, when all was done, the room did look as pretty as a picture; and we both said, what a good husband Mr. Langley must be, to take so much trouble to please his wife, and to make her comfortable. He came once or twice to see how everything was getting along, and to put the finishing touches to the arrangement of the books and nick-knacks, but he never stayed more than an hour or so at each visit; and we both agreed that he must be too fond of his wife to stay long away from her, particularly as he was going to leave her so soon for a long absence.

Early in June Mrs. Langley arrived, accompanied by her husband, and with any quantity of trunks, and a parrot in a great gilt cage. She was a nice-looking lady, about twenty-seven or

eight years old, I should think, tall and slim, and with very dark eyes and hair; but it did not seem to me that she was at all sickly-looking. On the contrary, she had a good, fresh color, and her eyes were as bright as diamonds.

I went up stairs with them to see if everything was in order. Mrs. Langley seemed quite charmed with her room, and looked at all the furniture, and admired the new paper greatly; then she turned to her husband, and said,

"Ah, Richard, you have taken a great deal of trouble to please me, and to make me comfortable and happy for the summer. When you come back, may not things be changed? May we not begin a new life together then?"

And she put her two hands round her husband's arm, and clasped them there, and she looked up in his face with a sort of sad, appealing expression. I thought, too, that I saw a tear glisten in her eye.

"Yes, Emily," he said, hurriedly, "we will, indeed—a new life." And he stooped down, and kissed her on the forehead. I went down stairs then, and left them alone.

Mr. Langley stayed to dinner, but he would not stop all night, as he was to sail the very next day, and had to be on board the steamer very early in the morning. So he went away quite early in the evening, and there was a very sad leave-taking between him and his wife; but he promised to write to her every week, and to be back by the end of October, at farthest.

"And, Emily," he said, impressively, "remember that you have promised to stay here, and to content yourself in this quiet country place till I return."

"You know I have no one to visit," she answered, rather sadly. "I have promised, Richard, and it will not be hard for me to keep my promise. I have my books, and writing, and drawing to amuse me; and my own thoughts for companions, dismal as such company may sometimes be."

So, he went away, and Mrs. Langley went up stairs to her own room, and we saw her no more that evening.

But the next day she came down, wearing such a pretty morning-dress, and looking rather pale, but declaring that she had slept well, and saying so many kind things about the view from the window, and the fine trees, and our comfortable beds, and the cream and butter, and the hot waffles on the breakfast-table, that I felt quite set up; and sister Susan took to her right away.

The first few weeks after she came, the weather was perfectly lovely, neither too hot, nor chilly, nor damp; and Mrs. Langley spent most of her

time out-of-doors, either sitting on the piazza, working, or under the trees, with a book, or else taking long rambles all by herself, or with our big Newfoundland dog, Don, for company. Don was a good creature, and got to be perfectly devoted to her; and no wonder, for she petted and talked to him so much; besides which, as sister Susan used to say, Don was a real good judge of character, and she knew, by his taking so to Mrs. Langley, that she was a lady, every inch of her. And so she was, never exacting or troublesome, but always cheerful, and pleasant, and ready to be pleased with everything and everybody.

About the tenth of July we had the first very hot spell of the season. The weather was just dreadful, and we none of us had strength to get about the house, hardly. As for Mrs. Langley, she used to lie all day on the bed in her room, with the window-shutters nearly closed, drinking ice-water, and fanning herself. She said the heat had a different effect on her than usual, it sickened and oppressed her so. She used to come down every evening, dressed in a white wrapper, and looking sick and pale, with great dark rings round her eyes, and complaining constantly of headache. Up to that time she had looked quite well, and the air of our place had seemed to agree with her wonderfully; but the heat now seemed just to wither her up.

The heated term lasted about two weeks, and after that there followed a northeast rain-storm, and a long, chilly spell, which did not come to an end for over ten days. Mrs. Langley was glad of the change at first, and we thought she would soon get back her strength and her color; but somehow her health did not seem to improve, but rather to get worse. She spent most of her time in her own room, drawing, or reading, or writing, and every day she seemed to get paler, and to suffer more from oppression and headache.

I think I have spoken before of the parrot which she brought with her. It was a pretty little thing, not a real parrot, but a parrotlet, as tame as a kitten, and as gentle as a dove. It could not talk, but it used to sit on her finger, and answer her caressing speeches with a funny series of little croaks; and it would sit on her shoulder while she wrote, and would nestle close up to her cheek. It would take sugar from between her lips as neatly and gingerly as possible; and it was pretty to see it sit up with a cherry or a strawberry in its claw, biting off little bits of it, and glancing at us out of its round black eyes. We all liked Coço, and even sister Susan, who is none too fond of pets, always excepting our dog Don, used to carry him fruit, or a piece of cracker,

nearly every day. But after a while poor Coco took sick. He would sit on his perch, with his feathers all ruffled up, and his head under his wing; and one day, about a week after the cold spell set in, we found him lying dead on the floor of his cage. Mrs. Langley had taken the best of care of him, and had kept her windows close shut for fear of draughts, all the time the rain lasted; but we thought then that he had taken cold. Anyhow, he was dead, and Mrs. Langley grieved over him greatly, for he had been a great deal of company for her during the long hours that she spent by herself.

The weather in August was pleasant, and Mrs. Langley kept about a good deal, and seemed better; but, about the first of September there came some really cold, dreary days, with rain and fog, with northwest winds, and after that her headaches seemed to come on worse than ever. I persuaded her to have a fire built in her room, and she let me have one put there; but it seemed to do her no good. She got paler and paler, and used to complain that she was just blind and dizzy with headache, nearly all the time. After a while, she gave up coming down stairs at all, except for her meals, and a little while in the evening. She would lie all day on the bed with a wet handkerchief on her forehead, and the mosquito netting let down to keep off the flies, too sick and weak, and in too much pain to read, or work, or even to sit up. She was very loathe to let us send for a physician; but at last she did allow us to call in our own good Dr. Simpson, who felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue, and asked about her symptoms. She told him about her headache and oppressed breathing, and the horrid metallic taste she had in her mouth, so he said she must be bilious, and prescribed blue pill. But it did her no good. And at last both Susan and I began to get really frightened about her.

Not that she seemed to have anything definite the matter with her. That was the worst of it. It was not fever, nor liver complaint, nor heart-disease, nor dyspepsia. She was just sick—sick all over; and nothing seemed to do her any good. She grew worse and worse. Soon she could not come down to her meals, and we got to taking them up to her. Mighty little it was that she ate, for she said that the bad taste in her mouth seemed to keep her sick all the time, and to make her loathe the very sight of food. We had everything we could think of cooked for her, but she seemed to fancy nothing; and finally she took to living almost altogether on beef-tea and our rich cream. Dr. Simpson came several times to see her, and prescribed for her two or three kinds of medicine; but they did not seem to help her at

all. I could not get her to let me send down to New York for a doctor. "No," she said, "I consulted one when I went to the city, last month, and he said that all that I wanted was country air, rest, and good food; and I have had all that here."

But, one day, Sister Susan went up to her, with a letter, and found her lying insensible. It was not a fainting fit, it was a strange, heavy stupor, and she was so long in coming out of it, that we thought at first she was dying. That night we both sat up with her, and the next morning Susan put on her bonnet, and said she was going straight down to New York, for the best doctor she could find.

"For," she said, "Martha, it would never do if this poor lady were to die, and it were to be said that a New York doctor could have saved her. You see we think the world of Dr. Simpson, but other folks think a deal of New York doctors. Besides, I am afraid the disease she has is catching, whatever it is."

"Catching!" I cried out, in perfect horror. "Susan, you don't say so!"

"Yes, indeed, I do," she answered, "for, since I have been sitting with her so much, I begin to feel badly myself; and I have just the same queer taste in my mouth, and just the same dull headaches that she complained of at first. So my mind is made up, and I'll have a real good doctor, whether or no."

"How will you find out one?" I asked.

"I'll go to the biggest drug-store on Broadway, and I'll ask them which doctor, in all the city, is the cleverest at finding out what ails people. Then I'll go look up that man, and I'll bring him back with me, no matter what he asks for coming. Do you look after Mrs. Langley, and take care of the house. Perhaps I'll not be back till to-morrow."

Then a sudden thought struck me.

"Haden't we better ask Mrs. Langley, if there is any doctor that she knows and likes? I'll run up, and ask her right away."

But she said there was no one, and she seemed so stupid and dazed, that I could not ask her many questions; and I was glad to see Susan go off at last, and to know that she would bring back some help with her.

I never shall forget that long, dreary day. It rained off and on, nearly the whole day, and Mrs. Langley seemed so weak and ill, that I did not dare to leave her. Toward nightfall I began to feel sick myself. I thought it must be sitting in that close room, for the wind was so cold and damp, and the rain came in so, that I had to shut down all the windows. Anyhow, I began to feel

very badly. My head ached, and my breathing seemed oppressed, and there was a nasty taste in my mouth; besides which, such a nausea came over me, that I felt as though the very sight of food would sicken me.

"Oh, dear!" I thought, "maybe Mrs. Langley's sickness is catching, as Susan thought. What on earth shall I do?" I felt quite scared and weak at the idea. However, when I went down stairs to see after Mrs. Langley's cup of tea, I took some myself, and was freshened up for awhile, though my head still ached. I was very much afraid that Mrs. Langley was going to have a very sick night of it. But I opened her windows, and aired her room thoroughly, and she seemed better after this, and rather brightened up.

"You have been very good to me, Miss Price," she said, more than once, "and if I live, I'll not forget it."

"Come, come! you must not talk that way," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "You will be all right by the time Mr. Langley comes home." For the last letter she had got from him was to say that he would be back by the first of November, at the very latest, and September was now more than half over.

She turned her face from me, with a stifled sigh. Poor, pale, wasted face that it was; and she never said a word. Such an attentive husband, too, and such a nice man! I did not see why she did not brighten up at the very thought.

She slept well the early part of that night, and so I thought I could leave her. About one o'clock I went to my own room, and fell into a comfortable sleep. When I waked in the morning, my headache was nearly gone. I bustled about, and fixed up Mrs. Langley's room, so that it might look neat when the doctor came; and I brushed out all her beautiful dark hair, and braided it for her, and I coaxed her into taking a cup of coffee, and two new-laid eggs for breakfast. She was able to get up, after that, and have on her wrapper, and I wheeled her arm-chair close to the open window. It was a beautiful, bright morning, after the rain; not too cool, but fresh and pleasant; and Mrs. Langley said that the air seemed to do her good.

About twelve o'clock in came Susan, looking flushed and tired, but very well satisfied with her day's work; and with her came a tall, elderly gentleman, with very gray hair, and a pair of keen, dark eyes, sharp as needles, and quick as a flash. She introduced him to me as Dr. John Meadows. I wanted him to take some lunch, or at least a piece of cake, after his ride in the cars;

but he cut short my offers in a sort of a sharp, decided way, saying,

"Nothing whatever, madam, if you please. I should prefer seeing the patient at once."

So I took him up to Mrs. Langley's room, while Susan went to take off her bonnet and wash her hands and face. I felt quite proud of the pretty room, as I showed him into it. Everything was in such nice order, and the beautiful color of the paper set off the flowers on the mantelpiece, and the green curtains were looped back so as to let in the light.

I saw the doctor cast one quick glance around the room, and then he went up to Mrs. Langley and began to ask her about her symptoms. I thought, perhaps, she might talk to him more freely if I were not there, and so I went out, and busied myself in dusting off the stair-case and window-sill. But suddenly the doctor called for me, and I ran back into the room, and there lay Mrs. Langley in a dead faint. It was a real fainting-fit, this time, and we brought her too, after a little; but she burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly, when she came to herself; and the doctor seemed quite bewildered at her emotion, and a little put out.

"Now, my dear lady," he said, in his quick, decided way, "you must be moved into another room, at once. You must not remain here another hour."

I rather wondered at that; but I said, "Very good. Mrs. Langley can have my room, and I'll come and sleep here, instead."

"No, that won't do," he said, sharply. "No one must occupy this room till I give them leave. Who furnished the paper for it?"

"Paist and Stycker, of Broadway, I think. Mr. Langley saw to it all himself."

"Mr. Langley? Oh, have you any pieces of the paper about?"

"Yes, I kept several scraps of it, it was so very pretty."

"Go, fetch me a piece, please." I went to get it, and, while I was gone, he whips out his knife and cuts a long strip off of the mosquito-netting. It was well I did not see it till he was gone, or I would have given him a piece of my mind, for spoiling people's things like that.

He went off by the next train, after seeing Mrs. Langley installed in my room, and the door of her own closed and locked. He left a prescription for her, also, and said he would be back in a day or two.

He came back two days afterward, and the first thing he said, was,

"How is the patient?"

"Better, but very weak, and in dreadful low spirits," said Susan.

"I think we shall get her through, this time. And, now, do you want to know what ailed her?"

"Yes, indeed, we do," both Susan and I said, at once.

"She was dying by poison."

"Poison!"

We both sat down, and stared at the doctor.

At last Susan cried out, half angrily,

"I'm sure she had just what we always ate ourselves, and as to the cream and the beef-ten—"

"They were all that was good and wholesome, of that I have no doubt. Now, do not distress yourselves, or get into a fidget. You were neither of you to blame; the person who ordered the paper and curtains for that room was the only guilty one."

"How was that?" asked Susan, for I was too scared and too dazed to speak.

"The green color of the paper and the hangings is produced by arsenic. There was enough arsenic on the walls of that room to poison a regiment, and the atmosphere is surcharged with it, so that if the season had been winter, or if the summer had been cold and wet, so that Mrs. Langley had been obliged to keep her windows closed earlier, she would have died by this time. I analyzed the roll of paper you gave me, and here," taking from his pocket a box containing a pinch or two of white powder, as he spoke, "is the result—pure arsenic, as you would find out, did you taste a little of it."

"I never heard the like!" I cried, in amazement.

"Probably you did not," said the doctor, dryly, putting the box back into his pocket; "but many persons are aware that that peculiar shade of green is vulgarly called 'arsenic green.'"

"I do not think Mr. Langley could have known anything about it," I said, eagerly, "he was such a charming man."

"Very possibly not," said the doctor, in a still drier tone. "But, considering that he persuaded his wife (she is a great California heiress, and she married him against the wishes of all her friends) into making a will, last spring, leaving him the whole of her large fortune, and that he went off to Europe, after fixing up that pretty room for her to occupy, I think that the circumstances are rather suspicious."

Mrs. Langley was very ill for several weeks after that; but she gradually got better, and when her health was quite restored, she went to San Francisco to join her family and friends.

Mr. Langley came back early in November, but

he got a reception, on which he had not calculated, for an uncle of Mrs. Langley, instigated by Dr. Meadows, took the matter in hand, and threatened to prosecute him for attempt at murder. They had plenty of evidence against him, for the foreman at Paist and Stycker's was ready to swear to his having been warned about the pernicious character of the paper; besides which, Dr. Meadows hunted up a chemist, to whom Mr. Langley had taken samples of the paper and tarletane to have them analyzed, before he bought them.

Mr. Langley, therefore, started to go back to Europe with as brief delay as possible. The ship he selected was a French steamer, called the *Ville du Havre*, and she was sunk in mid-ocean by a collision with a sailing vessel. Very few of the

passengers were saved, and among that few was not Mr. Richard Langley. So he got his deserts even in this world.

Mrs. Langley was very grateful to us for what she was pleased to call all our kindness, and she made us beautiful presents when she went away. And the other day we got a box of wedding cake and cards as well, and on the cards were "Dr. and Mrs. John Meadows," and written in pencil, underneath the last name, were the words, "Formerly Mrs. Langley."

We have had the walls of our room scraped, and we have bought a new paper, as much like the old one as possible, only the parrots are red and the roses blue, and the hollyhocks lilac; but you may be sure there is not a bit of pale green about it.

THE COTTAGE BY THE RILL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WHEN I sit in the gloom of the twilight,
And the streets grow empty and still,
I dream of the green old hill-sides,
And the cottage by the rill.
I can see the daffodils blowing
About the doorstep low;
And the fragrance of clover is round me,
Whenever the breezes blow,
And I am lonely no longer,
As I dream of the long ago.

I can see the face of my mother,
And hear the click of her chair,
As she rocks by the open window,
With the sun on her silver hair;
And I stretch yearning hands toward her,
And cry "I have missed you so!"
And then she kisses me, calling
The name that I used to know,
When there was no hint of sorrow,
In the dear old long ago.

And I see the face of my father,
As he sits and ponders o'er
The truth of his Saviour's teaching,
From the book of holy lore.
Then he calls to his children kindly,
As the sun is sinking low,
And reads them some sweet old chapter,
Whose truth he would have them know;
And it seems as if Heaven came near us,
In the days of the long ago.

I hear all the dear old voices,
And the patter of little feet,
And I dream that the world has vanished,
As the old names I repeat,
And see all the dear old faces
That the angels in Heaven know.

Ah, me! * * * It is only the mem'ry
Of the dear old long ago.

RETURNED.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

ONCE like a wayward child, in idle plays,
I spent my days,
And from my careless hands, like faded flowers,
I flung the hours.

My Father's voice, called sweet from Heaven's dome,
"My child, come home!
The black clouds gather in the arching sky,
And storms are nigh!

Fly to thy Father's sheltering arms and rest,
Safe on his breast."
But I laughed gayly on, nor seemed to hear;
I felt no fear.

Lord, like a weary child worn out with play,
I come to-day.
Cast-by are all the alluring earthly joys,
Like broken toys.

The storm is near! I hear the thunders roll—
Fear fills my soul.
I am so weary now, and fain would be
Safe home with Thee.

My hands are bleeding, and my feet are sore!
Lord, I implore!
Thy child, repentant, knocketh at the gate!
Is it too late?

GODFREY JANNIFER'S HEIRS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43.

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, SENOR! they cry 'Fire! fire!'" murmured a voice close at his side, and, turning, Ruel saw the Spanish girl standing in the door of her father's state-room, clinging to the casing, and almost fainting with terror.

"Courage, senorita; there is no danger yet," replied he, controlling his feelings with a powerful effort, and resuming all his usual cool presence of mind. "If you have any valuables close at hand, such as jewels or money, secure them at once, for we must abandon the brig instantly."

In a few minutes the old man appeared on deck, jealously guarding an iron-bound casket, and a portfolio of papers, while his daughter carried a large crimson silk bag, crammed with jewels, clothes, and toilet articles. The men were in the boats, with the oars tossed, and Mr. Jannifer leaping into the stern-sheets, gave the order to push off. As his cutter shot from the side of the doomed brig, he buried his face in his hands in an uncontrollable paroxysm of anguish, for he left his brother, his beloved and only brother, to a horrible death; and yet felt that it was the mildest, the most merciful catastrophe that could happen to Godfrey.

His gloomy reverie was broken by a soft voice, a softer touch upon his hand.

"You suffer, senor! You are hurt, perhaps?"

The young man hastily uncovered his face, and found the Spanish girl anxiously regarding him, her dark eyes full of tears.

"Thanks, senorita," replied he, with an effort to control his feelings. "It is nothing; but how is it with you? Are you comfortable? This fright and exposure will prove too much for you, will they not?"

"The terrible death of my poor Amita is far more to me than all the rest," replied the young girl, shuddering. "And to think that we had to leave her body there, to be consumed in the flames!"

She buried her face in her hands as she spoke, and bowed her head to her knees.

The cutter soon grated along the side of the Gadfly, and Jannifer placed his arm about the young girl, to help her up the side of the vessel.

"You will take care of me, among all these strange men, will you not?" she said, turning confidently to him. "You will be my friend?"

"You may rely upon me," replied Ruel, noticing, for the first time, how lissom was her figure, how eloquent her soft, dark eyes.

From the old Spaniard, who now introduced himself as Senor Pedro Delroy, a planter of the Island of Cuba, and owner of the brig, San Juan, in which he and his daughter had taken passage for Old Spain a week previously. Capt. Winchester learned that the San Juan had been attacked by the pirate schooner about twelve hours before the appearance of the Gadfly, and had made a desperate resistance, in course of which both the brig and the schooner had become so injured that the pirates, after becoming masters of the former, had resolved to abandon their own craft, which was already on fire, and to take possession of the San Juan. The powder, ammunition, and other valuable stores had accordingly been removed, and the pirates were engaged in repairing the San Juan sufficiently to make her manageable, when they were interrupted by the arrival of the Gadfly.

The crew of the San Juan had perished to a man, either in the fight or in the vindictive slaughter with which the pirates celebrated their victory.

"My daughter and myself," said the old Don, in conclusion, "were reserved for a worse fate, for I was to be tortured into revealing the hiding-place of the jewels and other treasures I was known to have taken on board, and she, poor child, had excited the evil love of Manuel Diaz, the commander of the pirate schooner. Her shrieks summoned me to the cabin at the moment of your arrival, and when I would have flown to her rescue, I was seized by that wretch's menials, and should have been slaughtered, but that I threw myself into the sea, trusting to the rescue of the gallant Americanos, who have saved both my own life and that of my child, who would certainly have chosen death at the hands of that ruffian, rather than the love he proffered her."

"Manuel Diaz, do you call him?" asked lieutenant Jannifer, as he listened to this narration.

"Si, senor," replied the Cuban. "The man is well known in Havana, and has for several years

been suspected of connection with the piratical attacks, so common upon our coast; but the villain is so cunning and so daring, that it never has been possible to bring home his evil deeds to him until now, when he has escaped their penalty by death."

"He was killed then?" asked Capt. Winchester.

"Surely, it was the senior lieutenant here who killed him," replied Delroy, in some surprise.

"No, he escaped me," said Ruel, in a low voice.

"Escaped! Where? He is not among the prisoners," said the captain, staring at his lieutenant, who had turned pale as ashes.

"Senior lieutenant did not see, for he was examining my poor Anita's death-wound; but I saw this horrible pirate captain, as he threw open one of the stern windows, and quietly let himself down into the sea. He wished to die rather than be taken, I suppose," said the Cuban's daughter.

In hearing this singular statement, Ruel Jannifer raised his haggard eyes, and fixed them in great astonishment upon the face of the young girl, who met the look with one of candid tranquillity, a little contradicted by the pressure of her foot upon that of the young lieutenant, as she sat beside him at the table.

"Well, he's dead, anyhow," said the captain, bluffly; "and I don't know that I'm sorry he's cheated the gallows. I don't believe in choking a brave man and a good sailor to death like a mad dog, pirate or no pirate. Hark! There she goes!"

A dull, heavy explosion, followed by such a disturbance of the sea, that the *Gadfly* careened almost to her beam-ends, interrupted the captain's words, and, regardless of etiquette, the whole party left the table, and rushed upon deck. But a thick darkness had fallen upon the scene, only relieved here and there by fragments of the burning wreck, which fell hissing into the sea, from the heights to which they had been hurled by the explosion.

"The last of the *San Juan*, and her cargo!" muttered Senior Delroy, mournfully.

"Oh! poor Godfrey!" mentally sighed Ruel.

"Pardon, senior lieutenant, if I dared to meddle in what could not concern me," murmured a sweet voice at his side. "But I heard a part of what you said—to the captain, who looked so like you, and I discovered your secret, and knew that he stayed in his state-room rather than to be brought a prisoner here, and so, when they questioned you, I told a little story to help you out. You will forgive my interference, senior?"

"Forgive you, *senorita*! How can I do otherwise than to thank you, and most fervently, for your kindness to a poor fellow, who——"

"Who saved my life——"

"I am going to ask a great favor of you," interrupted Ruel, "Promise that no human being shall guess this secret."

"I promise," said the sweet voice, and a soft, little hand crept into that of the sailor, who pressed it gratefully, as he answered, in a gloomy voice,

"I shall resign my position in the navy. I have proved false to my trust, in allowing an enemy of my country to escape; and I dare not rank myself among the honorable men, who will fight my country's battles in the future. I am disgraced, both by his fault, and by my own!"

"Surely, surely, senior, you are too sensitive!" murmured Juana.

A few days later, the *Gadfly* landed her passengers at Havana, and as she swept past Moro Castle, Senior Delroy sought Lieut. Jannifer, and in courteous but business terms requested him to give up his present position in the American service, and become his partner and successor in the sugar and coffee plantations, and in the mercantile house connected with these plantations, which, as the senior averred, had become too burdensome for him to manage alone, and which needed the fresh vigor and enterprise of a younger man to carry them on to advantage. This proposal made, the Spaniard paused, looked keenly at his young friend for a moment, then interrupted his confused expressions of surprise and gratitude, with,

"Another word, senior, before you reply. You are very keen and quick, but you do not see all that is before your eyes. Juana is my only child, and what she wishes I wish for her. Our partnership may be rendered permanent, by an alliance, if you choose."

"But the young lady! Dare I hope?" began the young man, coloring high with sudden joy and overwhelming surprise.

The elder smiled sarcastically, and took a huge pinch of snuff.

"Yes, senior, you may hope," replied he, dryly. "Juana is an obedient daughter, and will not dispute my will. Are we agreed?"

"One word more, Senior Delroy, before I joyfully accept your magnificent generosity. There is a terrible secret connected with the late tragedy."

"Enough, enough, my young friend," interrupted the Spaniard, hastily. "I have eyes and ears as well as another, and they served me faithfully in the cabin of the *San Juan*, just before we abandoned her."

A few brief and choked phrases of gratitude and promise were all that Lieut. Jannifer could master, in response to this delicate generosity.

and then the Gadfly was at anchor, the officers of health and of the customs came on board; and a few hours later the Senor and Senorita Delroy, accompanied by Lieut. Jannifer, set out for Monta Rosa, the charming country home of the Delroys.

Lieut. Jannifer, through the kind offices of Capt. Winchester, was able to arrange his resignation without returning home.

The wedding took place long before the Gadfly sailed from Havana, and all the officers were guests at the festivity.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR passed, and brought Christmas-eve, 1781, with all the rejoicings and gayety, which, in a Catholic country like Cuba, mark that season. The slaves of Monta Rosa, indulgently treated at all times, were, upon this occasion, allowed a perfect carnival of feasting and merry-making; for, beside the usual holiday of Christmas-tide, they celebrated the christening-feast of the little heir of the estate, the baby-son of Ruel Jannifer and Juana Delroy. A large company of friends had been invited to assist at this ceremony, and it was already morning when the young father, accompanying the last of his guests to the door, noticed a strange negro lingering upon the veranda, and looking earnestly toward him.

"What is it, boy? Do you want to speak with me?" inquired he, good-naturedly.

The man, taking courage from the tone, approached closely, and said, in a low tone,

"A sick man wants to see you, master, and he sent you this, to tell who he is."

"What is it?" inquired Jannifer, gayly, for he immediately suspected some Christmas jest; and approaching one of the lamps, still feebly burning beside the door, he unfolded the sealed envelope and took out a small object, at which he glanced at first carelessly, then, in startled surprise, and then at last with incredulous horror. It was a bronze medal, attached to a small steel chain, bearing upon one side the inscription,

"The Trustees of the Jannifer estate will pay to any heir of that estate bearing that name, the sum of five pounds every month, on exhibition of this medal."

And on the other side,

"Christmas-eve, 1850.

"Your sins are forgiven."

"This medal!" stammered Ruel Jannifer, putting his other hand mechanically to his breast, where, warm against his heart, lay the counterpart of that upon which he gazed. "Where did you get it, fellow?"

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"The sick man, I told master of, gave it to me for a token, he said, to master," replied the negro.

"Impossible! I saw him go down in the San Juan—the sick man, you say, boy? Who is this sick man? What do you know of him? Speak, quick."

"Oh, Lord, I knowed how 'twould be, if I got mixed up in it," groaned the negro to himself; and then, drawing close to the other's ear, he hoarsely whispered,

"It is Manuel Diaz, master, though he told me not to tell his name. I was one of his men, and I ought to know. I got sick and left him, and since then I've had a little cabin along the coast, and lived by fishing, and my garden, and a little work round the dock. Last night he came to my house sick, dying, and asked me to hide him, and let him draw his last breath in peace; for you know, master, there's a price on his head, and if they caught him they'd hang him. All day yesterday he was very bad, and at night he asked if it wasn't Christmas-eve; and when I said yes, he got kind of crazy, and said he shoudn't live to see Christmas-eve, 1850, and his sins could never be forgiven. Then he asked about you, and if I knew where you lived; and I said yes, for I've got a sweetheart on Monta Rosa. And then he took this medal off his neck, and showed me a big diamond ring on his finger, and said I was to get the ring if I came and brought you the medal, and told you for God's sake to come to him who sent it, and who last spoke to you in the cabin of the San Juan."

"Can it be? Is it possible, unless by miracle?" exclaimed Ruel, alternately examining the medal, and scrutinizing the face of the negro, who looked honest enough, but sincerely frightened.

"Well, I will go with you," concluded he, at length. "Your story seems hardly credible, and it may be only the bait to a trap; but I warn you that I shall carry neither money, nor jewels, and shall arm myself with both pistols and dirk. Moreover, I will have you identified by my man José, who, if I do not appear by breakfast-time, will warn the police, and put himself on your tracks, and no bloodhound would follow them more closely. Stay here until I return."

Jannifer, in about fifteen minutes, reappeared, dressed in a loose dark suit of plain clothes, without watch, rings, studs, or any ornament whatever, while the handles of a pair of pistols peeped from his breast-pocket, and the hilt of a stout dirk-knife showed at his waistband. He was followed by a keen, active, mulatto fellow, whose restless eyes immediately fixed suspiciously upon the strange negro, who drew uneasily back into the shadow of the veranda.

"There, José, that will do," said his master. "I'm going with this fellow. By the way, what's your name, boy?"

"Pedro, master," replied the man, in a low voice.

"Yes, yes! Pedro the Pirate!" murmured José, showing his glistening teeth, in a malicious grin.

"You know him then," exclaimed his master, sharply. "Do you know where he lives?"

"Yes, master, along the beach, about a mile out of town: when he lives anywhere, that is."

"Very well, I am going to his house. If I am not home at breakfast-time, you will come there to look for me, and bring some one to help you. You understand?"

"Yes, master, I understand," replied the valet, his teeth still glistening, and his eyes gleaming, not unlike the bloodhound to which his master had compared him.

Pedro made no reply, either in look or word, but as Mr. Jannifer showed himself ready to depart, stole quietly out into the gray light, and down the steps, where he stood waiting impatiently.

"Don't let your mistress know that I have gone," murmured the young husband in farewell; and then the two figures melted away in the dim obscurity of the morning light, leaving José looking eagerly after them.

"I'd like to be up-sides with that nigger, for coming here, courtin' our Nina," murmured José, maliciously, and then went slowly back to bed.

An hour's sharp walk brought Ruel Jannifer and his silent guide to the seashore, at a lonely and unfrequented point. The door of the hut, composed of a sheet of bark, was carefully closed; but Pedro opened it with a key.

The hut was lighted only by the low door, and was very dark. A voice from the further corner feebly said,

"Is that Mr. Jannifer?"

"Yes, I am Ruel Jannifer," replied the guest, eagerly groping his way toward the voice. "And you?"

"I—— Come where I can see you. Close, close!"

A little accustomed to the obscurity by this time, Ruel now distinguished a low bed in the corner of the hut, and stretched upon it the tall and powerful figure of a man, whose face of a ghastly pallor, was turned eagerly toward the new comer. Ruel sank upon a low seat at the head of the bed, exclaiming,

"Godfrey!"

"Yes, Ruel, it is I," replied the dying man, feebly. "and so glad, so glad, to have lasted long enough to see you."

"But, the San Juan! I saw her go down. I heard the explosion. How is it possible?"

"It was dark, you know," replied the sick man. "A boat had been cut loose in the course of the engagement, and was drifting between the brig and the schooner. The moment you left me, I slipped out of the port of my state-room, and swam to the boat; the oars were in her; and I managed to paddle far enough from the burning vessel to escape capsizing when the explosion came. I floated insensibly for two or three days, I suppose, and was finally picked up by a little coasting schooner, whose people treated me kindly enough, not knowing me, nor the reward set on my head. I stayed with them awhile, and finally was set ashore at another part of the island, more than a hundred miles from this; and since then I have lived in the woods and on the coast in lonely spots, hiding and disguising myself, and always creeping toward the Habana, for there——"

He feebly fumbled within the folds of his tattered and soiled clothes for a moment, and drew out a miniature, richly set in gold and jewels, representing a young and lovely woman of the purest Spanish type of beauty.

"Is she not handsome?" asked he, as Ruel held the picture in the streak of light penetrating through the open door, and attentively examined it.

"Wonderfully handsome. Who is she?"

"My wife, Isabel de Gonzages by birth," replied the outlaw, proudly. "She loved me, and was not ashamed, or afraid, to trust herself to my love; for me she fled from her father's house, and sailed the wide seas, my queen, my love——"

"But you said your wife," interposed his brother.

"True. She had scruples, and we were married in New Orleans. Poor child, she guarded the certificate of that marriage to the last, and left it to her children."

He paused, exhausted. Ruel gave him some water from a gourd upon the bench close by; then kindly asked,

"You have children, Godfrey?"

"Two, a boy, whom I named Ruel, and Isabel, the girl. When the mother needed the care of her sex, I left her here with money enough to keep her like a princess, until I came again; and again, when her second child was born; but after that came my misfortunes, ending in our total defeat, and the loss of our vessel at the time you and I met. I dared not send a messenger to Isabel, for she would not have been restrained from trying to rejoin me; and I dared not go to her, except in the cautious way of which I told you. But at last I reached the charming little country

house I had bought, and given to her before Ruel's birth. It was in the hands of strangers. I made inquiries of the servants, and very cautiously of others in the neighborhood; and at last I learned that my poor girl had heard of my disaster and supposed death, and that from that hour she had sickened and pined, until three months ago she died. Almost her last act was to deposit the certificate of her marriage with the banker who had charge of her funds, and to send a message to her parents, telling them of all; but of this message they have taken no notice, except to insult the messenger.

"The moment she was dead her creditors seized upon everything, despoiling even her poor dead body of the jewels I had given her, and leaving my children homeless and helpless. They would have starved had it not been for the charity of their old nurse, who in that hour repaid with interest the generosity and indulgence her mistress had lavished upon her. This woman took the children to her son's house in the city, and has ever since that day supported them and herself by her own labor. Here is the address. I wrote it down for you. Ruel, my brother, you know what I would ask. I am dying. I have got this fatal fever; I am penniless. These children——"

"These children shall be to me as my own, Godfrey," replied the other, solemnly. "They shall bear our name, as they have a right to do, and never shall they feel that they are orphans while I and my wife live. Are you content?"

"Yes," gasped the dying man, whose strength, sternly reserved for this decisive interview, seemed to desert him all at once, now that it was accomplished.

"I'm going, Ru," he whispered, faintly. "I've made a bad business of it—but you will look after the children. Good-by, Ru."

"Good-by, Godfrey! Good-by, brother! Trust me to be a father to the children. Oh, Godfrey, to think that it should come to this, and we so happy and so fond of each other, while we were little. And now to meet only to part in this way!"

Jannifer, as he spoke, laid his head down upon the squalid bed, and sobbed like a child.

When all was over, he reverently closed the eyes of his brother, muttered a prayer, and, stepping to the door, called to the negro, who sat in stolid patience upon a rock near the water.

A brief conversation ensued, and finding Pedro perfectly competent to carry out his instructions, he left, promising to be at the cabin again at midnight to witness the burial, which he hoped to induce a certain priest of his acquaintance to

solemnize, and which Pedro promised to effect by stealth, in consecrated ground.

As soon as possible, on his return home, Ruel sought a private interview with his wife, and never having concealed from her any incident of his life, did not begin on this occasion, but told her, without reserve, all that he had done, said, and heard, from the moment in which he parted with her the night before. Juana listened, with eager interest, and at the close of her husband's narration, clapped her hands, exclaiming,

"How nice about the children! Oh, I do hope the little girl is handsome."

"You wish to adopt them, then, my darling?"

"Why, of course, Ruel. But our own boy's name is Ruel, and so is the other little boy's. What shall we do?"

"We will call the new comer Godfrey Ruel, and our own darling Ruel Godfrey," suggested the father.

"That will do, and each of the boys shall have one of the medals, just as you and your brother did, although it's not very likely they will ever call upon the Trustees of the Jannifer Estate for five pounds a month, or that they will live to find out what is to happen on Christmas-eve, 1850. And you do not know yourself, you stupid boy."

"No, sweetest; I was so young when I was sent to sea, and I never returned to England. And after all I do not care, since I shall never live to see it," replied Ruel, carelessly; and then a few arrangements for the reception of the orphans were discussed, and the business of the day commenced.

That night the body of Godfrey Jannifer was hastily and secretly laid in consecrated earth, and Pedro received Ruel's instructions to take the children from the hiding-place, where the old nurse had carried them, and to bring them quietly to Monta Roza, while their uncle and future guardian himself went to claim the marriage certificate of their father and mother from the banker, who had received it from the latter.

The children proved to be both beautiful and intelligent; nor did either Ruel or his sweet-tempered wife ever find cause to regret the unreserved cordiality with which they had received them to their homes and hearts; the more especially as the lapse of years proved that the little heir of Monta Roza was to be the only child of his parents.

CHAPTER VI.

It was Christmas-eve, 1803; but the terrified and anxious group of persons collected in the ample drawing-room of a plantation-mansion,

about five miles from the city of Port-au-Prince, in the island of Hayti, had small thought of the gay, holiday season, and made small pretence of the festivities natural to the it.

These persons are both old, and were acquaintances of ours. The fine looking, gray-haired man, seated so thoughtfully in his arm-chair, is Ruel Jannifer, the head of the family; his wife, Juana, has long been laid to rest beneath the magnolias and passion-flowers of Monta Roza; and it was partly in the restless discontent of his bereavement, partly from the prospect of more extended enterprise and more rapid fortune, that her husband sold the Cuban plantation and other property, and removed to the neighboring island of San Domingo, where we now find him. The prospect of fortune have been more than realized, and Ruel Jannifer is to-day the largest landholder and wealthiest planter of the island; and hence, in great measure, his present trouble and apprehension.

Ruel Godfrey Jannifer, the son of the proprietor, is seated upon a couch close at hand, and beside him nestles a beautiful young woman, holding a baby tightly pressed to her heart. It is his wife, Isabel de Gonzages Jannifer, the orphan daughter of the unhappy Godfrey, and thus own cousin to her husband. Her brother, Godfrey Ruel, is pacing gloomily up and down the room, his hands clasped behind him, while upon the floor, close beside his grandfather, sits a handsome little fellow, five or six years old, the only child of an unhappy and brief marriage, clandestinely contracted by Godfrey with the adopted daughter of a neighboring planter in Cuba, and more than suspected of being his own daughter by a beautiful octoroon slave. Perhaps it was from this taint of blood, perhaps from his early loss of a mother, and the somewhat cold and severe manner of his father; but little Rafael, commonly called Rafe, had one of those sad and ominous faces occasionally seen among children, even those who appear most fortunate in situation, and in seeing which tender mothers draw their own rosy children closer to their hearts, and whisper, "Poor little thing! he will never live to grow up."

Moved by this feeling, Isabel Jannifer had, from the moment when the orphan was brought home to Monta Roza by her brother, after his wife's death, made every exertion to supply to him the place of the mother he had lost; and so far as material comfort and care went, had fulfilled her task admirably. But how could she love him as well as she did her own sunny-tempered, noble little Ruel, or her lovely baby-girl Maud? She did not, and could not, and she knew it, and

worse than that, Rafe knew it; and his great mournful eyes said that he knew it, every hour in the day.

So here were all the family assembled, except the little Ruel, who lay asleep in his nursery, watched by Minnie, the old woman who had nursed his father's infancy, and to doubt whose fidelity was as impossible as to suspect Superbo, the great bloodhound, who shared her watch, of treachery and deceit.

An anxious and thoughtful silence had fallen upon the group, broken at last by the voice of the elder Ruel.

"Yes, my children, matters have reached a crisis, both in public affairs and in our own," he said. "Toussaint l'Ouverture is dead in his gloomy prison, leaving his memory an eternal reproach upon the name of Bonaparte; and Dessalines now feels that there is no danger of his master's returning to demand an account of his proceedings. We know the bloodthirsty and brutal character of this man; we know his power, and we know how venomously he hates the white race; and that he has been known to say, more than once, that the black man's only safety in this island is in the extermination of the white man. We know, too, that our servants, in spite of the enormous wages we pay them, wages which even if they labored, as they do not, would consume our entire profits, are almost without exception under the orders of Dessalines, and ready at any moment to cut our throats in obedience to his commands. Minnie is faithful, no doubt, and so is José; but not one of the rest, I do believe; and I feel confident that the house servants are under orders to watch, day and night, to prevent any attempt at escape upon our part. Dessalines wishes for our skill and experience as planters to infuse some system into the indolent minds of his new nobility; and, moreover, he fears that men of influence and property, escaping to other places, should return with vengeance in their hands, and wreak a fitting punishment upon his head. He will not let us go, and if we stay, every morning may bring the hour appointed for our murder. Now, my sons, you see the danger; tell me if you can see the remedy?"

"One step, father, should be taken at once," replied Ruel, eagerly. "Isabel and the children, including Rafe, of course, must be sent away."

"I sent away!" cried Isabel, clinging about her husband's neck, and looking reproachfully into his eyes.

"Yes, darling, it must be so—for the sake of the little ones, Isabel!"

"No, no, Ruel! I will not leave you! My first duty, my first love is to you; and not even

for these blessed children will I abandon their father." And wildly sobbing, the young wife clung to her husband.

"Then you think favorably of José's plan, my son?" asked the elder Ruel, anxiously.

"Yes, father. He says that he knows this fisherman to be reliable and honest, and that he will engage for the heavy price that he names to land Isabel, the three children, Minnie, and José himself, at New Orleans, if they can be got aboard his boat without the knowledge of the authorities; but he will not undertake to carry any white man away from the island, even if his boat would safely take another passenger; for Dessaline's edict, forbidding such transportation or aid in any such escape, is atrociously severe, and will be enforced to the letter. So I think, without question, that this is our course; Isabel, the three children, and the two servants will make their escape as soon as possible. We, who are men, will remain, and protect ourselves here, if possible, and if not escape into the mountains, and conceal ourselves until this Reign of Terror is over, or until we also can escape."

The conclusion was, therefore, that poor Isabel, in spite of her tears and her resolution, was forced to submit to the law of the stronger, and to consent to leave the husband she so idolized.

A few days later, the dreaded moment arrived, and one black and sultry night, a little company of silent and disguised fugitives stole out of one of the long windows opening upon the veranda of the plantation-house, and made their noiseless way toward the horses, who were tied ready for them in a neighboring thicket.

"Good-by, my own true-hearted wife, my darling, my love," whispered Ruel Jannifer, as he placed the weeping, trembling figure of the wretched Isabel upon her horse's back, and tenderly unclasped the icy fingers she had clutched upon his arm. "As soon as possible, my own, as soon as the most untiring exertions enable me to escape from this place, I will rejoin you, and never, never part from you again. Oh, do try not to grieve so, Isabel! You break my heart!"

"And you have already broken mine!" sobbed the wife. "It is so cruel—so cruel, to send me away like this, and we shall never meet again, never—never!"

"Master, that new boy has missed you out of the house, and is looking all round the verandas," whispered José, who had been back to the mansion to bring a forgotten package. Ruel Jannifer clenched his hands in agony, and answered,

"Yes, yes, I must go back, or he will betray us to the rest, and all will be lost. Is Minnie upon her horse, José?"

"Yes, master; and she has little Missy Maud, and I shall carry Master Ruel, and Master Rafe is on his own pony," whispered the mulatto.

With one last, agonized kiss upon the lips of his almost senseless wife, and a hurried caress to each of his children, Ruel Jannifer bade them good-by, and hastened back to the house just in time to meet Sancho, the demure, foxy-faced butler, who had lately been added to his household, and whom no one doubted was a spy of Dessaline's.

A ride of five weary miles brought the party to the coast, at a lonely and unfrequented point, and the rude but safe fishing-boat appeared, lying at anchor as near to the shore as the rocks permitted, while a little skiff, drawn up upon the beach, and the crouching figure of a negro behind it, showed that the party was expected.

"The canoe won't hold more than three at a time, mistress," whispered José, after exchanging a few words with the boatman. "Hadn't Minnie, and Missy Maud, and Master Ruel better go first, and Mistress and Master Rafe and me go afterward?"

"Oh, I don't care, I don't care for anything, now," moaned the stricken woman.

José, with a strange gleam of half-subdued and conflicting passion in his eyes, made the proposed arrangement, and, placing Minnie and the two younger children in the boat, watched it shove off from land, and then turned to his mistress, who sat upon a rock close by, silently weeping, as she had done ever since parting with her husband, while Rafe stood looking at her with his solemn eyes, but never speaking.

The mulatto gazed at her for a moment, and the evil in his eye grew brighter and more threatening. At last he spoke abruptly,

"Miss Isabel, you're going to stay behind 'long o' me."

"To stay! Did Ruel, did your master say so?" inquired the young woman, eagerly.

"No, he don't know about it, nor he won't, neither," replied José, doggedly. "You're going to a place I've got over beyond there, and you're going to be my wife now. I've planned it all out, and you can't help yourself, anyway you can fix it."

"You! Your wife! Oh, Ruel, Ruel, husband, where are you? Help, help!"

She sprang to her feet, screaming, and ran swiftly toward the spot where the horses had been left. But the mulatto overtook her immediately.

"Not so fast, pretty missy! There's no use in hollering. There's no help, no how."

"Maybe there is, though!" exclaimed a new

voice; and out from the shelter of the thicket of fig-trees, where the horses were tied, dashed a dark figure, who seized José by the throat.

"Let go the lady, you ugly, yaller rascal!" he shouted; and José, obliged perforce to obey, released Isabel, who, almost insensible, sank upon the sand at his feet; while the mulatto, convulsively shaking off his assailant, cried,

"Pedro, the Pirate!"

"Pirate, or no pirate, Pedro never did so mean a thing as this he's caught you at," retorted the negro. "And it isn't the only account he's got to settle with you. Where's my wife Nina?"

"Gone where I'll send you in half a minute," snarled the mulatto, springing like a cat upon his opponent, snatching the knife from his girdle, and dealing a swift blow toward his heart. So sudden and vehement was the action, that the gigantic negro tottered and fell before it, carrying José with him; but the wound was not a vital one; and hardly had they touched the earth, before a struggle commenced, which, in a moment, showed that Pedro was still far more than a match for his effeminate adversary.

"You shan't have her, anyway!" shrieked the mulatto; and tearing away the arm Pedro was trying to secure, the villain plunged the knife into the heart of the senseless woman lying beside him, and the next instant fell lifeless himself beneath the avenging hand of Pedro.

The skiff bearing the nurse and younger child had meantime reached the fishing-schooner, put them aboard, and was now rapidly nearing the shore again.

Pedro stood for an instant irresolute, then muttered, "Don't want no more fighting to-night,"

and plunged into the thicket. There he loosened the bridle of the powerful horse Isabel had ridden, and was about to mount, when a plaintive voice beside him said,

"What is to become of me?"

Pedro started, and looked down at a little figure, standing calmly and proudly there.

"Master Rafe!"

"Yes. What is to become of me?"

"Why, you'd better run down to the beach, and get aboard—— Lord! That coward ain't even going to land! He sees the dead bodies, and he's afraid some one's waiting for him!" exclaimed Pedro, holding aside the fig branches, and watching the movements of the man in the skiff, who, having approached within fifty feet or so of the shore, laid for a moment upon his oars, examining the scene, and then turning, rowed at his best possible speed toward the schooner.

"Yes, he thinks they're waiting to catch him, and hang him up for breaking Mas'r Dessaline's new law," muttered Pedro. "We couldn't get him to come back, no way. Well, there's bloody work coming before many days, and I'm going back to Cuba before it begins. It ain't the sort of liberty I want, here; and I'd rather be back where I was. Will you come with me, Mas'r Rafe, and be my little boy? I don't mean my little master, for I don't want no master; but just like my own child, I mean. Will you go, little Rafe?"

"Yes, Pedro, I will go," replied the child, calmly. "I haven't any home now. My father doesn't care about me; nobody cares about me. I like you as well as any one else! Come!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"AU REVOIR."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

At the Profile we met: 'twas September.

At once I fell madly in love.

She had looked shyly up, I remember,

And said, with the coo of a dove,

"Oh, I hate this cold world beyond measure;

But for true hearts——" all blushing between.

What an angel, and more! What a treasure,

Dear, innocent, sweet seventeen!

Snowy white were her virginal dresses,

With aches and breast-knots of blue;

Spun gold all her free-flowing tresses;

Soft sparkled her eyes as the dew.

By moonlight we strolled: bliss of blisses,

She sang me "Love's Dream" by the lake!

Our lips met—the thought of those kisses

Till morning dawned kept me awake.

We met, in the city, months after

On Gramercy Park, at a ball.

There was waltzing, and flirting, and laughter,

And she was the fastest of all.

Her skirts were so narrow, so tightened,

I was sure they would split: the display

Of her shoulders and—— Well, I was frightened,

The whole were so décolleté.

I crept up at last: "You remember

The moonlight," I whispered, "dear Sue,

The lake, and 'Love's Dream,' last September?

She looked up and laughed. "Oh! it's you.

I'd forgot. How you startled a body!

Do you still quote, so sweetly, Tom Moore?

Haven't heard that I marry young Shoddy?

No! This is his waltz. *Au revoir!*"

"AFTER THIRTY YEARS."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

THE first time I noticed it was when the letter came—her letter. We were sitting together at the breakfast-table, Hugh, my father, and myself; and I was chatting gayly when the parlor-maid came in with her salver, bearing the morning's mail, as usual. She stopped at my father's side, and he took up three letters, business-like looking epistles; and then I saw that his eye was caught by a small, thick, white envelope, stamped with a lovely monogram; and he changed color suddenly, hesitated a moment, and at last took it in his hand, as if to examine the address. This roused my curiosity, and I spoke to him. I may as well remark that I was a privileged person, and might be as impertinent as I choose.

"Who is it from, papa?" I asked. "It looks interesting."

He glanced up at me with a slight start. He was quite pale, and a strange shadow seemed to have fallen upon his face.

"I ask pardon," he said. "I was mistaken. The letter is Hugh's, not mine." And he passed it to my husband.

It was such a very unusual thing to see papa disturbed from his gentle, stately calm, "the patrician placidity of a Pierrepont," as I used to say, that I really felt very curious indeed. And it was odd, too, that Hugh should receive a letter from a lady; such a letter, not a bit business-like at all.

I could hardly wait until he had opened it; and when he began to read it, I was quite impatient at his deliberateness. But he got down to the signature at last, and then he looked up at me with a smile.

"Guess who it is, Luna," he said.

I shook my head.

"I am sure I can't."

"Well, really, I scarcely think you could. It is from the 'beautiful Mrs. Bouverie.'"

Of course, I was doubly interested then. But I suppose I ought to explain why.

I had heard so much about the 'beautiful Mrs. Bouverie,' or at least about the beautiful Beatrice St. John—Mrs. Bouverie had been Miss St. John. and in her youth the loveliest woman of the day. She had been one of those exceptional young women one reads about; not an ordinary beauty, concerning whose charms public opinion may be divided, but a dazzling creature, before whom

society fell down and worshiped with one accord. The man had not lived who had been able to resist her; the woman had not breathed who had not been filled with envy at the mere sight of her. Other women might meet rivals, but not Beatrice St. John. Her career had been a round of wondrous triumphs. Men of all ranks had adored her; and even now, when her day was long past, and another generation of belles filled her place, there were elderly Benedicts, and ancient bachelors, who spoke of her, with a touch of reverence holding to their memories of her, with sad delight. Having known this one marvelous creature, they had no room left on their minds for those less lavishly gifted by prodigal Nature. There might be fair women, but, according to their creed, there could not be another Beatrice St. John. But, as I have said, her day was over—over long ago. She had made a great marriage, had bloomed through a beauteous middle age, had faded into an elderly woman. She was an elderly woman now, and the gay world saw little of her. Her quondam lovers had married, or died, or drifted away; some of them were valedudinarians, with fretful tempers, and felt no interest in anything earthly but their liver, or their circulation, or their lungs. If the goddess of their rosy youth had appeared to them in all the glory of her rose and white, they would have found themselves too stiff in their elderly joints to volunteer a waltz, or even a minuet.

To me there was something melancholy in it. After all those enchanted stories, the natural end seemed unnatural, and so sad, that I was weak enough not to like to think of it. But there was another thing that had made me feel an interest in Mrs. Bouverie. Once, long ago, in my girlhood, I had been paying a visit to a great city with my adopted father—Mr. Pierrepont is my adopted father—and we had met a lady who was a friend of the great beauty; and, singularly enough, her first remark on seeing me, had been, that she felt as if she had seen me before; that my face was quite familiar to her; and after a week's wondering at some vague likeness she could not understand, she had surprised me one day by exclaiming, suddenly, "Why, my dear, it is the beautiful Beatrice St. John! How strange that I should not have seen it before! And yet, how strange again, that I should see

it at all." And she then explained that the likeness that haunted her was my likeness to Miss St. John; a likeness which seemed the most mysterious affair, since I was not a beauty at all, only an ordinarily pretty girl.

I recollected, long afterward, how startled my father looked when I related the incident to him in gay triumph; and I also remembered how he put out his hand, the fair, fine, slender hand, of which I was so proud, and laid it on my shoulder in a strange, undefined caress, saying gently, "Yes, my dear. Yes, it is your eyes, I think. I have fancied so myself, sometimes." And when I asked him, with renewed interest, if he had known this marvelous goddess, indeed; he answered me absently, and with a heavy sigh.

I was very fond of my adopted father. How could it have been otherwise. His love and care had been so great that I had never known a shadowed hour. I grew up, surrounded by kindly influences and luxuries. At twenty I married Hugh, and since then the years had passed as brightly as years may pass for human beings. My husband loved me, my children were fair and strong. I had not been separated from the home of my girlhood, and I was content. "This much it has been necessary for me to explain before going on with my story.

I held out my hand to Hugh for the letter.

"Let me see it," I said.

He gave it to me, and I read it. It was a superb letter, if one can use such a term to describe a letter. One could only fancy a beautiful, majestic woman having written it. The delicate yet strong hand, the fine, smooth paper, the suspicion of fragrance, the grace of phrase, were actually gratifying to one's senses. It was not a long letter, however. She had known Hugh in his boyhood, and had made him something of a favorite in her household, and now, having been abroad for many years, and returning suddenly, she had a fancy that she would like to see him.

"I went abroad in search of health, and I have returned in search of it. My husband died in Naples, and since then I have been solitary enough. I should like to see your wife and children, and you yourself. You were my favorite young knight-errant in your childish days. You are a man now. Has time stood still with you? It has not stood still with me. I am an old woman. Ah me! How remorseless life is. It has even marched onward to the end for Beatrice St. John."

"What a strange, unexpected fancy," I said, "that she would want to come here."

"Yes," Hugh answered. "But that is her way. I remember that one could see in a mo-

ment that she had reigned supreme all her life, and was accustomed to see her fancies rule people. Boy as I was when I saw her, I recognized a certain beautiful imperiousness in her manners, a grace of imperiousness with which one could not find fault. You see how sure she is that she is not forgotten. And it is not vanity either. She is so used to being remembered that she knows I shall like to meet her again."

"Hugh," I said, "she is a romance in herself. And to think that she has outlived her youth! Time ought to stand still for such women."

Hugh folded his letter in a rather dreamy way, and put it back into its envelope.

"Speaking of romance," he said. "I wonder if that story was true."

"What story?" I asked. "There are so many."

"But this was not an ordinary story," was Hugh's answer. "And its end is a mystery. It was more a rumor than anything else; people never seemed to know anything definite about it. If it was true, it was very effectually hushed up. It had a penniless lover for a hero—Miss Beatrice St. John's lover—and a sharp, mercenary mother determined on a grand match—Beatrice St. John's mother; and it reaches its climax in the whisper that the lover and the beauty went so far as to elope together; but they were pursued, and, after some time, separated by strategy. The rest is mystery; but it is certain that at the time of the scandal, Beatrice St. John was ill of brain fever, and the world saw nothing of her for months."

I turned to my father to ask him if he had ever heard the story, but the words died away upon my lips. He had not been strong for years. The family physician felt that he had cause to apprehend a dangerous weakness of the heart. He suffered from frequent paroxysms of pain, and I saw that one of these attacks had seized him now. He had pushed his coffee-cup aside, and, pale and breathless, was leaning his forehead upon his hand. I had never seen him look more deathly.

"Is it the old pain?" I cried. "Can we do anything for you?"

"Yes, it is the old pain," he answered; "but you can do nothing, thank you, my dear. It will pass away."

Of course, I forgot about Miss St. John, in my anxiety; and by the time the paroxysm was over, and my father had gone to his room to lie down, I had quite lost my interest even in her letter, and only sent a hurried, polite message when Hugh answered it.

But when she came, two weeks later, my father was so well, apparently, that my mind was, for

the time, quite free from fear, and then all my interest was revived. The moment I saw Mrs. Bouverie I understood what Beatrice St. John had been, and how it was possible that she had seemed like a goddess to the earth-born mortals of her day. I cannot describe her. An ordinarily beautiful woman is not easily described; and such beauty as hers sets description at naught. The ruin of her youth had left majesty, a suggestion of perfect outline, a strange grace and charm almost wondrous still. She was a proud woman yet. I could see the faint touch of imperiousness and self-certainty to which Hugh had alluded; and I could not help agreeing with him in his statement that it was hard to call it a fault. It was so natural a consequence of her experience.

We were friends at once. From the moment that I went out to meet her, as she stepped from the carriage, it seemed that we understood each other in a silent way. She bent down and kissed my forehead, holding my hand in her own.

"You are Hugh's wife?" she said.

"Yes."

"We shall be friends, I am sure." And that was all. There was no effusiveness in her manner, only I was quite sure she liked me.

But her meeting with my father was a different one, and stirred me to something of wonder.

When she arrived he was out, and when he returned she had not yet come down from her room. He came into the parlor where I awaited her, and sat down with a book. But I soon discovered that he was not reading. I could almost have fancied that he was secretly agitated. He had the book in his hand when Mrs. Bouverie entered. The first notification I had of her presence was a slight sound from the threshold of the room, something like a low, suppressed exclamation, which made me glance up from my sewing.

At the door-way stood Mrs. Bouverie, her majestic form and statuesque face set in it, as it were, in a frame. She was so white, and her attitude was so curiously strained and rigid, that, for a moment, I was startled into silence. She was looking at my father, and my father, who had risen from his chair, was confronting her with a face as deathly as her own. It might have been that a terrible spell had fallen upon them, and held both enchained. At length I managed to speak.

"Mrs. Bouverie," I said, "this is my father, Mr. Perriepont, whom I think you have met before, many years ago."

Until they heard my voice, and were roused by it, I am sure neither of them were conscious

of my presence; but my words broke the spell. Mrs. Bouverie came forward, and my father met her. He took the white hand she offered him, bowed low over it, in his own stately way, uttering a few words of welcome, and then led her to a seat.

My husband has always said that my love of romance in all forms was my chief weakness; and I have no doubt he is right. Strange incidents always suggest strange histories to me; and I do not think it at all unnatural that this incident should set my mind to work half unconsciously. I was so fond of my father, and so proud of him, that it was nothing new for me to make him the hero of a romance. He was the handsomest man I had ever seen; his physical beauty must, in his youth, have been almost as great as Mrs. Bouverie's. He had the same patrician majesty of presence; he was as gentle and tender as a woman; he was full of refined chivalrousness, and poetic feeling; and yet he had not married, and I had never even heard that he had loved a woman. I had often thought this singular, and had wondered at it, but no solution of the mystery had ever presented itself. But, after Mrs. Bouverie's arrival, I began to fancy I had found one. As the days went on, the impression made upon me by the strangeness of their first meeting was strengthened by innumerable little chains of incident, each connected with the others. They had not only known each other in the past, but they had known each other well; and I was convinced they had been bound together by some tie of which others know nothing. There was a mystery in their manner. My father's stately courtesy had an element of reserve in it, as if he sought to keep himself constantly under control. Mrs. Bouverie seemed continually under the same shadow of self-constraint. And so I told myself that I had fallen upon the sad ghost of a love-story, the ghost of a passion so long dead, that it was doubly sad to see it rise from its grave. Life was almost over; youth was lost forever; but the memory of this sad, perhaps cruel love, lived to haunt the man and woman to whom it had once been so fair a reality. But who had been to blame? Not my father, I was sure. If he had loved this woman, he had been faithful to her. It was far easier to fancy that, in the day of her marvelous beauty and triumph, Beatrice St. John had been made cruel or false by the very plenitude of her power. People had been fonder of talking of her dazzling beauty than of her goodness. Nobody seemed to have had time to think of anything but the beauty which had swallowed all else up. So, perhaps, she had been too much of a beauty, and too little

of a true woman, to give up all for love, and think the world well lost. My father had not been rich in his young days. Wealth came to him by chance; and it was more than probable that his poverty had stood in his path to happiness—the happiness of winning Beatrice St. John. This was how I worked out my romance; and it was not long before I was made sure that I had not been mistaken.

One evening I had been waiting for Hugh to come home, and had waited so long that I fell asleep in my chair by the open window of the parlor—a window which opened on to a stone terrace. I do not know how long I slept, perhaps an hour, perhaps two; but I was awakened by the sound of voices, and as I awoke, I heard one of these voices say, in a strange, slow, bitter way,

"The ghost of the woman you loved."

I knew the voice in an instant. It was Mrs. Bouverie's. and Mrs. Bouverie and my father were standing a few feet from me, on the terrace together. It was so brightly moonlight that I could see them as distinctly as if it had been day. My father's fine, pale, proud face, Mrs. Bouverie, with folds of black lace thrown over her head, and held under her chin by a hand which was like marble yet, despite her fifty years.

"The woman I loved was never more than a ghost," my father answered. "Would to God she had been!"

"Would to God," cried Mrs. Bouverie, with a passionate gesture of her free hand. "Would to God she had died in the hour of her birth. Oh, my God, to have lived as I have lived; to have suffered as I have suffered; to stand here as I do now; to feel the bitter shame that I have felt! I am fifty years old, Francis, but I feel it yet. I am a woman still."

"Beatrice——" My father began,

But I could not let him go on, not knowing my nearness to them. I rose from my chair and bent out of the window.

"Is Hugh with you?" I asked, wishing that I had spoken before. "Has he come?"

Mrs. Bouverie answered me,

"No," she said, "he is not with us. We are alone. Come and join us, Luna." And her voice was far calmer and more steady than my own had been.

My husband was detained so late that night, that when our visitor went to her room I went with her, and remained with her until she was ready for bed. I often did so when Hugh was away. She seemed to like to have me near her, and at such times we sometimes talked for hours. To-night the shadow that so often rested upon

her seemed heavier than usual. She was silent and preoccupied—so silent that I almost wished I had not accompanied her. She dismissed her maid, and, as I was fond of doing, I unfastened her hair with my own hands. It was wonderful hair yet. Unwound from its massive plaits, it hung around her like a shrouding veil, falling even below her knee, but there were threads of silver thickly sown in its luxuriance. When I had loosened the braids and brushed it out, she put up her hand,

"Don't curl it yet," she said, "I want to look at myself."

She moved a little forward, and regarded herself with a sad eagerness, and then she sighed.

"Luna," she said, "my life is over—my life is over."

"Not yet," I answered. "Not yet."

She sighed even more heavily than before.

"Yes," she repeated, "it is over. And, Luna I am not sorry—I am glad. I thank Heaven that the end cannot be so very far away. Some women are not old at fifty, but I am. There are women of fifty who are young again in the youth of their children; but I have no children—I have no children." A sharp sob stopped her for the moment; but she began again, and went on almost proudly, as if impatient at her weakness. "Instead of a good woman, I was made a beauty," she said; "instead of love, I had triumph; instead of calm, old age, I had feverish, brilliant youth. Men bowed down before me; women envied me; I had a world of my own; I could do or say what I pleased; I could ask and have, and yet my life is over, and I am not sorry. Fate was good to me, until the moment came when hope and happiness depended upon her kindness, and then she turned her face away. I asked her for nothing before, and she gave me all. I prayed one gift at her hands then, and she refused it, and gave me ruin, and life-long misery."

Some great pang seemed to seize hold upon, and shake her. Her large eyes burned, her face was haggard, there were new lines in it; she wrung her hands so hard together as they lay on the table before her, that I could see the nails imprint themselves upon the white flesh. She seemed to have forgotten for a moment that I was near her. So I said nothing, and waited.

But, in a short time, she remembered me. Something she saw in the glass appeared to have caught her attention. I saw a certain puzzled look creep into her eyes, and she turned toward me, slowly.

"Luna," she said. "Come here."

I rose and went to her. She looked again into the mirror.

"Stand behind my chair," she said. "I want to see your face reflected in the glass."

I did as she commanded.

She looked at the two faces as they confronted her, regarding them in questioning steadfastness. There was a silence, and then she drew a sharp breath.

"Is that it?" she said, speaking to herself more than to me. "Is it that?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She answered me in a curious, heavy, fashion, as if she had just made some discovery she could not fully rouse herself to comprehend.

"I hardly know," she said. "You have been haunting me so for weeks, and now it has revealed itself to me all at once. I have thought you were like some one, some one I knew, and now I see. It is myself—you are like *me*!"

I have sometimes wondered since then, that at no time, not even then, the slightest suspicion of the truth suggested itself to me. But it did not, though I was puzzled more every day. I suspected nothing, until the revelation came in full.

To this revelation I hurry onward. The incidents I have already related are enough to shadow forth at least something of what I have to say. One reads a story with clearer eyes than those with which one looks upon every-day life.

The end came sadly enough, heavily enough, with the greatest pain I had ever borne. My dear father died, and through his death I learned all this mystery had meant; learned that the mystery, of which I had made a fanciful romance, in which a great beauty had been false, and a faithful lover forsaken, was a tragedy full of pain and misery.

For some time my father had not been well, and since Mrs. Bouverie's appearance among us, he had failed with strange rapidity. Afterward, I saw plainly how the constant strain upon him had brought about the final breaking down.

One night I was awakened from my sleep by the ringing of the bell in his bed-room. I sprang up, and throwing on a dressing-gown, went to him. When I reached him, he was lying back upon his pillows panting, his hand still grasping the bell-cord. He looked at me with a strange, faint smile.

"Beatrice!" he whispered, breathlessly. "Beatrice!" And his voice died away.

I saw there was not a moment to lose. The physicians had warned us that we might expect such a termination to his illness. I sent Hugh for the doctor, and then returned to the bedside. There was nothing that I could do but wait, after giving him his usual medicine. I bent over him, and took his hand.

"You know me now," I said, as soon as I saw that he was a little quieter. "I do not think you knew me at first, papa?"

He smiled, and his fingers closed tenderly upon my hand.

"It is Luna," he said. "It is Luna. Luna, my dear, I am dying!"

I sank upon my knees, and hid my face upon his pillow, weeping silently, and then it was that the strange, strange end came. Some one touched my shoulder with a touch almost as light as a spirit's might have been. I looked up with a start, and saw Mrs. Bouverie.

She looked like a spirit, indeed. She stood beside me, in a heavy white wrapper, a passionate, desperate fear in her eyes, and before I had time to utter a word, she was kneeling by my side.

"Francis!" she cried, in a low, terrified tone; and when in my amazement I loosened my father's hand, she caught at and grasped it.

"I called for you," he said. "And you have come. This is death! Beatrice——"

A spasm seized him, and for a while he was unable to speak.

She clung to his hand hungrily, weeping, and covering it with wild, sad kisses, crying out for his forgiveness, and for that of God! Her sin, she said, had been her punishment; she had not outlived her love; she had been true to him, when he had thought her most false and shameless.

"They broke my heart with lies," she cried. "They tore me from you when I had no other refuge. They said there was an informality in our hurried marriage, that made it illegal; and they told me you knew it was illegal, and intended it should be. They crushed me to the dust, and left me no help, but to give way; and then they took their lies to you, and came back saying, you had thrown me off, and so brought about the end. Thirty years ago, Francis! Thirty years ago, and yet, oh, my God! how I pity the helpless girl who bore that weight of misery and despair!"

"Beatrice," he said, "the child——," and he ended with a groan.

She fairly writhed as she knelt.

"I do not know," she wept. "They never told me. When it was born I know nothing, and they took it away. I have never had a child since. It is God's curse upon me."

"Beatrice," he said, laboring for breath, "the child is here. Luna, look up."

This was the revelation. I leave it there.

My father died that night, in the arms of the woman he had loved. When he had been per-

suaded that she was false to him, even false beyond all falsehood of woman kind, he had loved her still; his love had been the one passion of his life. A strange chance—the strangest of chances—had led him to discover my identity, and he had taken me to himself. He had been led to believe that my mother had deserted me without a pang, and this thought had made his lot even more bitter than it might otherwise have been. After their miserable separation he had never seen Beatrice St. John, and hearing of the great marriage she had made, he had believed her wholly guilty, and had told himself to despise and forget her. But he could not forget. Heaven

only knows what suffering both had borne in their long exile from each other. I, their child, have only heaviest pity for their ruined lives.

Since that solemn night, when Death bridged the gulf of thirty years, and brought them heart to heart again in the last hour, my mother has never left me. She is with me still, and I trust that my love has lightened her burden somewhat. Hugh knows the truth, but to the rest of the world her story is a secret, and will remain one. Her majesty and beauty crown her yet, and will crown her to the end, until her marvelous sad face and tragic secret are hidden alike forever under the silent earth.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

BY LUTHER G. RIGG.

THE western hills are fading now;
The golden-tinted clouds are gone;
The rising river's ripples flow
More faintly in my fancy on;
The sweet repose, so still, so calm,
Which sunset's softening shades impart,
Might soothe, methinks, like Gilead's balm,
The weary or the wounded heart!

The flower's scent, the forest's force,
Sweet silence of soft stars still share,
Since Sorrow's shadow, its sad source,
Secretes with solemn, sober air!
Now its fierce fires spread o'er faint soul;
No drop of dew dispels the heat;
Sad earth seems shriveled like a scroll,
Nor lonely lakes lave lowly feet.

Where waves are wild, where shores are steep,
And princely pines peer down in pride;
Where waters cheerless, dark and deep,
In gloomy groans grate on life's tide;
Where reeds and rushes, red and rank,
Skirt shining strand of shell-strewn shore,
Or foamy seas sweep o'er steep bank,
I hear the sullen, surging roar!

I know not why, but at this hour,
When sinks the sheeny sun to rest,
I turn with strange, impelling power,
A searching glance within my breast;
And in the day's dim, dying light,
The veil falls from my heart anew,
And all grows dim to human sight,
And but One eye its faults can view!

The sunset hour is sweeter far
Than grandest glare of glowing noon;
I love to watch the first faint star,
And gaze upon the sailing moon;
Then thought flies high, and memory
Sleeps in the quiet of the scene,
Till in the future far I see
A desert isle forever green!

'Tis fancy all! Earth hath no rest!
Life's busy throngs, with bustling air,
Press on, while hidden in each breast
Are eager hope and earnest care;
Till, tossed by turbulent desires,
And dashed by disappointments past,
Spent by strong passion's seething fires,
Life's sunset hour is seen at last!

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

I'LL build me a palace all golden,
When my ship comes in.
With carvings and tapestries olden,
When my ship comes in.
And footmen, and pages in waiting,
Shall come at my beck and call,
With steeds from Arabia, baiting,
Saddled, and harnessed, and stall.
I'll dine off of Dresden the rarest,
With goblets of Venice thin;
And life shall be brightest and fairest,
When my ship comes in!

Ah! no, with it all I'll be lonely,
When my ship comes in.
Would she were living only,
When my ship comes in!
But she lies in the church-yard sleeping,
Dumb to my passionate call,
Dumb to my prayers and weeping—
She does not hear me at all
Could I but see her one hour,
Fold her these arms within,
I'd give all my wealth and power,
When my ship comes in.

MRS. SEFTON'S GOVERNESS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THERE was a whir, and a buzz, and a crash, as if the world had broken in two, and then the train came to a sudden stop with a jerk, which seemed to dislocate every bone in everybody's body, and a tolerably general howl rent the air. The newspapers, in their account of the accident, called it "the agonizing shrieks of feminine voices," but, between you and me, there were as many bass tones as soprano in the rapidly-executed concert; and one man yelled a verse of Little Bopeep backward, apparently under the impression that he was indulging in a little private devotion applicable to the circumstances.

Then people began to look about, and perceived that not only they, but their neighbors, were alive, and no harm done to anybody beyond standing a few children on their heads, and spilling a carpet-bag or so on the bridges of convenient noses. One small, pale woman showed the greatest ability to come back to her senses, and prove herself equal to any emergency. She turned to her husband, and exclaimed, "Just like you, Sam Toppleson, if you could get on a train that would break down, of course you'd do it! I expected it all the while. I told mother so, before we started."

Then she picked up her youngest boy, and spanked him, and discovered that she had attacked another woman's child; but even in the hubbub which that caused, she did not lose her presence of mind, and was heard above the din to call, in a still shriller voice,

"Just like you, Sam Toppleson, of course, you'd hand me the wrong young one. I told mother you would, before we started; and now, I hope you're satisfied."

By this time the conductor had entered the car. He was immediately surrounded and nearly throttled by six heroic females, each of whom demanded to be saved first, while a small man, with a tuft of red whiskers, bobbed up and down on his seat, like Jack in a box, and shouted,

"Never mind 'em, Mr. Conductor! I'm Elder Crowfoot, and I must be got out; bring a ladder, or a life-preserver, or anything that's handy! I don't think I'm hurt, but you'd better get a doctor to look at me. I'm Elder Crowfoot, Bunker Mills, you know, down in Johnson county! Help me out, Mr. Conductor! Help me out!"

The conductor got the use of his tongue and

limbs, at last, and explained that there was not the slightest necessity for anybody being frightened. The engine and a freight-car had gone to smash, but no other damage had been done. The worst that could happen now was a detention of a few hours, while a fresh engine was telegraphed for from the nearest place where spare engines were to be found.

A young lady, who had been quietly watching the varied exhibitions of character with an amused smile on her face—a very pretty face, too—now rose, and, seeing a convenient opportunity, made her way out of the car. As she emerged upon the platform, a young man came out of the next vehicle, which chanced to be the haven for smokers, and he was still puffing tranquilly at his nearly-consumed Havana. The two were face to face, and as their eyes met, each saw that the countenance of the other was perfectly composed, offering so pleasant a contrast to the frightened visages both had just escaped, that a feeling of respect was the sensation in either mind.

"Can I be of assistance to you in any way?" the gentleman asked, as he raised his hat.

"Thanks," she answered. "I want, very much, to find out where we are, and how long we may expect to be detained here."

"There's a little village round the turn of the road; you can see it from the right of the platform," he said. "It is called Walton. I think that was the name a man just gave me."

"Oh, then we are still three hours from Gray's Hill," she said, rather dolefully.

"Yes. I asked, because that is my stopping place."

She took out her watch, and looked at it. You can always tell by the expression of a person's face when he or she is doing a little mental arithmetic; the lady was evidently engaged in that tiresome occupation, and as evidently the result of her addition was not agreeable.

"It is three o'clock now," said she. "It will be six when we get off, nine before we reach Gray's Hill, just in time to miss the train on the other road, the West Branch."

"And no later train?"

"Yes; but not till midnight."

"That is very annoying," said he. "I am going on the West Branch as far as Abberley."

"It will be two o'clock in the morning before we get there," she exclaimed, impatiently, not noticing that she had interrupted him.

"And then I have a three mile drive, and no carriage to be got at that hour," returned he, laughing. "Do you go beyond Abberley?"

"I leave the train there," she answered. "I am going to Mrs. Gerald Sefton's place, out by the iron mills, if you know the neighborhood."

By this time the people inside the cars had finished shrieking, or scolding, or whatever other form of emotion their peculiar temperament might have led them to indulge in, and began to rush out, in great haste, to have a look at the accident.

So the young man helped the lady off the platform, and they walked toward the station, contenting themselves with a passing glance at the melancholy wreck of engine and baggage-car, which seemed to be a spectacle of interest to most people—Mrs. Toppleson, be it mentioned, *en passant*, among the foremost, driving her husband in front of her, and still operating on the person of the younger Sammy as she walked.

"I would rather not look," returned the young lady, as her companion said something in regard to the disaster. "It makes me feel how near danger we came. I did not realize it at the moment."

She turned away her head, and passed quickly on. He saw that she was disturbed, and with a rare tact made no remark whatever. He left her in the waiting-room, and went out to make certain inquiries. Presently, he came back. She had taken a book from the little satchel she carried, hanging over her shoulder by a leather strap, and was reading. He stood still, and with a man's natural meanness, took a good look at her, unobserved. He discovered that she was not only handsome, but a singularly elegant-looking woman—twenty-two or three, perhaps—and though a man not too easily pleased, he was rather glad of the news he brought.

She raised her eyes as he entered, and asked what discoveries he had fallen upon.

"That it is more likely to be eleven than nine when we get to Gray's Mills," said he. "We shall have lost our right of way, and be obliged to wait for trains from the west."

She did give him one glance, as if the mischance were his fault; she would not have been a woman if she could have avoided that; but in an instant she shut up her book, put it in her satchel, and looked relieved. He knew that she had come to a decision, and was the sort of person who could be tranquil as soon as she had done that; an uncommon mind, by the way.

"There must be something in the way of an

hotel in the village," said she. "I will have my luggage taken there, and stay till morning."

It was a pleasure to help a female who could help herself; besides, it is always agreeable to upset anybody's plans. I don't know why, but it is; so he hastened to say,

"I find that we can cross the mountain, and get to the mills by half past nine o'clock. There will be a moon. I have found a man who will take us over. It sounds a little impertinent, perhaps, to propose it; but Mrs. Sefton is my sister, and I shall be very happy to be of any assistance to a friend of hers."

As he spoke, he put an open letter in her hand, adding, laughingly, "These are my credentials."

The epistle was signed, "Your affectionate sister, Jane Sefton," and the envelope which he held out at the same time was addressed to Mr. Stuart Lane.

It was odd, but he positively thought she looked annoyed for an instant. It must be a fancy; he knew that, and then she was saying, in her calm fashion,

"I am very much obliged to you. Can we start soon?"

Most human beings would have exclaimed, "How strange, so droll, we should meet, etc." Not a word said the young lady, except those I have set down.

Half an hour after the heavy vehicle, drawn by a pair of serviceable-looking horses, lumbered up. Such light articles of luggage as were indispensable to the travelers were put in, the rest left to go on by train. They drove into the sleepy little hamlet, stopped at old Mrs. Mosely's inn, had some sandwiches and homemade currant-wine, and set off over the mountain road, which was to lead them into the very heart of picturesque Pennsylvania.

"You are quite at liberty to light your cigar," said this sensible young woman; and he was too sensible a man not to take advantage of her permission.

"Is this your first visit to my sister's place?" he asked.

It was her first.

"Then you have a treat in store," he said, "if you like wild scenery. You ought though to see it in the autumn instead of summer."

"I shall probably have the opportunity," she replied. "I am going as governess to Mrs. Sefton's children. I believe we are to spend the whole winter in the country."

"It must be very cold up among those hills," he said, with a shrug of his shoulders, for he detested winter.

"Mrs. Sefton promises me that one can keep warm," she answered, with what he thought was a rather compassionate smile for the triteness of his remark. "She gave me glowing accounts of her winter pleasures, and quite regretted having to spend last season in New York."

"Ah," said he. "Jane has her manias. Most people's sisters have, don't you think?"

She laughed a little, but did not commit herself to a reply.

They were beginning to mount now among the hills, and the views grew bold and fine. There were deep gorges, patches of forest, sudden turns, which gave glimpses for miles over the valleys spread out below. The conversation changed. The unknown young woman did not go into ecstasies. Lane was at first afraid she might; but she showed an artistic appreciation of the scene, and won this difficult gentleman's approval. They had a gorgeous sunset; then the moon rose, and they seemed to enter fairy land at once.

Stuart Lane came to the conclusion that he had never heard any woman talk as well as his present companion, (he learned that her name was Miss Montgomery,) yet without the slightest attempt at effect. It was evident, too, that she had been a wide and intelligent reader, and into the bargain, the moonlight made her handsomer than ever. Altogether, he decided that in the whole course of years of travel—and he knew pretty much every habitable land on the earth, and had "put a girdle round it" into the bargain—no mishap had ever turned out so enjoyable.

Ah, well, it's a weary world, and as Fanny Squeers sapiently observed, "things go so cross;" and Mr. Stuart Lane began to exult a little too soon. They reached the top of the mountain, miles away from any house, and then an accident happened. The wagon broke down, and tilted them over into a brook. It was a mercy it tilted to the left, for, had they gone to the right, they would have had an exciting tumble over a precipice several hundred feet in height.

Stuart Lane soon recovered himself, and assisted his companion from the vehicle. She sat down on a convenient rock, and looked about upon the waste of pine woodlands lighted up by the moon.

"The wagon is broken."

"Can you ride?" Lane asked the young lady.

"Oh, yes."

"But we have no saddle——"

"A blanket will do."

One horse proved to be lame; the driver was obliged to lead that with the valises strapped on his back. Miss Montgomery was mounted on the other beast, the harness was left in the wagon, and off they set.

Presently it began to grow dark; then it drizzled; then they lost their way, and promissed about in the forest for some time before finding the road again. They reached a house at last, and there Lane finally induced the owner to harness his horses and drive them to their destination.

Perhaps you think they got on nicely after that, but the man took a wrong turn when they were near the end of their journey, and drove them several miles out of their route, so that, altogether, it was half-past twelve o'clock before they reached Mrs. Sefton's place.

That lady chanced to be up late, writing letters. She heard the wagon stop before the entrance. She was not expecting Miss Montgomery for a couple of days yet, and did not look for her brother till a fortnight later; so her surprise can be imagined when she opened the outer doors, and by the light of the candle she held, saw her governess and her Wandering Jew of a relative.

She kissed them both, dragged them into the house, woke some of the servants to prepare supper, and then returned to her guests.

"Now, if you please," said she, "where did you both drop from?"

"The top of the mountain," replied Miss Montgomery, coolly. "If you will permit me, I shall be glad to go at once to my room. I am not hungry, and find myself a little tired."

Mrs. Sefton went away herself with the young lady, and presently returned to her brother, and after expressing her pleasure at securing him again, said,

"It must have been an awful bore to you, having a strange damsel flung on you in that way."

"Oh, no, I did not mind," he answered, languidly.

She pretended to be looking the other way, but she watched him like a lynx—oh! no, some creature keener than that—like a woman! "I detest young ladies who meet with adventures," said she. "I am disappointed in Miss Montgomery."

"Really, I think you are somewhat unreasonable," he replied. "I don't see that it was her fault the train broke down."

"All the same, governesses shouldn't indulge in romantic incidents," said she. "But, come, there is Thomas to say supper is ready."

"Don't you think Miss Montgomery might eat something, if it was sent to her room?" Lane asked.

"Hannah will attend to that," returned Mrs. Sefton, dryly, and began to speak of other things. But presently talk about the children brought

up Miss Montgomery's name again, and Stuart, who, in general, never asked questions, was curious to know where his sister had met her.

"She was the children's day-governess last winter, when I was in town," replied his sister. "She was highly recommended to me. I engaged her to come out this summer. I liked her very much. But, dear me, if she is going to have adventures befall her!" Mrs. Sefton lifted her hands, and groaned.

"I should say you were fortunate to have found such a lady," returned he, almost irritably. "She is certainly one of the most charming women I have met in an age, and very handsome, too."

"Oh, yes, highly cultivated—nice as possible," drawled Mrs. Sefton. "But handsome? Now, really, do you think so?"

"I should not think there could be two opinions about that," said he, in what his sister always called "his high and mighty tone."

"Dear me!" said she. "Well, that's a misfortune, too, for a governess. Lucky there are no young men in this wilderness. Of course, you don't count, for you are proof against all the wiles and fascinations of the sex."

Stuart Lane could not have told why, but he had seldom felt more irritated with his sister in his whole life. He was almost inclined to think that she had grown sharp and disagreeable during the year of his absence. But they talked on for some time, and he forgot the sensation, except when now and then up came Miss Montgomery's name, and whenever this happened, Stuart found Mrs. Sefton unsatisfactory. After awhile she sent him to bed; she was sure he must be tired, and the children would be certain to wake him early.

As she passed Miss Montgomery's door, after accompanying Stuart to his room, Mrs. Sefton paused, perceived that a light was still burning, and knocked.

"You dreadful girl," she said, as she entered, "not ready for bed yet, and it is all sorts of hours!"

"The quiet seemed so pleasant, that I entirely forgot the night was made for sleep," the young lady replied. "It is so nice to get into the country again."

"Even in my house!" laughed Mrs. Sefton. "I hope you are not so cross as you were awhile ago. I know what vexed you, Miss. You think I told you a fib."

No answer.

"But I didn't. When I left town, I did not expect Stuart this summer. He only decided a few weeks since to come back to America."

Miss Montgomery yawned very prettily, putting two white fingers over her lips; but she yawned, unmistakably.

"Now you'll hate him forever, because I talked nonsense to you last winter," cried Mrs. Sefton. "I shall have to tell you a secret to make you treat him decently."

Miss Montgomery was unbraiding her hair, and suddenly looked sleepy.

"He's caught at last—at least I think so," continued Mrs. Sefton. "He never really tells anything; but I made it out. I don't know if he's engaged; but it will come to that, I am sure. I can't tell you another word; but you will know now that I have had to renounce my romance, which offended you last winter. Now, you'll agree not to snub him, won't you?"

"I like him very much," said Miss Montgomery, heartily; "and I shall feel safe, since I am sure you are not plotting and planning. Go to bed, wretched hostess! keeping your unfortunate dependent up all night! A nice way to begin with a poor, lone, friendless governess! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!"

"And a pretty beginning you make in your duties," retorted Mrs. Sefton; "accusing your patroness of trying to persecute you before you have been two hours in her house. A model instructress for young children you are likely to prove! How obedient and respectful you will teach them to be to their widowed mother."

"A widowed donkey!" cried Miss Montgomery; and then they both laughed in an insane fashion, and talked nonsense for full twenty minutes more.

After that, they got discussing other matters, in regard to mutual friends, and the clock in the hall struck fearful hours before they remembered to go to bed. Perhaps they would not have gone even when they did; but, somehow, Mrs. Sefton again suddenly flung her brother's name into the conversation, and then Miss Montgomery became conscious once more of her sleepiness and fatigue.

She drove Mrs. Sefton out, and would talk no more; so they kissed and parted. The lady of the house retired to the privacy of her own chamber, and once there, she nodded her head many times, and laughed heartily.

Stuart Lane had the reputation with his sister, as another gentleman of my acquaintance has with his, of being a very lazy fellow, especially where early rising was concerned. But he seemed, at the commencement of this visit, inclined to redeem his character in that respect, for he was up and out the next morning sometime before breakfast.

As his reward, if he wanted one, he encoun-

ered Miss Montgomery, sitting on a garden-bench, and already surrounded by her pupils, three pretty little girls, with eyes like young fawns. The cherubs proceeded to overwhelm their uncle with caresses, and tried to look as if they did not expect wonderful presents, though their faces had that delightful anticipation stamped all over them in capital letters. For some moments Lane could not get an opportunity to do more than address a morning salutation to the governess; but at last he bade the children go in search of Hannah, and demand a huge box which he had entrusted to her care for their benefit.

Miss Montgomery seemed inclined to follow them; but he went on talking so fast, that she could not without being rude. He asked after her health. She looked fresh as a daisy, and perfectly bewitching in her simple white dress, with a red shawl thrown about her shoulders. He laughed over their past night's adventures, pointed out lovely views to her, made her walk to the brow of the hill to see one still more lovely, and, altogether, managed to detain her for a good while.

At last, Mrs. Sefton sent a servant to warn them that breakfast was getting cold, and they went in, to be well scolded, in a playful way, for their neglect of hours, and disregard of the regulations of a properly ordered household.

During the next few weeks life settled down into a quiet but very agreeable routine. Mrs. Sefton was usually occupied of a morning, for she owned the iron-mills, and chose to know exactly what her manager was doing; and though he was a faithful man, with much experience in his business, she had rather the better head of the two.

Miss Montgomery and the children were busy over the lessons till luncheon, and Stuart either aided his sister in her correspondence, or got through the early hours as best he might, in the companionship of a work he was busy over. He was writing the account of his travels in some impossible region, and the book would be his third literary effort; the preceding ones having been successful enough to make this looked for with interest by the reading public at large.

They were very delightful weeks, though now and then Stuart Lane roused himself sufficiently to be conscious that they fled wonderfully fast; but he did his best to forget that they must ever end.

Mrs. Sefton was certainly a charming woman for any young lady to fall in with, if forced to live in other people's houses, treating her governess as a friend instead as a dependent. Yet Stuart was not satisfied with his sister. For the first time in his life it dawned upon his mind that she was deceitful. She often said little disparaging

things behind Miss Montgomery's back, always put, too, in that most aggravating form, as a sort of supplement to some encomium she had just passed on the absent lady. Miss Montgomery was undoubtedly handsome—only she looked proud; Miss Montgomery was agreeable, but secretive. Else she would get back to the subject of that night drive across the mountains, and renew her blame of maidens who met with adventures.

It appeared that Mrs. Sefton had known her for years, though it had chanced that she was living South when Stuart was in America. Had she been governess there? Well, Mrs. Sefton was not sure—governess, or living with relations. Indeed, she believed it was that. Miss Montgomery must have quarreled with them. Mrs. Sefton did not like girls who quarreled with their relatives. But, indeed, she could not tell much, Helen was so secretive. It was no use for Stuart to ask questions. Mrs. Sefton always irritated him by repenting that remark.

"She's so secretive. I've told you so fifty times."

"Seventy-five at least!" her brother at length exclaimed, almost crossly, and determined that he would never again hold a conversation with his sister in regard to the lady.

But she was always as sweet as honey to her children's instructress, and deferred to her opinions more than she often did to those of any person about her. It seemed to Stuart that she was only afraid the governess might leave her. He was a good deal troubled by these inconsistencies, so unexpectedly discovered in his sister's character—flaws of a sort he could not easily pardon. It looked almost as if, unconsciously to herself, she was envious of her companion's beauty and varied acquirements: and Stuart could not bear to believe this. He had always thought Jane so noble and generous, her faults (and they were numerous enough) far removed from that too common form of human frailty, the weakness of not being able heartily to admire a sister woman.

Stuart and the young lady were on the most friendly terms. Sometimes, in a vague way, he would be troubled by an idea that she was too easy and unconcerned in her manner; treating him as if he were one of those animals who are no longer of importance in feminine eyes—a married man. He might have been less astonished at this could he have heard sundry confidences Mrs. Sefton bestowed upon her governess concerning his growing interest in some mysterious female in some unknown place—confidence resumed at intervals away into the summer, and finally winding up with the announcement that

she should not be surprised if Stuart were married before another year went out.

Ah, well, it was autumn when Stuart Lane really woke, and discovered that he had been living in a dream all through the golden summer. He woke suddenly, too, and with a shock which chilled him to his very soul, and it was his sister who roused him.

He was going back to New York for a time, to superintend the publication of his book, and only the day before that set for his departure Mrs. Sefton abruptly asked him if he had not lately noticed a change in Miss Montgomery. He denied the fact, but he fibbed in so doing, for he had been haunted by the idea that she seemed preoccupied and oppressed.

"Then you must be blind," said Mrs. Sefton, indignantly. "So like a man, never to see anything! Do you know, I think—mind, she has not said a word—I hate secretive girls. Oh, dear me, where was I?"

"I've not the least idea," returned Stuart, dryly.

"Ah, you're deaf as well as blind," pronounced the aggravating woman, with delightful complacency. "All the same; I shall go on. I do believe Helen Montgomery is trying to make up her mind to marry old Atchinson. You know he proposed to her twice—he told me so himself. She couldn't abide him; but, la, people will do anything for money; and, after all, it would be very suitable, I am sure——"

She stopped, for Stuart was fairly glowering at her.

"I am ashamed to hear you express such sentiments, even in jest," said he. "If that is the advice you give a young lady, I think, at least, she would be better away from the effect of your example."

"La!" cried Mrs. Sefton again; but she addressed the vacant walls, for Stuart had left the room. "La!" she repeated the third time, "how very nice!" And down she sat, and laughed till she cried. The next piece of wickedness she perpetrated was telling Helen Montgomery that she trusted she would be very kind and sympathetic with Stuart, for he appeared depressed, and the affectionate sister feared that some disappointment might have come to him in that mysterious love affair of which she had so often talked to the governess in an animated, but vague and sketchy manner.

Miss Montgomery did not show herself as sympathetic as she might have been expected to do, considering that Mrs. Sefton treated her as a confidant, and asked her to share her troubles. The young lady was busy with some intricate

bit of lace-embroidery—had her head turned away from Mrs. Sefton, in order to catch the full light on her work, and did not once look up, and answered so coldly and briefly, that at last her hostess appeared to lose patience a little.

"I am afraid I am wearying you," said she, with a politeness so extreme that it was plain she must be angry. "I forgot that Stuart is only my brother—naturally his happiness or suffering cannot be of any great importance to you."

Now Miss Montgomery did turn from the window; she was quite pale, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"If I were you, Jane," said she, "I would be ashamed of that speech."

Mrs. Sefton bent her head as if proceeding at once to obey her companion's injunction; but if Miss Montgomery had not been too much occupied trying to appear composed, she would have seen that Mrs. Sefton's face was brimming over with mischief, and intense enjoyment at her own success.

"Don't be vexed, Helen," she said, presently.

"I am vexed," Helen answered. "You have no right to accuse me of indifference to anything which concerns you, or your—or yours."

"I never will again," murmured Mrs. Sefton, in a voice which faltered a little, though, if Helen could have listened, she might have discovered that the emotion was caused by suppressed laughter.

Miss Montgomery began rolling up her work.

"It would break my heart to have Stuart made unhappy," pursued Mrs. Sefton, and now her voice was earnest enough. "Do try to console me, that's a dear."

"What can I say?" returned Miss Montgomery, impatiently. "It is quite possible you are distressing yourself without reason. You say that your brother has not really confided in you; there may be nothing in the least wrong."

"Oh, there is, I know there is," sighed Mrs. Sefton. "It seems odd to me that any woman could help valuing him. But, dear me, women are such fools. I suppose this girl is like you—a sort of icicle—else she's a flirt."

"Then he is better rid of her," said Helen. "As for my underrating Mr. Lane, as you have hinted, it is not true. He is one of the noblest, best men I ever met; a man of whose love any woman might be proud."

She began calmly, and ended in a sort of rage.

"Don't be angry," pleaded Mrs. Sefton.

"I must go and write some letters," said Helen; and out of the room she went, unable longer to retain any appearance of composure. And again Jane Sefton sat down and laughed, in

spite of the pain and anxiety from which she had just declared herself suffering so acutely.

Before the day was over, Miss Montgomery and Stuart Lane chanced to meet out in the shrubberies. At first there was a certain constraint between them, as there had been for several days. But seeing how pale and troubled he looked, woman-like she felt an irresistible desire to comfort him, and was as nice as possible. Before either of them knew it, he was telling her of the beautiful dream which for weeks and weeks had been growing up in his soul—a dream whose brightness had lately been disturbed.

Helen Montgomery (still not understanding that she was the object of his vision) was so busy subduing every trace of the cruel pain which cut like a knife through her soul, that she could scarcely hear his words, and he mistook her manner for surprise and resentment.

"If you could only give me a hope," he cried. "Ah, I am sure you could never make up your mind to do what you have been contemplating—to marry that old man! As if money——"

He stopped abruptly. She was angrier than she had been in many a day.

"Permit me," she exclaimed, "to undeceive you! What do you mean? I have money enough. I am not very rich, but not poor. Jane has told you, of course, that I teach the children because I love them; and as she is a little embarrassed this year, she is glad to be at no expense

for them. And I like to live with her because my aunt has to stay in Florida on account of her health. I think you are very impertinent. I——"

She could get no further. He had been furious at first, and they had gone very near a quarrel. He began to understand now. They reached an explanation, incoherent but satisfactory. Miss Montgomery discovered that she was the person who had inspired his dream, and he discovered that she had only been trying not to care for him, because she believed that his heart and fancy were elsewhere.

Then that wicked Mrs. Sefton came wandering down into the shrubberies, humming a tune as innocently as a robin could have done. They both flew at her, but she was perfectly cool, and explained,

"Well, I told no fibs! I said Stuart was in love. Nobody knows that now better than you, Helen Montgomery. I said I believed Miss Montgomery had received, or would soon receive, an offer of marriage from a rich man. Can you deny that she has, Stuart Lane?"

Then, suddenly, she began to kiss them both, and admitted that it had long been her pet dream to have them know and love one another. When Fate so kindly aided her wishes by making them acquainted in a fashion so romantic, she had been in a state of delight which now reached its climax, or would on their wedding-day; and that, I may as well tell you, arrived before winter.

A WINTER EVENING PICTURE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

Upon the Earth's white, shrouded breast,
The silent feet of night are prest;
And many a wondrous gem
Flashes its rare, scintillant light,
Across our half-bewildered sight,
From out her garment's hem.

The moon, drawn in her shining car,
Her kerchief fastened with a star,
And edged with golden lace,

Half seems, in her imperial track,
To pause the moment, looking back
With kindly, smiling face.

Cloud-ships drift slowly o'er the blue,
The signal-lights oft gleaming through,
The lamps the angels light.
Oh, fair the picture that I see,
Hung in the blue dome over me,
This beauteous winter night.

"NO HOME."

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

"No Home?" Say you so, ye who roll in your splendor?
Past those who are bowed by a weight of distress;
Who shrink from the voice that implores you to render
A mite to the poor from the stores you possess?

"No Home?" Ask of Him, who is now watching o'er thee,
Who ever takes note of the frail sparrow's fall;

That mansion prepared in the kingdom of glory,
Though studded with diamonds, is open to all.

And those who appear with "lamps trimmed and burning,"
The high and the lowly, the rich and the poor,
Find youth, like the flush of the morning returning,
And fountains of pleasure untasted before.

ALICE STANLEY'S VALENTINE.

BY ANNA MORRIS.

"SISTER ALICE!" called a clear, childish voice.

Sister Alice, obedient to the summons, came to the window where her little sister, Minnie Stanley, stood looking out. A prettier face, or figure, it would be difficult to imagine. Alice Stanley was more than pretty; she was intelligent, cultured, and even-tempered. She never thought of herself, when the happiness, or even pleasure, of others was involved. Hence she came forward now, putting down the book she had been reading.

"What is it, Minnie, dear?" she said.

"I am trying to find a star," replied the child, artlessly, "so that I may wish. Jenny Brooks taught me how."

"It is rather too early to see the stars yet," said Alice. "The sun has just set. See the after-glow in the sky. But ah! there's the new moon."

"Oh, yes! and a tiny bit of a star close by it," cried the little girl. "Now I will wish," and she repeated, eagerly,

"Star light, star bright,
First star I've seen to-night;
I wish I could, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night!"

Then she stood a moment in silence, and with a long breath of relief, said, "Milton," in a tone of great satisfaction.

Alice laughed. It was a pleasure to hear her laugh. Her laugh was like the tinkle of silver bells.

"What has Milton to do with the wish?" she said.

"Oh, that's the way!" said Minnie, with much gravity. "Jenny Brooks said I was to say the verse; then wish, and then say the name of some poet; and she told me that Milton was a poet. He was one, wasn't he? She wasn't making fun of me, was she?" Then she looked up to her sister, quite gravely, and said, "Now you wish, Alice. Didn't you know how, when you were a little girl?" she asked, compassionately.

"Oh, yes!" said Alice. "I know how, only instead of saying, 'Milton,' I put my finger on my lips, and went about until I could get some one to ask me if I had wished. But I think your way is an improvement."

Then some one called Minnie, who ran away, leaving Alice still looking at the fast-darkening sky. The scene was one of exceeding beauty, for

star after star began to twinkle, till soon the whole firmament seemed palpitating. But she scarcely seemed to heed what she saw. Her thoughts were not on the scene before her. Her sister's simple faith, that a star had the power to grant her wish, had brought back some memory of her own childish days. With a smile and a sigh she repeated the rhyme, and then murmured softly to herself, "Let Dr. Cranston send me a Valentine to-morrow."

As she spoke, even though all alone, her virgin cheeks were dyed with blushes. If the gentleman in question had been listening, and had overheard her, she could not have colored more vividly. Frightened at her temerity, she turned hastily away, and ran down to the lighted parlors below.

At the same hour Dr. Henry Cranston, the gentleman whose name she had used, was visiting his aunt and cousins, on his return from some patients. His professional duties seldom left him much time for friendly calls, and though warmly welcomed by the elder members of the family, the youngest, a little girl of three years, considered him sufficiently a stranger to justify her in being rather timid.

Her sister's persuasive appeals to know whether she loved Cousin Harry, were met, therefore, with calm silence. But Dr. Cranston himself, rising soon after to take his leave, said, playfully,

"What can I do, little Alice, that we may be better friends next time?"

"Oh," she cried, suddenly relaxing, and to the amusement of all present, "send me a Valentine to-morrow. Sister says, it's St. Valentine's Day, and I've never had a Valentine yet."

Of course, he promised compliance, and on his way home, purchased one for the occasion, brilliant in gold, and color, and lace fret-work, a very paragon of a Valentine, as he thought, for a little girl.

Arrived at his office, he found several letters requiring his attention, and among them was a note from Alice Stanley, asking the title of a book on drawing, which he had recently recommended to her.

The note contained but half a dozen lines, yet it occupied him longer than all the rest. He read and re-read it, looking lovingly at the delicate, lady-like handwriting, and at last, with a

sudden impulse, kissing the hot-pressed, scented paper.

The answer seemed very difficult to write, but at length it was finished and carefully revised. "That is cool and business-like enough," he muttered, rather bitterly. "She will never dream how presumptuous I am. If she did, rich and courted as she is, I suppose she would never speak to me again." And he reached up to a pigeon-hole in his desk, for an envelope.

"How I wish I dared write her a letter, full of the love and devotion I feel for her," he said, pausing, with the envelope still in his hand. "But it would never do for me, a young doctor, just struggling into a practice, to speak of love to the daughter of Ralph Stanley, the millionaire. True, I am her father's family physician, and as such am treated with every courtesy. But I owe even that position to chance. If I had not been accidentally near Mr. Stanley when he fell on the ice, and was so badly injured, I should never have held this enviable position. Their former physician had just moved away, and they were satisfied with my skill, and they have ever since employed me. I would be a madman to presume on their kindness." And he sighed.

"No, I must wait until I can at least support a wife," he added, after awhile; "and in the meantime some one else will carry off the prize." And he sighed again.

He sat for a few minutes in moody silence, then, rousing himself, said, "Now for little Alice's Valentine," and drew forth the daintily-embossed sheet he had chosen.

"I suppose it must have some verses to make it complete," he thought, and again took up his pen.

One could see, however, by the tender light in his face, as he wrote, that it was of the larger Alice that he was thinking, rather than of the little one.

Three or four verses, and he had finished.

"A rather poor attempt," was his comment; "but it will have to answer."

Just then the office-bell rang. It was an urgent summons from one of his patients, and he hurriedly made his preparations. As he was leaving his office, his eyes fell on his letters. "These must go to-night; I will mail them myself," he said, and, hastily slipping them into their envelopes, posted them, on his way to his patient.

Many were the Valentines addressed to Miss Alice Stanley, for she was a universal favorite. She had received quantities every year, ever since she could recollect. She took, therefore, but a passing interest in them. Towards night,

however, one was handed her, which brought the quick color to her cheeks, and set her heart throbbing wildly. It was only a common letter, as it seemed at first, with a plain white envelope; but Alice recognized the free, manly writing she had so often seen in prescriptions during her father's illness; and thinking to herself, at first, "Dr. Cranston has sent me the title of that book," she opened it, quietly. But the moment her eyes fell on what was within, a blush, as we have said, dyed her pretty face. No title of a drawing-book was sufficient to send the blood in such waves to her cheeks, or to cause her maidenly dress to rise and fall so rapidly above her bosom.

Fortunately she was alone, and had no one to notice her confusion. To her unbounded astonishment, the envelope contained a small, but very elegant Valentine; and on the blank page was written, in the same well-known hand,

"Many thanks, oh! gentle lady,
For those gracious words of thine,
Bidding me, in accents kindly,
Be thy welcome Valentine.

Long and well as I have loved thee,
Dear as is thy sweet behest;
No such liberty I'd venture,
Were it not thine own request.

But emboldened by that mandate,
By the look and smile you gave;
Now indeed I'll sue with ardor,
And a greater boon I'll crave.

Long and well, I've loved thee, Alice,
Loved thee, fervently and true;
When we meet, will not you whisper,
'Harry, dearest, I love you.'

Critics might have thought the rhymes were not as finished as they should be, considering the beauty of the fair girl who read them; and certainly Dr. Cranston would have taken more care with them, if he had known who was to peruse them. But Alice saw no deficiencies in the verses.

"It is true, I do love him," she said, softly, with a caressing movement of her hand, over the little messenger of such glad tidings. "I think I have loved him," she whispered to herself, blushing again, "almost ever since I first saw him; but he is so grave and wise, I never thought he would care for me." And she, too, first looking stealthily around, kissed her letter.

"But how could he know that I wished him to send me a Valentine?" she said, after awhile, as she thought of her last night's wish. "No one heard me, and he thanks me for the permission to send it! I shall be inclined to believe in the doctrine that kindred spirits can meet and commune, though their earthly tenements may be far distant from each other. Dear Harry!" and she kissed the Valentine a second time.

She seemed lost in thought for a moment. Then she said, with her finger under her chin,

"But what am I to do? Wait until we meet, I suppose, and then Monsieur le Doctuer," she added, saucily, a sudden gayety breaking all over her pretty face, "it will depend upon where we meet, whether I comply with your request. Not if it is in the street, or in a crowd, I fancy."

Meanwhile, the day had been a busy one for Dr. Cranston, and it was again evening before he opened his letters.

Among them was a note, from his cousin, little Alice's older sister.

"What could possess you," it said, "to send an envelope addressed to Alice, with only the inclosed paper in it? She thought it her Valentine, and was much disappointed."

Dr. Cranston opened the paper referred to. It was his note to Miss Stanley, giving the title of the book.

In an instant he comprehended all, and knew that his Valentine had gone to Alice Stanley, by mistake.

"A pretty piece of business!" he exclaimed, jumping from his seat, and running his hand wildly through his hair, a habit of his when excited. Then he began to pace up and down the room. "It is easy enough to send little Alice another Valentine. But how explain to Miss Stanley?"

He stopped, smoothed his chin in thought, resumed his chair, put his elbows on the table, and rested his face in his hands, and so turned it all over. But he could arrive at no conclusion.

Again his bell roused him, and on opening the door, he found Mr. Stanley's footman.

"Please, sir," said the man, "Come at once to Mr. Stanley's. Miss Minnie is quite unwell."

Dr. Cranston soon arrived at his destination, and was ushered into the parlor, while the footman went to announce his arrival.

The rooms were dimly lighted, and the doctor at first thought them vacant; but a slight figure now rose from the fireside, and advanced toward him.

In a moment he recognized Alice Stanley, and was thinking awkwardly enough what apology he could make for his blunder about the Valentine, when, to his bewilderment, she put both hands into his, and said, frankly, but with downcast eyes,

"I do not quite understand your Valentine, but it has made me very happy."

Could he believe his senses? Was he insane, or in a dream? But before he could rally his faculties, he was called to see his little patient, and had to leave the room.

But he had another interview with Alice, as soon as he left the sick-room, where little Minnie was suffering from nothing worse than a slight catarrh. Alice was at first rather shocked, when she found that it was only by mistake, that she had received her precious Valentine. But the ardor and earnestness, perhaps also the eloquence of the doctor, soon reconciled her to it all. They had a hearty laugh over their mutual explanations, and Alice was even induced, before her lover left the house, an hour or more after, to repeat correctly the last line of his VALENTINE.

THE OLD BROWN HOUSE BY THE RIVER.

BY ALINE LEIGH.

On! the old brown house by the river,
'Twas there that I was born;
And there the birds sing sweetest,
As they wake me in the morn.

Oh! the old brown house by the river,
Where I passed my childhood days,
And studied with my sisters,
Or joined their merry plays.

But the old brown house by the river,
They left it long ago;
And I am left to dwell there,
With head as white as snow.

And 'twas there my angel mother,
To Heaven took her flight,
And left her boy so lonely,
One sad, sad winter night.

And then my father followed;
He had not long to wait,

In the old brown house by the river,
Where the willow hangs over the gate.

Then the old brown house was lonely,
Till I brought my bonny Kate
To the old brown house by the river,
Where the willow hangs over the gate.

'Twas there we passed such happy hours,
Our children there were born;
And these we gave to God's dear care,
On each returning morn.

But our children long have left us,
Have left us here alone,
And we are waiting to be called
To our bright and heavenly home.

And we feel the time is drawing near,
And we have not long to wait,
In the old brown house by the river,
Where the willow hangs over the gate.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER IV.

INTO a pretty dwelling, just within the fashionable verge of aristocratic residences in London, young Walton Hurst, had introduced his young wife only a few days before Lady Rose came up to London. Brought up in a dainty little cottage, under the sheltering trees her father had planted on the estate when only a gardener's boy, she had felt the transition from that lowly home to the great mansion with a shock that no power of hers could subdue. With that cottage almost in sight of the great mansion, her heart was always turning to it as the wild bird, looking out from its gilded cage, yearns for its nest in the woods.

After awhile her young husband had left his home, and for a year had been with her traveling on the Continent. Ruth Hurst, so late the gardener's daughter, sweet and bright as the flowers in her father's care, free as the birds that slept among his roses, came back changed in manner, subdued in speech, but in fact the same ardent, impulsive, generous creature, she had ever been.

Hurst had found the taming of this forest-bird far more difficult than it had been to win her. Self-distrustful and sensitive, she felt oppressed by the burden of his greatness, frightened by the duties imposed on her rank. He might forget her origin, but she never could; and to her dying day thought more of the scented violets that grew by the porch of her old home, than of the family diamonds that made her head ache with their weight, and frightened her with the brilliancy of their fires.

There was nothing awkward or coarse about this young wife, for her very inexperience had the charm of graceful simplicity. But the traditions of her family had been those of absolute servitude to the great house into which she had married; and all the national ideas of caste had been so thoroughly imbued in her mind that she could not fling them off. She never could look upon her secret entrance into society, for which she felt herself unfitted, otherwise than as an offence. As the gardener's daughter, pretty

Ruth Jessup had been independent in a class to which she was superior; bright, beautiful, and free as the birds she loved to feed; but a great and absorbing love had lured her out of this tranquil life; and through the gates of a secret marriage she had passed into another sphere, which was all the more embarrassing, because of the grandeur to which she had been so close all her life, that its importance became a sort of religion to her.

Reluctantly, almost sadly, this young wife had returned to England, and was now hovering around the drawing-room window, watching for her husband's return.

A bright picture that young creature made, standing there with ferns and tangled vines, trailing their delicate leafiness around her, in place of all other draperies, except waves of floating lace, which hovered among them like frost-work in a flower-garden. Bright colors were natural to Ruth as crimson feathers are to a cardinal-bird. The rich tints of her complexion, the purplish bloom upon her black hair, the coral red of her exquisite mouth, all required depth and rare warmth in her surroundings. She had all these in her pretty dwelling: draperies that seemed woven from crimson rose-leaves; carpets like wood-moss, strewn with coral; tables glowing with the mosaics of old Rome, or rich with the clouded malachite of Russia. All these things were in harmony with the young wife lingering at the window. The light fell with a kindling glow upon her bent head, with its waves and braids of raven hair in which a red rose burned; her long, sweeping dress, and her perfect arms and neck, upon which the glitter of rubies and the gleam of gold shed a barbaric splendor, which we love to give to a gipsy of the old tribes.

"He has been gone so long," sighed the young wife, turning restlessly from the window. "This is because we are in England. When did I wait so long before? Oh, in strange lands we were never separated. If he walked, I went with him; if he rode, it was never alone. Oh, how happy we were, only—only——"

Here Ruth sat down and fell into thought;

a sad, sad expression came into her eyes, and she shook her head more than once as if debating something in her mind.

"Ah, if his color only would come back. If that cough, which he thinks nothing of, were gone, these thoughts would never come upon me. But he is not the same. Was it the blow that cruel, cruel wretch dealt him, when he killed my father? Or does he regret that day when he made poor Ruth Jessup his wife? Ah, if I only knew, if I only knew."

By this time Ruth was at the window again. She was very lonely in that pretty home, and old memories crowded back upon her with a force that made her unusually restless. As she looked out upon the street, a figure at the railing that closed in the front of the house, attracted her attention. It was that of a female, apparently young, who stood in front of the railing, to which she held nervously, while her great, wistful eyes were fixed on the window, as if the rich picture presented there had fascinated her.

Ruth did not think of this; for she was quite unconscious of the effect of her own picturesque beauty. But there was a mournful, hungry look in those eyes that aroused all her sympathy. To her the girl seemed resting there from great weariness, and with the quick impulsiveness that would have led her from the porch of her father's cottage at a sign of distress, she gave the strange girl an eager smile of encouragement, then ran to the front door, and flung it open, altogether forgetful of her high estate.

The strange female had seen the smile, but hesitated to enter the house, even after the door was opened. The young wife beckoned her so cordially that she came timidly forward, holding her breath, and ready to retreat if the smile should vanish from that beautiful face.

"Are you searching for some one who has lived here before?" questioned Ruth, a little embarrassed by the girl's wondering look.

"No, my lady," was the low answer. "I only stopped because I— Indeed it was for a little rest I stood there."

"Did you want anything? I thought it might be something of that kind, and I have so much."

The girl looked in that bright, eager face, struck with wonder that any one should anticipate a want of hers.

"What is the matter? Your face looks so unhappy. Can you tell me? Or does that look in your eyes come from a want that no stranger can meet? There are such wants, I know."

The girl was close to the door-step now. She leaned a little forward, and answered in a whisper that made Ruth turn cold.

"Lady, I am starving."

Ruth started back, and a faint cry of dismay broke from her. This was her first experience of poverty, as it exists in a great city, and the effect was appalling.

"Hungry! Starving! How strange—how cruel!"

"It is cruel—miserably cruel!" answered the girl.

"But that is all over," said Ruth. "No one shall lack food where I am. That would be too dreadful. Come in awhile; you shall have plenty!"

There was a sort of pleading in the young wife's voice, as if she had been to blame for all the trouble this poor girl had known; which might have surprised her guest, had she been less occupied with fierce animal want. As it was, the girl's eyes kindled like those of a hungry animal, and a wild, eager smile crept over her mouth; but she hesitated, and looked down at her garments, which were whole and clean, but bore pathetic evidence of the care which kept them so.

"I am not fit," she said, with a look of touching appeal.

"I have worn worse garments in my life," said Ruth, with a generous impulse, which was hardly truthful; for even in her father's cottage she had been daintily, if not richly clad. "So your dress will trouble no one."

The girl pushed back her bonnet of rusty lace, and attempted to smooth a mass of ruddy brown hair, which it but partially concealed. Ruth smiled in sympathy with this feminine act.

"That is nice," she said, reaching forth her hand, and drawing the stranger into the hall; for people began to look at them curiously from the street. "Now you shall tell me all about it, and how I can help you."

Ruth was passing on, but the girl halted, and leaned against a chair; but without presuming to sit down.

"The road to despair is so bleak, and sometimes so sudden, that one suffers twice in describing it. Poverty seemed hard, but it is worse than that with us now."

"Worse than that!"

"Ah, yes, lady! We have degrees in want, as you have in rank. Ours is destitution, sickness, hunger."

"Ah, I cannot remember ever to have been very hungry," said Ruth.

"Then you don't know what it is!" said the girl, looking at the beautiful questioner, as if astonished that any creature could live, and not feel the pangs of hunger. "But being hungry

one's self isn't so bad. It's seeing others sicken and die of it that turns one into stone."

"And have you suffered like that?"

"Have I, did you ask, my lady? Yes, and soon shall again. Father and mother both have gone, just withering away to the bone before they went."

"Poor father. Poor mother! I wonder you lived after that. How did they become so poor?"

"They never were rich, only honest working people, that had a helping hand now and then from a brother in the country—one of the kindest men that ever lived; but he was killed more than a year ago!"

"Killed!"

"Yes. Shot down in the park, at Norston's Rest, where he had been a gardener from a boy."

"Girl! girl! What is your name?"

Ruth spoke hoarsely, and below her breath. The girl, surprised by these signs of emotion, looked at her in amazement before she answered.

"They called me Ellen Jessup, when we had neighbors; but now I have no use for a name."

"Jessup—Ellen Jessup! Come in—come in from the hall, I tell you. Why should you be standing there, and I here?"

"My lady!"

"Do not call me that. I am only a poor girl, lifted out of my station; but able to help you for all that."

The girl looked up in her amazement, and saw that tears were filling the eyes she had thought so beautiful.

"How kind you are," she said.

"Kind! No, hardly human, or you would never have come to this, Ellen Jessup. But there is a hereafter!"

Ellen shook her head. The hereafter seemed very dark to her, and she answered drearily enough.

"When one is so hungry, she only thinks of the time being!"

"Hungry! Come in. I forgot that. Come in, my poor Ellen."

Putting out her hand, Ruth seized that of the girl, and drew her forward.

"Come in! Come in. It must be a dreadful thing to be hungry, if it fills one's eyes with such wild gloom. Come this way?"

The drawing-room door was open, and Ruth passed through, expecting the girl to follow; but after one glance into what seemed like heaven to her, the poor creature hung back, and when Ruth turned in surprise, held up her hands, pleading.

"No, no! Not there! I'm not fit."

"But you must. There is no one here. Nothing on earth to be afraid of. Come in."

The girl obeyed, entering the room almost on tip-toe, and casting wild, frightened glances around, as she stood by the door, not daring to sit down or move. All at once she burst into tears, and burying her face in the corner of her cheap shawl, sobbed out.

"I—I'm not used to it, and—and it frightens me!"

Ruth rolled an easy chair toward her, and forced her against its silken cushions with gentle violence.

"Sit there till I see what can be done!"

With that she went into the kitchen, and after a little time came back, followed by a servant, bearing a well-filled tray. But when he saw the person he had been called upon to serve, the tray nearly dropped from his hands; and not all the thorough training he had received, could keep back the scornful expression of surprise that distorted his face.

"Set the tray down here," said the young mistress, drawing a malachite table toward the chair, in which the girl crouched, rather than sat. I will do the rest. You need not wait."

Ruth was so preoccupied by generous hospitality, that she gave no heed to the sullen jar with which the man set down his tray, and did not even hear the muttered discontent which burst forth in a storm of sneers, as soon as he reached the basement.

"What is it? What is hup now, Mr. Stokes?" questioned a housemaid, whom that gentleman had sometimes condescended to notice. "If there is hanything in the scent as I put on my hand-kacher this morning that troubles you now, it's the fault of my lady's maid, who brought it for her own use, direct from my lady's own toilet, and gave me a little just out of kindness. Still, if there's hanything hoffsive to your hollefactories, I'll say 'no, thank you,' the next time sho hoffers."

"Scent! Handkerchif! I should think so! As if a few drops of hextract of violet, or heaven musk, which is my abhorrence, could so work a man hup. If you want to know what has hagggravated me—not that I think you care——"

"Oh, Mr. Stokes!"

"Well, if there is a symperthising feeling between us, which is my ope, just get a look into the drawing-room. The door is hopen. I hadn't t'io strength to shut it; and see the person I have been called upon to serve. It's enough to make a man give warning at a minute's notice."

The housemaid reached out her hand, and drew her buxom figure to its full height.

"Mr. Stokes, if you gives warning, I do likewise, feeling the hinsult to you more than as if it

was done to my own self, being so situated. In fact, why should we look out for other places, seeing we have made up our minds."

Mr. Stokes was rather taken aback, not having intended to resent the indignity offered to him, so far as to sacrifice his place; and feeling that the self-immolating housemaid had rather anticipated possibilities, in supposing that he had made up his mind.

"Regarding that," he said, if a man of conscience does not hact without Christian consideration. The young mistress may have got into such abits in foreign countries, and will learn better in time. We must have patience with her. How is she to learn if those who know give her hup at the first step? It is a subject for consideration. When I have made hup my mind, you shall be the first to hear of it. I can say no more than that."

"Which I am willing to abide your time, Mr. Stokes, and always was, from the first we met," answered the housemaid, smoothing down her apron for the twentieth time, and disappearing into one of the underground rooms.

While this dialogue had been going on down stairs, Ruth was busy helping her guest to such dainty food as she had never perhaps tasted in her life. At first, the girl seemed bewildered by the beauty of the china, the splendor of silver and glass, that accompanied the meal. It was with a sort of timid force that she put the first morsel into her mouth; but one taste of food was enough to arouse the fierce hunger that was preying upon her like a fiend. The silver fork no longer trembled in her hand, but was used with the swift ferocity of a person who had not tasted food for days. *Paté*, delicate birds, bread and fruit, disappeared with a rapidity that brought fresh tears into Ruth's eyes. The sight of that keen appetite satisfying itself, aroused a spirit of sympathy in herself. A delicious longing took possession of her. She drew a plate toward her and began to eat.

"No wonder you like this *paté*, Ellen, it is so nice. A glass of wine, now. You have tasted no wine, and this is something quite rare, I believe."

Ruth lifted the claret pitcher, and seemed to be filling a Venetian glass with liquid rubies as she spoke. Ellen took the glass and eyed it, curiously, before she drank.

"How bright, how beautiful it is," she said, casting a timid glance at her hostess. "Oh, lady, if this were my heart's blood I would pour it out for you; for you are an angel, and I do think this is Heaven!"

The girl set down her glass, without tasting

the wine, let her head fall forward, and burst into a passion of grateful tears. When she lifted her head all the haggard pain had gone out of her face, and in its place came gleams of strange, wild beauty, that made her poor garments seem more poverty-stricken than they had been at first.

"Ah! now," said Ruth, and her voice was full of tenderness. "Now I see my father's look in your face."

The girl lifted her tear-laden eyes, and tried to shake the mists from them; for her astonishment was supreme.

"Your father, lady?"

"Did I not tell you? It seemed to me as if I did. But this surprise confuses one. The man you spoke of—the good, kind brother, who never would let your parents want, was my father, William Jessup. You recognize the name?"

"Your father? Yours?" faltered the girl, losing the little color that food had given her. "Yours?"

"And, of course, you and I are cousins. I thought you understood that."

"Cousins! And you own it? You speak of the shame, as if you did not feel it."

"Shame! Why do you talk in that way, Ellen? If there is shame anywhere, it lies with me. Only I was young, and knew so little about my father's relations. Besides, there was something so terrible about that time, I cannot bear to think of it."

"And you are my cousin? I cannot believe it. The thought shocks me. Now, that I am no longer hungry, and so unfeeling, it seems to me as if I had brought some great trouble to your door. I will go now, before worse comes of it."

"Go where? I must come to you."

The girl sank back in the chair, quivering with a sudden spasm of pain.

"Where? I cannot tell you. They were to turn us out. Not finding me there, they may have mercy on him for another night."

"Oh, him? Are you married?"

A dry laugh seemed to shake its way through the tears in Ellen's voice.

"Married?" she said, looking down upon her mean garments. "No. Honest men do not seek wives in garrets such as they are driving us from. The man I speak of is the son of my mother by a first husband; but your uncle, if he was your uncle, which I cannot realize, though you say it, was fond of him as if he had been his own son. But for his long illness we should not have been in this wretched plight. You see, I may have no home to-morrow."

"There, there, do not turn so white. If God

has led you here—and I think he has—it is because he means such suffering to end now. I have nothing that is not my husband's; but when he comes all your troubles will be over. The angels of Heaven are not more kind."

Ellen's face was slow to kindle up under this generous promise. She was so used to privation that hope took scant growth in her poor, worn heart. She was thinking of her brother, lying in that garret-room, sick and alone. Only a short time back she had been afraid to go home with her poor, trembling hands empty, but now she longed to gather up the fragments of that costly meal and carry them to him.

Ruth saw the expression of intense longing, and misunderstood it. Drawing her own plate forward, she began to eat again, saying,

"We have been talking so long that everything will be cold."

Ellen shook her head, and smiled, faintly. She understood the gentle ruse. Still she cast longing eyes on the food, but had not the courage to speak.

"At least you will drink a little wine," said Ruth, lifting a glass to her own lips.

Ellen took up her glass and drained it, then spoke in desperate haste,

"He is sick. In two days I have had nothing to give him. May I take some of this?"

Before Ruth could speak, or really understand, the outer door opened, and two gentlemen came into the drawing-room. Ruth arose from the table, crimson all over, face, neck and bosom, while her unhappy guest cowered back into her chair, white as death, and shivering with strange dread.

Walton Hurst cast one glance from his wife to the girl, and, spite of himself, an angry color rose to his face; but in an instant it was gone, and, with his usual quiet grace, he introduced the Duke of St. Ormand to his wife.

The gardener's daughter was not a coward, though keenly sensitive. The girl, shrinking back in that easy-chair, poverty-stricken, scantily clothed, but with a certain neatness about her, was the nearest relative she had on earth. Her color came and went as she received the Duke, not with self-possession, that was impossible, but with a certain shy, child-like grace, that surprised and charmed a man to whom the polish of high breeding was an every day affair.

When this embarrassing little ceremony was over, Ruth, still blushing, but less timid than she had been, turned to her cousin.

"Mr. Hurst, this is my cousin, Ellen Jessup, the only relative I have left. Ellen, it is my husband."

Hurst looked at his wife, and saw that under all her bravery she was trembling from head to foot. He met her piteous glance with a frank smile, and held out his hand to the young woman, who stood up like a criminal, waiting for sentence.

"You are welcome," he said, holding the icy hand he had taken with a gentle clasp. "It was kind to seek Ruth out so soon. She will always be glad to see you."

The Duke of St. Ormand, comprehending the nature of the scene in an instant, had retreated to the window, and was examining the ferns there, as if they had been some new creation to him. But a side glance revealed the face of his young hostess, flushed with grateful pleasure, turned upon her husband, and the picture was so fresh and lovely, that he forgot his study of the ferns, and stood gazing upon her.

Ellen Jessup could not answer the kind greeting given by Hurst, for her voice was so full of tears that she dared not make the attempt; but she gave him a grateful glance, and glided from the room. Ruth followed her.

"Take this. Be sure and come to-morrow," she whispered, hurriedly, searching in the pocket of her dress, and placing a portmonnaie into the girl's hand.

Before Ellen could thank her, Ruth had gone back to the drawing-room, and stood before her husband, and his guest, looking terribly guilty, but with a certain child-like defiance in her black eyes that both amused and charmed the young men.

"Your cousin seems to be quite at home with you here," said Hurst, glancing at the table, with a smile.

"No. I could hardly persuade her to come in. You would have felt so sorry for her. It was not like an intrusion. I insisted. It was, I am sure, from a premonition, that I should have noticed her from the first. You are looking at the table there; I know it was all wrong; but she was so hungry that I could not wait. One does not think about ceremonies when a human creature is famishing. And, oh! Walton, she had my father's eyes."

"If she, or any other person, has one drop of my wife's bright blood in her veins, she shall be welcome," said the young husband, taking the hand that Ruth in her earnestness had laid on his arm. "But now, Ruth, you must welcome my friend, who is hungry also, though, I fancy, he can wait for a regular dinner."

"He is welcome," said Ruth. "I am very much ashamed of all this confusion." Here she gave a little sweep with her hands. "But if his grace will excuse it—"

"His grace has nothing to excuse, but much to ask pardon for, in this intrusion. Hurst would have it that ceremony was unnecessary between us."

"And so it is," answered Ruth, brightly. "Only I wish you had not caught me in the midst of my naughty ways."

"If kindness and a most noble courage are your naughty ways, I would not have lost one of them for the world," answered the Duke, with a smile that warmed Ruth to the heart. "Indeed, the little table yonder has taken great dignity in my estimation. I almost long to dine there myself."

Ruth laughed joyously.

"Indeed, I think you would like it. You cannot imagine how our little stolen meal was enjoyed. I never tasted anything so delicious in my life—never!"

While she spoke, Ruth was busy gathering some tender young fern leaves, and white jesamine flowers from the window, which she deftly turned into tiny bouquets, holding her head on one side, and examining the effect of each spray, like a coquettish bird when some dainty morsel is in reach. One of these she placed in her husband's button-hole, looking up in his eyes for a sign of approval. Then she cast a glance at the Duke, and back again, hesitated a moment, and went toward him.

"Would you like? Would you permit me?"

"Will I?" answered the Duke, bending a little that she might arrange the flowers. That moment a servant glided into the room. St. Ormand offered Ruth his arm, and these three went in to dinner, pleasantly, as if they had been acquainted fifty years.

CHAPTER V.

ELLEN JESSUP went into the street. The strange bewilderment of a dream was around her. She could not realize her own good fortune, or believe the house was real that she had just left. Want of food had more than once brought on the same kind of delirium that she felt now. This was not the first time that a mockery of abundant food and a vision of beautiful objects had cheated her senses, when she was starving. But this seemed so real! She had never before remembered words with such distinctness; never seen a form that kept life and beauty so long. But this made the delusion all the more cruel. It would verge into insanity at last, and then some one would send her to the mad-house; and what would become of the man who lay sick in the garret-room, which she must not approach till after night-fall, nor then, without money.

Without money! What was that in her hand? Something strangely bright; a book of gold with traceries of delicate lace-work, clasped with jewels. That was the greatest delusion of all. Never, in her wildest dreams, had she seen anything so beautiful. Felt it, too; for it had been so tightly in the clasp of her fingers that the edges had left a crimson mark there. What was the thing?

Ellen turned her face to the wall she was passing with the sly cunning of her imagined insanity, and, looking over her shoulder now and then, to make sure that she was not observed, examined the mysterious thing. It seemed heavy, but she could not tell why. What did those jewels clasp in? Her fingers wandered over them, pressed them, but had not touched the secret spring. It was a glittering toy, aggravating her as such things had done, over and over again, in her exhausting dreams. She was tempted to dash it to the ground, and flee from such mockeries to the reality of suffering. That she could bear, but not the tantalizing shadows that kept her forever flinging out her arms to clasp handfuls of cold mist.

Ellen walked on. She would test herself before flinging this glittering object away. This should be a neighborhood well known to her. Many a time she had passed that tea-shop, and at the green grocer's on the corner she had spent a few pennies on one occasion. She would go in there and inquire her way, having no other excuse. If the same man was at the counter, there must be reality in that.

The girl went into the shop, and there, at the counter, stood the man she remembered: a thin, little person, who was weighing out a trifle of ginger to a woman who stood waiting. Ellen did not stop to ask or answer questions, but turned sharply, and went out. The things of life were taking stability in her mind. She had looked on such articles of food as the shop contained, and had no desire for it. The faintness of exhaustion had left her, and in its place she felt an exhilaration which might be coming insanity; but if so, madness and great joy must come close together.

The portmonnaie was still in her hand, a real thing. She began to comprehend that; for objects had shaped themselves in her mind as no dream or vision ever did. There was a glow of strength in her whole person—a taste of wine in her mouth. No, no, that meal in the beautiful room; that bright, lovely woman, had been no part of a delusion. She had been cheered and fed. Kind smiles had been lavished on her. In that house she had been called cousin. What a strange thing it was. No wonder her brain refused to believe it.

One thing was certain, the glittering object in her hand had been given by the beautiful woman who had called her in from the street. She would find some secret corner, and examine it again.

An alley was near, leading to some back buildings, but little populated in the day time. Ellen turned in there, and, with her back to the street, re-examined her treasure. With eager faith she tried the clasp again and again. There was a rattle of something within; which drove her wild with impatience. At last she tore at the clasp, broke the spring, and two or three coins rolled down to the stones at her feet.

"Gold! Gold!" she cried, snatching them up. "Every one a sovereign. One, two, five, and more—more in the book. Oh, my God! My God! Can this be mine?"

Her sobs broke out strangely in that dull, solitary place. She trembled all over, and sat down on a projecting stone, which shot out from the wall, holding the treasure to her bosom with both hands, as if she feared that it might fade away if her clasp relaxed a moment.

"Oh, Heavens! What shall I do with it all? So much! So much! It frightens me. The rent. Oh, that is nothing. Instead of a corner in the loft, hidden from the rest by that miserable old blanket, he shall have a room. Yes, a room, all to himself. Wine, too, such as I have just drank, if it can be had. Fruit and birds. Oh, I taste them yet. How I longed to bring what was left away! I should have mustered courage to ask her, if those gentlemen had not come in. But what of that? Here is gold, and that buys everything. I can go home, now. I'm not in the least afraid."

There is something pathetic in the joy that brightens a face, which is but little used to anything but misery. The whole being seems startled with it, aroused to a new consciousness which it accepts wildly. Ellen Jessup was transfigured when she came out from that alleyway. She walked erect, her eyes shone, her lips were parted in a smile. She trod the pavement swiftly, stopping here and there on her way home, first to exchange a sovereign, then to spend it—oh, with such delightful prodigality! Never was there so much business done in the same space of time. The girl went home laden beyond her strength. A small boy, to whom she gave sixpence with the feeling of a queen bestowing jeweled orders on her adherents, carried a basket for her.

The passage-way was dark as she entered it. The stairs creaked and shook under her feet. On one side the banisters were torn away, and an uncertain footstep might have sent her down

headlong. But she did not heed that. How often she had crept up those same stairs, with such breathless weariness, that the crazy timbers gave no warning for the cruel woman who kept the place to come out and assail her with duns and threats. Now she could defy all these things. The boards might creak, and the timbers sway, till the whole house was disturbed. The burden she carried up was heavy, but it gave her independence. For once, she could pass that door without trembling, though she did give a start when it opened, and a fierce red face looked out.

"What's up? Who goes there? You, Neil Jessup, sneaking by as usual. But I'm on the lay for you. Just halt before you go another step. Didn't I tell you not to dare come back?"

"When I have carried up my basket and things, I will talk with you, Mrs. Carter," answered Ellen. "They're heavy, and I can't wait just yet."

"When you have carried up your basket and things! Hoity-toity! What does that mean? A pretty basket you have! Why, a paper of herrings would be extra luggage for such as you. Stop just there, while I bring a light!"

Ellen sat down her basket, and waited, with a laugh of triumph in her eyes. She felt gloriously independent just then, and not unwilling to rest a little.

Directly the virago who had hailed her came through the door, holding a beer-bottle in her soiled and shaking hand, from which a tallow dip flamed and sputtered out a full light. She turned this full light upon the basket at Ellen's feet, and then upon the girl's face.

"Humph! So you've come to it at last. Always said you would, when the hunger got a good grip at ye, which it had this morning, if ever I saw it in a girl's face. But where ye got all that swag in one day is beyond me. Without coming for a lesson, too. But there's no counting for some people's luck!"

"Let me pass now," said Ellen, trembling with disgust, as she had often done from fear. "My brother will want me."

"Yer brother! There it is now! If I'd known you meant to go into the business, that would a been some security, and I mightn't have been so hard on the young fellow."

"What have you done? What have you dared to do?" exclaimed Ellen, turning fiercely upon the woman. "He was very ill when I went away. If you have made him worse— But you dare not put a man out in his state. Even you would never have the heart."

The woman lifted the candle, which made a spiteful, hissing noise, as if it were angry, above

her head, and searched the girl's face with a pair of dull, wicked eyes.

"So luck has made us hot-tempered. That means money as well as swag, and I like it. No, I haven't turned the young fellow out; but his bed was wanted, and I took it."

"From under him?" questioned Ellen, hoarsely.

"And he so ill!"

"Well, what of it? I left him a beautiful bundle of rags for his pillow, and the floor is even, not a loose nail in it."

Ellen sat down upon the stairs, for this news had made her tremble violently. Resentment or reason she well knew would have no influence on that miserable woman, so she wasted no unavailing words upon her, but took some silver from her pocket, which clinked in her hand, and brought a still more evil gleam into the old woman's eyes.

"Mrs. Carter!"

"Well, dear," answered the wretch, creeping up the stairs, and sitting down just below Ellen, where her eyes could glint over the money in her hand. "What have you got to say to the old woman, who has been a mother to you, and will be—trust her for that. There, now, don't fold them fingers over the shiners; they do my eyes a world of good."

"I want a room for my brother—a nice, comfortable room, if there is one in this house."

"Yes, dear, a nice airy room, with light from the back yard, and a pleasant brick wall outside, where he can see the cats walking at night. When will you have it, dear?"

"To-night. This very hour! If you fear to trust me, I have money to pay in advance."

"Of course! Of course, dear! No one was ever more prompt when money was to be had for work. Not that I care, only the sight of it is sure to give me a longing. So, if you don't mind, we'll take it now. You shall have the room cheap—dirt cheap."

There was some shrewd bickering about the price, after this; for experience had made that poor girl cautious, and she understood that the old woman made her terms double the rent she had a right to ask; but at last the bargain was completed, and Mrs. Carter promised to have the room ready immediately, and took Ellen's directions with wonderful meekness, after they had visited the apartment together.

After this Ellen crept up two more flights of dark stairs, and, at last, entered an open garret, where half a dozen persons sat, some smoking, and others asleep on the broken chairs or benches they happened to occupy. At the end of this room, a small apartment had, at some time, been

partitioned off with rough boards; but was now in a most dilapidated state; for the timber had shrunk, leaving great cracks between the boards, and the door was entirely gone. In its place hung a soiled and ragged blanket, which the girl lifted tenderly, as if its folds dropping together would make a noise.

"Fletcher! Fletcher! Are you here!"

A faint voice answered her.

"Oh, Ellen, have you come? I have been waiting so long."

"But I am here now, Fletcher. Wait a moment, and I will bring a light."

"Oh, Ellen, the last inch has burned out!"

"Never mind. We can make out by the candle yonder," said the girl, pushing the blanket quite away from the opening, and placing herself on the floor by the sick man, whose face she could but dimly see, though his eyes seemed to light up the darkness.

"Have you done anything, Ellen?"

"Yes, here is a biscuit, and just a little wine in a vial; only a little; but you will find it very good. There, place the vial to your lips and drink."

A white hand was thrust out into the dim light, and snatched at the little flask almost savagely. Then came a soft gurgle of liquid, eagerly swallowed, and a deep, deep sigh.

"It will do you good," said Ellen, raising the man's head to her shoulder.

"It has done me good," sighed the invalid. "Now, Ellen, for the biscuit! I did not expect so much. When that woman took away my bed, she threatened to drive you out to the street, if you attempted to enter the house again; and I thought she would do it."

"But you see that I am here," said the girl, cheerfully: then added,

"Why, the old woman was good as gold. She means to give you a better bed."

"Ah, Ellen, I don't believe that. She was fierce as a tiger, this afternoon, and, I really believe, would have turned me into the street, but for some of her customers outside, that she fears a little. They interfered, and drove her back, with a tumult of curses that nearly set me wild."

"They were kind. I will thank them, by-and-by. Now tell me, Fletcher, has the fever gone off?"

"It comes and goes, Ellen, leaving me weaker and weaker. How much more bravely you have borne up."

"Because you did not let me know how very poor we were, and broke yourself down in trying to spare me, when I knew all your strength

was exhausted. But wait awhile. We seemed to be entirely shut out from the world; but the good God never closes one door when he is not willing to open another."

"One would think, from the sweet ring of your voice, Ellen, that He had opened one for us; but it is only that hideous woman, coming with a ghastly light, and the tallow dripping from it down her hand. Don't let her come in."

"I think she means to be kind, Fletcher; and we had better accept the good that is in her."

"Is the young gentleman ready to be moved, now?" inquired Mrs. Carter, thrusting her repulsive face through the opening.

"Yes, Mrs. Carter, quite ready, if some one, a little stronger than we are, would give us help," answered Ellen. Then she bent her face close to that of the sick man, and whispered,

"Has the wine given you a little strength, Fletcher? Could you manage to get down a couple of flights? The upper one is very short, you know."

The sick man's eyes flamed out so brightly, that their eager glitter was seen through the dense darkness.

"Of course he can," said Mrs. Carter, briskly. "Come here, some of you, if you can leave your pipes long enough."

A figure, resting on a broken bench, unable to procure the means of comfort enjoyed to his fellows, rose indolently, and came forward.

"The young gentleman is most used to me. If there's help wanted, I'm here."

Fletcher had struggled up from the floor, almost bearing Ellen down by his weight, as she supported him; but he refused the help Mrs. Carter offered with faint repulsion. When he came staggering out into the light, pallid with illness, hollow-eyed, and shadowy, an exclamation broke from the group of smokers, and some of them came forward; but the young man who had first offered help, ordered them back, saying,

"He only wants me. I am enough for him. Just lean on my shoulder now. Heavier—heavier. There is some strength left in me yet, if both grub and tobacco have been cut short. Come, now, we're ready for a march."

Fletcher Welch put forth what little strength he had manfully; but he was compelled to hold on to Swark, while that eccentric person folded the soiled dressing-gown around his slender form; and it was very slowly that the two descended the narrow stairs, lighted downward by Mrs. Carter, and her ghastly beer-bottle, which was now almost choked up with melted tallow.

Thus, down two flights, which shook under them, the little group went. Ellen followed be-

hind, in breathless fear that something would happen, until Mrs. Carter flung open a door and ushered them into a room lighted with one candle set in a twin bottle with that in her hand. This shed a dreary glow on a table set out with an ostentatious display of unmatched cups and saucers, cracked plates, and steel forks, but out of shape, from which the rust had been partially removed by recent scouring. Two old chairs, a stool, and a miserable bed in one corner composed the furniture of the room. A few of the most voluminous cobwebs had been swept from the window, and those left afloat on the ceiling formed a miserable drapery to the green walls. Still, barren and repulsive as everything would have been to more prosperous people, this room seemed like Paradise to the sick man, for a savory smell of a broiled chicken, which lay on one of the cracked plates, met him at the door, and a little cloud of fragrant steam was rising from the broken nozzle of a black teapot, which stood on one end of the table.

"Oh!"

The sick man could only utter this one pathetic expression of surprise. Then he staggered toward the table, dropped on a chair, and began to cry like a child.

The young man Swark stood a moment at the door, looking with wolfish eagerness at the table. But he conquered the keen animal instinct that had seized upon him, and was creeping away, when Ellen followed him into the dark hall.

"Come," she said, with glad tears in her eyes, "there is enough for all. You have been kind—you have taken care of him. Now that we have a little, come and share it with us."

The long, thin face of the lad, for he was little more, began to work with marvelous contortions. The table was in full sight; so was the bowed head of the invalid, whose arms were folded upon it, as he sobbed out the passion of gratitude that was shaking his weak frame from head to foot.

"No," he said, with heroic self-control. "I—I'm not hungry—not in the least. What made you think I was?"

"Oh, Swark, how can you?"

"That is," answered Swark, turning his head resolutely away. "Not so very hungry."

"But Fletcher will not enjoy his meal alone, Swark?"

"There is you and the old bat. She'll clear things away for you. Never was a creature so fond of crumbs.

"But I'm not hungry."

"No more than I am," answered the lad, shaking his head. "Not a bit more. Oh, I know all about it."

"No. You cannot imagine what a famous meal I had only a little while ago, wine!"

"Wine! I general have an idea that you speak the truth; but wine! Oh, no! I'm not going to believe that!"

"Wine, I say!" repeated Ellen, triumphantly.

"Wine, that tasted like the fresh juice of grapes."

"I never tasted that," said Swark.

"Birds!"

"Chickens, you mean?"

"No, birds. Such tiny bits of things!"

"Nothing in them. Could chew one up at a mouthful, bones and all. You don't call that a meal. Found a whole one once, flung out by the cook."

"No. But we had plenty of other things—little oyster pies. Jelly——"

"Stop there! I can't stand it. What do you want to tantalize a poor fellow so for? Oysters! Just let me go. I—I despise oysters. The very thought of 'em makes my mouth water with spite agin 'em."

"But you like broiled chicken?"

"Don't remember ever eating broiled chicken; anyway, first-hand and hot."

"But Fletcher is fond of them, and he may be tempted to eat too much, if some one is not by to remind him how dangerous it is."

"Ah, I didn't think of that"

Here Swark gave a swift glance at the table, while Ellen drew him a step nearer the open door.

"(Of course, you didn't think of it, or you would not have been so unkind. It will be death if he eats too much after—after been sick so long."

"Dear me, and I was sneaking away. Of course, Miss Ellen, if you think he needs me?"

"We both need you. Come, the supper is getting cold."

Swark allowed himself to be drawn into the

room again, and seated at the table. Fletcher Welch was conquering the pleasant shock that had seized upon him, and the craving of hunger shone with pathetic force through the tears that yet filled his eyes.

"Shall I help you?" said Swark, thrusting the sharp prongs of a fork into the chicken, and tearing it apart with the aid of a dull knife. "A prime article; wholesome, if one does not take too much; but pison if you do. Isn't that the time o' day, Miss Ellen? Have I caught your idea, or is such sentiments intrusive?"

"Just you cut up that chick, and set things a goin'. People as has appetites don't feel fed on words. Never mind a chair for me. I'll walk about and tend, just pacifying myself with a drum-stick, cut high up in the jint."

Mrs. Carter seized the desired drum-stick with one dirty hand, bending upward, while Swark hacked the joint in two. Then she stood apart, and tore at it with her teeth, while the two famished men gave way to the craving within them, and Ellen sat by, with tears in her eyes, but smiling, as she poured tea from the maimed tea-pot, and, to the wonder of Swark, dropped lumps of snow-white sugar into his cup; an extravagance that fairly took away his breath.

"To-morrow," said Ellen, gently removing the dishes, when she began to fear that danger might follow. "To-morrow we will finish this meal, and call it breakfast. Yes, I think—I am almost sure it shall be a breakfast. Will you come, Swark? I must go out, and can trust no one so well as you."

"Come," said Swark, brushing some crumbs from the table, and tossing them into his mouth.

"In course I will."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DREAMING.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

I've drawn my curtains close about,
And stirred the blazing fire,
Which now a genial warmth throws out,
While dancing flames leap higher;
Without, the night is cold and drear,
The feathery flakes fall fast;
The sighing of the wind I hear,
Borne on the wintry blast.

Within, where all is warm and bright,
I sit and dream of thee;
And wonder if your thoughts, to-night,
As fondly turn to me.
What fairy visions, sweet and fair,
Unto my sight unfold!
What charming castles in the air,
Delighted, I behold!

I do not dream of marble halls,
Of rank, nor fame, nor gold;
Of pictures hung on frescoed walls,
Nor gems of price untold;
I only dream of home, sweet home,
Where calm content shall reign,
Where cold distrust must never come,
To fill the heart with pain.

Where Love, the household god, shall be
Within two hearts enshrined;
His gentle sceptre all shall see,
With immortelles entwined;
For where he rules all jealous doubt,
And fear shall flee away,
For perfect love doth cast fear out,
And keep all doubt at bay.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume of brown woolen serge, trimmed with velvet, either brown or black. The under-skirt is made to touch all round, a trifle longer at the back, with buttons and loops at the waist, for raising the skirt in wet weather. This skirt is ornamented with one deep plaited flounce, nine inches deep, and the plaits are laid in half inches; this is headed by a puff of the material, cut on the bias. We give the front and back view, so the looping of the tunic can easily be managed from the illustration. As may be seen, it has not much fullness. The basque has a postillion at the back trimmed with velvet, and there is a vest of velvet, over which the fronts are buttoned, double-breasted. Collar, cuff, and revers, are all of velvet. It is not necessary to make the whole vest of velvet, only the part which is seen. Three-quarters of a yard of velvet, and sixteen yards of serge will be required. The latter can

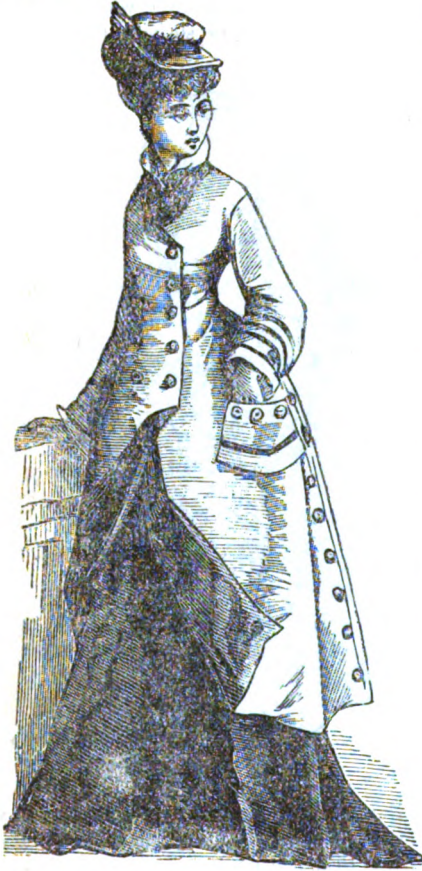
and trimming of the same material, only a darker shade. Pieces of black velvet, which have been in use, can be dyed, or steamed, to look equal to new.



Next is another walking-costume, simple, yet elegant: it is composed of a perfectly plain black silk, or cashmere, under-skirt; over this is a gray cashmere, or cloth, Polonaise. It may be made of camel's-hair cloth, or the imitation, which is very warm and nice for winter use. The trimming for the Polonaise consists simply of buttons of black velvet, steel, or smoke pearl; and the facings for the fronts, which should be of black silk, although black cashmere or cloth would look very well. As may be seen, the Polonaise is double-breasted, buttoning just a little below the waist, from which point the fronts are turned back and fastened with a button. If economy is desired, buy moulds and cover for the buttons. Three and a half dozen buttons will be required. Three and a half yards of double-width material will make this garment. Imitation camel's hair

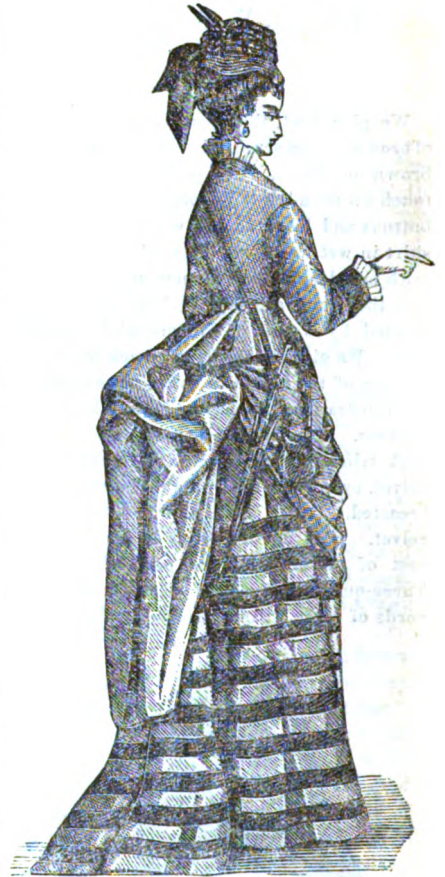
be bought at any price from fifty cents up. For the cheap material we would suggest the vest

cloth can be bought for one dollar fifty-cents per yard; a light cloth for the same price: merinoes and cashmeres from one dollar to one dollar and seventy-five cents. The hat is a soft-crown, made of the material of the dress. The brim and trimmings of velvet, ornamented with a wing of variegated colors.



Opposite is an out-door costume, made of marine blue merino. The skirt is plain, and trimmed with nine bands of black, cut on the bias, and stitched down on both sides. These bands may be either of velvet ribbon, two inches wide, or of silk, or cashmere, just as the taste or means may decide. The tunic is entirely without trimming of any sort, looped quite high at the side, and twice in the middle of the back. The basque is the same length, back and front, with small revers ornamenting it, made of the same material as the bands upon the skirt, as are also the cuffs; for the sleeves and the collar, clear muslin ruffles are worn at the neck and sleeves. The hat is of marine-blue felt, trimmed with a blue and green silk handkerchief, simply folded round the crown

and knotted at the back, the only ornament a dark-blue wing. Twelve yards of marine-blue

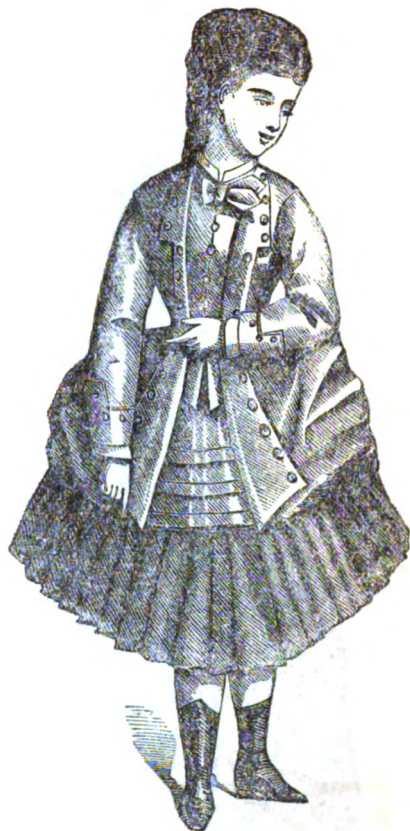
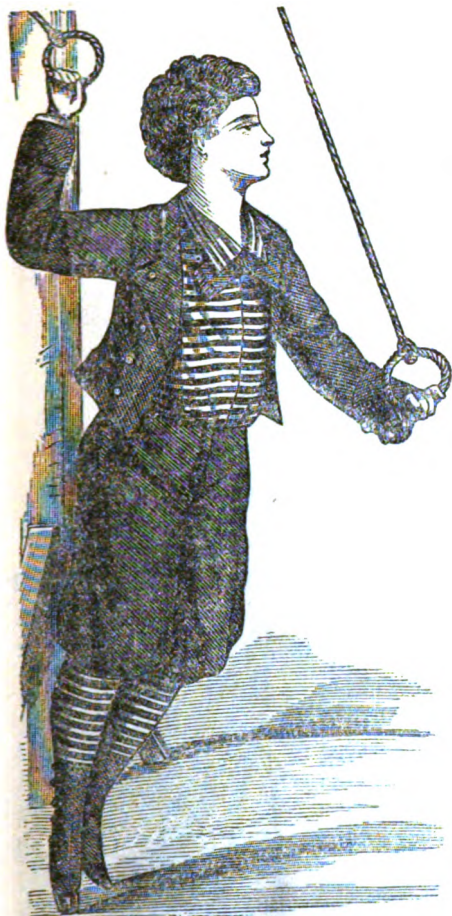


merino, three yards of black, for trimming, or three pieces of velvet ribbon, will be required.

On the next page is a sailor-costume, for a boy of eight or nine years. It is made of navy-blue cloth or flannel, with striped blue-and-white flannel shirt. Striped stockings to match. Knickerbocker pants, full into the knee with elastics. The jacket is simply bound with black worsted braid, and the buttons are black lustring. The shirt has a rolling collar, under which is tied a black ribbon. Two yards of cloth, or four yards of flannel, will be required for this suit.

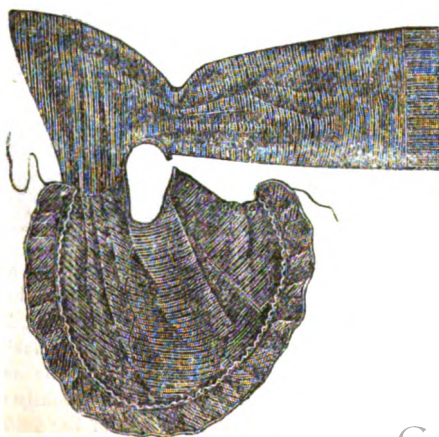
Then follows a very pretty suit for a little girl, made of brown or gray woolen serge. The skirt has a kilted plaiting, headed by a narrow bias band, stitched down. Two other similar bands are continued, at equal distances, on the front breadth. The Polonaise has a vest in front, and the revers form the collar at the back, and the trimming for the front of the Polonaise. These revers are ornamented by buttons, also the cuffs.

The skirt of the Polonaise is without trimming, yards of serge, and three dozen buttons are required.



We add the latest design for an apron-tunic, showing how it is cut and made, where the plaits are put, and how the buttons and strings are adjusted.

looped at the sides and back with buttons. Ten



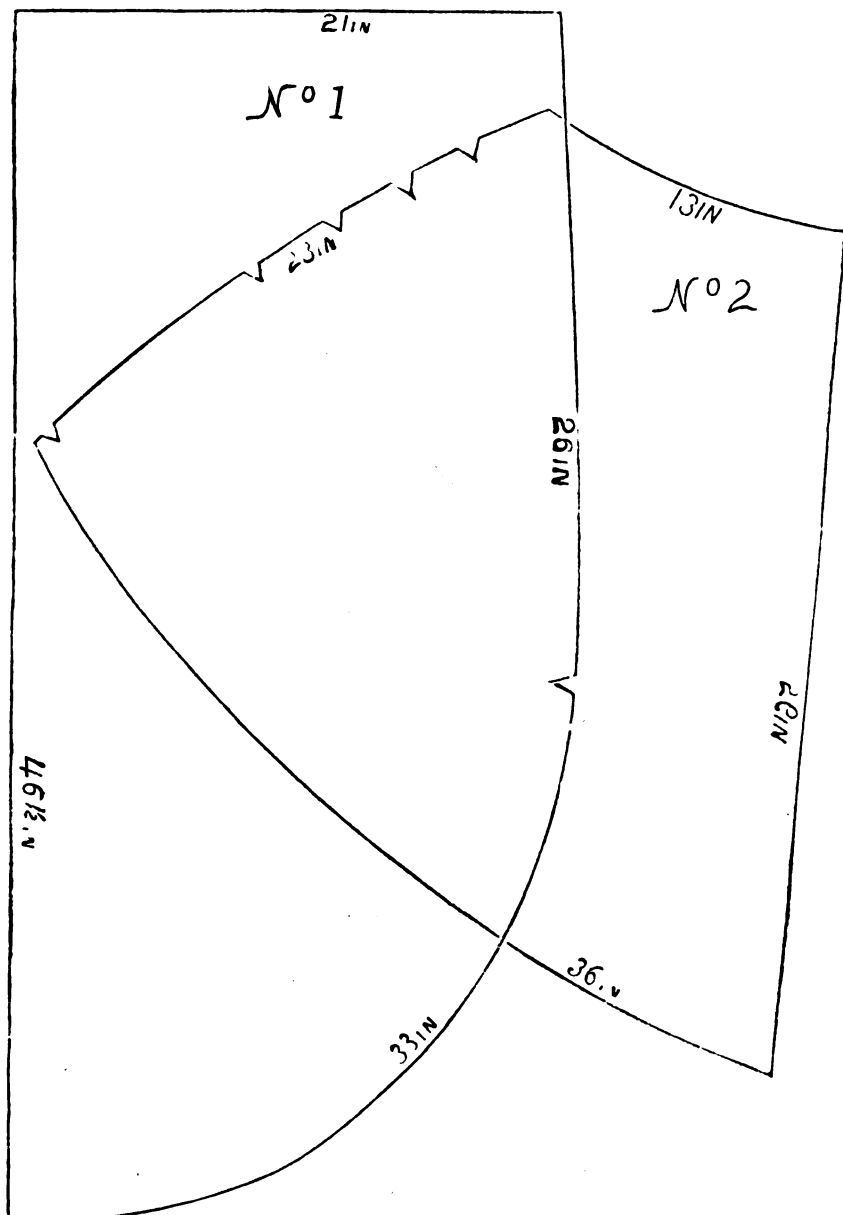
A WINTER COSTUME.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, a very pretty, yet inexpensive costume, to be made of any of the warm, yet cheap cloths, so much in fashion now. Costumes of this kind are, this season, trimmed with several rows of machine stitching, and are made as plainly as possible. The skirt is narrow and round. The engraving, above, illustrates it as too long if worn as a walking-costume. The tunic is buttoned down the front, and the jacket is close-fitting and double-breasted. The in-door bodice is in the habit style, with short basques. We give, on the next page, a diagram of the tunic, which consists of two pieces—half of front and half of back. The tablier has five notches

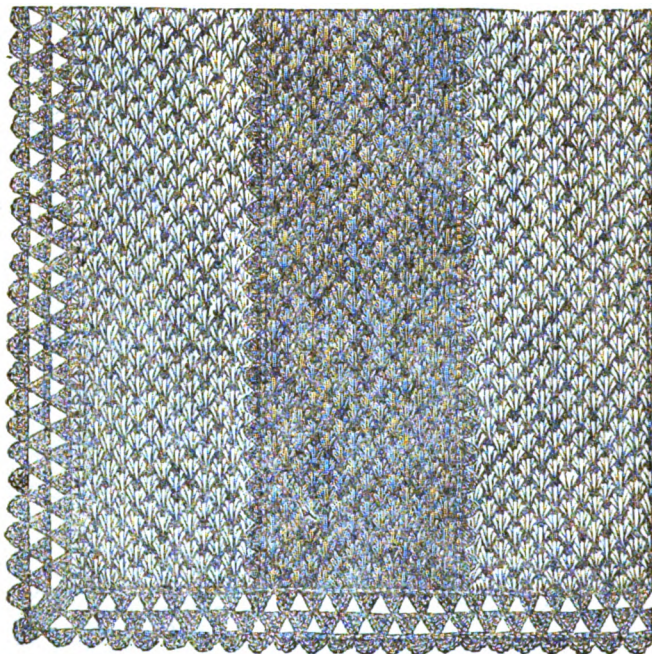
on the side seam; the lowest notch must be joined } and forms the drapery. Inner strings must be
to the one corresponding notch on the back of } sewn on the seams to tie the tunic close to the
the tunic. The four remaining notches on the } figure. The back of the tunic must be draped



tablier must be formed into two plaits. The piece } according to the illustration, as well as the figure
at the back that remains from the first notch to } of the wearer. This is really the prettiest cos-
these two plaits must be gathered into the tablier, } tume of the season.

AFGHAN, OR COUVRE PIED, IN TRICOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Scarlet and white six thread fleecy; large bone tricot-hook.

1st Row. * Put the wool over the hook, pass over one, one single in the next; put the wool over the hook, one single in the next, keeping all the stitches on the hook. Repeat from * coming back; pull through four loops, * one chain; pull through the chain and the next four loops on the hook. Repeat four *.

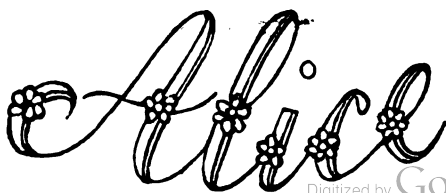
2d Row: * Put the wool over the hook; work a single between the clusters of last row; put the wool over the hook, one single under the same. Repeat from * coming back, the same as

for first row. The second row is then repeated until the stripe is finished.

When all the stripes are finished, sew together on the wrong side. Work between each stripe one double, * five chain, one treble in the first, pass over one, one double on the next. Repeat from *. Each stripe is finished in the same way.

For the border, three rows are worked the same as the edge of the stripe, in scarlet, working the second and third rows into the five chain of each preceding row, and working at the corners two patterns into one stitch.

NAME FOR MARKING.



SCARF FOR NECK OR HEAD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This scarf is crocheted in the Lady Betty wool,

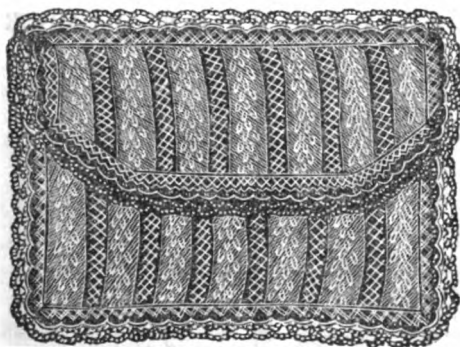


with a fine bone crochet-hook. You require the

wool in two shades—white and pale-blue, or pink. You commence with the white wool, and make a chain 39 inches in length; on this you work the first row with white wool. 1st row. 1 treble on the first chain, * miss 1 Ch. 1 treble on the next; repeat from *. 2nd row. With pink wool, 1 DC. on the first stitch, * 9 Ch.; miss the next 4 treble in the last row, a DC. on the next chain stitch; repeat from *. At the end of the row turn and work the 3rd row. 9 Ch., * 1 DC. on the 5th of the next 9 Ch. of the last row, 9 Ch.; repeat from *, and fasten off at the end of the row. 4th row. With white wool. 1 DC. on the 5th of the first 9 Ch., * 7 Ch., 1 DC. on the 5th of the next 9 Ch.; repeat from * at the end of the row. 5th row. 1 treble on the first Ch., of the last turn row, * 1 Ch., miss the next Ch., 1 treble on the following; repeat from *, turn at the end of the row. 6th row. 1 treble on the last treble, * 1 Ch., 1 treble on the next treble of last row: repeat from *; and then repeat from the 2nd row until you have the work 5 pink stripes in width, and 6 white; then fasten off and work a fringe for the end. These are excessively pretty made on the large Maltese pins made for the crochet netting.

WORK POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

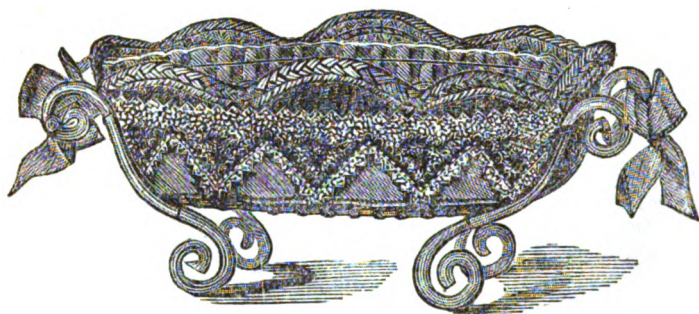


This little pocket is made of ribbon, embroidered with coral stitch, and sewn to rows of hair-pin work, made with a purse silk. The outer edge is finished by rows of crochet, consisting

of five or seven chain-stitches and one double. The size of the pocket is made according to taste. It is neatly trimmed with silk, and the edges finished with guipure lace, or a quilting of ribbon.

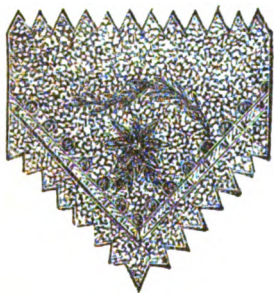
CARD BASKET, WITH DETAILS FOR DRAPERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is of wire; the basket is lined with quilted satin, and little drapes of cloth, pink-

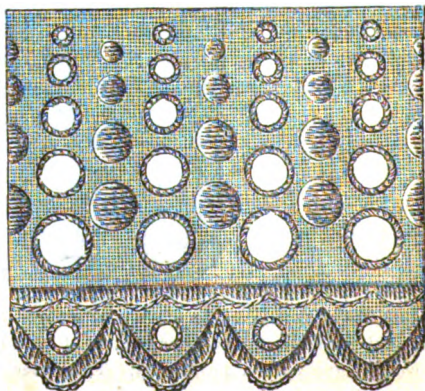
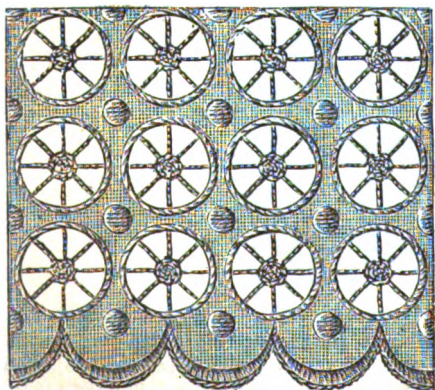
shown in the full size. At the edge of one a narrow braid is sewn down; this is ornamented



ed at the edges and embroidered with silk, are placed round the outside. These drapes are

with beads, and crossed by a loose stitch of a color contrasting with the braid.

EMBROIDERIES ON CAMBRIC.



JACKET IN TRICOT, KNITTING, AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Suitable for a child from one to two years old.

Materials: 5 ounces white, one ounce scarlet, two skeins of black Berlin wool, bone tricot-hook, one pair of bone pins, No. 8.

Cut a paper pattern to fit the child, and work



to it. Begin at the front of the jacket, and work in one piece.

The stripes round the bottom of the jacket are made by working * the first two rows with white wool; in the following two rows work twelve stitches with scarlet; now two rows entirely in white. In the next two rows work sixteen stitches with scarlet. Repeat from the two first white rows.

The scarlet wool can be carried from one stripe to the other at the back. The top of each stripe is ornamented with a little black star, worked with a Berlin needle. The jacket is sewn up over the shoulders.

For the knitted border cast on five stitches.

1st Row: Plain knitting.

2nd Row; Twist the wool twice over the first finger; put the needle under the wool, purl one; repeat.

These two rows are worked alternately till you have sufficient to go round the jacket. Then separate pieces are required for the sleeves.

At the top of the neck, work in scarlet, just to show above the knitted border, * one double in the jacket, four chain, one double in the first of the four chain, pass over one row of tricot, and repeat from *.

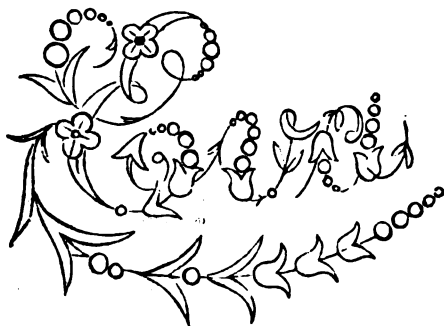
The trimming is also worked at the bottom of the sleeve. In sewing the sleeves in, put the seam of the sleeve sufficiently forward to make it set well. With scarlet wool, make a chain on both sides sufficiently long to tie; finish at the ends with a tassel.

For the fringe at the bottom, crochet two rows.

1st Row: Six chain, pass over one, one double in the next.

In the next row, work the double into the centre of six chain, tie a knot of wool into each six chain.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—The fashions, in this magazine, as we have often before said, come direct from Paris, which, as all know, is the great centre of fashion, and the only place where really elegant styles are originated. Most of the fashions, given in other magazines, are the designs of second, and third-rate, dress-makers in Philadelphia, or New York, who make a business of supplying illustrations, gratis, to periodicals, as a means of advertising their uncouth styles. We, on the contrary, have our designs selected from the very latest Parisian costumes, and engrave them at our own expense. In this way we keep our readers, we make bold to say, more familiar with the general run of Parisian styles, than any other periodical. This winter, as our readers see, there is no one dress that can be said to be, *par excellence*, the fashion. This is best understood by studying the representative toilets we give, or describe, all of which have come from the best *modistes* of Paris. Worth included. All styles seem to be worn simultaneously, according to circumstances—train, demi-train, and short skirt, and all fabrics are worn at once—plaid, striped, and plain. All three are adopted, provided that each conforms to the dress required for the particular occasion: for example, plaids are worn in the morning, but not in the evening; stripes are made into tunics, but not into skirts, and other endless distinctions.

Very few women, even in the United States, where the taste is much better than in England or Germany, have the same gift of happy selection that the Parisians so intuitively possess, and great care should be taken in the midst of so much wealth of style to select the material to suit the individual figure. Perpendicular stripes cause the figure to look more slender, and should, therefore, be worn by stout ladies, but eschewed by thin ones. Over-skirts that are long in front and short at the back, increase the figure. Bonnets should be selected of large size for women who have marked features, and are inclined to *embonpoint*, the smaller sizes proving more becoming to thin, fragile faces. It is by vigorously adhering to principles of taste, and by attention to these minute details that the Parisians become the most successful dressers in the world. We have always inculcated these principles, in "Peterson," as the only correct ones in matters of dress. Select, from the variety we give, what is most becoming to you. Do not follow any one, if it is not becoming to you. We could give even a greater variety, every month, if we thought it desirable; but too much only confuses: our aim is to give enough, and no more.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING, as will be seen by the advertisement on the cover, will be sent, not only as a premium for getting up clubs, but to all subscribers for 1875, whether singly or in clubs, who may remit *fifty cents extra* for it. This is a nominal price, representing only the cost of the paper and printing; and hence the offer is confined strictly to subscribers to "Peterson" for 1875.

IF THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS prefer any of our other large-sized engravings to "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," they have only to say so, when they remit, and we will send the one they desire. See the list in our advertisement. Or any subscriber for 1875, by sending *fifty cents extra*, can have any one. Or he, or she can have as many as may be wished, by sending *fifty cents* for each one.

AS THE POSTAGE on magazines, has to be paid, in future, at the office of mailing, we have included it in our prices to clubs for 1875, as will be seen by referring to our Prospectus. These prices are the same as for last year, with ten cents, (in the larger clubs less,) added for postage. As the postage, heretofore, was twelve cents, "Peterson" is now, in all cases, cheaper than ever. This is a fact that should be remembered. Persons getting up clubs should be particular, also, to explain to subscribers that part of the price is for postage. Take that very popular club, for example, of five copies for \$3.50, which is at the rate of \$1.70 for each subscriber. Last year, the corresponding club was five for \$3.00, or \$1.60 for each subscriber; but then every subscriber had to pay, at the office of delivery, twelve cents postage; and this, added to the \$1.60, made the real cost \$1.72. So of other clubs. Moreover, there was always more or less trouble, and often disputes, with post-masters, about the postage: now all this is avoided.

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR is the title of a new collection of engraving, twenty-five in number, which we offer, for 1875, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, instead of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," if they prefer it. "The Pictorial Souvenir" is a companion to "The Gems of Art," which has been so popular. This is a rare chance to obtain twenty-five first-class steel plates, like those published in "Peterson." Elsewhere, a similar number of plates, equally good, would cost five or six dollars. Meantime, we will continue to send the "Gems of Art," if wished, as a premium. By getting up enough clubs, you can earn not only the premium engraving, and an extra copy of the magazine, but also the "Pictorial Souvenir," and the "Gems of Art."

CHAPPED HANDS.—A subscriber asks what is a good remedy for chapped hands. Rub with camphor-ball, and sleep in kid gloves for a short time, taking care to cut a hole in each glove near the thumb, and never wash in hot water. The following is a very simple receipt for camphor-ball; it can be made at home for a very trifling cost: Put half a cake of white wax and an equal quantity of lard into a gallipot, and melt it in the oven, adding gradually a teaspoonful of powdered camphor. Pour into egg-cup to shape the balls. To prevent chapped hands, the best way is to rub the hands over with a little honey and cold water before you dry them after washing them.

THE CELEBRATED WORTH uses, for trimming purposes, a considerable quantity of a peculiar variety of gimp, somewhat in the Chinese style, with small silk tassels, and which produces the happiest effects. He places at the sides of skirts immense square pockets, made of this gimp, ornamenting them with small tassels; and the gimp always matches the dress in color.

POLONAISES, notwithstanding reiterated assurances to the contrary, earlier in the season, are as much worn as ever for out-door costumes. The front is made long, it fits the figure, but has no waistband. The back has a basque, is much draped, and ornamented with large bows.

TWENTY YEARS.—Says a lady, who sends us a club for 1875:—"I can't live without your magazine. I have been a subscriber for twenty years."

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. All such additions to clubs, we may as well state here, must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS are now made with colored borders of cambric or washing silk, to match the toilet, the more expensive ones having frills of white plaited muslin, embroidered in colors.

THE POPULARITY of "Peterson" seems greater than ever this year. We have already added thousands to our already large circulation, and other subscribers are pouring in by thousands daily.

TINTED PAPER, for letters and notes, of one uniform shade of amice color, is the last fashion, and displays the handwriting to perfection.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

German Universities. By James Morgan Hart. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.—This is partly a narrative of the author's personal experience at various German Universities, especially at Göttingen, and partly a discussion of the differences between the German, English, and American systems of higher education. The first part is so well done, as to suggest the idea, that if Mr. Hart had chosen to devote himself to fiction, he would have made one of the most racy and vivid of story-tellers. We are carried into the very heart of German student-life. We go with him to the lecture-room; we see a student's duel; we follow him to a *Kaffe-Concert*. We become as deeply interested almost as himself in his preparation for his degree, and exult with his landlady in his success, till we long for a slice of the grand cake she had prepared for him as a surprise. No other work that we have ever read gives so thorough and so graphic a picture of University life in Germany. The latter part of the volume is devoted to an examination of the different methods of instruction, at the higher schools of learning here and abroad, Mr. Hart awarding the palm in almost every particular, to the former. Certainly, if the thorough scholarship, which this work unconsciously reveals, is universally, or even generally, the result of a German education, then our author is correct.

Mischief's Thankgiving, and Other Stories. By Susan Coolidge. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Thousands of little readers have been fascinated by "What Katy Did," an earlier work for children by this author. Miss Coolidge has hardly an equal, certainly no superior, as a writer of stories for the young: she is pathetic, or humorous, at will; she knows just where to leave off; and she always instills lessons of patience, courtesy and kindness. The present book is quite as good as its predecessors. The illustrations are capital, especially those of "Mischief's Thankgiving," which are as funny as funny can be.

Little Songs. By Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen. With New Illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—These "Little Songs" first appeared in 1832, and have since passed through numerous editions. They are an attempt, and rather a successful one, to imitate the good-humored, musical nonsense of Mother Goose.

Personal Reminiscences. By Barham, Harness, and Hodder. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—This is another instalment of the "Brick-Brac Series," of which we have spoken so favorably before. The present volume is not inferior to either of its predecessors. By some readers it will be liked better, for it is more strictly anecdotal. Barham and Harness, particularly, knew all the wits and celebrities of London for nearly forty years, and the book sparkles, therefore, with wit and humor. Mr. Stoddard is earning for himself golden opinions by the taste, judgment, and industry displayed in this series.

The Queen of the Kitchen. By Mary L. Tynon. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This enterprising firm have made a specialty of Cook-Books, and have more, and better ones, on their list, than, perhaps, any half-dozen other publishers. The present volume is very aptly named, for it contains a great number of exceptionally good receipts, most of them from Maryland kitchens; and as no other section of the United States excels Maryland in this particular, the book may fairly be called "The Queen of the Kitchen." It is very neatly printed, and substantially bound.

Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker," etc. 1 vol., small 4 to. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—This is altogether the most elegant volume of its kind which has appeared this season. It is a book for children, and whether we consider the rhymes themselves, or the very superior illustrations, or the taste and excellence displayed in paper, type, and binding, we hazard nothing in saying that it will have no successful rival in competing for the suffrages of the little folk. In every way it is charming.

More Bed-Time Stories. By Louisa Chandler Moulton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Nothing can be more charming, in their way, than these stories for the young. The first one, "Against Wind and Tide," is a fair specimen of the rest, and is a powerful sermon, so to speak, in the guise of a pathetic story. All the other little tales are as delicately and delightfully told. The volume is illustrated by Addie Ledyard.

For Better or Worse.—By Jennie Cunningham Cooly. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—One of those half controversial fictions with which American literature has been surfeited lately. Such books are simply absurd, for anything can be proved, if one is allowed to make the facts.

Brave and Bold. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is the story of a factory boy, told in the interesting way which has made Mr. Alger so popular with young folk, and is the first of a new series. To be called the "Brave and Bold."

The Exhibition Drama. By George M. Baker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a collection of dramas, comedies, farces, and other similar entertainments, for private theatricals, home representations, holiday and school exhibitions. It is illustrated.

The Puddleford Papers; or Humors of The West. By H. H. Riley. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This work has passed to its third edition, a proof of unusual popularity. It has several very good illustrations.

The Child of The Tide. By Mrs. E. D. Cheney. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A very charming story, fresh and natural; in every way excellent. The volume, too, is handsomely printed.

For Better For Worse. From Temple Bar. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A capitally told love-story, which can be read again and again, and which is always new and delightful.

Our Helen. By Sophie May. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—One of the "Maidenhood Series," an excellent story, neatly printed, and with several excellent illustrations.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, COMPLETE FOR FIVE DOLLARS.—A full set of "Peterson's New and Cheap Edition for the Million of the Waverly Novels," in twenty-six large octavo volumes, paper cover, will be sent to any one, to any place, per mail, post-paid, at once, on remitting Five Dollars for the same, in a letter, to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. At this low price, every Family in the land should remit FIVE DOLLARS to the Publishers, at once, and thus possess themselves of a complete set of the finest novels ever written.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT, requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a permanent Throat affection, or an incurable Lung disease, is often the result. "Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES," having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases, TROCHES are used *always with good success.*

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION is the result of using "Laird's BLOOD OF YOUTH." Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold at all druggists. Depot 5 Gold Street, N. Y.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

NO. II.—MEASLES, MATERNAL MANAGEMENT OF.

FIFTY years ago, mothers seldom deemed it necessary to have a physician called in when their children had this disease; but, as a rule, the children, half a century ago, were more robust than at the present day, and, consequently, an attack of disease did not "go so hard" with them then as now, when a more delicate frame or constitution form their *make up*, and a more sensitive nervous system is transmitted to them. Measles still, in general, is a disease which requires but little medical treatment in children who possess the advantage of a mother's good nursing, and who has hitherto bestowed proper attention upon their health. In such the disease is seldom fatal. But among those confined to an impure air, or a close, confined atmosphere, a general bad diet, and whose bowels and habits are habitually neglected by their mothers, the mortality from this simple, self-limited disease is sometimes quite severe. So, also, when children, from ignorance of mothers, from inattention, or bad counsel of others presuming to know, have been subjected to too great degree of heat, exposure to draughts of cold air, have been too lightly or too heavily clothed, and improperly fed, this disease, simple as it is in itself, may assume at any time alarming symptoms, and place the life of the child in jeopardy.

Happily for childhood, not only in this disease but in all others nearly, the leech, lancet, and potent doses, have been generally laid aside, and a more conservative feeling exists in the profession.

Homoeopathy has taught us this much, (just what Professor Dunglison impressed upon his medical classes in '42 and '45), that all diseases tend to eventuate in recovery, and but little medicine is required; good nursing, and proper

regimen being the *great* essentials in the cure of all acute diseases. The bad effects of blood-letting, calomel, and tartar emetic, more especially in the eruptive diseases of children, continue long after the original affection has vanished.

When the premonitory symptoms of measles show themselves, the child should be kept in a room in which the heat should be maintained at 60° to 65° throughout the disease; and it is perhaps best and safest, when the eruption appears, to keep the child in bed for two or three days.

This is an advisable precautionary measure, as it tends to prevent the child from running any risk of catching cold from exposure to draughts of cold air, which might occasion a retrocession, a striking in, of the eruption. The diet, of course, should be light and farinaceous, with new milk throughout the disease.

Aconite (homoeopathically) can be properly administered during the disease, though better alternated with euphrasia for the eyes, during the first few days, and afterward with pulsatilla.

Measles is a disease in which the mother, if she be a prudent nurse, can safely trust the treatment to these simple medicines, as the tendency of the malady is always to recovery, *if let alone.*

If the mother desires to do more, she may administer a few drops of sweet spirits of nitre, every two or three hours, in a little cold water. Ice may be given to allay thirst, nausea, and vomiting. If the bowels are confined, a small dose of oil, rhubarb, senna, or magnesia, can safely be given the child. If the feet are cold and head hot, mustard foot-baths should be resorted to, with friction. If the cough is severe or troublesome, give paregoric and tincture of lobelia, or syrup of ipecac, in small doses, frequently repeated.

For the correction of a confined state of the bowels, occurring after measles, castor oil, senna-tee, with the addition of prunes, or a few grains of rhubarb and heavy magnesia, are best adapted to answer the purpose desired.

And let me beg of the mother not to increase the fever and the eruption, and add torment to her child, by administering hot teas, continuously, covering it with numerous quilts, keeping it in an unventilated room, and more readily withholding cold drinks, even ice and iced-water, its *greatest* blessings.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT

WHAT TO DO IN CASES OF SUDDEN SICKNESS, ACCIDENTS, ETC., ETC., is well set forth in a few sentences, by Professor Wilder, of Cornell University. He says: "For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing—dash water into them. Remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear. If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below. If choked, get upon all fours, and cough. For light burns, dip the part into cold water. If the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, etc. Water will often spread burning oil, and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low; but, if carbon is suspected, walk erect. Suck poison wounds, unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound; or, better, cut out the part without delay. Hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal, or the end of a cigar. In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water and mustard. For acid poisons, give acids. In case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving. If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting. For apoplexy, raise the head and body. For fainting, lay the person flat."

NUTRITIOUS FOOD.—It is the general belief of physicians, now-a-days, that a great deal of ill-health is to be attributed

to defective nutrition. Hence it is very important to know what food is the most nutritious. A very interesting report, on this subject was lately presented to the French Minister of the Interior by Percy and Vanquelin, two members of the Institute. The result of their experiments is as follows: In bread, one hundred pounds are found to contain eighty pounds nutritious matter; butcher meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only thirty-one pounds in one hundred pounds; French beans, twenty-five pounds; peas, twenty-three pounds; lentils, fourteen pounds; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only eight pounds of solid nutritious substance in one hundred pounds; carrots, fourteen pounds; and, what is very remarkable as being in opposition to the acknowledged theory, one hundred pounds of potatoes only yield thirty-five pounds of substance valuable as nutritious. According to this estimate, one pound of good bread is equal to two and a half or three pounds of the best potatoes, and seventy-five pounds of butcher meat are equal to three hundred pounds of potatoes. Or, again, one pound of rice or of bread beans, is equal to three pounds of potatoes, while one pound of potatoes is equal to four pounds of cabbage, and to three pounds of turnips. This calculation is considered correct, and may be useful to families where the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

TWELFTH NIGHT has, from time immemorial, been one of the days of the year specially set aside for merry gatherings and family meetings, especially among the younger portion of the community. It is often difficult to hit upon a good plan for making such parties pass off well, and a few hints may prove acceptable.

1. This summer, on board a yacht, in that delightful August weather when bare existence was enjoyment, some six or eight of us—all grown-up people, mark you—found plenty of amusement in "Simon says Wiggle-waggle;" and we have played it lately with the children at home, when it proved even more successful. We sit round the fire with the left fist doubled up on the knee, all bent on obeying the command of one of the party, who exclaims "Simon says Wiggle-waggle," whereupon we move our thumbs backward or forward, or obey any other order issued by Simon, such as moving the thumb up or down, etc. But if in giving the order the word "Simon" is omitted, no attention is to be paid to the command, and you should continue as before though, of course, more than half the players do not notice the omission, and do obey, which entails a forfeit upon them. We are quite willing to admit that this sounds puerile; but try it with a merry party and see if it doesn't lead to roars of laughter, and plenty of fun.

2. "SHADOWS" always please children, and can be easily done with little trouble in any drawing-room. A sheet must be suspended tightly across the room, with a lamp on the floor behind it. The actors then go through whatever pantomime gestures they please, all of which are projected in shadow on to the sheet. Last year we performed a variety of nursery stories in this way, such as "Cinderella," "Blue Beard," and the like, one of the party announcing the purpose of each scene as we performed it. By jumping over the lamp, the most absurd effect is produced; the actors seem to disappear into the ceiling.

3. In "SCHOOLMASTER AND PUPIL," the former asks the name of a river, or place, or mountain, or whatever he may choose, beginning with any letter he may fix upon, and if the person addressed does not reply correctly before ten is counted, they change places.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

FISH.

Curry of Cod.—Two or three slices of cod, one onion, a quarter of a pint of white gravy, two ounces and a half of butter, one teaspoonful of curry powder, four tablespoonfuls of cream, and a little salt and Cayenne. Take two or three slices of cod, that has either been crimped or sprinkled with salt for some hours to make it firm. Fry it a fine brown, with the onion, and stew it with a quarter of a pint of rich white gravy, and a little butter and flour, some salt, a very little Cayenne, and a teaspoonful of curry powder, mixed with four tablespoonfuls of cream, and stirred into the other ingredients. Boil it up, and serve.

Stewed Clams.—Wash the clams, put them in a pot, and cover them closely; set them near the fire, and as soon as they begin to open, take them out of the shell; drain them, and to a pint of clams add half a pint of water, one ounce of butter, rolled in flour, Cayenne pepper, and salt to taste; let them stew ten minutes. Just before they are to be dished, add one gill of cream.

Codfish-Cakes.—Boil a piece of salt cod; take out all the bones, and mash with it equal quantities of potatoes. Season it with pepper and salt to your taste; then add as much beaten egg as will form it into paste. Make it out into thin cakes; flour them, and fry them of a light brown.

VEGETABLES.

Salsify, or Oyster Plant.—Boil the roots in water, with a little salt, until they are soft. Take them up, wash them very fine, add pepper and salt to the taste. Have ready some bread-crumbs, or grated cracker, and a couple of eggs, beaten. With a spoon dip out a portion of the salsify about as large as an oyster, dip it in the egg, then in the cracker, and fry it in hot lard. When of a light brown on both sides, lay them on a dish, and send to the table. This is a breakfast dish.

Spinach.—Wash it well through several waters, as it is apt to be gritty. Put it into a pot without any water; let it cook slowly until it is very soft. Then drain and wash it with a piece of butter; pepper and salt to the taste. Put it in a vegetable dish and strew over the top eggs which have been boiled hard and finely chopped, or poached eggs.

Boiled Onions.—Peel them, and boil them in equal parts of milk and water. When they are tender, take them up, drain them, and add salt, pepper, and butter to the taste. Do not put salt in the water they are boiled in, as that will curdle the milk, and cause a scum to settle on the onions.

Parsnips Stewed.—Put on a piece of pickled pork, and boil it until it is about half done, or a little more. Then scrape and wash your parsnips, put them on in as little water as will keep them from burning, then add the pork; when the parsnips are soft, dish them.

DESSERTS.

Mysterious Pudding.—Two eggs, their weight in flour, fresh butter, and moist sugar; beat the whites and yolks of the eggs well, but separately. Mix these ingredients well together, the whites last; then add a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda or baking powder (not piled up,) and a teaspoonful of orange marmalade; pour it into a mould or basin, which it will only half fill, as it rises; put it into boiling water, boil it fast for an hour, and serve it instantly with brandy sauce.

Onion Pudding.—One pint and a half of milk, four ounces of bread-crumbs, four eggs, two ounces of butter, the rind of a lemon, loaf sugar to taste; boil the milk, and pour it over the bread-crumbs and lemon-peel; before it is cold stir in the yolks of the eggs; beat the whites till they are firm; mix them with the rest, and bake at once.

Earl Grey Pudding.—Three eggs, an equal weight of sugar and butter, and the weight of two eggs in flour. Melt the butter, and beat it to a cream; beat the eggs well, mix them with the butter and sugar, beating the whole to a froth; then add the flour by degrees, and the rind of a lemon, chopped very finely. Beat it all together, and pour into a mould; boil gently for an hour. This pudding requires as much beating as a sponge-cake. When properly made it is delicious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Indelible Writing.—As the art of man can unmake whatever his ingenuity can make, we have no right to expect an indelible ink; however, an approximation to it may be made as follows: Make a saturated solution of iudigo and madder in boiling water, in such proportions as to give a purple tint; add to it from one-sixth to one-eighth of its weight of sulphuric acid, according to the thickness and strength of the paper to be used. Write with this ink, and expose the paper to a gradual heat from the fire, when the characters will be completely black, the letters being burnt in and charred by the sulphuric acid. If the acid has not been used in sufficient quantity to destroy the texture of the paper, and reduce it to the state of tinder, the color may be discharged by washing it with a strong solution of oxalic acid in water. When the full proportion of acid has been employed, crumple and rub the paper, and the charred letters will fall out; then, by placing a black ground behind the letters, they may be preserved, and thus a species of indelible writing may be procured, the letters being, as it were, stamped out of the paper.

An Economical Breakfast.—If you have a few bits of meat, or two or three cold potatoes left, put some dripping into a sauce-pan; slice the potatoes thin, cut up the meat fine, and add salt and pepper to taste; then beat two or three eggs, according to the size of the dish to be prepared; stir them to a cup of cream or milk, and pour over the meat and potatoes. If eggs are not plentiful, use fewer eggs and more milk or cream. If milk, add half a tablespoonful of butter. Keep it over the fire, stirring constantly, till the eggs are cooked. It takes but a few minutes to prepare this, but do not leave it an instant till done, or the eggs will burn and ruin the whole.

To Wash Calicoes.—Dissolve half an ounce of alum in sufficient water to rinse two calico dresses. Dip them in, and when sure that every part is wet, wring them out; then have a warm soap-suds, in which wash quickly, and rinse in cold water. Then in second rinsing-water mix your starch, rinse, wring quickly, and hang to dry—not in the sun, but on a line where the wind will dry them quickly. Immediately they are dry enough, iron them, or if this is inconvenient, let them get quite dry, and iron them through a damp cloth. Calicoes should never be sprinkled.

Ham Toast.—Grate the ham, put to it a little cream, pepper, and the yolk of an egg; make it hot, and pour it over buttered toast, as thick as your toast may be, and dish it up very hot; or butter may be put over the ham, and it may be baked in a slow oven for a quarter of an hour. Tongue may be dressed in the same way.

Common Thick Brown Gravy.—Mince one onion finely, fry it in butter to a dark brown color, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. After the lapse of about one minute, add half a pint of broth or stock, pepper and salt to taste, and a very small quantity of Worcester sauce. Let it boil for a minute, then strain and serve.

Omelet Soufflé.—Beat up the yolks of three eggs, with some pounded lump sugar, and a few drops of any flavoring. Beat the whites into a stiff froth; mix the two together quickly and effectually. Lay the mixture neatly heaped up on a deep silver dish, put it in a brisk oven, and the moment it is done send it up to table swiftly.

To Make Old Black Silk Look Like New.—Unpick the garment, and wash the pieces in hot soap-suds; rinse by dipping up and down in hot water, then dip in second water, prepared as follows: Boil two ounces of logwood chips in five quarts of water, add a quarter of an ounce of copperas; strain through an old bit of calico, and dip your silk into this dye. Let the silk be pinned on to a line by the corners, and hang until it is nearly dry. Then take it down and iron it between two pieces of old black silk. It will look like new.

Influence of Colored Glass on Bulbous Roots.—Put a bulb, as a hyacinth, narcissus, etc., into a white glass, and another into a purple glass: the latter will grow faster than the former; and if a pinch of salt, or a piece of nitre be put into the water whenever it is changed, the brightness of the color of the flower will be considerably heightened.

Common Clear Brown Gravy.—Fry an onion in butter, add half a pint of broth or stock, pepper and salt to taste, a small piece of lean ham or bacon, minced small, a little Worcester sauce, a sprig of thyme, and one of parsley. Let it boil five minutes, put it by till wanted, and strain it before serving.

Savory Dish.—Melt a quarter of a pound of good cheese in the oven; when sufficiently melted, add one egg and a wine-glass of milk, beat together till it resembles a custard. Bake in a hot oven a light brown.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Cold Cream.—Half a pint of rose-water, half a pint of oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti. Let these ingredients be all melted together over the fire, and then beat them until they are cold. It will require about an hour to beat it sufficiently, when it should be like cream, not granular. One ounce of honey may be added, and will be liked by some persons; but it prevents it being beautifully creamy.

Beef Tea.—Scrape or cut up very finely two pounds of lean beef, steak preferred, from which all fat and skin have been removed; put it into a very clean sauce-pan, with one quart of cold water; let it boil, skim well, add a little seasoning, salt, whole pepper, and a clove; simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour, removing any scum from the surface, strain through a hair-sieve; leave it to get cold, and then remove every particle of fat.

A Good Dentifrice.—Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold add one teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh, and one tablespoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle the mixture for use. Add one wineglassful of the solution to half a pint of tepid water, and use it daily. It preserves and beautifies the teeth, and arrests decay.

Restoratives for the Sick.—Bake two calf's feet in two pints of water, and the same quantity of new milk in a jar, closely covered, three hours and a half. When cold, remove the fat. Put in whatever flavor is liked; the flavoring can be baked in it; a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, or mace. Add sugar after.

Another.—Simmer six sheep's trotters, two blades of mace, a little cinnamon, lemon-peel, a few hartshorn shavings, and a little isinglass, in two quarts of water to one. When cold, remove the fat, and give about half a pint twice a day, warming it with a little new milk.

To Soften the Hands.—Half a pound of mutton fat, one ounce of camphor gum, and one ounce of glycerine; melt, and when thoroughly mixed, set away to cool. Rub the hands with this at night. It will render them white, smooth, and soft.

A Nourishing Drink.—Boil one quarter of an ounce of isinglass shavings, with a pint of new milk to half; add a small piece of sugar, and a bitter almond, if liked.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS.—The Petticoat is of dark-blue silk, trimmed with several narrow, plain ruffles. The sleeves are made of the same material, puffed below the elbow, and finished with a deep, close cuff. The over-skirt and sleeveless jacket are of light-blue cashmere, trimmed with a band of brown ostrich feathers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DELICATE APPLE-GREEN SILK.—The single skirt is made with a demi-train, plain at the back, but with a deep plaited ruffle, headed by shell plaitings at the sides and in front. The mantilla is of black silk, richly embroidered in the upper part, and trimmed with a profusion of black lace. Black velvet bonnet, with long, green ostrich plume and green ribbon.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH FAWN COLOR.—The under-skirt is short, and trimmed with a broad bias band of chestnut-brown silk. The sleeveless Polonaise has a rounded apron-front, trimmed with a narrow ruffle of chestnut-brown silk, and a long train at the back, untrimmed. Sleeves and standing ruffs of the brown silk. Bonnet of white tulle, trimmed with roses and brown leaves.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN VELVET.—The front of the skirt is trimmed with a deep plaiting at the top, and a ruffle at the bottom. The back of the skirt is made with a train, and, like the body and sleeves, is trimmed with a band of fur, much wider on the skirt than on the waist and sleeves. Hat of green velvet.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF PINKISH-GRAY POPLIN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with two deep, plain ruffles. The upper-skirt is trimmed with one narrower ruffle, with a quilling above it, and is looped up high on the hips. Jacket of black silk, turned very much back from the front. Black velvet hat, with a plume of the color of the dress.

BLACK FUR.—Bonnet of gray velvet, trimmed with a puff.

FIG. VI.—CLOAK OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH FIG. OF BLUE VELVET, put between two bands of gray velvet in front, and with gray velvet loops, in which a bird nestles on the crown; a loop at the back, and wide strings in front, of blue velvet.

FIG. VII.—CLOAK OF BLACK VELVET, elaborately trimmed with heavy, knotted fringe, and a band of black ostrich feathers. The cloak does not meet in front, but the space is filled in with an alternate perpendicular plaiting of black silk and black velvet. The cloak is cut away from the front, and is shorter at the back than at the sides. The cuffs are deep, and trimmed with fringe. Below the band of feathers are two deep velvet ruffles. Bonnet of black velvet, ostrich feathers, white tulle, studded with pearls, and a large pink rose.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give also an illustration of a white cashmere basque, prettily braided in white, and having a blue silk collar and cuffs, and ornamented with blue bows. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with white gimp lace. We also give three different styles of sleeveless jackets; that on the principal figure is of black velvet, trimmed with fur. The dress is of a yellowish stone-colored silk; and the sleeves, to be worn with these jackets out of doors, should be heavily wadded. Of the two other jackets, the one in cashmere, embroidered with jet, and braided, can be worn either out of doors, or in the house. The one in black lace, with a collar of pink silk, is for the house only. As usual, we give one of the many new styles of bonnets, and a slight variation in the way of dressing the hair.

At this season of the year no decided change takes place in the fashions; but never has individual taste had more play than at present. Every woman may make a fashion of her own, so long as she wears short dresses, much tied back, on the street; longer dresses, for more ceremonious occasions, and trains for full evening dress. Over-skirts, with basques or jackets; Polonaises, or full-trimmed single skirts, are all equally fashionable. The colors, this winter, are indubitably beautiful; and it is impossible to give names or

just descriptions of the various tints of olives, browns, blues, grays, greens, or the exquisite shades of yellow, which do not look yellow, after all, only in some of the silks for evening dress, like the soft, golden mist of an Indian Summer afternoon. No very deep colors are worn. They may be dark, but are undivided. Evening dresses are profusely trimmed with flowers, spangles, silver embroidery, and even bead embroidery. But, for a young girl, nothing is as suitable as a simple white toilet, with but few flowers, or only ribbon. Some of the newest evening dresses are trimmed with three garlands of flowers, which commence on the left hip and are carried transversely across the skirt to the lower edge on the right side.

MANTLES AND BONNETS are as individual in their style as dresses. No rule applies to the wraps; they may be long or short, close-fitting or loose, stately or jaunty in appearance. But one rule is absolute with bonnets or hats. They must not be worn over the forehead; the parting of the hair must show.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S OVERCOAT OF GRAY ULSTER CLOTH.—It is made rather loose in the back, double-breasted in front, and confined about the waist with a band of the same material. A Capuchin hood is added below the small collar. Trousers of black and gray stripe. Gray cap. Ulster is a very rough cloth; warm and water-proof, and is very much used in England.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT OF NAVY-BLUE CLOTH.—The trousers come below the knee, and fit under the heavy boots. The deep, loose jacket is worn over a vest of the same color; buttons diagonally from the right side, and is trimmed with very broad military braid. Low-crowned felt hat.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT OF OLIVE-GREEN CLOTH.—The jacket is deep, cut open in front, showing a black velvet vest, and braided in front. The collar and cuffs are black velvet. The trousers fasten below the knee. Olive-colored stocking, and black velvet cap.

FIG. IV.—CASHMERE SUIT FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The blouse and trousers are of gray cashmere. The blouse is double-breasted, and is trimmed with bands of crimson cashmere. Crimson stockings.

FIG. V.—BOY'S SUIT OF BLACK VELVET.—Trousers reaching to below the knee. Coat trimmed with chinchilla fur, and confined about the waist with a gray Roman sash. Black velvet Scotch cap. Black and white striped stockings.

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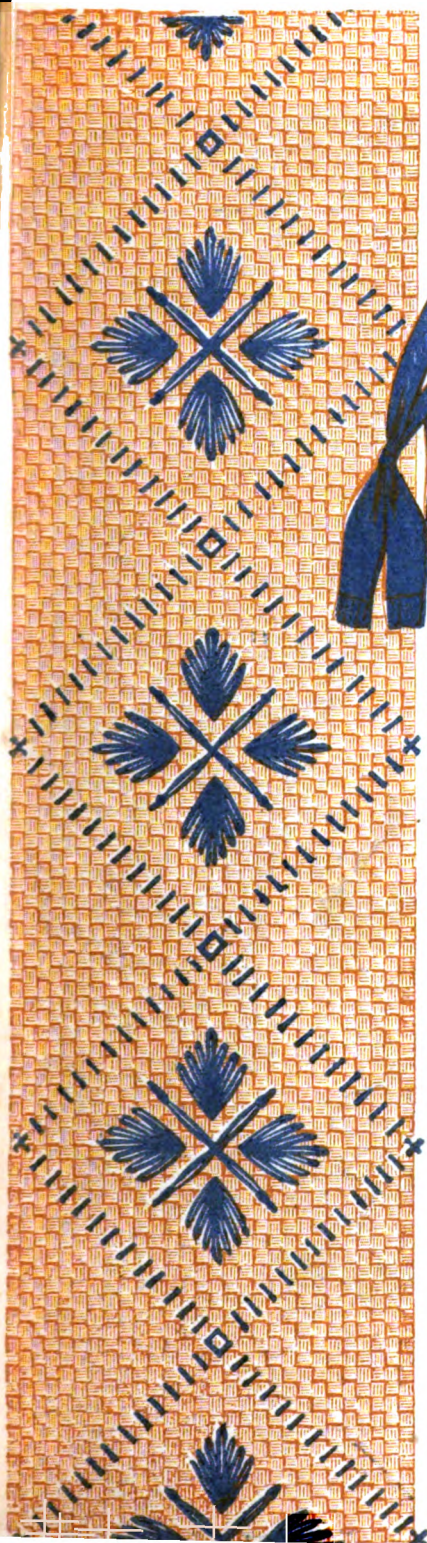
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LISTENING.

[See the Story, "Killed at a Blow."]

March



NAME FOR MARKING. CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.



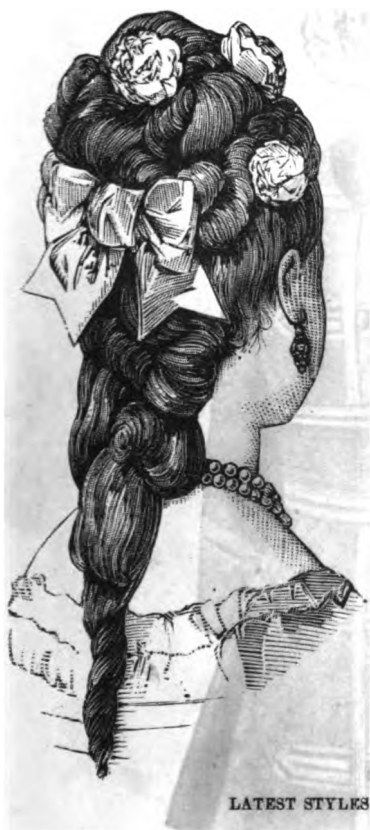
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CALL HER BACK AND KISS HER.

Written by CHARLES LINDA.

Composed by CARLO MINASI.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO. *f* *cres.* *f* *Sva.*

1 There's nothing half so charming As a hap-py married life, And nothing so a -
 2 A wife will sure-ly rule the roost, Of course that's very proper, And if she means to
 3 A woman's sure to have her way, For that we cannot blame her; The rem-e-dy! ah,
 4 That wo-man is our great-est joy, Let ev'-ry man re-lect; Don't treat her like a

p

rall.

larm-ing as A vix-en for a wife. But as you make your bed you know, So
 rule you too, I don't think you can stop her; Be nev-er cru-el, always kind, Do
 then I say, "Tis kind-ness that will tame her." Be al-ways gentle, never harsh, And
 worth-less toy, Nor slight her by ne-glect. If you possess a woman's love, What

rall.

rall. *rall.*

on it you must lie; 'Tis useless then to make a fuss, Take my advice, don't try.
 nothing that will tease her, And if you wish to happy live, You'll do your best to please her.
 mind you do not flout her, Remember you're but helpless men, And can not do without her.
 more does a-ny need? In sickness or in health she'll be, A comfort-er in - deed.

rall. *colla voce.* *riten.*

CALL HER BACK AND KISS HER.

CHORUS.

Moderato.

A wo - man's sure to go her way, But when she's

mf

This system contains the first two staves of the chorus. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper voice and a supporting bass line. The lyrics 'A wo - man's sure to go her way, But when she's' are written below the top staff. A mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking is placed below the bottom staff.

gone, we miss her; So if you've had an an - gry

This system contains the next two staves of the chorus. The top staff continues the melody, and the bottom staff provides the bass line. The lyrics 'gone, we miss her; So if you've had an an - gry' are written below the top staff. The key signature and time signature remain consistent with the previous system.

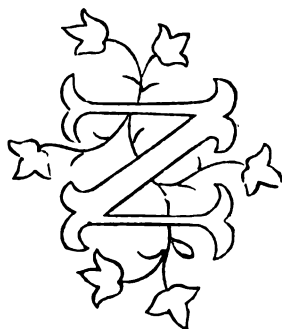
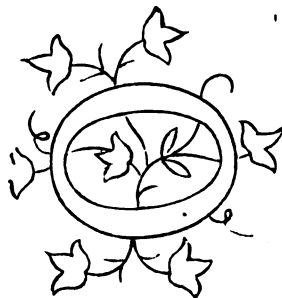
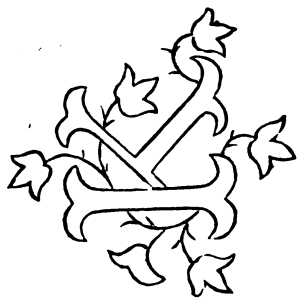
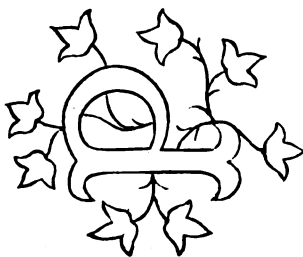
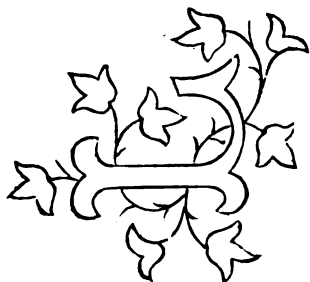
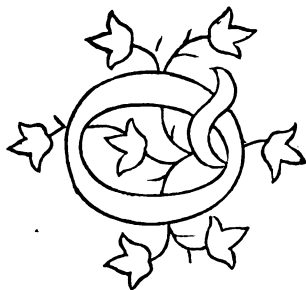
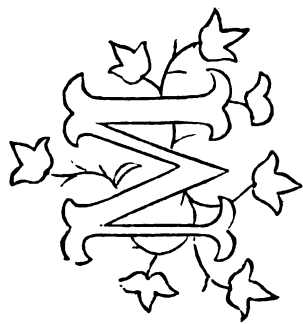
word, Why call her back and kiss her.

cres.

This system contains the final two staves of the chorus. The top staff concludes the melody with a double bar line and repeat dots. The bottom staff concludes the bass line. The lyrics 'word, Why call her back and kiss her.' are written below the top staff. A crescendo (*cres.*) dynamic marking is placed below the bottom staff. The time signature changes to 2/4 at the end of the system.

f *cres.* *Sua.*

This system contains the final two staves of the chorus. The top staff features a more active melody with slurs and accents. The bottom staff provides a rhythmic bass line. The lyrics are not present in this system. Dynamics include forte (*f*), crescendo (*cres.*), and a final forte (*f*) marking. The time signature remains 2/4.



ALPHABET FOR TABLE LINEN, IN RED AND WHITE—CONTINUED.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1875.

No. 3.

IN THE CLOCK OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY W. S. BENTON.

HAVE you ever been at St. Paul's? I mean the great cathedral of London. If you have, you doubtless know the dome. You have looked downward, perhaps, from its dizzy height, on the people walking on the pavement below, and who seem, in the far distance beneath you, like black ants crawling about.

When I was comparatively a young man—I am not an old man, even yet, though my hair is so gray—I went to London, and one of the first objects that I visited was St. Paul's, I had read of it so often as a child; I had been told so frequently it was Wren's master-piece; every Englishman assured me that it had no rival, except, perhaps, St. Peter's at Rome, and even of that there was a doubt, that I was eager to see it. Accordingly, taking an omnibus at Charing-Cross, I went along the Strand, passing by the memorable Temple Bar, until a large dome, looming into the heavens before me, told me that the object of my pilgrimage was close at hand.

At first, I confess, I was disappointed. On a nearer approach, I found that the western facade hid the dome almost entirely. The interior, too, was cold and gray, without a bit of warm color. The aspect chilled me. I did not remain long, in consequence, in the auditorium, if it may be so called. I did not care to linger and read the epitaphs on the monuments to departed heroes. I at once ascended the stairs, until I reached the great clock, and there, attracted by the immense wheels, that move the heavy hands around the clock-face, I took my stand.

Just below the centre of the great dial-plate, and to the right of the pivot upon which the hands revolve, is a hole about fourteen inches square, possibly somewhat more; and this hole is usually left open to admit of repairs to the clock, as needed. A strange fascination took possession of me to look through this hole, more than two hundred feet above the street, to get

a panoramic view of bustling London below. I thrust my head, therefore, through the hole, without further thought. What a spectacle rewarded me. For miles and miles, in every direction, the city and the country about lay spread before me as in a map. I saw the Thames in the rays of the midday sun, looking like a silver thread; I saw the many bridges; piles on piles of fine edifices. I looked down upon the vast parks, whose wide carriage-roads seemed like narrow paths. So busy was I with the scenes around me, that I took no note of time; all my attention was engrossed by the view spread out around me and beneath me.

Nearly an hour had passed unheeded since I took my position, and as one object of interest after another met my gaze, I was still unsatisfied. At length something pressed upon my neck. For an instant I was ignorant of the cause, and my hands being on the inside of the orifice, I could not raise them to clear away any obstruction.

The truth, the horrible truth, burst on me all at once. Judge of my surprise and agony, when I thought, for the first time, of the inevitable passage of the ponderous hands! Slowly and steadily, but firmly, the great minute-hand was making its regular trip around the dial-plate; and it was that which was pressing against my neck. I felt its cold edge, but it was too late to extricate myself, too late to turn my head! I shouted aloud for help. But my feeble voice could not reach the street below; and a moment's reflection showed me that, even if it could, it must take longer than three minutes to reach me at that height, and before that three minutes had become six, my head would, doubtless, fall among the people on the side-walk!

Oh! dreadful moments! The great hand pressed more heavily every second. With every tick of the mighty pendulum, I counted off another moment of my fast-lessening life. As my throat

rested on the lower edge of the hole, I had the greatest difficulty in breathing. Heavy drops of moisture oozed from my head, at every pore. My eyes seemed starting from their sockets!

In those brief moments I thought of home, of my mother, of my early days. Incidents, long ago occurring and forgotten, thronged to my mind. In that short space of time I seemed to live years. Ask the victim to the Spanish garrote, as the executioner, having fastened the strap around the neck, begins to turn the fatal screw behind; slowly at first, but surely, then suddenly, till the head falls, as the neck refuses longer to hold it in place. Ask that victim how many years he is living over again, as that dread screw is turning?

I closed my eyes, uttered a feeble prayer, and became insensible.

But I live to tell the tale! Yes; at the last moment, when life was barely assured and death was imminent, the Sexton, coming to oil the works of the clock, entered the room, saw my peril, and with ready presence of mind, stopped the pendulum.

But only just in time. Then, with a lever attached to the cogs of the great wheel, he pried back the hand, and set me free.

I lived, but was thoroughly exhausted. My nerves were unstrung. A brain fever followed, and Death again seemed beckoning me away. But my strong constitution enabled me to rally, and after four weeks confinement at my hotel, I rose once again a well man.

But my hair, from a dark brown, had become gray. Do you think, after this, I can ever forget the CLOCK OF ST. PAUL'S?

WAY-SIDE SERVICE.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

If I am poor, and pinched with cold,
And Famine steals within my door,
My raiment scant, and thin, and cold,
And you are prospered more and more,
Wait not to ask my name and creed
Before you help, or pass me by;
To-day perform the gracious deed—
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I am met by thieves to-day,
And wounded sore, and left to die,
And you should find me by the way,
Attracted by my suffering cry;
Then come and prove yourself a man;
And, though the Levite passes by,
Be thou the good Samaritan—
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I have strayed from Virtue's path,
And entered in the door of sin;
In very truth a child of wrath,
Defiled in every thought within,

And you should see from whence I fell;
Oh! help me then to turn and fly!
Or pull me from the way to hell—
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If I, in some sad hour of life,
Go toiling up Grief's heavy grade,
Worn out with fear, and toil, and strife,
In steps the lowly Master made,
And you should meet me on my road,
As fainting 'neath my cross I lie,
Come, then, and help me bear my load—
I'll scarcely need you when I die.

If time is passing, as we say,
And no to-morrow's sun may rise,
And you can help a soul to-day
To look to God for fresh supplies;
If you the cooling draught can give
To thirsty pilgrims passing by;
Bestow your blessing while they live—
They'll scarcely need you when they die.

A YEAR AGO.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

A YEAR ago! A year ago!
Yet, darling, the sweet, subtle thrill
Of thy first kiss burns on my lip,
And throbs through every heart-pulse still;
The first fond look of eyes which deep
Into my inmost heart could reach,
And read the feeling safely hid
By smile, or cunning aid of speech;
The first warm clasp of thy strong hand,
Which turned a fairer page to me,

Pointing the better, brighter lines
In life's great book of mystery;
The first sound of thy voice, when love
Deepened its cadence, sweet and low,
Stirred my whole being to its depths,
With bliss I never dreamed to know;
And stirs me yet, through all the days
Which lie between that time and this,
I've heard thy first fond words, and felt
The rapture-love of thy first kiss.

AZALIAS.

BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

JUNE had come, and the azalias! The whole slope of Rocky Hill was aflame with them. Do you know what azalias are on the heights of Berkshire? Have you seen them there still mornings, with dew in their pink cups? Or, steeped through and through with the warmth of high noons? Or, best of all, uplifting their rosy torches into the soft summer dark? Then they are like perfumed lamps, lighting the tender gloom of some grand old eastern temple.

"Ain't it about time for the honeysuckles, Irnie?"

Aunt Rue spoke. Irnie Dale entered out of the twilight, and stood in the deeper shadow of the room. Honeysuckle is the *alias* of the azalia on its native hills.

"They have come, Aunt Rue. You can smell them out at the east door now. I might go up, and get some to-morrow for the bed-rooms."

"Yes, Irnie. Your cousin Mary 'll be glad to see 'em again, I'll warrant. She'n I used to pick 'em on Rocky Hill more'n thirty years ago. Don't seems if 't was so long, neither;" and Aunt Rue sighed a little sigh. It was not for the present, but for the buried years, and the many pleasant things confined away with them.

Guests were expected at the farm to-morrow. The note of preparation had been struck Monday morning, had sounded all the week, and now, Friday night, Irnie had first found time to sit idle in the twilight and rest. She had leaned back against an unpainted post of the porch, and watched the stars come out. Her face and the blossoms of the snow-ball bush beside her, had grown dim in the gathering darkness, until they were only larger and smaller patches of white against the black shade. Irnie was dreaming her little dream of these friends, who were to come on the morrow. Mrs. Rainsford, the Cousin Mary, and Aunt Rue, had been girls together. They had gone hand-in-hand up and down these still country roads, where grasses grew then, where grasses grow to day, until the path of one had turned sharply off into paved streets, and among city houses. Aunt Rue had lived here in Walden always. Cousin Mary had never come back. To-morrow she was to be here, and her son; and Irnie was wondering what he would be like.

"Yes, you shall get some in the morning," Aunt Rue went on. "Now, light the lamp, Irnie.

I won't never touch one o' them kerosine lamps; and you'd best leave the curtain up. There ain't no moon, an' somebody may be going up the hill-road to the Ames' farm."

"Yes, Aunt Rue," and Irnie smiles out into the dark. How many nights in the year does the dear old soul give this direction? How many years is it since Aunt Rue was a young girl, when she used to set a lamp in this west window, and stand watching until an answering lamp, blazing out from a window far up the mountain side, told her that her young lover was safe home? How many years is it since that lamp of his went out in darkness? I do not know; Irnie doesn't; but I do know that through them all Aunt Rue has gone with a brave smile; that she has let her light shine out all dark nights on these lonely roads to help belated travelers up the hill-side; aye, and she has done her best to light another way, rough sometimes, and "hard to travel," for benighted pilgrims. She is getting near the end of her own journey, the kind old heart. I think she will find light there!

It was a bright morning, and Irnie tied on her brown hat, and started for Rocky Hill. Her way was through the saw-mill, and thence across a high, narrow foot-bridge, over the river, and thence up the mountain.

"Where are you bound for to-day?" asked Theo Burton, the mill-owner. He held an oil-can in his hand, his hat was pushed back, and a pair of clear, blue eyes looked straight at Irnie, as she stopped near him.

I wish I could think of any words rare enough to describe to you this country girl, as she stands there with her basket on her arm. Her figure has no sharp lines or angles; there are soft curves instead, a figure erect, but pliant and lithe. Her skin was clear, and of the tint which brown eyes and brown hair should have for company. The whole impression of face and form was of something fresh from the Maker: like a bird or a flower, dainty and sweet, and just as God made it.

Irnie stood smiling, a score of dimples in her cheeks and chin. Theo listened in grave attention, while she explained. Their friends were coming to-day. She was going after some flowers.

"We shan't see anything of you after these new people get here," said the young man, not cheerfully.

"You think we shall be so busy? Oh, no, Aunt Rue has one of Deacon Carr's girls to help her."

It was not the busy work of which Theo had been thinking. He said nothing, however. Walden is not given to a profuse expression of its feelings. So he bent over his wheels, and went on oiling them. Irnie began to walk backward toward the river, singing, and watching the saw as she went.

Let me tell you how the old mill was built. There was a very high dam, and the foundations of the building were on a level with the top of it. The stream, below the dam, was fully seventy feet lower than the floor of the saw-mill. Out on this side there opened two windows, and between them a sliding-door. This was used only for the purpose of throwing out shavings, sawdust, and other *debris* of the mill. Irnie had never noticed the door, because, when closed, it seemed one with the wall.

Theo, with his head turned away, continued his work. Irnie, humming lightly, went backward, her eyes on the bright, swift-moving saw, her feet every instant nearing the rear of the mill, nearing the door—and it was open!

Suddenly she saw Theo lift his glance. It was but an instant. In it the man's face turned not white, but gray; his eyes grew dark with horror, and then—Irnie always remembered that point of time—he lifted his right hand, flung it against the swift-flashing saw, and tore it, mangled and streaming, off the cruel, jagged teeth.

"Why, Theo," Irnie shrieked, and bounded forward. "What are you doing?"

"Shut that door the first thing you do."

Theo sank down on a pile of boards. Irnie was beside him. Now she wheeled sharply about in her place. "What door?" she cried. Then her gaze took it all in. Her eyes dilated with horror. "Oh," she whispered. That was all. The next instant she was on her knees at Theo's side. Her hat hid her face. Only a moved chin, and the drooping corners of her mouth were visible. She had torn her handkerchief into strips. She was binding them round and round the wounded fingers. All at once Theo saw a strange quiver creep into her chin, saw the red lips whiten.

"Stop," he cried. "What a brute I am! This blood is making you faint."

"I hope you don't think it is that," she answered, indignantly. "If I was faint, it was because I was thinking of something else. Be quiet," and she laid a little imperious hand on Theo's big arm. "Sit still, until I have finished."

Theo sat still. He was thinking how, two minutes ago, he had seen Irnie's foot lifted on the very threshold of that frightful abyss. Irnie, as she worked, was thinking of the flash of that right hand athwart the jagged saw-teeth; was thinking of the presence of mind which had kept the man's tongue silent, had sacrificed his own blood for her safety.

"There." She lifted her face, now. Then she rose to her feet. She glanced downward at Theo, and their eyes met. Ah, Irnie, you have known this face ever since you have known anything; you have seen it at all times, in all manners, in shadow and in sun, but you have never seen this look on it before. I cannot tell you about it here. Even Irnie herself could not have described what it was in those appealing eyes, the expression as of some fond, faithful creature to whom the gift of speech is denied, which sent her heart upward with a sudden throb, caused it to stand still, and then start off at a whirlwind-pace again. Her tongue rushed upon the silence, keeping time to her heart-beats. What did it mean? What would he say? There should be no pause left for anything to be said, and she rattled on.

"There, that will do until you can get home. You will let your mother send for the doctor, won't you? I think the little finger is the worst, but if you'll take good care of it, I hope it'll heal soon. Come."

"Come where?"

Theo stood up now. His back was against a post, and he was staring straight at the point between Irnie's eyes. He was thinking of her, and not of her words.

"Come home, of course."

"What! For a scratched finger?"

Irnie paused while one might count four, then she turned and started to leave the mill.

"Stop. Where are you going?" cried Theo.

Irnie faced about on him with a droll little twinkle of the brows, arching, and then drawing them the same instant into line. She was going to bring Mrs. Burton and Aunt Rue both over to the mill, she said; and stood fronting Theo with her chin set back against her erected throat. Now, Mrs. Burton, being a cripple from rheumatism, and not having been outside her own yard for six months, her son saw the wisdom of an immediate surrender. "All right," he observed, and then the two walked away across the high, narrow foot-bridge together.

That night Mrs. Rainsford and her son came to Walden. It was late daylight and earliest starlight, when Irnie stood under the lilacs, just within the gate, and watched the lumbering, old

stage-coach wheeling up on the grass-plot outside. Young ladies in society, wont to meet guests every hour of every day in the year, can hardly understand what this arrival was to Irnie.

"This way," said Irnie; and in a moment the strangers stood in the bright sitting-room. The two old ladies threw their arms about one another. Irnie looked on, and there, close at her side, some one said,

"This must be Irnie." He was tall, and all the light in the room seemed shining out of his smiling eyes, as the girl lifted her glance.

Kit Rainsford had one of those faces that appear to smile all over. He had tossed his cap on the floor out in the entry; his yellow curls were flung back, and he was holding out his hand.

"In default of other introduction, I think I may present myself," he said. "Kit Rainsford, of your own kith and kin."

Then, turning to his mother, he said,

"Azalias, mamma! The whole house is sweet with them;" and Kit bent forward, thrusting his face into a great cluster of blossoms which filled a basket on the table.

"It is the perfume of long ago," sighed Mrs. Rainsford.

There were down stairs bedrooms, and white beds; there was a supper-table set in the great kitchen, where there was no carpet, but a shining, painted floor; there were raised biscuit with sweetest butter, with honey, and milk, and cream; there were hungry people gathered about the table, and there was, soon after nine o'clock, a putting out of lamps, and a sleeping household.

But Irnie waked next morning with the consciousness of something fresh and charming coming into the quiet of her life.

A boyhood passed in the city, four years in an English university, as many more of travel, plenty of society, and abundant of appreciation everywhere; this was what life had presented to Kit Rainsford.

A little valley among the hills, with its church, its schoolhouse, and its farms: this was life to Irnie. To her these guests, mother and son, were a revelation. Did it then make such people as these, the life of which she had read? Irnie was of sensitive nature. She had known the happiness of living for days in a rare atmosphere from some verse of poetry that pleased her; and here were these two whose atmosphere was like a beautiful poem to her. The very folding of Cousin Mary's thin, white hands upon her knee, the lace ruffles falling over them, was something to watch at the time, and to remember afterward. Everything about the house seemed to have become rare and sweet since the strangers

came. Irnie wondered that Aunt Rue could look on them, and measure them as she did other specimens of humanity.

"Mary always did have a fine way with her," she said. "And Kit is a good-natured fellow, and he's very good to his mother."

As for Kit himself, he looked at Irnie, and saw the light shine out of her brown eyes, break all over her face when he smiled on her, and— Well, he was a man, like other men, and Irnie was a fresh young thing, who knew less of the world than a city child of four years, who has been taken to dancing-school.

"To think of a young lady, who has read Latin, but never heard an opera; knows Hamlet, but has seen only one piano. Never heard an oath, or seen a pack of cards; never witnessed a dance, and never beheld a drunken man. Acadia, indeed! By-the-by, I must read Evangeline to you," said Kit; and, accordingly, that afternoon, when Theodore Burton came to borrow a pitchfork from Aunt Rue's barn, he found Irnie seated under the lilacs with her sewing, and her cousin lying on the grass at her feet reading poetry, Theo was in his working-dress, warm and sun-burnt from the hay-field; Kit was in a white linen suit, and the hand that held the book was cool and white. "Good afternoon, Theo. How is your hand getting on?" asked Irnie, pleasantly. "My hand is well enough," answered Theo, out of temper with the world, and everything in it, just then. His condition was in nowise improved by hearing the pink-and-white lounge at Irnie's feet remark, "That's the old fellow who saws over at the mill, isn't it?"

"Old fellow, indeed? Theo is no older than you are," Irnie replied.

"One of your admirers?"

"One of my friends," she answered. But Theo had only heard the introductory remark.

And so June went by, and July came on. The summer roses grew sweet, faded, and fell. The summer constellations rose, flamed, and sank in the warm heavens; and through all the waxing and waning days, Theodore Burton wrought from dawn to dark, in mill and field, glancing up often enough to see the girl he loved go strolling past with that lithe, obnoxious figure keeping step at her side. Once he saw the two seated on the old porch; Irnie's eyes were down, and Kit was fastening a rose in her hair. Rainy Sundays the cousins came to church, arm-in-arm. Under the moon of an August evening, a boat went dropping down the river. Mrs. Rainsford and Aunt Rue were there, but the two young people were seated face to face; and Theo, standing on the shore, covered his eyes and groaned, as he saw

Kit lean forward, and fold Irnie's unresisting hands in his.

"I will not bear it any longer," he burst out. "I will see her to-morrow. I will make her hear me."

Poor Theo! He ought to have known better. His own sense might have told him, only he wouldn't listen, that this was not the time "to put his fate to the touch." But he would know. "Anything was better than suspense," he told himself. He had tried suspense, he had not tried the hopeless certainty.

"Irnie, I want to see you a minute after meeting," he whispered. She had taken her seat in the choir. Theo was the leader. Kit had left her at the foot of the gallery stairs, and had gone smiling up to his seat beside Aunt Rue, in the family slip. After church he gave Aunt Rue his arm. Irnie was detained "for a little while," she said.

"Irnie!"

The sound of wheels had died away; Theo and Irnie were alone in the empty "meeting-house." Something in his face frightened her. She looked down, and saw a torn hymn-book and a bit of dry fennel on the floor.

"Irnie, I haven't any fine words, like some people, but," he took up the fringe of her shawl, holding it in his fingers with the touch of one who carresses something, "but I love you better than anybody in the world, and I couldn't go on any longer without knowing how you stood towards me."

That was all. He had no fine words, as he said; but his face—ah, Irnie didn't see that. Her eyes were on the fennel still; his face was wrought up into an agony of intense longing. All was still for a minute. Then a door opened and shut below. Some child had come back for its Sunday-school book. Irnie took a long breath, looked up, and put out her hand. "Oh, Theo, I'm so sorry," she whispered.

The next instant she was alone.

Shut into her own little room, the poor girl sat and sobbed, as she recalled the desolate face of which she had caught one glimpse, as Theo had turned away. "Three months ago it was different," she thought, "but now——"

"Good morning, little girl. Who do you love best, this morning?" cried Kit, laughing, as he met his cousin on the porch, before breakfast. "Here's a rose for her bonnie brown hair—the last one. Summer is going, and we must be gone, too."

Irnie bent her head. Kit was fastening the flower in her braids. "Oh," she murmured. A thorn had pierced the flesh.

"Unkind," whispered Kit. "I'll make it well, however," and then Irnie felt a kiss, light as a breath, dropped soft on her cheek, and again on her braided hair. That instant Theo passed, going to his morning work.

"Here is the mail, and here is a letter from Maud, mamma," cried Kit, an hour later. "The Graysons are coming on from Rye, Wednesday. They propose that we shall meet them at ——, and all go to New York together."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Rainsford.

"By-the-by, have I ever shown you Maud, little girl?" asked Kit, that afternoon. They were out under the lilacs. A side-pocket, a little case of ruby-tinted leather, a faint perfume, and then a picture held in those cool, slender fingers, before her face. Flowing hair, eyes uplifted, a light, as from some inner illumination, shining out all over the wondrous features, a fall of lace from head to shoulders, one floating end caught and folded over the breast, held there by a hand dimpled, dainty. All this in a flash. Irnie saw. This was a woman of Kit's world.

"Not much amiss, eh?" he asked, lightly. "You'll not object to her in the family, I fancy. You shall dance at our wedding, Irnie."

Two days more, and they were gone. "Now we'll rest," said Aunt Rue. "Mary is just what she always was; and Kit is well enough, if he wasn't a selfish fellow."

Aunt Rue was right. Straight through the glamor of grace, and sparkle, she saw, and knew, that this young man was cheerful, because self-satisfied, loved himself first, and his neighbor just in proportion as that neighbor contributed to his enjoyment. "Theo. Burton is worth ten of him, in my opinion," she said; and Irnie did not dispute that opinion; but, not the less, all the light seemed to have died out of her life. She went and came, ate, slept, worked; but her face wore another look. She had tasted of the tree of knowledge.

"Curse him!" muttered Theo, as he passed Irnie one day, and with love's intuition read it all. "He has played with her, and tossed her by. If he had never come, who knows but she might——" Theo sighed.

Christmas came, a week of drifting storms, of blockaded roads, and of isolated households. That morning, the sun, rising over the white valley, looked down on a young girl, bowed, pale, and tearless, above her dead. Aunt Rue was gone. Her soul had passed out through night to light, under storm into calm. Irnie was alone.

Spring found her with Mrs. Rainsford in New York. This was home to her now. Kit was in Europe with his bride. Here Irnie came to know

something of that world, whose echoes only had been borne to her ears, up there among those hills of Berkshire. Here, going in and out, she learned the lesson of life, that men and women are the same everywhere; that neither wealth, nor any of the cultured amenities of society, can atone for the absence of real merit. After two winters in the city, she found herself turning, with unspeakable longing, toward the old farm, and the old friends among the hills.

On the third winter, on her way home, she was visiting a newly-married friend in Boston.

"Kate and I must, of course, take you to see the chief lion of 'the hub,' the state-house," said her host. "And, by-the-by, they are having a new sensation in the legislature, this season, a real heaven-made orator. He is the representative from some little township, up among the hills, in Berkshire, perhaps; has been in the legislature three winters now; and just at present there is a regular furor to hear him. He's going to speak on that great railroad question, this afternoon."

Irnie sat in the gallery of the state-house, that afternoon, and saw, to her surprise, Theo Burton rise to speak. He, then, was this new Demosthenes. She leaned forward, her face very white, her eyes alight, every feature full of eager listening.

"See," Kate Murray's touch said to her husband, as she laid a finger on his hand, and glanced meaningly at Irnie.

"Have him home to dine this evening," answered the husband, comprehending all, and they settled themselves to hear.

You can guess the rest. Theo Burton's story was no uncommon one. Very many men of fame have mustered from the valleys. But can you think what it was for Irnie? It was her friend of the old time, only grander, rarer. The voice, which was holding that audience in its hush to-day, was it not the same which had consoled her in her childish griefs, had sung beside her in the

old church, and had spoken the first words of true love to her there in the still gallery? Was he married, she wondered? When he came to her in Kate Murray's library that evening; when he took her hand, and looked into her eyes, Irnie knew that this was what she had been waiting for. It was worth the waiting. The rewards of life usually are.

The years had done much for both. Each was ripened, softened, perfected—the man rendered more manly, the woman more womanly.

"I don't know," Theo said, musingly, one night, as they stood in the crimson glow of the library fire, their hands on one another's shoulders. "I'm not sure but it was a good day for us, the one that brought Kit Rainsford to Walden. One lesson came to me through him."

"And that?" asked Irnie's eyes.

"That manner is essential as well as matter. That no man can afford to ignore the graces of life. We New England rustics need a lesson of that kind."

Irnie was silent. The warm glow from the fire touched her softly as she stood, rested like a benediction on the bent head, slid downward, and kissed her garment's hem. Theo's face in shadow had a statuesque look, which was not without a certain majesty. It was hard to believe that these were the two, who had stood in the mill, not four years gone.

"That day," said Irnie, recalling Theo's mention of Kit's coming. The date had other memories for her. "See." She took the firm right hand in both her own, turning the fingers tenderly to the light. "The scars are there. They are memorial."

"This also," and Theo took, from a side-pocket, a carefully-preserved, dried, pressed flower. "Azalias. You let them fall as you went back through the old mill that day. I promised myself then that I would keep them until—Well, I have kept them, you see."

COMPENSATIONS.

BY JENNIE R. DERWENT.

THOU art not rich, thou art not fair;
Thou canst not boast of wondrous gifts;
Whence comes the sunshine of thine air?
What secret hope thy soul uplifts?

"Bereft of pleasures, full of care,
My outward life may seem to thee;
But God has compensations rare,
And joys within He giveth me.

"No artist, but with artist eye
Each sailing cloud has tints for me;

No singer, yet entranced I lie
While birds rehearse their merry glee.

"But foremost still I love my kind,
The men and women, children sweet;
And while such interests fill the mind,
Say is not sunshine very sweet?"

"Contented with thy lowly lot,
Thou scarce canst tell how thou art blest;
Desiring nought thou hast not got
Far richer art thou than the best."

GODFREY JANNIFER'S HEIRS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Christmas-eve 1805, and a party of six men were assembled in the library of the old house, where, fifty years before, Godfrey Jannifer had died, and in dying had bequeathed a century of resentment to his disobedient daughter and her descendants.

The Trustees, in accordance with almost the last wish expressed by Mr. Jannifer, had sold the house, in which he died, to his old friend and partner, Job Withrington, for the sum of ten thousand pounds; and the annual meeting of the Trustees had always been held upon the same spot, where the first one was inaugurated, under such terrible circumstances, by the Testator himself.

Fifty-five years had naturally brought changes to the little society, and Job Withrington himself, a patriarch of almost ninety years, was to-day the only survivor of the original Trustees. His associates had, in dying, bequeathed the Trust to their eldest sons, according to the wishes of the Testator, and they in turn, upon this Christmas-eve of 1805, were to name their own sons as their successors in a duty grown too arduous for them. The new Board was, therefore, now to be constructed of the son of Job Withrington, a man of sixty-odd years, inheriting his father's name, but not his father's ability; Ralph Monckton, grandson of Roger Monckton, the original Trustee, and Nugent Willard, grandson of Geoffrey Willard. These two young men, not yet admitted as their father's successors, although the matter had been arranged in an informal meeting a few nights previously, remained, for the present, modestly in the background, while their fathers, John Monckton, and Richard Willard, came forward, and respectfully shook their aged chief by the hand, and inquired for his health.

"Pretty low, pretty low," replied the patriarch, feebly. "I'm only a sort of monument of the past. But let's to business. Introduce your boys, and let me see to what sort of stuff my dear old friend's interests are to be intrusted."

"This is my son, Nugent Willard, Mr. Withrington; and I propose him as Trustee in my place in this Board, if my associates are pleased to accept him," said the elder Willard; and his

son, coloring under the scrutiny of two of the keenest eyes he had ever met, stood silent and absorbed before his aged judge.

"Honest, strong, sensible, patient! Yes, I see all that in his face; but too confiding, too simple, too easily duped. Those are bad, bad; but he's a good boy, and I for one indorse him," muttered the old man, slowly, and with many pauses. "Yes, Willard, I'll accept your son Nugent in your place, that is, so far as my opinion goes; but my son, Job, there, is the acting member of the Board, you know; that is, when he isn't asleep, or at dinner. Job, are you awake just now?"

"Yes, father, certainly," replied Job, whose stout figure, red face, and ponderous motions, added point to his father's sarcasm, which, however the son never dreamed of resenting. "Yes, father, I'm awake, and I also indorse Nugent Willard as Trustee in his father's place."

"That's settled, then; and now, Monckton, let us see your candidate," said the elder Withrington, feebly.

"Here he is, my son, Ralph, sir; and though I say it, who shouldn't, as smart a young fellow for two-and-twenty as you'll find in all the Inns of Court."

"Oh, a lawyer, eh?" asked the old man, reading the face of the candidate, with shrewd, keen glances.

"Yes, sir, an unworthy member of the Bar," replied Ralph Monckton, confidently.

"Well, sir, you may be, a very good lawyer; but—I don't want to see you Trustee of my friend Jannifer's will," said Job Withrington, slowly, but decisively. First a silence, and then a confusion of voices arose, as the full meaning of the feeble utterance reached the minds of the listeners.

"But why, sir? Why, Mr. Withrington, do you cast this unmerited slight upon my son?" demanded the elder Monckton; and to this question alone, of all addressed to him, the patriarch chose to reply.

"Because, Mr. Monckton, your son don't look honest. Your father was a lawyer, too, and a very sharp and shrewd one, and a man no one ever got the better of, to my knowledge; but he was an honest man, and I respected him. You

are a lawyer also, and you are sharp and shrewd, and I hope honest. I don't know you very well, Mr. Monckton; but I hope you're honest. As to this young man, I read in his face all the qualities that made his grandfather a man to be respected, and admired, if not loved; but without the other qualities which balanced and controlled them. You've transmitted the cleverness you got from your father to your son, my dear Mr. John Monckton; but you didn't get any more honesty from him than you needed for yourself.

"However, I'm not an acting member of this Board, and I decline to give any opinion in this matter. Job, my son, you are chairman of the Board, and I request you to assume your position. I shall not be present at its future meetings, even if I live to see another. I wish you all good-night, gentlemen, and a merry Christmas. Job, ring the bell for my man."

Job obeyed, and a solemn silence filled the room, until the severe old man had left it. Then, indeed, a clamor of tongues arose, and a hot discussion, ending in Ralph Monckton's admission to the Board, in spite of the feeble opposition of the younger Withrington, its nominal chairman, and the open remonstrance of the elder Willard; while his son, although silent, as propriety demanded, showed by his expression of disgust and annoyance, how the persistence of the two Willards affected him.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Withrington, at length. "If the matter rests with me, I say let us try Mr. Ralph Monckton, trusting that my father's prejudice against him is an unfounded one, and that he will by his conduct prove that the verdict was a mistake. And now, Mr. Willard, the elder, will you tell us the result of your inquiries and researches, in America, for the heirs of the Jannifer estate?"

Thus appealed to, Mr. Richard Willard took a memorandum book from his pocket, and consulting it as he went on, reported,

"I am sorry to say that no clue can be gained to the fate of the children of either Ruel Godfrey, or Godfrey Ruel Jannifer. I have ascertained, beyond a doubt, and principally from researches made upon the spot by my son Nugent, who has just returned from the West Indies, that Ruel Jannifer, the elder, his nephew Godfrey, and his son Ruel, with the wife of the latter, were killed in the general massacre of the whites ordered by Dessalines, on the 29th of March 1804; and my son was enabled to question and bribe several negroes who not only witnessed the death of the three gentlemen, but who took part in the division of the spoils of the estate. By the testimony of

all these men, it seems certain that Mrs. Jannifer, with the three children, attempted an escape early in January of that year; but as her body and that of the faithful slave who was conducting the flight, were afterward found upon the beach, it is obvious that they were intercepted and murdered, probably by order of Dessalines, who had issued a peremptory edict against emigration.

"What became of the children is not known, and the medals and valuable papers of the family have also disappeared. An old woman, living near the coast, testified to seeing the fishing craft of a negro, called Sharky Sam, hovering around a little bay near her house, and the same night hearing the trampling of horses, and the voices of men in that quarter; but fearing to get herself into trouble, she did not look out, or go down to the shore, until the next day, when some one came running up to her hut to tell of the dead bodies upon the beach.

"It is, of course, barely possible that the children escaped in this boat with their nurse, who also disappeared the same night. But it seems hardly credible; and even in that case, it is almost impossible to trace their flight, for the woman, Minnie, would not probably call them by their true names. In fact, for the present, all clue seems lost to the whereabouts of the Jannifer heirs, and we can only wait and hope that at some future time——"

"Wait!" echoed a contemptuous voice, and Ralph Monckton, the obnoxious new-made member of the Board, rose to his feet, and leaning upon the table with both hands, thrust his sharp foxy face into the little circle of elder men. Mr. Willard, thus interrupted, paused and looked indignantly at the interloper; Monckton, the elder, gazed at his son with mingled admiration and terror; Mr. Withrington appeared anxious and unready; and Nugent Willard, resenting the affront to his father, also rose to his feet, with flushed face and clenched hand.

Unheeding all these demonstrations, the foxy-faced young lawyer repeated in the same tone,

"Wait! Not if we are men, and not idiots!"

"Idiots!" echoed Nugent Willard. "What, or who, do you mean by that, sir?"

"Any one who says wait instead of act," retorted Monckton. "Good Heavens, gentlemen, we have the charge of millions of pounds, and every year increases the magnitude of this Trust, and of our responsibility. Are we to sleep over it, or to sit supinely with folded hands, waiting for the information it is our duty to seek all over the world, if need be? You, gentlemen, have done your part, and done it ably in cherishing and augmenting the property intrusted to your

father's care; but it is time now for younger men to take the burden upon their shoulders, and act in the new emergency that has come upon us. Stay you here at home, honorary members of the Board, and continue your wise administration of the estate, while Mr. Nugent Willard and myself will undertake the responsibility of hunting up these missing heirs. The estate will bear the expense, of course, and I for one will postpone my own business to this, until it is accomplished."

He slowly looked around the circle, as challenging contradiction or reply, but none came; and in the moment of silence that followed, a hesitating knock was heard at the door of the library.

"Come in!" cried Mr. Witherington, and the door slowly swung open, showing the figure of a respectable, old-fashioned domestic, who evidently tried to keep back some one who insisted upon forcing an entrance.

"What is it, James?" asked the master, in surprise.

"If you please, sir, it's a man as wants the Trustees; and I take it, you, gentlemen, be they, ben't you?"

"Certainly; let him in, James, directly."

"And time enough, I rather believe," growled a hoarse voice, as a seafaring man, breezy as a northwest wind, and evidently a little the worse for liquor, shoved the respectable James rudely to one side, and bounced into the room, shouting hoarsely,

"Time enough to say, 'let him in', says I, when I've come all the way from S'thampt'n to spin my yarn, and see if so be you'll act up to your agreement."

"What agreement? And who are you, my man?" asked Mr. Witherington, mildly. "Sit down there by the door, and tell us quietly what you want."

"I want the Trustees of the Jannifer Estate. Be you they?" The man moderated his tone, somewhat, as he said this.

"We are, and we are now in session upon the affairs of the estate. Have you anything to say concerning them?"

"Well, look a'here!" And from a pocket, inside the breast of his woolen shirt, the seaman drew a package enveloped in oil-skin, unfolded it, and throwing its contents upon the table, under the noses of the Trustees, demanded,

"Well, what's that worth?"

"One of the two medals issued to the original Ruel and Godfrey Jannifer!" exclaimed Job Witherington, who still retained custody of the remaining medals, and had often examined them.

"Ha! our clue at last," cried Ralph Monck-

ton, moving so as to interpose himself between the seaman and the door, a movement perceived and resented by its object, who growled,

"Avast, there, you shark-nosed lubber. If I come here of my own accord, it ain't likely I'm going to cut off, without getting what I come for."

"And what's that, my man?" asked Mr. Witherington, quietly.

"Why, you say there that you'll pay five pound a month to any fellow named Jannifer, don't you?"

"Any descendant of Ruel and Maud Jannifer?" replied the elder Monckton, cautiously.

"Well, I don't know who the chap descended from, but I know where he is, and I want the five pound," replied the man, doggedly.

"Know where who is!" asked all the Trustees, in chorus.

Ralph Monckton, placing himself directly in front of the poor fellow, who was trying to outvie him in cunning, fixed him with his cruel eye, and slowly said,

"See here, my friend; by the way, what's your name?"

"Bill Thomas, and I ain't ashamed of it."

"I hope you have no cause to be; but let me warn you, Bill Thomas, you have undertaken a very dangerous game. You are trying to extort money, illegally, and are already liable to the law. Now, give up any attempt at making a bargain, and deceiving men who are a great deal too sharp for you, and tell us at once, and truthfully, how you came by this medal, and who and where the person is from whom you had it. If you tell the truth, you'll get a good deal more than five pounds by it; and if you try to cheat us, you'll get yourself into the worst sort of trouble. Come, now, how is it?"

Bill Thomas, although a rough and even brutal man, was not without a streak of good sense in his composition, which told him that the lawyer's words, although unpalatable, were worth attending to, and that now, if never before, honesty was his best policy. After a moment's dogged silence, he replied, in a much humbler tone than he had hitherto used,

"Well, Cap'n, it's just here. 'Most a year ago I was in Cuby, laying off a spell in Havana, after a long v'y'ge; and one night, at a dance-house, where there was pretty much all sorts of folks but the parson, I fell in with a darkey called Pedro, who was boss of a little chap that played on the fiddle for the folks to dance.

"I got to fooling with the boy, learning him to take off a glass of grog like a man and that, and this Pedro didn't see it, and so there was a

row, and others joined in, and the upshot of it was that Pedro got a knife in him. 'Twa'n't me done it, so you needn't look scared, old hoss; 'twas another darkey, that had an old grudge agin Pedro. Well, seeing as he was bound for Davy Jones, I felt sort o' streaked, and asked him if there was anything I could do to ease the ways for the big launch he'd got afore him; and he said there was one thing—the boy. And when I axed if it was the little fiddler chap, he said aye, and that the boy was to be took to Lunnun, to this here house, and I'd know why, when I see a medal round his neck, and read a paper done up along with it. I was going to ask some more questions, but just then Pedro made sail for t'other world, and got out of hail in a minute. I took the little chap along o' me, and as there might be some fuss made about the nigger's dying that way, I just went aboard a fruiter bound for New York, and shipped before the mast—me and the boy.

"As soon as we got stowed a bit, I took a look at the medal, and there it is. The papers I had to leave in the bag, the little varmint made such a row over my trying to get 'em away; and the only way I got the medal was by copying of it on the feller's breast, before ever it was took off."

"Copying it on his breast!" exclaimed several voices, in horror and astonishment.

"Yes, in Ingy ink," replied the sailor, easily. "I did it first rate, too, for I'm A. I., at tattooing, I tell you. There it is, and there it will be till the day of his death; just the size and just the copy, line for line of this here promise to pay five pound every month to any one who fetches the medal; and all he's got to do, is pull open his shirt, and show that he's got it, and take in his five pound a month. First-rate idea, ain't it, mates?"

"And where is the unfortunate boy now?" asked Willard.

"I left him with Nancy. She'll keep him safe till I get back," replied the man, with a cunning leer. "You see, I've adopted him for my own, and it's no more than fair that it's me should have the five pound a month; your honors are bound to pay to the one that fetches this here medal, either him or his gardeen."

A hubbub of indignant voices here interrupted the artless confession of a scheme, which Bill Thomas was finally convinced was quite impossible to carry out, in face of the law and lawyers who confronted him; and a compromise was soon effected, in virtue of which Bill was to receive fifty pounds reward, and a promise of safety from all disagreeable consequences, so soon as he

should deliver to the Trustees of the Jannifer Estate the unfortunate little heir, out of whom he had expected to make so much capital.

Mr. Nugent Willard and Mr. Ralph Monckton, as the two active members of the new Board, were directed to accompany Bill Thomas to Gravesend, where he had left the boy, in charge of Miss Nancy Briggs, a young lady who should have been called Mrs. Bill Thomas, but who, during the absence of that gentleman, had sacrificed all hope of ever bearing his name, by eloping with the fascinating master of a collier, who had for some time been paying private court to the fair damsel.

This evasion, although a matter of great interest to Bill Thomas, would have been a matter of the very slightest consequence to the Trustees, had not Nancy chosen to take her little charge with her; and both of them were last seen going toward the wharves, where they had probably embarked on board the coal-barge. To pursue this barge by means of a fast-sailing yacht, was the obvious and immediate course of the Trustees, who would have insisted upon the company of Bill Thomas, even had he not been more than anxious to gain it.

The barge was overhauled, hailed, and halted; Nancy, a little shamefaced, and more than a little impudent, was called to account, first by her injured lover, and then by the Trustees. To the first she responded in brief and forcible style, that if he'd lost her it was his own fault; he might have married her, and then he could have held her; whereas, now she was her own mistress, and she'd defy him to lay a finger on her. To the gentlemen, she replied more mildly, that she was as sorry as they not to be able to restore the boy to his friends; for, indeed, he was too gentle a little fellow, and too delicate for the life they led; but that the day she left home she had sent him upon a last errand, while she went aboard the collier, and that as he did not return for more than an hour after the time appointed for sailing, and could not be found by the boy sent to look after him, "her man" had insisted upon not losing the tide, and had sailed without him.

"And you have no idea what has become of the child?" demanded Willard, indignantly, while Monckton took down the names and addresses of the collier, of his owners, and of Nancy.

"Not an idea; and I'm as sorry as you can be, gentlemen, for he was a pretty little fellow," replied Nancy, sadly; and as nothing more was to be gained in this direction, the Trustees and Bill Thomas re-embarked upon the yacht, and returned to Gravesend, where, for two days, aided by one of the best detectives from Scotland Yard,

they pursued their inquiries concerning the fate of Rafe Jannifer, but totally without result. The probability certainly was, that the boy, either voluntarily, or by force, had gone aboard some one of the many vessels constantly sailing from Gravesend to all parts of the earth; and Monckton quietly proceeded to make a list of the names and ports of destination of all which had left the port for the previous four days. Of these, large and small, the number was sixty-eight, and their destinations, ranging from the farthest east to the remotest west. From this list, so soon as it became obvious that little Rafe was not to be found in or about Gravesend, Ralph Monckton made another, and handing both to his associate, Nugent Willard, said,

"Of course, our duty is to inform ourselves as rapidly as possible whether the boy is on board any one of these vessels. Half I reserve to myself, and half I make over to you for investigation. As my own list includes seventeen craft bound to various ports in America, and the West Indies, I shall pursue my plan of visiting America as soon as I have dispatched messengers to meet these other craft at their places of destination. To you I leave all England, and Europe, and I sincerely hope that no small jealousies, or personal differences, will prevent our working together for what is, or should be, our one great object, the discovery of the heirs of the Jannifer Estate."

"No jealousy on my part, no difference that can injure my efficiency as a co-laborer in this duty, will be allowed to interfere, I assure you, Mr. Monckton," replied Nugent Willard, coldly; and a few hours later the young men parted, their feelings of mutual dislike rather strengthened than abated, but still held together by one strong tie, interest in the search that lay before them, and determination to place before all other business that devolving upon them in their new and responsible positions as Trustees of the Jannifer Estate.

It is impossible for us, without tiring the reader too much, to follow the footsteps of either, in their exciting and interesting search; but we must content ourselves with stating what neither of the young lawyers succeeded in learning until too late, that poor little Rafe, disgusted with the alternate severity and coarse jollity of his master and mistress, had resolved to leave them both, and when sent by Nancy upon the errand mentioned by her, had made the best of his way on board an American cotton-craft, secreted himself in the hold, and, after awhile, venturing out among the crew, had made the voyage to Savannah, without the knowledge of the captain, a

severe and reserved man, whom his crew and under officers were glad to deceive whenever they could find the opportunity. Thus it chanced that no trace of the boy's presence appeared upon the ship's papers, or in the minds of the captain and first mate, when applied to in due course by Mr. Monckton, who could have pursued his researches among the crew of the Magnolia, had it been possible to find them; but on the arrival of the Magnolia at her port, the disgusted crew had abandoned her *en masse*, and before the lawyer's arrival at Savannah, had scattered to the four quarters of the globe, leaving not even a name behind; for a sailor, as every one knows, prefers to be called by almost any other name than that legally belonging to him.

But before sailing upon the South Pacific voyage, from which he never returned, Long Sam, Rafe's especial friend and patron, had smuggled the boy from the Magnolia, on board the Lone Star, a coaster, bound for New Orleans; a name deeply printed upon poor little Rafe's mind, as the city of refuge, whither his cousins Ruel and Maud had been carried; and although a native pride and reserve prevented his explaining fully to long Sam the actual story of his life, he insisted so strongly upon the end of all his trouble lying in New Orleans, that the careless, kind-hearted sailor considered that he had done all that was needed when he gave the second mate of the Lone Star five dollars to pay for a passage to New Orleans for "this little chap who's got friends there."

CHAPTER VIII.

FIFTEEN years have passed away, and the world is celebrating its great Christian festival of Christmas, A. D. 1820.

In a private parlor of the then most fashionable hotel of New York, two gentlemen sat together sipping their wine after dinner, and talking eagerly. They are Ralph Monckton and Nugent Willard, the former for some years a resident of New York, where he is a favorite lawyer and politician, and the latter a gentleman of independent fortune, and a restless traveler. Neither have forgotten or neglected the great Trust, to whose interests both of them devoted themselves, in their earliest manhood; and which, to Nugent Willard, has ever since, with one exception, stood in place of home, wife, children, and occupation. The fortune bequeathed to the Trustees by Godfrey Jannifer, seventy years before this date, has, through the judicious care of their successors, now reached colossal proportions, and is invested in almost every safe and profitable enterprise of note, all over the world.

To the gentlemen, eating their Christmas dinner in quiet luxury, is conjoined a third, Job Withrington, a man of about their own years, who already leans strongly upon his son, Jannifer Withrington, his probable successor in the course of a few years; for this Job has not the stalwart strength of the grandfather, who died in 1806, or the father, who placidly held the reins for ten years longer. Ralph Monckton occasionally visits England, and Job Withrington, the third, has once been in America; but, for the most part, the communications of the Board are carried on by letter, or the personal reports of Nugent Willard, who is as often in London as in any other city, but who is in the habit of presenting himself unexpectedly at almost any given point of the habitable globe, in the most eccentric manner. He is in New York on this especial occasion by appointment with Monckton, and now, dinner over, and the servant dismissed, they are talking business.

It is Monckton who asks in an off-hand style.

"Well, Willard, I suppose you have followed up the clue you told me of, last year, to the old slave woman."

"Yes, and convinced myself that it was the nurse sent to New Orleans in charge of Ruel and Maud, the children of Ruel Jannifer. I do not know whether you remember my details of the search from time to time, but you will recall——"

"I can recall all, my dear sir," interposed Ralph Monckton, with a dry and self-satisfied smile. "Twelve years ago you met, at Saratoga, a young lady from Charleston, S. C., and a mutual liking sprang up between you, not, however, ending, as one would suppose, in love and matrimony. In the course of her artless narratives of the childhood of herself and her brothers and sisters, she alluded to her little sister's nurse, Maum Minnie; and you, attracted by the name, asked some questions concerning the woman, in reply to which Miss Ellis told you that her father had bought the woman from a dealer, who had her from a southern agent, and that Minnie herself declared that she had been kidnapped in New Orleans, and hurried off, with a number of other free negroes, stolen by this dealer, for a more northern market.

"Miss Ellis, flattered by your interest in her narrative, proceeded to repeat Minnie's story as gathered from her own lips, and you found it to tally precisely with the data gathered by both you and myself of the attempted flight of Mrs. Jannifer with her two children, nephew Rafe, and the servants, Minnie and José, from San Domingo, just before the massacre of the white population, by order of Dessalines. According

to Minnie's story, her mistress and José were intercepted and killed upon the beach, probably by government officials, while they were awaiting the return of the boat, which had gone off with Minnie and the two younger children, the nephew Rafe having remained on shore with his aunt, and, as we know, escaping in company with the negro Pedro.

"Sharky Sam, the master of the boat, terrified lest he also should come under the terrors of the law, set sail, without waiting for the end of the affray, and being already paid for the voyage, made his way to New Orleans, where he landed his passengers, and immediately disappeared. Minnie, thus thrown upon her own resources, supported herself and the children by work or beggary, no matter which, for a few months, and then was kidnapped, as she was returning home one dark night, and knew nothing farther of the fate of her charges.

"Resolved to see and question the woman for yourself, you at once left Newport for Charleston, S. C., and thence went to the Ellis' plantation, where you found that Maum Minnie had taken advantage of the absence of her master and mistress to make her escape, probably in hope of rejoining the Jannifer children in New Orleans. Since then you have pursued the clue in vain——"

"Until this very last year, Monckton," interrupted Willard, eagerly. "This very last summer I found——"

"Found Minnie!——"

"Found her grave, in one of the inland towns of New England," replied Willard. "And from the kind-hearted woman, in whose service she died, I gained the sad sequel of her story. Escaping from South Carolina, the poor creature made her way through a thousand dangers and difficulties back to New Orleans, only to discover that her charges had both disappeared, as utterly as if the earth had swallowed them up. She was still searching for some trace of them, when she was again seized as a vagrant by the officers of law, and sold at public auction. Soon after, she was carried up the river on a Mississippi steamer, and, pretending to throw herself overboard, managed to hide somewhere on board, and finally escaped into Ohio, and from thence East, where she took service, and finally, as I say, died last summer, just as I succeeded in tracing her whereabouts."

"Do you know anything yet of the children?"

But this simple question seemed at once to destroy the equanimity with which Willard had detailed the story of Minnie. He hesitated, colored, cleared his throat, and finally, with an air of the greatest embarrassment, said,

"Why, thereby, my dear Monckton, hangs a sort of confession, which I owe to you, and yet, which I am horribly afraid, you will take amiss. In fact, I have not been quite ingenious in regard to my own affairs, during the fifteen years of our association, or rather during the two or three years just previous. The fact is, that while I was in San Domingo, seventeen years ago, looking up the testimony concerning the Jannifers involved in the insurrection, I met with a young girl, an orphan and a fugitive, who threw herself upon my protection, and, in short, became my wife——"

"Your wife? Are you, then, a married man?"

"A widower. When I returned to England, to ask my father's consent, or rather approval of my marriage, I found his whole mind absorbed in schemes for our family aggrandizement, through a marriage he had planned for me so soon as I should come of age, and settle to business, as he phrased it. But my mother's death, almost immediately after my return, and the necessity for my leaving England in search of Rafe Jannifer, postponed it.

"Without further taxing your attention, I will briefly state that my marriage never was publicly announced, as my wife soon died, leaving me with no motive for arousing public curiosity and wonder, by revealing the sad story of my married life. I brought my daughter——"

"Oh, you have a daughter——"

"Yes, our only child, a girl named Millicent. I brought her to England, and put her at school, with a lady whom I had every reason to believe trustworthy; and she may have been so; but, in some manner, Millicent obtained frequent and stolen interviews with a young man, the reputed son of a merchant called Gresham, the grounds of whose villa adjoined those of the school. There was an attempt at elopement, discovered, and frustrated by Mr. Gresham himself; and I was sent for from Vienna, where I was following a delusive rumor, pointing, as I fancied, to our Trust.

"I came home immediately, saw Mr. Gresham, talked with the young man, and then with Millicent; and finding the lovers madly bent upon uniting themselves, with or without our consent, I proposed to Mr. Gresham that we should allow them to learn the lesson of life, after their own fashion, and marry them decently and in order.

"He consented, with a hesitation and embarrassment which I could not explain, and the marriage went forward, until the morning of the wedding day, when Mr. Gresham came to me and said that he had a confession to make, and went on to tell me that this lad, Edward Gresham,

whom my daughter was to marry within the hour, was not his own child, but an adopted one, of whose parents he knew nothing, as he had taken him from an orphan asylum, to replace a child of his own, lost at about the same time, and whose name he had bestowed upon the little orphan. He had taken legal measures since that time to give the boy his own name, and to formally adopt him as his own heir; but he wished the matter kept a profound secret, on account of some complications with his relatives concerning property, and would not have revealed the secret even to me, had not his conscience troubled him too severely to be silenced.

"I considered the matter, for the few moments left me before the hour appointed for the marriage-ceremony, and I concluded to allow matters to go on. Millicent, I knew, would only find additional food for romance, in this tardily-revealed secret, and I saw no reason why Edward Gresham, by Act of Parliament, was not as likely to make a good husband for my girl, as Edward Gresham, by act of nature. The marriage went on——"

"And your son-in-law turns out to be——?" asked Ralph Monckton, in a voice trembling with rage.

"He turns out to be the Ruel Jannifer, whose nurse, Minnie, was forced to abandon him in the streets of New Orleans, and who from the streets was taken to a police station, and thence to an asylum, where he was found and adopted by Mr. Gresham, the English merchant. I ascertained the truth at first from his possession of one of the missing medals, and then from inquiries lately made in New Orleans."

As Willard spoke the last words, looking calmly into the face of his companion, even his sense of innocence and honorable dealing were almost abashed by the sneer of contempt and hatred, which convulsed the lawyer's cold features.

"Mighty well, Mr. Nugent Willard!" said he, at length, in a hoarse and choking voice. "You've managed your little conspiracy very neatly, and got your daughter, if indeed she is your daughter, and I'll have proof of that, married to the heir of the Jannifer estate, very cleverly. I knew of that boy; I knew who had adopted him, and I only waited until he was twenty-one, and able to make his own bargain——"

"Oh, you were going to sell the information of his birth to him, as soon as he was competent to bind himself to pay your price, were you?"

"Never mind what I was going to do," replied Monckton, furiously. "You have played a mean and shabby trick upon me; but mark! your daughter's children shan't be the only Jannifer

heirs to be found on Christmas-eve 1850, cunning as you think yourself."

"My good fellow," interposed Willard, rising with dignity, "this torrent of abuse is quite uncalculated for, and quite misplaced. I have already told you that all the arrangements for my daughter's marriage, with the reputed son of Mr. Gresham, were made before the discovery of the young man's real parentage——"

"I know that you say so," sneered Monckton.

"Mr. Monckton," replied Willard, coolly, "I shall listen to no further insults, and must consequently bid you good-evening."

He left the room as he spoke, and Monckton, his rage suddenly calmed, looked after him in doubt and dismay.

"What does he know?" he said. "Has he discovered the girl, or can it be that he has found the heir? Either of them may live to be the heir, as well as this Ruel, whom he has married to his daughter? Can he know that Maud is actually in this house, as Miss de Vigne, daughter of the wealthy New Orleans planter? And if he does, will not he surely foil my plan of marrying her, and taking the name of Jannifer, so that my children may become the heirs? I will press the matter of the marriage upon old De Vigne, this very evening. He has almost consented, and the girl is not averse to me. Yes, Nugent Willard, I will succeed here, in spite of you."

CHAPTER IX.

BUT, while the wily lawyer thus occupied himself with planning his own and another's future, an interview was going forward, in another part of the hotel, which was destined to overturn his little schemes in the most summary manner.

Mr. Noel de Vigne, his wife, daughter, and servants, occupied the very best suit of apartments in the hotel, and received the greatest attention and respect from every one connected with the house, for Mr. de Vigne was one of the wealthiest of New Orleans cotton-planters, his wife one of the most helpless and luxurious of southern ladies, and his daughter, Miss Maud de Vigne, so exacting, so capricious, and so imperious, that no one would have imagined that only fifteen years before, she, a child of two summers, had been taken from an orphan asylum, and adopted by her reputed parents, just as her brother Ruel had been adopted by Mr. Gresham. This little history remained a profound secret to the world. But the young lady herself had surprised it from Mrs. de Vigne, one day, and ever since, that lady had kept it as a rod in pickle with which to occasionally chastise the pride, auda-

city, and disobedience of her adopted daughter. The consequence was, that the headstrong girl, regarding herself as free from all filial obligations by the accident of birth, and all ties of gratitude and reverence by the frequent taunts in which Mrs. de Vigne indulged, and the somewhat tyrannical course adopted by her reputed father, had for some time considered herself at liberty to pursue her own course, even in opposition to that of her parents, whenever she could in any way obtain it; and as she was very clever, very fascinating, and very daring, she seldom failed of effecting her purpose.

In the present instance, this purpose was a stolen interview with about the most objectionable person she could have selected for such a favor, a young man called Victor Marmont, whom she had first met upon one of the Mississippi steamers during the previous summer, and in whose society she had on that occasion enjoyed two moonlight evenings, and a large proportion of the daylight hours, which Mrs. de Vigne dozed or lounged away in her state-room, while Mr. de Vigne smoked, or talked politics at the other end of the boat. These interviews were not quite *télé-a-télé*, however, for Daphne, Miss de Vigne's sprightly quadroon maid, always "assisted" at them, and after the return of the family to the city, it was Daphne who arranged a great many walks and interviews at confectioners, and balcony whisperings, and finally, it was Daphne who suggested that if "Mas' Victor," followed the De Vignes to New York, it would be a very easy matter for her young mistress to "slip out some evening and get married, and then all of us take the underground railroad for the land of freedom, Missy."

The plan suited Maud, and she consented to it. And now, on Christmas-eve, excusing herself, on the plea of illness, from the stately dinner to which her parents had gone, she quietly crept up the stairs to Daphne's room, and there found her lover awaiting her.

A tall, handsome, swarthy fellow, this Victor Marmont, and bearing about him the stamp of gentlemanhood; and yet, mingled with this reckless and defiant air, a flavor of Bohemianism.

"All ready, Victor, you see," exclaimed Maud, gayly. "Isn't it a lark?"

"One minute, my darling, my own," replied the lover, tenderly, yet almost coldly, removing the clinging hold she laid upon his arm. "I have something to say to you, before we leave this house, and all retreat becomes impossible. Daphne, will you stand outside the door for a few moments?"

"Oh, certainly," said Victor, if Miss Maud

says so," replied the confidante, offended; but obeying the gesture of her mistress.

"There, now, we are alone! What is it?" said Maud, impatiently.

"In the first place, dearest, I am not even Victor Marmont. I was going to let you marry me in ignorance of all this; but, bad as I am, I cannot do it."

"Not Victor Marmont? Who, then, are you?"

"That is not the worst. My name is Jannifer, Rafael, or Rafé Jannifer; and this name is honestly mine, for I have the certificate of my parents' marriage, and of my own birth, as well as an indelible mark upon my breast to prove my lineage otherwise. Of my earliest life I know nothing. The first memory I have, is of a gigantic negro, named Pedro, who was very kind to me; then of a sailor, who was cruel, and his wife, whom I detested. I escaped from these people, who had carried me to England, and made my way to New Orleans, where I remember a vague idea that I had friends, but who or what these friends were, what I expected in going to New Orleans, or how I got there, I cannot tell. The terrors and hardships of my earliest years were so great that they have weakened and confused my memories; and it is a great and painful effort to recall so much as I have just related."

"My poor boy!" exclaimed the young girl, tenderly. "Your face is pale, your eyes strained, your lips quivering! Do not think of these things; do not talk of them! What matter—"

"Stop, stop, child! You have not heard me yet. You have only listened to my misfortunes."

"I do not know how long I lived in the streets of New Orleans, or why I did not starve there; but one day I attracted the attention of a gentleman who was strolling along, by the song and dance with which I tried to earn a few coppers, while my professional rivals, the organ-grinders and street-musicians, were out of sight. He stopped to look and listen, asked me a few questions, and finally taking me into a restaurant, gave me a hearty dinner; then took me to his bachelor-apartments, and ordered his servant to bathe and clothe me, and to present me in 'the saloon' that evening. That saloon, Maud, was a fashionable gambling-hell, and my new patron was its proprietor. I remained with him, at first, as one of the attractions, the decoy-ducks of his establishment, then as an assistant and pupil, until now, his partner, and the active agent of his wide-spread schemes. Do you understand me, my poor child, my innocent Maud? I, Rafé Jannifer, known throughout New Orleans and the West as Victor Marmont, the gambler, am one of the villains, whom high-bred,

innocent girls like you, never even hear of, unless by accident. I am a card-sharper, a black-leg, a sportsman. Oh, my poor Maud, do not open those eyes of innocent wonder upon me. These names are worthily mine; and although I could strike the man who uttered them dead at my feet, if I could, I should be wrong and he right, for these names are mine by the usage and verdict of the world. Maud, I was a villain to allow you to love a man like this, was I not? And I shall be yet a deeper villain if I allow you to marry him; and yet, child, I love you so! Oh, I love you so! Wait; not yet, dear, not yet! Think, first, of what I have revealed, of what I offer. As my wife, you cannot bear the same name that I do; for I will not degrade my father's memory by using his; and I will not insult you by giving you that by which I am known. I must remain Victor Marmont, and you will be the wife of Rafael Jannifer. Then I have no means of living but by infamy. I must see you suffer for the merest necessities of life, perhaps starve, or I must take the money that alone I know how to obtain, and make you comfortable. My God, I am in despair! What shall I do? Oh, Maud, what shall I do?"

He threw himself into a chair, as he spoke, and covered his face with his hands. Maud stood for a moment looking at him, while her young face aged and hardened, as years of careless thoughtlessness would not have aged it. At last she moved gently forward, laid a hand upon the shoulder of the stricken man, and said,

"I have heard you, Victor, heard and understood you thoroughly; and if I have not taken long to decide upon what you have said, my decision is for life. We are more equal in one way than you imagine. I, too, am an orphan, a nameless foundling, a child of the streets."

"You?—"

"Yes, I. Listen, as I listened to you, and you shall know the little that I myself know."

"Mr. and Mrs. de Vigne, rich and childless, adopted me out of the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity, a little more than fifteen years ago, and before my recollection. I never knew that I was not their own child, until four years ago, when I surprised the secret from Mrs. de Vigne, in a fit of anger, which led her to taunt me with ingratitude. She was very sorry to have betrayed the secret; and it was a long time before I could make her tell me what little she really knew of me, and that was merely that the police had found me and my little brother in the street, shivering, starving, and calling for 'Maud Minnie,' probably our nurse. Nobody knew us, or could trace Minnie, whoever she was; so we were

first taken to the police station, and then to the Orphan Asylum, from whence we were both adopted, I, by the De Vignes; my brother, no one knows by whom, or at least Mrs. de Vigne declares she does not. We each had a relic, or something of that sort, hung about our necks; but Mamma de Vigne says that she destroyed mine, for fear that at some time I should be claimed by it, and she has forgotten what it was like. At any rate, my name has always been Maud, for I spoke it when I was first brought to the Asylum, and I have no more claim upon the name of De Vigne than you have upon that of Marmont; and I shall be very glad if you will legally give me your real name of Jannifer. And as for what you have been, my own darling, I love you, and I believe in you; and I am always and only your own, your very own poor Maud."

It was not reason, it was not argument, but it convinced her lover, and dispelled the terrible remorse that had forced him to speak as he had done. A few more words of tender trust on her part, of solemn promise on his, and the two went forth together into the winter night, with only that poor slave-girl for companion and escort, and in another hour were made man and wife.

A few days later, the newly-married pair received a short note from Mr. and Mrs. de Vigne, for whom Maud had left a letter of proud yet deprecating farewell. Inclosed was a bronze medal.

This inclosed medal, it said, was the only property Maud could claim from them, and was assuredly all that she would ever receive in any form. It also embodied all that was known of her birth and history, before the unfortunate day in which she was withdrawn by him from the Asylum where he found her. Having thus divested himself of all responsibility in the matter, Mr. de Vigne hoped that neither he or his family would ever again see, or hear, from Maud.

"So now, darling, I am all yours, all yours," whispered Maud, through her tears, as she clung about her husband's neck.

But Rafe did not hear her. A sudden horror had frozen itself upon his face, and he was saying in his heart.

"If I should prove to be her brother—the brother who was lost with her!"

And then, with trembling fingers, he undid the little carefully-sealed package, that, since his earliest remembrance, had hung about his neck, and which he, almost in his boyhood, had so vehemently defended against his master, Bill Thomas, that the sailor had left it to him, and drawing out the folded papers it contained, eagerly re-read the marriage certificate of his father and mother, his own certificate of baptism, and finally a slip of paper, on which, in a trembling female hand, was written,

"I hang these papers and this medal around little Rafe's neck, in case we should become separated in our flight, that whoever finds him may know his name. It is Rafael Jannifer, the only child of Godfrey Jannifer, and I am his poor aunt.

"ISABEL DE GONZAGES DE JANNIFER."

"Only child!" Oh, thank God for that. Thank God, my own darling wife!" exclaimed the poor fellow, clasping the astonished Maud to his heart, while burning tears overflowed his eyes.

"And this Isabel de Gonzages de Jannifer must be your mother, my darling, and we are cousins," added he, at length, when both of them had studied the old, worn, yellow, yet most precious papers.

"Cousins, are we?" asked Maud, smiling faintly, for she, too, had been in tears. "Oh, we are something better than cousins, my Victor."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LITTLE NELL.

BY MAGGIE MALVERN.

It was a dreary night, and the cold, white snow
Fell on the hills and meadows low;
When, wandering down the gloomy street,
Went a poor little child, with cold, bare feet.
All day she had wandered up and down
The streets of that large and busy town;
But the day was cold, and the storm was wild,
And no one heeded the beggar child.

The cold snow fell on her tiny form;
There was nothing but rags to keep her warm;
The wild wind whistled loud and shrill,
And poor little Nell grew colder still.

Where she was going she could not tell,
Homeless and friendless was little Nell;
And she cried in her anguish; but her wail
Was lost in the roar of the midnight gale.

Faint and weary she sat down to rest;
Up to the cold wall close she pressed;
Out from her blue lips trembled a prayer,
That floated away on the stormy air.
Softly, softly the white snow fell,
Covering over poor little Nell;
But she heeds it not, for she sleeps the sleep
From which she will never wake to sleep.

KILLED AT A BLOW.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HOWARD THORNE was on his way to New York, early in June, preparatory to sailing again for Europe, for another year's wanderings, when he stopped, for a day or two, at the pretty little watering-place of Wildfell. This was one of those small, exclusive places, whither only the best people, or those who think themselves such, resort, and where they go at the beginning of June and stay till September.

"The quiet of the country, you know," as one of its chief patrons, Mrs. Escutcheon is wont to say, "but with just enough society to save it from dullness: none of your loud, fashionable places, like Saratoga; dancing and picnics, of course, and well-dressed women, but nothing vulgar; we rather cultivate intellect, in fact: Beacon street and Stuyvesant Square families, my dear, almost entirely."

For Thorne had said to himself, "I have seen the real aristocracy of Europe, nobles in England, whose ancestors fought in the Crusades, and Roman princes, who claim, with some show of truth, to go back to the Consular times; let me now see what a sham article at home, is."

For Howard Thorne knew Mrs. Escutcheon, in fact was coming at her particular request, and knowing her antecedents, suspected that most of her set had as little claim to an illustrious origin as herself.

He had settled his few belongings in his room at the hotel, had taken a bath, and had changed his traveling suit for a lighter and fresh one, when, finding that it would be a couple of hours yet to dinner, he set out for a walk, partly to get rid of the interval, and partly to explore the wild and picturesque country in the vicinity of the Springs. Had Mrs. Escutcheon been visible, he would have trifled away an hour with the old lady; but he knew that, in spite of her sneers against mere fashionables, she was, at this very instant, making an elaborate toilet, and that any attempt to see her would be hopeless.

Thorne had been gone for quite half an hour, and had penetrated deep into the forest that surrounded Wildfell, when his attention was suddenly aroused by seeing, through a vista in the woods, in a sort of glade, or small opening, a beautiful girl, in a light morning-dress, who was standing in a listening attitude, with her finger lifted, as if arrested by some strange, sweet sound. A

moment after, he heard a peculiar note, an exquisitely musical one, which he recognized as that of the red bird. This bird, as all persons familiar with American ornithology know, is found only in the most solitary places, and a lifetime may pass for visitors at fashionable watering-places, or even inhabitants of country villas, without hearing it. From her manner, it was plain that the fair listener heard it for the first time. Thorne also listened in rapt attention, till the bird had flown away, disappearing into the depths of the forest. For one moment, as it darted by, he had a glimpse of it, like a trail of fire: then he turned to look again for the young girl. But she also had vanished, having, the moment the bird flew off, continued her walk. But, somehow, Thorne had been strangely impressed by that momentary glance. "How beautiful she is!" he said to himself, "and how unsophisticated, since she takes such delight in the song of a wild forest-bird."

At dinner, Thorne sought in vain, down the long tables, for the face he had seen in the forest; and he began to think the young lady was not at the hotel, as he had at first naturally supposed. But, in the evening, there was a ball; and as he stood watching the dancers, after having paid his respects to Mrs. Escutcheon, there floated past him the loveliest vision of any womanhood that had ever dazzled his eyes. In a moment more, he recognized the fair vision of the woods.

She was a thousand times more beautiful now, however. She was dressed in some thin, gossamer fabric, that made her look absolutely ethereal. Thorne thought she looked like Una, like Undine—Undine after she had developed a soul—like an enchanted princess, like— But it was useless to try for a comparison which would suit her, though he attempted at least a dozen in the course of the next sixty seconds, and rejected each in turn as unworthy of her.

A slight, graceful creature, who would have given almost an idea of delicate health, had not her shoulders and arms been beautifully modeled, and the rose-tints in her cheeks so deep. She had great, soft eyes, that might be either gray or brown, a profusion of rich, chestnut-colored hair, and a mouth which, if it had a fault, was that of being too small.

But, beautiful as she was, what struck Thorne most in her appearance, as it did everybody else,

was the difference between her loveliness and that of any woman he had ever met. It was not only that she looked so thoroughbred, not only that every movement of her willowy form was grace itself, but there was an expression of such purity and sweetness in her face; her eyes were so full of dreams, and the half smile on her lips so like that of a happy child; yet with it all it was not a childish countenance, for she looked like a woman of mind and cultivation; and that if one had been asked to choose an ideal for a poetess, one would have selected Lily Sothorn.

Thorne stood watching her till the waltz ended, then he lost her in the crowd, and her disappearance brought him back to some gleams of reason. But he was a good deal dazed still, though he managed to talk decorous nothings with such acquaintances as he met, and to conduct himself generally as sane people are expected to do. But whatever he did, or to whomsoever he talked, that bewildering vision dazzled him still; and though he did not admit it to himself, his course through the rooms was only a pilgrimage in search of another glance at this Clytie, this Sappho, this— But he could not yet suit himself with a simile for her, though he had already exhausted enough to fill a catalogue as long as could be made by the enumeration of the details of a modern young woman's wardrobe.

He found her, but it was a full half-hour after. He had begun almost to believe that he had seen a spirit, or that his fancy had grown disordered, and evolved this vision out of its own consciousness—only he told himself his fancy was too dull for that—or what was more probable, that the beauty had left the room.

He had just encountered a lady whom he had not seen for five years, but whom he was glad to meet again, for he had once traveled with herself and husband in Spain, and remembered them both with great pleasure. Mrs. Mansfield was charmed too with the encounter, and they talked as fast and incoherently as people usually do who try to say fifty different things, and recall hosts of amusing recollections at the same moment.

"I heard to-day that you had come," she said. "I am expecting my husband at the end of the week—he is going to run off from business for a short holiday."

Mrs. Mansfield was a woman somewhere near forty; her husband older; both cultivated people, with a good position in society, though, since his return from Europe, Mr. Mansfield had met with pecuniary reverses. It was his wife's weak point to want to keep that fact hidden, so the husband's return to his profession had been set down to his great love thereof. Though the wife was

fond of him, she had a desire for luxury and show, which rendered her somewhat thoughtless of his comfort, and he was working much harder than he ought to have been doing at his age.

Thorne knew her to be a very worldly woman, but he gave her credit for many good qualities; and indeed she possessed them, though her life, more selfish than she was aware of, had warped and dulled much that was best in her nature.

While Thorne stood by her, both talking and laughing, he became suddenly aware that the vision was again dazzling his sight. The young lady had come up unobserved and was leaning over Mrs. Mansfield's seat.

"Lily, you startled me!" cried that lady. "Where on earth have you been?"

"Into the dressing-room, for a breath of air," answered a voice so sweet that it was positively more like music than ordinary speech.

"My sister, Miss Sothorn," said Mrs. Mansfield. "Lily, you have heard me talk so often of Mr. Thorne that you must feel as if you knew him already."

The two bowed, Miss Sothorn said something precious and pleasant, and Thorne tried not to behave like an idiot, though he had a horrible suspicion that his attempt was something of a failure.

He seldom danced, though he did it well as he did most things; but to night he could not resist the weakness, since he could dance with her. He seldom wasted more than an hour in such scenes as the present; but he would have stopped in the rooms till the lights were out if he could have looked at her. Nothing but the hugest capitals could have expressed the energy with which he mentally endowed every adjective of praise that could apply to her.

But the charmed evening ended. The vision had disappeared, and Thorne, though he went to bed, positively never slept a wink till long after daybreak.

Howard Thorne was twenty-nine years old, and had never, as we have said, been in love till now. The sweet insanity had overtaken him at last. Even at this early stage he did not try to disguise the fact from his soul. He loved this radiant creature, and he knew it. He felt no surprise—the sentiment did not even appear sudden or strange. He could not even realize that he had only just made her acquaintance. It seemed as if he had known and loved her all his life. Her face, her voice, her lightest word or gesture, he could recall as easily as the faces he had been familiar with for years. Yet while thinking this, he was vaguely wondering how he could ever have tolerated existence before such culmination

brightened it—could ever have thought it a rather pleasant, endurable thing.

"I like him very much," Lily Sothern said, as she and her sister sat in the latter's chamber arranging their hair for bed. "I had heard you praise him so much that I made up my mind he must be detestable, especially as Theodore joined in."

"Theodore's favorites are sure to be worth liking," returned Mrs. Mansfield, reprovingly. She underrated her husband, and ruled him in every particular; but so far as words went she was a model wife.

Lily made a little *moue* at this outburst of wifely appreciation, but did not answer. She looked more beautiful than ever in her loose, white dressing-gown, with her cloud of golden hair falling about her shoulders. You would have sworn that she was composing a poem, her eyes were so soft and misty, and her half smile so tender. Presently, she said,

"He is very rich, is he not?"

"Rich as Croesus!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield. "A splendid position, too, both here and in Europe."

"And he's not a bit priggish," said Lily, meditatively studying her own image in the mirror.

"He is a thorough gentleman and a good man," replied Mrs. Mansfield, who was really able to appreciate such virtues. She gave her sister a quick, impatient glance. "Lil," she added, "you are no more capable of valuing him properly than if you were a sparrow."

Lily only laughed, half in an amused, half in a complacent way.

"I know what you are thinking," said her sister. "You are quick enough in many things. You know that man has gone stark, staring mad over you, and I know it too."

"Do you really think so?" asked Lily, with a pretty surprise.

"Now don't try to humbug me!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield. "See here, Lily! Like all weak women, you are as obstinate as a donkey, and as untruthful as—as— Well, as only a woman can be."

"Oh, I never tell real lies!" cried Lily, not a bit hurt.

"No, you act them, you cheat. You would deceive when the truth would serve you better. Now don't try it with Thorne—he would never forgive that. Lil, if he is in love with you, you ought to be the most thankful girl that ever lived. He is a man in a thousand."

Lily twisted her golden hair about her fingers, and looked *distract*.

"You promised me not to flirt with Dick Has-

tings," said her sister, suddenly; "but I saw you to-night, before Thorne came, going on as bad as ever."

"But he leaves to-morrow," said Lily. "He'll not even be in New York next winter."

"So much the better. He is half-ruined, and as bad as he can be. You never could have liked him."

"No," said Lily; "but he is so awfully in love with me."

"Bah!" cried her sister, contemptuously. "He's about as capable of love as you are! He, because he is a beast; you, because, for all you look like a fairy queen, you have no more heart than a frog."

"I'm sure I am always good-tempered and nice," said Lily.

"So you are—your one redeeming trait. Now, see, I shall offer you no more advice. Go your own way. But mark my words, don't lie to Thorne! You have lots of secrets. I don't want to know them; but be frank and honest with him, for once in your life, else you'll repent it. You are twenty-three years old. Theo cannot go on spending so much money. You must be married. You'll have a chance any girl might be proud of; and if you can't wake up enough to love that man into the bargain, you ought to be turned into a snail. There, I have done. Kiss me, and go to bed."

The two sisters were always good friends; loved each other, as much as Lily was capable of; but Mrs. Mansfield understood Lily more thoroughly than any other human being did.

Lily Sothern set all rules of phrenology and physiognomy at fault. She looked as if she were all soul, with just humanity enough as an envelope to keep her on earth; and I doubt if she had any soul at all. She was shallower than a saucer, and emptier than an empty bucket; and yet Diogenes himself would have been long in finding it out. She had been carefully educated, had a marvelous gift for languages, and could sing like an angel; sing with such pathos and passion that it went to every listener's heart; yet all the feeling she had in the matter was to emphasize the words as old Boraski had taught her. She could play tragedy like a Rachel, on a small scale; but her sister had to teach her each intonation and gesture. She could repeat Tennyson, and was familiar with all the novelists of the day, and her memory was never at fault; but she read them as a matter of duty, because she must be able to talk of such things. She was lazy, selfishness incarnate, and the awfulest little liar the sun ever shone on. To compensate for these qualities, she was sweet-tempered, patience itself,

and would not willingly have hurt a fly, though she would have sacrificed the happiness of her own mother to have gratified a whim. She could no more help flirting than she could help lying; and half a dozen times had got herself into scrapes, from which only her sister's inimitable tact rescued her without scandal. All she could do for herself, when the trouble came, was to tell Mrs. Mansfield as much of the truth as her tongue could manage, and go into spasms of fright, and forget the whole business as soon as she had been safely tidied over it.

And before this girl Howard Thorne flung down his very soul, the full treasure of his brave, manly nature. Strong and self-centered as he had always been, he could no more have struggled against that love than he could have done against a whirlwind; yet, powerful as the passion was, it was tender as a woman's affection could have been, as capable of sacrifice and devotion.

Lily liked him. She thought he was too good; but she liked him better than she had ever done any man in her life, though she had had admirers enough, of course. Dick Hastings had rather fascinated her, but it was more through fear than anything else. He could rave and threaten, and what he called his love, was so passionate and awful, that it seemed enchanting to her, just because she was too weak and cold-blooded to be able to do more than wonder at it. The whole acquaintance had been sensational and exciting; but she was glad he had gone. She knew she never could have married him, half-ruined as he was. She thought it so "lucky" he went off at the very outset of her acquaintance with Thorne. In her tiny efforts at gratitude, Lily never got beyond considering a thing lucky.

Yes, she really liked Thorne; she called it being in love. He was handsome, though not her style. She liked great muscular men, with fierce black eyes and black mustaches, and voices like the growl of a tempest. He was so very rich, too. It would be so nice to be married at last—to be independent of Theo and Margaret; to go to Europe, to be presented at all the courts, and never to have to think of money; never to be obliged to deny herself any wish from lace flounces up to diamonds.

Thorne did not sail that week for Europe, or that month, but stayed on, and on, at Wildfell till the season ended. Then Mrs. Mansfield and Lily went to make a little round of country visits; then the last week in October arrived, and then they returned to town, and Thorne's eyes were once more gladdened by the sight of his idol.

Twenty times before Lily left Wildfell he had

been on the verge of avowing his love; was only restrained by the dread that she might think his haste impertinence; might be startled. He must give her time. She would care for him at last; surely she would.

Before the ladies came back he had renewed his friendship with Mr. Mansfield, and visited him frequently. So the very day after her return, Mrs. Mansfield wrote him one of her pretty notes—she had a gift in that line—asking him to come and dine that night, just informally. Lily was not well, so they must be quiet; but if he could endure a home-evening he was to come.

If he had received an invitation to sit down in Paradise, he could not have been happier. Lily was more lovely than ever, in a pale-blue dress, and the interesting languor of delicate health. She looked as if just ready to float off and be an angel; and Thorne was frightened. The truth was, she suffered from an acute attack of dyspepsia, brought on by eating unlimited rich cake and bon-bons during the journey; but she called it "a slight pain in her chest," and Thorne was ready to believe that she was dying of consumption before his eyes.

It was nothing serious, Mrs. Mansfield said, when he found an opportunity to whisper his distress. Lily was always rather delicate, that was all. He was very good to be so friendly and interested, but indeed he must not be alarmed. Perhaps, in the spring, she would take the dear girl to Europe, the change might be beneficial.

Never did gormandizing meet with such an undeserved reward, as in Lily's case. Mr. Mansfield had to go out for an hour after dinner, Mrs. Mansfield went into the library to write some important letters; Thorne and Lily were left alone for awhile.

That very day Mrs. Mansfield had said to her sister,

"Lil, I have not bored you with advice, but for mercy's sake remember my words. You have been receiving letters from Dick Hastings——"

"Oh, I assure you——"

"Now, don't try it on with me, Lil; it's no use. You have had letters——"

"I did not answer them," Lily broke in. "I swear to you, solemnly, that I did not."

Just her earnestness convinced her sister that she was lying outrageously; but expostulation was useless.

"What you have done or haven't done, is not the question," Mrs. Mansfield answered. "If Dick Hastings has the least hold on you, so much as a scrap of a note in his possession, tell Thorne the truth—tell him all about it, Lil; for God's sake pay attention to what I say."

"He'll be vexed at nothing, if only you are honest. Why, all your life you may rule that man; there is nothing he would not forgive, if only you are frank and open."

"I mean to be, indeed I do," said Lily. "I hate telling things, but I won't be deceitful. You know, after all, I am not a fool; and I like Howard Thorne so much."

She blushed, and looked so lovely, that Mrs. Mansfield saw she was in earnest. After all, really caring for the man might make almost another woman of Lil. So Mrs. Mansfield took courage.

No word of understanding passed between the sisters; neither of them ever did things coarsely; but both knew that Howard Thorne was to tell his love that night.

He did it, and Lily was positively fluttered and happy. He had such nice eyes; and, oh, he was so rich! She would have three bride-maids. The breakfast must come from Delmonico's. Theo must go to that last expense for her. And Thorne was half mad with bliss, and talking eagerly and eloquently, and she listened and liked it, though all the while across her mind, even while she listened and was glad to feel that she liked him, floated visions of the *trousseau* which was to be the envy of half the girls of her acquaintance; of the voyage to Europe; of all the ease and splendor with which life would henceforth be crowned.

Thorne had heard of Dick Hastings's devotion to her, and, for a time, the idea had troubled him. He told her so. He made no effort to question her—he was too thorough a gentleman for that—but he gave her an opportunity to set matters forever at rest. She only needed to tell the truth—the exact truth. He would have understood that she had been half-fascinated, half-frightened. He would not even have accused her, as most judges would have done, of coquetry. He would have been satisfied with her account of her own feelings, and never recurred to the affair after.

But tell the truth was the very thing Lily could not do; it was as much out of her power as it is for some people to abide the smell of cheese, or eat strawberries. She tried to utter the story, and before she knew it, was framing a falsehood, which made her appear like an angel of charity and mercy, and once embarked in the lie, could not resist the impulse which forced her on. She endeavored to stop; her sister's warning rang in her ears; but it was useless. The truth she could not tell. He might frown, be angry, and she was such a pitiful coward! There was no use just yet of revealing the story; another time; and all the while she was putting future explana-

tion out of her power by stumbling on into fresh falsehoods. But, in fact, she could not think the business of much consequence now. Thorne was deliciously happy, she was rationally so. In the new life opening before her, Dick Hastings looked very far off, and of no importance whatever.

When Mr. Mansfield returned, neither of the pair noticed his entrance. Margaret, however, had heard his ring, and entered the drawing-room by the library-door at the same instant he appeared from the hall.

"You have got back, Theo," she said.

The lovers returned to the common earth at the sound of her voice. Lily sat still, and Thorne rushed up to the husband and wife, and told his story in a few broken words, and was cordially welcomed as a future brother-in-law by both; and both were decent and human enough for the moment to think only of Lily's happiness. But Lily was counting the number of yards her bridal dress would require, though she believed herself quite overcome by the poetical side of the matter, and had forgotten her dyspepsia.

After Thorne had gone, and Theo had retired to his chamber, to work over a tiresome law-case till near daylight, Mrs. Mansfield congratulated her sister anew, saying,

"You certainly are the most to be envied girl that ever lived, Lil; do try to be a little thankful."

"Oh, yes," said Lil, "I am very thankful: nobody could be more lucky."

"And did you set everything straight, Lil?"

"Oh, yes," she said, again; and said it so quietly that Mrs. Mansfield actually believed her; a thing which did not happen every day in the week.

From the first Mrs. Mansfield announced that she did not believe in long engagements, and Thorne was quite of her mind.

"Six weeks is as good as a year," said she; "No two people ever can know each other till they are married."

Again Thorne agreed with her, and Lily was beautifully quiescent. But fate was stranger than Mrs. Mansfield's will, or Thorne's love. Two days after, his uncle, his nearest living relative, died suddenly; and, as he lived in New York, of course there could be no thought of a wedding for at least six months to come.

Mrs. Mansfield felt that never had a human creature gone more inopportunistically out of the world; but she could only sympathize decorously with Thorne, announce the engagement, and do her best to impress upon Lily the necessity for being prudent.

"It will not be decent to go out much this

winter," she said, "for everybody knows of the engagement, and Thorne can't visit. Be a good girl, Lil, and I promise you every penny we save in the way of dress, by not going to parties, shall be spent on your outfit."

Lily promised, and meant to keep her word.

"I have no head, but I'm not a fool," she said; and Mrs. Mansfield had to rest on that assurance, believing, too, that Lily had prudence enough not to endanger the future of golden ease which she so craved.

The weeks went by. Each day Thorne grew a blinder slave. There is no such madness as that of a man who falls in love after he believes that he is too far beyond early youth for such weakness.

Lily was a little bored by going out less than usual, though one way or another she managed to enjoy gay doings enough to have made many women feel themselves quite dissipated. She could not give up the opera; it was such good practice. Thorne agreed with her; indeed, it was he who put a box at Mrs. Mansfield's disposal that winter. She could go to breakfasts, and concerts, and *matinees dansantes*, and parties innumerable, at the houses of friends, "who would be hurt if she did not go to them, they had been so good to her always." Thorne was the very one to persuade her to accept the invitations; and she coaxed Theo out of lots of new dresses, ran up bills for others, and when her sister scolded, said, sweetly, that she was the best judge. After her marriage she could pay. Thorne would only think she had done right in keeping poor Theo from going to expense for her.

"I am not very scrupulous; but I'd rather wear sackcloth than let my husband pay for things I had wickedly bought on credit before my marriage," cried Mrs. Mansfield.

"You are getting awfully good, Meg," laughed Lily. "Do let me manage my affairs in my own way. I shall not have to be dependent on you much longer."

Mrs. Mansfield could not trust her temper to reply; she left her sister without another word.

The winter was half over when Lily began to receive letters again from California. Dick Hastings had heard of her engagement, and was frantic. She was frightened nearly to death; but she could not help enjoying his mad epistles. She believed that the only way to keep him quiet was to answer his letters—and she did so. Like so many watery-veined women, she was capable of being horribly imprudent on paper, when the man to whom she wrote was at a distance.

She was so quiet, so sensible, only a little catty for the first time in her life, that Mrs. Mansfield

was quite at rest about her, thought she really meant to be prudent, and set the "cattiness" down to a natural development of disposition, brought about by the fact that Lily felt she should have no more need of her, and so would not take the trouble to be patient.

It was early spring. Mid Lent arrived, and with that fondness for imitating French habits which reigns in New York, society felt the need of enlivening the half-finished dullness of Lent by a ball. Old Mrs. Escutcheon agreed to give it. It was to be a masquerade—the gayest, maddest fete of the season. No person to be admitted except in domino or fancy dress; everybody to be masked; and, instead of the crowd unmasking at midnight, the disguises were not to be put off till after supper.

Lily was wild to go. Mrs. Mansfield herself had no mind to lose the festivity, and there was no reason why she should. Thorne received an invitation, but, of course, had no thought of accepting it; but he would not have dreamed of keeping Lily at home. Both he and Mrs. Mansfield thought it very nice of her when she told them what she had decided to do.

"No one is to leave the house till after supper," she said, "and in the supper-room they are all to unmask. But Mrs. Escutcheon says I may get up to her dressing-room, just before supper, slip out the back stair-case, and the carriage can wait for me at the garden entrance."

There were more important matters than that settled before the night of the ball arrived. As soon as Easter week was over, it had been agreed that the marriage should take place privately, and the husband and wife sail at once for Europe.

It was Thorne's idea. He begged Mrs. Mansfield to bring it about, and she was only too glad, for though Lily was behaving so well, she felt that life would be a more settled thing when she had once irrevocably transferred the girl to Thorne's guardianship. She knew that Lily's heart was set on a grand wedding, and went about her task with fear and trembling; but, to her surprise, Lily consented without a murmur; seemed glad, in fact; and, more than ever, Mrs. Mansfield was convinced that Lily meant to be sensible henceforth.

She might have understood the matter better, had she known what Lily did. Dick Hastings was coming back. Lily was more afraid of him than ever. When she thought that he might make trouble for her, she positively hated him, though she could not help enjoying his despair, even while she knew that so far as she was capable she loved Howard Thorne.

The day came, the evening, the ball.

Lily had said so little about her dress that Mrs. Mansfield got the idea she meant to go in a plain, black domino; a fancy costume would be wasted, since she intended to leave before people unmasked.

But when Lily came down stairs to join her sister, she wore a most charming and expensive costume of a French marchioness of the last century, her powdered hair and mask disguising her completely.

The dress, lace and all, never cost less than five hundred dollars, as Mrs. Mansfield saw at a glance, to her infinite rage and disgust. But Thorne was there, and she could not speak. Thorne had bought Lily a magnificent present—a set of emeralds—and asked Mrs. Mansfield's permission to offer them—a thing contrary to her ideas of what was proper; but she could not refuse, and in her heart she knew that Lily had expressed a desire to have them.

Lily had no mind to be left alone with her sister. Mansfield was not going, so she made Thorne accompany them to the house.

All that night a vague feeling of coming misfortune oppressed Mrs. Mansfield, rendering it utterly impossible, much as she loved gayety, to enjoy the scene. The great house was crowded. Fortunately, it had been possible to improvise a ball-room out of a large covered veranda at the back, which Mrs. Escutcheon had inclosed and heated.

If Mrs. Mansfield could have found Lily, she would have gone home. But Lily had escaped. She could discover her nowhere after the first hour, and she had to amuse herself as best she might.

When he reached his rooms, Thorne found a telegram awaiting him. Business of the greatest importance called him to Baltimore. He must start by the earliest train in the morning. He could not go without seeing Lily; he should be absent at least three days.

He ordered a carriage; drove to a costumer's; late as it was, made the man open his shop. At that season it was not difficult to find a disguise; a black silk Venetian mantle and a mask.

It was near one o'clock before he reached the house. He, too, wandered about in search of Lily. He came upon Mrs. Mansfield at last at the entrance of the ball-room, where she stood peering about for a sight of her sister. He recognized her by her dress.

She started; uttered a little cry when he whispered his name; but his explanation set her mind at rest.

"Find Lily," she said, "and we will go away with you. I am tired to death, already. I'll wait yonder."

She pointed to an empty sofa near the doors. He flew off, certain that his darling would not regret being taken away. The longer he hunted the more impatient he grew. He could only move at a snail's pace for the throng, and of course was stopped each instant to be badgered and bothered. He really thought it must be near daylight when the doors of the supper-room were opened, and people began to flock thither—a great picture-gallery at one end of the house. Lily would be going home; she was to go up to Mrs. Escutcheon's dressing-room, and down the back stairs. Up the stair-case he flew, on through the different rooms, opened a wrong door, and found himself in a bed-room. The door into the adjoining chamber was open—a light burning there. He looked in, and saw Lily clasped in Dick Hasting's arms; her mask off; her head lying on his shoulder.

In her weak craftiness, when Dick wrote her that he had arrived, that he should expect to meet her at the ball, Lily had believed that the wisest thing she could do was to go. She sent him word what her dress was to be, mentioned a peculiar shoulder-knot, by which he could not fail to recognize her, and was all day in a state of excitement, half pleasure, half fright.

She did meet him, danced with him, listened to his mad talk, and, at last, through fear of his being overheard, let him lead her to the room Mrs. Escutcheon had placed at her disposal.

Up to the last, in her letters, Lily had denied her engagement, but on reaching New York Dick learned the truth. He was frantic. He had gained quite a pile of money at the gaming-tables in San Francisco, and between the frenzy of what he called his love, and a brain disordered by weeks of horrible dissipation, he was mad enough to commit any insanity.

He made Lily admit her engagement; then he raved, then he pulled out a pistol, and threatened to shoot, first her, then himself, and bring the whole crowd up to find their mangled remains.

She was half out of her senses with fear; yet she enjoyed the scene. Quiet him she must; she swore that she loved him. He threatened her with her own letters; he reminded her of sentences therein which in reality meant nothing, but which would be damning evidence against her in the world's eyes. She was not angry at this; she only took it as a proof of the greatness of his love. He would stop at nothing rather than lose her; commit any crime, however black; and, like most shallow natures, Lily considered a readiness to commit crime, for love's sake, was an earnest of love.

She promised him anything—everything; to

break off her marriage, if he commanded. She had no intention of keeping her vows, but she must quiet him, in any way she could, and trust to chance and her own ingenuity to escape their fulfillment.

At last his rhodomontades turned her poor, small brain. He called upon her to swear that she loved him, and for the moment she half believed that she did, and cried,

"I tell you I hate and loathe the Howard Thorne! They made me accept him, Margaret and Theo. They threatened to turn me out of doors. I was alone; you had gone. I do love you, Dick! I would die for you—kill me, kill me, and be done!"

And, as she uttered these words, knowing they were a lie, even while she tried to convince herself that she believed them, he seized her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers! At that instant Howard Thorne entered the room, taking off his mask as he entered, and said quietly,

"Miss Sothern, your sister asked me to come for you. She wishes to go home."

Lily could not even scream or faint. She lay back on the sofa, and stared at him with wild, despairing eyes. Dick Hastings released her, and sprang to his feet.

"Who are you?" cried he. But he knew very well, and though a coward, like most bullies, had his mind so disordered by drink and sleeplessness, that he was rather eager for a row. "Oh, you are Howard Thorne! So you have been listening!"

Thorne did not so much as vouchsafe him a glance. He turned toward Lily, deathly white, but perfectly calm.

"Shall I tell your sister that you are coming?" he asked.

Lily could not speak. Through her sickness and faintness her poor brain struggled to frame some falsehood which might help her even now, but she was dumb.

"She will not come!" cried Dick, furiously. "Touch her if you dare! You think she is to marry you, eh?" He wanted to say more; but the last glasses of punch he had drained down stairs, began to have their effect; his tongue was not ready.

Thorne did not look at him.

"Miss Sothern," he said, "you have already announced your intention, as I came in, of breaking our engagement! You are free! Farewell!"

He was leaving the room. Dick shouted a curse, and a coarse imprecation after him. Thorne paused, gave him one look, which, half intoxicated as he was, sobered the fellow, and made him silent. Then Howard Thorne was gone.

Lily had spasms. Dick ran out into the hall and found some more punch, and got his eloquence back; and his evil fancy conceived a plan which he proceeded to execute.

Thorne, in his misery, forgot to go for Mrs. Mansfield before leaving the house. When she at last got up stairs, Lily had disappeared.

She knew that she had lost Thorne; she dared not return home; so Lily filled the measure of her folly, by running away with Dick Hastings. Half dead as she was, she did not quite forget her cunning. She got into her sister's house, and packed up the most valuable of her trinkets. Everybody was in bed, so that she was not disturbed, changed her dress, and was carried away.

Dick took her to Baltimore, as it happened, and it was Howard Thorne who found her; it was he who forced the bad man to make her his wife.

So the end came. Thorne's love had been killed at a blow; but ah! it took the last of youth, almost life itself in its wake. These things happened four years since. This summer I met Thorne in Europe, grown elderly-looking, and quiet, but a very happy man at last: going to marry as nice a woman as I have seen in ages.

A year from her marriage, Lily was divorced from her husband, after suffering every species of indignity and cruelty that a woman could be called on to bear. It was Thorne who persuaded Mrs. Mansfield, left a widow, to receive her; and before he sailed for Europe he made arrangements which would render Lily comfortable for the rest of her life. It cannot be a long life, and she knows it; but I think, weak and blind as she is, she has learned to feel that death is the greatest mercy God could show her.

A L A M E N T.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

Oh, for the dreams of other days,
The hopes of years gone by;
When life was bright and earth was fair,
And sunshine filled the sky.

But now the sky is overcast,
The earth no longer fair,
And vanished dreams and blighted hopes,
Leave in their stead despair.

HARRY'S WIFE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY

HARRY WILLARD was going to be married, and his friends were unwilling. In fact, his mother, who was energetic and go-aheadative, declared, "if she was in father's place," (meaning her husband,) "she would forbid the 'bands.'"

Mrs. Willard's "father" was not a gifted man. Mrs. Willard had not married him for his intellectual wealth, and he had somewhat misty views upon most subjects. And he evidently regarded these "bands" that his wife spoke of, as two long lines attached to the matrimonial halter, in which Harry and his wife were to be driven in future in wedded harness. And he replied, that "it wouldn't do no good to meddle with the bands, for they were determined to be jined together, and if they wasn't then, they would be at some future time."

So the bans were not forbidden, and Harry Willard and Nelly Parker were united till death parted them. As Harry whispered to Nelly, as they passed out of the church,

"Till death, darling; my own, and forever after. Such love as ours is for all time."

Nelly's blue eyes were swimming in tears as she raised them to her lover-husband's face, and I think he translated aright the grieved, wistful look that shadowed their sweet love-light; for he whispered again,

"Remember what the Bible says, my darling, a man shall forsake father and mother for his wife; and that you are now my own wife, to love and to protect forever more."

Harry's handsome face looked so very noble and manly as he said this, that little Nelly forgot the great sorrow of her life, in her perfect love and admiration of her husband.

And she was not so much to blame for her admiration, for Harry Willard was a very noble young fellow. He was rich, but it didn't hurt him any, for having won the love of sweet Nelly Parker, he did not choose to desert her, and break her heart and his own, because his parents objected to her poverty.

No other fault could be brought against her. She was an orphan, entirely friendless, save for Harry. For the invalid widowed mother, whom Nelly had supported with her needle, had died two months before her marriage; died with a look of perfect content upon her worn features as Harry

took Nelly's hand in his, and vowed "to love and protect his sweet wife always."

All this occurred in the village of Clayburn, where Harry had been to spend the winter with an uncle. And when his parents, especially his mother, raised her stormy opposition, Harry, as we see, was not inclined to break his vow to the dead and the living, to appease his parent's prejudice.

At the stormy interview that occurred, when Harry told his mother his firm determination to marry Nelly, his mother told him "that not one cent of their property should he ever have; it should all go to found a hospital, or church."

"Very well," said Harry, "I had rather have Nelly than a hundred fortunes."

"Such a shame," said his mother. "And then you might have had Esther Price."

"Cousin Esther! That old cat," cried Harry, irreverently.

"She is only our third cousin, and is worth fifty thousand; and it ought to be kept in the family."

"She is fifty years old."

"She isn't a day over thirty-five, and you can't have everything in a wife."

"I have everything in Nelly; everything that is sweet and lovable, bless her!"

Which words, spoken so lover-like and enthusiastically, so incensed the old lady that she left the room so rapidly that every ribbon on her cap floated backward like flags in a high gale.

But the old lady had a heart; such open-mouthed, impulsive people usually have. And when she saw Harry, her only boy, and the idol of her heart, dressed in his best, ready to go to his bridal, she retired into the cheese-room, the farthest in the house, and sat down upon the old cheese-press, unused for years, and moistened it with her tears, out of sight of all, as she thought.

But Harry had a heart, too, a very warm heart; one that was large enough to hold the sweet young girl-bride, and the faithful old mother. And he followed her for a last kiss.

He bent over her, and kissed the faded cheek very tenderly; and then, noting her tears and softened mood, he ventured to say,

"Mother, if you would only see Nelly, you would be sure to love her. She would be such a daughter to you."

"Love her? Never!" And the old lady's indignant emotions dried her tears. "I never will call her daughter, and she shall never enter my house."

"Never, mother!" added Harry, sternly. "Never, till you feel differently toward her; till you look upon her as your daughter, welcome her as one; then she will come."

"She shall never come. She has stolen my boy's heart, ruined his prospects in life; for Esther stood ready to marry you, I know, and put her property with ours, and you would be the richest man in the county. I had set my heart on it. And now, this girl, a fortune-hunter, no doubt, has stepped between you and prosperity and happiness. I never will call her daughter, or step my foot into her house."

"Very well, mother. But if you ever change your mind; if you ever come to her, if you or father want a daughter's care and affection, she will be ready."

"She never shall lift her finger for father or me—never! We will lay out in the road, both of us, before she shall. And you will never see either of us inside of your house—never!"

Mrs. Willard prided herself upon always keeping her word. But, blinded by her disappointed ambition, and her hot anger, she did not at this time recollect the old adage, that "man proposes, and God disposes."

So Harry Willard and his young bride set out on their married life over a somewhat tempestuous sea. But, for all that, they were very happy. Harry obtained employment in Clayburn: he was clerk in a bank, with a good salary. And Nelly made their little cottage-home the very coziest and brightest spot upon earth. It was a sight to see her flitting round the supper-table like a household fairy, in blue muslin and dainty white apron, with marvelous lace ruffles upon it, intent upon seeing whether Hannah, their one servant, had arranged everything to suit Harry's rather fastidious taste.

And then, when the delicately-tinted china, and crystal, and dainty viands of her own cooking were arranged to suit her, to see her run out to the front portico, and stand with her pretty blue eyes shaded with her hand, to see if Harry was coming; for Harry's road lay directly toward the setting sun, and its splendor dazzled her as she looked out for her king.

And then, when the handsome, manly form appeared, stepping lightly, as who would not, to be welcomed to such a home, then to see her fit down the lilac and rose-bordered walk, to the pretty rustic gate for her lover-husband's kiss. Why, it was all as good as a picture.

And so two years rolled away, and then came an evening, it was a most lovely and cloudless June evening, and Harry, coming home at night-fall, stepped, I think, if possible, more lightly than ever. For, though Nelly did not run down to the gate to meet him, he saw her looking out of the vine-garlanded window eagerly, and welcoming as ever: and held up in her arms, its golden head a shining, and its blue shoulder-knots fluttering, was the sweetest of baby faces, a miniature Nelly in beauty. And, well, for amiability and cleverness, it far transcended every other child that had as yet appeared upon this planet. Other babies had their good points, doubtless, but this child was altogether perfect. Its name was Susie; for tender-hearted Nelly, who realized, by the mysterious knowledge of motherhood, more than ever what it would be to have such a son as Harry, and lose him from any cause, so, as a sort of silent peace-offering for having stolen her boy, she would insist upon calling the baby for his mother.

Blessed was this cottage above others after this little angel visitant came to tarry with them.

But one shadow dimmed the blue sky of their content, and this was a constant sorrow to both Harry and Nelly, although they did not often speak of it, yet it was in both their hearts—the alienation of his father and mother. Never had Nelly met either of them. Harry visited them occasionally. Nelly would make him go. He, resenting their treatment of her, would not have gone nearly so often, had it not been for her persuasive eloquence.

"They are old, Harry, and have no one but you."

"But they have no need to be so unjust to you, my pet."

"If they are unjust, we must not be cruel; two wrongs never made a right yet," pleaded tender-hearted Nelly. And, after baby came, she had another, a stronger argument.

"What if our precious should grow up, and become estranged from us. Harry, you must go and see your father and mother to-morrow."

This was said upon that June night, when Harry saw the little face held up to the window to welcome him. Harry could not possibly have refused any request that that most perfect baby's mamma could ask him; but to his regret he was obliged to tell her that he was to be sent to New York on business for the bank; he must start in the morning, and should be gone two days.

Nelly was too sensible a little woman, to make any objections to her husband's leaving her on business, although it was the first time he had left her so long since their marriage. And Nelly

was not strong now; the little face on her bosom had stolen a good deal of her pink bloom. She made no objections to her husband's going; but she told him she should miss him very much, and should count the hours till he returned; and then she asked the wonderful baby, "if she shouldn't, and if she didn't think two whole days a terribly long time for papa to be gone?"

And the wonderful child, feeling, doubtless, an opportune twinge of colic, drew up its baby brows in a melancholy frown, and looked pathetically uncomfortable. And Nelly said, triumphantly, "It knew, so it did, that its own papa was going away for two whole days!"

Harry set out early the next morning, leaving two soft cheeks wet with tears where his kisses had been, Nelly's and baby Susie's. Let it not be understood that a three month's old baby shed tears over its father's departure. No, Nelly's tears were on her own cheeks, and the baby cheeks pressed so closely to them were wet with them.

Nelly said to herself "she was foolish; but, as she said, she was not strong, and two days seemed a long time for her husband to be away from her."

Upon this very same fair June morning, Harry's father and mother—and she had been awake nearly all the previous night, counting the perils and anxieties of the journey—set out for Clayburn. The old gentleman had an idea of getting a pension; he had been drafted in the war of 1812. He knew well what the peril of war was, for he had been in an engagement; and he well remembered running every step of the way home from the battle-field, when the enemy appeared. He ran fourteen miles, and reached home perfectly exhausted, and worn out with the fatigues of war. For this very active service he was now thinking of getting a pension. He had been encouraged in the hope by a keen-eyed lawyer in Clayburn, but he must appear before the justice personally. Of course, Mrs. Willard was not going to permit her husband to go alone on such a journey; dangers loomed up before her anxious eyes. Esther Price, her third cousin, who boarded with her now, having quarreled with all her first and second cousins, thought "There was no need of Susan's going. She was getting old, and there was no need of it."

This only whetted the old lady's determination to go. "Old, indeed! She guessed she wasn't so old now in actions, as some who was a little younger in years."

"A little younger, indeed!"

Esther had bewailed her virginity too many years not to be tender upon the subject of age,

and a long and warm discussion ensued. To tell the truth, ever since Esther was domesticated with Cousin Susan, she had looked upon her Harry's refusal to marry her with lenity at first, and of late with absolute joy and triumph, to think she was no more nearly related to her than third cousin. They both had the Price temper that flared up on small occasions in gusty anger. And if the daily battles they fought had been with other weapons than their tongues, this story would probably not be written, as one or more of the actors would have been missing. It was a very warm altercation, Mrs. Willard taking the ground.

"That it would be altogether best for some people to attend to their own business, and let the affairs of other people alone, for other people were abundantly able to conduct their own affairs."

And Esther, taking the immovable position, "that some folks needn't get into such a passion because somebody was advising them for their good."

"For their good!" But it is needless to recapitulate their wordy warfare. But when Mrs. Willard went out to the carriage, her head was well up in the air, and her bonnet-strings floated out defiantly on the sweet morning air. While Esther, as she made her morning toilet, tied up her back hair in so hard and vindictive a knot, that, to her after regret, she loosened several of her few locks of hair at the roots.

Old Mrs. Willard did not often leave home, and she wearied and harassed her husband with fearful prophecies and forebodings. Three times during the first few miles, did she make the old gentleman, who was very lame, dismount from the high seat, and examine the harness. Then she heard the lynch-pin break, and the axle-tree crack; and then the springs broke down, one by one, in her vivid imagination. And at last, when midway a steep hill, the old lady declared "the whole wagon-bottom was breaking down, and told him to get out quick and see."

The old gentleman rose in his dignity, and declared, "That he wouldn't get out of that buggy again till they got to Clayburn, to suit anybody."

Poor old gentleman, how little did he know what fate had in store for him, although, perhaps, he was not so far wrong, he did not get out "to suit anybody."

The village of Clayburn lies in a most sheltered little valley, with high hills standing like sentinels, in fadeless green livery about it, and it was in descending one of these hills, about a quarter of a mile from this village, that Mrs. Willard exclaimed, again,

"Father, do be careful! I declare if you

hain't run over every stun between here and home, and gone down into every rut. Why can't you be careful? And I do believe one of the whiffletrees is broke."

"No it hain't," said her husband, calmly. "The whiffletrees are all right; you are always imagining things."

"Wall, do jest git out, and look," said his wife, lifting her black lace veil, and peering down over the side of the carriage. "You know Jim never can bear anything near his heels. We shall be killed jest as sure as the world."

"No, we shan't, mother; I never have killed you yet, and you have been expectin' of it for fifty years."

"Wall there hain't no need of a man's bein' so careless."

"I hain't careless; you are notional, mother; wimmen always be."

"When we are both throwed out and killed, I guess you won't twit me of bein' notional."

"I guess not," says the old gentleman, calmly. But patience hath its limits, and when the old lady rose again, and put back her lace veil from her face, and peered down at the harness, the old gentleman, worn out by her complaints, and probably feeling that his dignity, as a driver, was being impeached, said to her, in a reproachful tone,

"If it hadn't been for you, mother, we should have a boy to be a driven' for us."

Within the memory of the old gentleman, never could such a speech have been made to his wife without drawing out as sharp an answer. But now she said nothing. Memory was busy with the old lady; memories of the time when she and her husband, then a handsome young man, would ride out with a bright little face between them; and small hands would proudly hold the end of the lines, thinking they were driving. Then, afterward, when they were older, she and father, sitting on the back seat together, while the handsome, bright-eyed boy, whom they both worshiped, sat before them, guiding the spirited horses to their great admiration.

But Harry, their own boy, their idol, was separated from them now, and the old times could never come back again. Her boy, her Harry! Somehow of late the old lady's heart had ached for her boy more than ever. She hungered for the sight of his handsome, manly face; his straightforward, honest brown eyes; his bright, sympathetic smile, his cheery, loving voice, his ringing laugh. Ah, how bright and cheerful he had made the old homestead, which was dismal enough now. And what a child he had been to them till this one fault—and was it a fault? Of

late Mrs. Willard often found herself asking this question to her own soul. Everywhere she heard only good of her son's wife; everything she heard of her showed the wisdom of his choice. An aunt, one of the maiden angels who tread fearlessly amidst the fire of domestic dissensions with no smell of fire on their garments, visited both sister Susan and nephew Harry; and the keenest cross-questioning of sister Susan could extract nothing but good accounts of Harry's wife. Her sweet disposition, her dainty house-keeping, her economy, her industry, her warm, loving nature. Why, Aunt Rebecca grew eloquent over it. And baby Susie named for her. Why, Aunt Rebecca would descant upon the perfections of the baby till sister Susie felt as if she must needs set out that very minute and take the baby, her own Harry's baby, to her heart, if it were not for her pride. But her pride made a gulf between them that she could never cross; that was all that parted them. For Harry's mother had had relentings of heart before Cousin Esther had come to make her home with them. But now, she had been there six months, and every day she would say to herself, with groanings of spirit over her past blindness, "What if I had had my way, and had made Harry marry her, what a life would he have had?" She felt in her heart that no amount of wealth could compensate for the sharp thorns of her daily presence. Cousin Esther was a very disagreeable person; and age, which mellows noble natures, like rare wine, also has power to sharpen vinegar. Cousin Esther was not a pleasant presence in any man's or woman's home. And as the days rolled by, more and more did Harry's mother long for her boy, long to be fully reconciled with him, to see the old sunshine on his face when he looked at her. She felt that she could love his wife now for his sake, and for her own. After Cousin Esther's companionship for months, she realized how pleasant it would be to have so gentle and sweet a daughter, as every one pictured Harry's wife to be.

But the old lady's pride stood in the way. How could she bend her pride sufficiently to own she had been in the wrong? And she had said that she would never enter into her son's wife's home, never call her daughter. And Harry had said she should never come to them till she did. No, it must go on always as it was now; for wider than sea or land the old lady's pride separated them. And the old days could never come back again.

The old lady was so wrapt in her musings, that she forgot, for a moment, the perils of the journey, the imperiled carriage and harness, and

Jim's heels. But a tremendous bound of the buggy aroused her, and she exclaimed, somewhat sarcastically,

"There, you couldn't miss gettin' on top of that stun, could you? I know I heard somethin' crack then. Father, do get out and see."

"I won't get out."

Mistaken old gentleman, he did get out. The old lady was right this time. The whiffletrees did break, and Jim, incensed by having some strange object touch his sacred heels, wheeled round, ran the buggy into a ditch, and the old lady landed into a soft spot of grass; but the old gentleman, less fortunate, found himself upon a stone-heap, with the wagon-wheel partly across his arm.

It was near a pretty white cottage where the accident occurred, and a delicate-looking lady, with a baby on her bosom, was looking out of a window, and saw it all. She dispatched her servant quickly to the spot, and a man who was working in her garden, dropped his spade, and ran after her.

The old gentleman was senseless, and looked like a dead man; and he was taken up, and carried into the white cottage, with the grief-stricken old lady following him, shedding silent tears under the lace veil.

Nelly, tender-hearted little Nelly, who had been known to cry over a lame dog, did not, you may be sure, see a white-haired old gentleman brought into her house unconscious, and a gray-headed old lady following him, weeping, without her own warm heart melting. She met the weeping old lady with tears in her own soft, blue eyes. She comforted her, and petted her as if she had been her own mother: she opened her best bedroom for the unconscious old gentleman; and then, when the doctor came, she stood by him bravely, till he set the broken arm.

The old gentleman soon recovered his senses. He was stunned by the fall, or, as he always told it afterward, in relating the adventure to his friends, he would never fail to say,

"I was stunted by the fall. They all thought I was dead; but I was only stunted."

Nelly was not strong, as we said, although the excitement had given her, for the time, an unnatural strength. And when the old lady, relieved of her first terrible dread, began to look about her, admiring the bright, cozy home, and the sweet little mistress, she caught sight of a photograph hanging upon the wall, and she exclaimed, with eyes full of wonder,

"How came my son Harry's picture here?"

"Your son!"

Then it was that Nelly, worn out with her love

and her unusual toil, and the sudden shock, fell down in a fainting fit, at the feet of her astonished mother-in-law. It was the first time in her happy life, and when she recovered, she found her head on the old lady's bosom, and Harry's mother bent down and kissed her, and said,

"My daughter!"

And so the long silence, and the long estrangement was bridged over, and made as if it had never been, by that motherly kiss; and Nelly's warm arms about her now fond mother's neck.

Nelly was very sick all that night; but she wouldn't have her husband sent for. She said she was only weak; she should be better in the morning. And so she was very weak yet, not able to rise from the sofa much; but, oh! so sweet, and gentle, and loving; so fearful that Harry's mother would tire out. But the old lady scorned the idea of weariness, she refused all rest. She stood over Nelly all night, and tended her with as gentle a care as she ever gave to her baby Harry. And baby Susie, in all her short, petted life, surely she had never known such closely watchful and admiring attention as she received during that night, and all the next day. And mamma Nelly felt her strength renewed, and her faith strengthened in what she had always believed, that there was never such a child before! And grandma discovered new charms and excellences in the wonderful child every hour. And the next day after the accident, about night-fall, as grandpa lay comfortably in his bedroom, and mamma Nelly lay on the sofa, smiling in her content at the picture before her, of grandma holding baby Susie in her arms, the little one uttered some grave remarks, in the wonderful dialect of infancy. Grandma looked up admiringly, and said,

"I thought my Harry was the sweetest child I ever saw; but this child goes ahead of everything. I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."

And then the old lady spoke every word slowly and emphatically, as its great import demanded.

"This child, daughter, has an idee of talking. It is calling its father."

And then how mamma admired grandma's appreciation of the wonderful babe. Why, even dear Harry had laughed a little when she had declared her firm belief that no other child ever approached it in intellect. He had thought "that three months was too immature an age for the intellect to expand to any great marked degree." But grandma was older, and had had experience; of course, she knew. And how they sympathized over its astounding merits; and how the little,

tender fingers of the wonderful baby drew their hearts together.

Of course, after thus "being called" by his first-born, no father, unless his heart was stone, could delay his coming. Harry's heart was not stone; it was composed of far softer materials, and it was not long after, that Harry, coming in quickly to surprise Nelly, saw a picture that almost turned his brown locks hoary gray on the spot.

"Mother! You here?"

"Yes," said the old lady, as calmly as if it were an every-day occurrence. "Your father broke the whiffletrees, and almost broke his neck, and your wife here has almost killed herself taking care of him." And she added, as Harry bent down to kiss the sweet face on the crimson cushions. "Do you know, my son, that I think it was very thoughtless and imprudent in you to go off and leave her two days, as weak as she is?"

Harry, happy Harry, was delighted to be blamed in this way; and he made proper apologies, pleading business, etc.

From that time the old lady never once referred to the estrangement. But, as she was energetic

in her dislikes, so was she in her friendships. Her daughter-in-law, and especially the wonderful baby, Esther said, "she made perfect fools of." But as Esther left soon after to see if there was any warmth in a fourth cousin's heart, or if it were, indeed, a frozen fountain of ice, as was her third cousin Susan's, of course her criticisms did not long annoy the old lady. And baby Susy pulled off her grandma's gold spectacles, and picked her choicest roses in peace, and made delightful havoc with her knitting-work; and every act was good in the eyes of the doting grandmother. So Nelly's sweet presence and "baby-fingers' waxen touches" renew the youth of the couple, at the old homestead, where Harry played in infancy.

Truly, we know not always whether what we most wish may be for our best good, no more than did the children of Israel, who "rashly desired a king." For Mrs. Willard, enjoying the prosperity and happiness of Harry and his gentle wife, returns thanks every day that she did not have the power to do what she so much desired to do at one time, "forbid the bands."

THE WIFE'S RESPONSE.

BY E. ELLINGWOOD DIX.

With wistful glance and tender pride,
The lamp of life more brightly burns;
And now to you, my future guide,
My woman's heart forever turns.
Where'er I looked, no kindly smile
Beset the darkened pathway o'er;
No winsome voice to kindly wile
The heavy-hearted hours before.

Then guard thy manner, guard thy glance,
Nor let my weary heart e'er plead,
With drooping lid of sufferance,
A pardon for some light misdeed.
I'm but a faulty, erring child,
That must fore'er with duty strive;
Then let reproof be kind and mild;
Oh! love me, or I cannot live.

There, look upon the upward blue!
See, clouds are floating o'er its face,
And mirror'd in the waters too,
They come and go, e'er we can trace
Their thousand varied shapes the while,
That please us with their mystic light;
They only serve to make the smile
The light that follows, seem more bright.

Then cast the shadow off thy brow,
And smile as once you did, you know;
Let storm-kings come, I can but trow,
They'll be their own embittered foe;
With sunlight in these hearts of ours,
We'll drive away the clouds that come,
And while away the heavy hours,
In our own sunny southern home.

And when we're growing old, beloved,
And gray is mingling with the brown,
I hope to find our hearts, beloved,
Without a single care or frown;
And when we're tott'ring down the hill,
Our footsteps groping o'er the way,
I trust to find our hearts well filled,
And angels guiding us away.

Rich blessings o'er our life are poured,
As dew upon the opening flower;
And cannot He a haven afford,
A light upon the stormiest hour?
Hush, hush, beloved! I will not hear,
Such vain repinings come from thee!
Nor will I brook a frown, nor fear,
But He will give His blessings free.

Thou knowest not the long past years,
Nor bitterness my heart has known;
Nor how, with trembling hopes and fears,
I've watched the joys like fairies flown.
Within my silent self there lives
A mystic voice, a spirit's thrill,
And thou canst help me as I strive,
To guide it with a better will.

Our life is but a single span,
Of flowers soon checked by thrifty weeds,
In summer's warm meridian,
The better lot in grave misdeeds;
But I would lead a life as pure,
As snows that cap the mountain height,
And battling through temptation's lure,
Regild my brows with rainbow light.

THE MINISTER'S LOVE-STORY.

BY LEWMAS ATTAL.

I.

"How the tempest rages, Miriam," said the Rev. Thornton Wilton, to his sister, one terribly stormy Monday evening in November, as he sat in his cozy library, preparing a Thanksgiving sermon. "God pity any poor outcast who is compelled to breast it."

Miriam raised her magnificent dark eyes to the spiritual countenance of her brother, and looked lovingly on him.

The two were wonderfully unlike in appearance. The brother, a man of twenty-five, was of medium height; that is, would have been, had he not been deformed by spinal disease. His countenance bore marks of great thought, and showed the results of deep study, and no lack of suffering. His complexion was fair: the eyes deep blue, and fathomless, and the forehead high, and white as polished marble. The hands and feet were small and shapely as a woman's: the voice deep and earnest, and when interested, thrilling in the extreme.

His sister, Miriam Wilton, was a perfect type of budding womanhood. She was not more than nineteen; with dark eyes and hair; a perfect face, too perfect, some said; and a slight figure, though one exquisite in contour. Wonderfully accomplished, too, she was. These two were orphans. Indeed, Miriam could not remember her mother. Their father had died two years previous, and had left them quite wealthy. Miriam had just quitted school at the time, and Thornton had finished his theological studies but shortly before. The brother's health being somewhat impaired, their physician had advised travel, and for two years they had been wandering through Europe. They had been but a few weeks returned to their own homestead, near the charming mountain village of Ivy-Glen; and Thornton had been invited to deliver a Thanksgiving sermon on the following Thursday, in the church which they had both attended when children—it being now without a Rector.

The storm without only seemed to make the library more comfortable and pleasant. After Thornton's remark, quiet once more fell on the two, and nothing could be heard but the scratch, scratch, scratch of the pen. Suddenly Thornton stopped, and leaned his head on his hand. Miriam watched him anxiously for a few mo-

ments; and as his countenance gradually grew sadder, noiselessly approached him, and laid her hand on the bowed head.

"What is it, Thornton? Why are you sad? What troubles you? For my part I feel nothing but joy; joy at the thought that you are about to proclaim the everlasting Truth in our own dear church."

"I was thinking of *her*. Wondering if she would be there, in all her beautiful haughtiness and pride. I fear, sometimes, that I will not be able to do the Master's work aright, with her proud eyes watching me. If she was only not here. The thought that she is, makes a very coward of me. If I could but drive from my heart this earthly love."

"Courage, brother, courage! God will help you. He will support you in this trial, and give you the necessary strength. Some day she will love you; I feel it—I know it."

"Ah, Miriam! Don't raise such false hopes. Besides, I could not ask her to link her life with my poor, deformed self."

"If she knew the perfect soul incased in that poor, deformed body,"

"You are too partial. Your affection for me makes you blind."

II.

The old, ivy-covered church was closely packed, on Thanksgiving day, for everybody was anxious to hear Thornton's sermon.

Prominent, among the listeners, was an old, gray-headed gentleman of fifty, or more; a tall, beautiful, exquisitely-dressed brunette; and a fine-looking gentleman of thirty: all occupying the same pew. They were Judge Warner, his daughter Edith, and his former ward, Paul Walcombe.

Thornton Wilton had requested that his sister might be permitted to officiate at the organ; and she was accordingly installed at her post, opposite the pulpit, when the Warner party filed into the church.

At the appointed hour, the voluntary began, tremblingly at first; low and thrilling; but gradually swelling into such a glad burst of thankful praise, that the congregation sat spell-bound.

An attentive observer could have seen Paul Walcombe's stalwart frame tremble under the

influence of the music. The old church, during all its existence, had never been filled with such wondrous harmony. After it ceased, the young clergyman entered the chancel. His long, white vestments concealed the disfigured body, and only the spiritual face could be seen. Kneeling reverently at the altar, for a brief period, the whole congregation felt, as they gazed on that bowed head, that he was a fitting servant of the Master; and when he began the service, in those deep, thrilling tones of his, every one, in that crowded house, became reverent, as if unconsciously.

During the whole service, the minister never looked toward the Warner pew; but Miriam knew, from the tremor in his voice, that he was aware of the presence of one of its occupants.

After the service was concluded, and before the sermon, a clear soprano broke out, in that most wonderful of all anthems, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." No other sound was heard but the voice of the singer, and the accompaniment of the organ.

Then came the sermon, from the text: "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." The rapt attention of the congregation was proof enough that it was a master-piece. Such exalted Christianity had never been spoken from that pulpit before.

One pair of dark eyes, during it all, was fixed on the inspired countenance of the deformed preacher; often they were dimmed with tears, an emotion the proud, worldly beauty had never exhibited before.

Every one said it was a wonderful sermon, and before night it was pretty generally known, among the congregation, that the Rev. Thornton Wilton would be invited to be the Rector of Ivy-Glen.

After the service, Thornton waited in the Vestry-room for the people to disperse. Together Miriam and he left the church, only to discover Judge Warner and party lingering to speak with them. The Judge's greeting was cordial, and all that it should be from the old and firm friend of their dead father. Thornton's self-control was wonderful, when he greeted Edith, though the watchful, loving eyes of Miriam noted the compressed, bloodless lip, and the slight shiver that shook the frail body.

"We hope to keep you with us always, Thornton," said the Judge, putting his hand familiarly on the minister's shoulder. "We are in need of just such a man in our church. Though not a member myself, you know I have always felt the greatest interest in its welfare."

"I don't know," replied Thornton, hesitat-

ingly. "I feel so utterly incompetent to perform the duties of Rector here. But should the Master call me, His will shall be obeyed."

The Judge and Mr. Wilton had walked on ahead of the others. Paul Walcombe had been introduced to Miriam, whom he had not seen since she was a child. He praised her musical performance in such a manner that she was convinced he was sincere.

"It is so seldom, Miss Wilton, that we hear good music at Ivy-Glen, that we could not help being entranced by your performance this morning," he said, with a bow. Miriam was attracted curiously by this great, hero-looking man. He seemed a very king among men, by his size; but much more so, when one became acquainted with his rare gifts of intellect. He was a lawyer by profession, but had been a soldier in his time, as a large scar on his left temple, and his title of colonel proved.

It was rumored in Ivy-Glen that he was paying not unacceptable homage to the heiress of Warner Hall, as the Judge's place was called. Edith was a tall, dark, haughty-looking girl of twenty-two, accomplished, and worldly in the extreme, it was said.

They chatted but a short time, then separated, and Thornton and his sister drove homeward. On their way they were very silent, and scarcely a word was spoken. Miriam's thoughts, in spite of herself, would return to the great, leonine head and figure of Paul Walcombe; while her brother's sad countenance too plainly proved of whom he was thinking.

"Judge Warner is going to call this evening, Miriam," Thornton said, at last.

"Is he? Do the others come with him?"

"I presume not, or he would have mentioned them. I am very tired," he continued, "and will rest after dinner till he comes."

III.

So, after dinner, Moss-Grove, where the Thorntons lived, sank to quietness. Not so Warner Hall. The house there was full of guests. At dinner the talk turned on the morning service.

"How was the music, Paul?" asked one of the guests, who had not been at church.

"Wonderful! Such as you seldom have the good fortune to listen to. I could scarcely breathe, lest I might fail to catch the faintest whisper. It was the very embodiment of my ideal music."

"Who could have been so fortunate as to have gained your fastidious musical appreciation?"

"The minister's sister, Miriam," quickly answered Edith. "She was a musical wonder even in Europe."

"Ah, indeed? I would like to hear her," said the gentleman who had asked these questions, a Gen. De Lacy, a suitor of Edith's.

Edith was very restless after dinner. She spent the afternoon wandering about the house. Toward sundown, she encountered the Judge, who was going out.

"Where to, papa?" she inquired.

"I am going to call on the Wiltons, my dear."

"I will walk over with you," she said, very quietly.

"Very well. I am glad to hear you say so, for we must have them here often. I would show them every courtesy."

At the outer gate, they met Paul Walcombe, evidently waiting to accompany them.

It was almost twilight, when they reached Moss-Grove. Thornton had retired to his study, and Miriam was in the drawing-room, reading. She received the party with her usual grace and dignity. Her brother soon appeared.

"We are very glad to have you back once more, Thornton," said the Judge. "Moss-Grove has been too long unoccupied by its master. It really seems ages since I have been here; and yet all is familiar still," he continued, looking around the room.

"Yes. We have made no change in the old place, and do not contemplate doing so, at present," replied Thornton.

Paul and the two ladies were conversing at the other end of the long room.

They were standing in front of a copy of one of the old masters, and admiring it. Presently, Paul begged Miriam for some music, and led her toward a grand piano.

"Not that," she said, smiling. "To-day is Thanksgiving, and we will try the new organ, which only arrived yesterday. It has not been opened yet."

She conducted him toward a curtained alcove, in which stood a handsome cabinet organ. She sat down at it, and touched the keys softly, caressingly, as one touches a child. But at the first sounds, she forgot all about her surroundings, and there burst forth such delicious strains of harmony, that her hearers marveled.

Even the old Judge was moved.

Presently, the music became softer, and she began a German Thanksgiving hymn, in a low minor, which was eminently beautiful.

Thornton had moved toward Edith, when the music began, and now addressed her.

"You admire the Madonna?" he said, inquiringly. "I selected it for a fancied resemblance to some one."

He did not say whom it resembled, but a close

observer could have detected a likeness between it and the beautiful face looking at it so intently.

"It is very beautiful," she replied, softly.

"I have some others which have not been hung yet," he continued. "Would you like to look at them?"

"Very much, indeed. You know how fond I used to be of paintings, when a child. I have not changed in the least since."

He led her across the hall, into the library, and showed her a large portfolio, and some paintings, framed, and leaning against the wall.

She appeared restless. She did not look very long at any of them. Suddenly, she turned toward him her beautiful face; her pale lip quivering; a tear trembling in each dark eye.

"I have wanted to speak to you so much since your sermon this morning," she said. "I have been so worldly all my life—so far from anything good. Do you think I can be better? Won't you show——"

Here she broke down, and dropping upon a lounge, vainly endeavored to suppress her sobs. Thornton sat down beside her, and said, softly, "Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; whosoever believeth on me, shall not die, but have everlasting life." The way is clear for *all*, for every one, my dear Miss Warner. He is waiting to receive all His erring children who wish to return. You can go to Him now—at once. It is so simple. Just give yourself entirely into the loving arms of Him."

Much more the earnest preacher said. Gradually the sobs ceased, and she became quieter. Then, seeing she was calm, Thornton kneeled beside the couch, and prayed earnestly, eagerly; prayed as only one so spiritualized could.

A gentle calm seemed to steal over Edith's soul, and she too slipped quietly to her knees.

The prayer finished, they both arose, and returned to the drawing-room. Soon after, the Judge and his party took their departure, after having received a promise from Thornton and Miriam to dine with them the next day.

Little sleep came to Thornton that night. He could hear her voice, so unusually gentle, still ringing in his ears. The soft eyes, too, filled with tears, came between him and slumber. He prayed for her as he had never prayed before, and for himself, too.

Nor was her sleep undisturbed. Her soul was troubled with doubts, and her conscience was inflicting such punishment as she had never known before. Her former idle life seemed so many years wasted. Then her thoughts would revert to her interview with Thornton, and a momentary

calm succeeded the storm. She thought of his gentleness, earnestness, and piety.

Something else, too, seemed to stir the depths of her heart—some long-hidden memory. She could not define the feeling, but she knew there was a secret chamber in her heart, which no one had ever entered but he. Was it love? She could not decide.

IV.

THE intimacy between the families gradually increased, and scarcely a day passed that they did not meet each other. Paul Walcombe attached himself to Miriam, and it soon became apparent that he, at least, did not prefer the heiress. The feeling was reciprocal on Miriam's part, and for once the course of true love ran smoothly.

The parish, meantime, had formally extended an invitation to the Rev. Thornton Wilton to become their Rector, and he had accepted. He was to be installed on Christmas-day, which fell on Sunday, and the sacrament was to be observed on the same occasion.

The guests had all left Warner Hall but Gen. De Lacy, who was still paying assiduous attentions to Edith; but whether they were acceptable or not, she alone knew.

Thornton was growing thin and weak, and it was a matter of serious doubt whether he would be able to withstand the severe winter of Ivy-Glen. His constant duties, with his, to him, hopeless love, were trying the poor, weak body too severely.

The Monday before Christmas, Edith and Gen. De Lacy were sleighing, and on their way stopped at Moss-Grove. Edith alighted, and the general drove on, promising to call for her when he returned from a distant town, to which he was going on business. Edith was looking careworn, and there were circles under her eyes, which bespoke some sleepless nights and inward care.

She had stopped to see Miriam, and spend the day with her, so she told the general. Miriam and Paul Walcombe had gone out, the servant said, but Mr. Wilton was in the library. There was nothing for her to do but to go into the house, as De Lacy was out of hailing distance.

She told the servant "not to inform Mr. Wilton that she was there, that she would not disturb him," and went into the drawing-room. She was very restless, and had an undecided thought working at her heart. A wish, in fact, to see him, which had been the real motive of her coming. She had heard of his going away, after the Christmas season and its ceremonies; and as Warner Hall would be full of guests on

the morrow, for the holidays, this, she knew, would be the last opportunity she could have of seeing him alone. She wandered up and down the long drawing-room for some time, looking at the engravings, now and then, and starting again on her purposeless walk. Finally, she came to a sudden, decisive stop, and, crossing the hall, she tapped lightly on the library-door. No answer being returned, she gently turned the handle, and peered into the room. Thornton was sitting at his study-table, with his manuscript lying before him, but not writing, for his head was lying on his crossed hands, on the table, and his figure gave evidence of the greatest dejection. Edith had never seen him so utterly prostrated before, and paused in some alarm. Then, summoning up her resolution, she entered the room, and closed the door quietly behind her. Her heart gave a great throb, as she crossed to where he sat; but the soft velvet carpet did not betray her presence.

A moment, she stood looking down on the bowed head. A greater emotion than compassion beamed forth from her dark eyes. It was love. Yes, the proud heiress loved the deformed minister; loved with all the wealth of her passionate nature.

At last she laid her hand, gently, on the minister's shoulder.

He raised himself quickly.

"Edith!" he cried.

"Yes. You are surprised to see me," she said, her voice trembling in spite of herself. "Gen. De Lacy left me at the door. I came to see Miriam, but she is out. I made so bold as to come here. I see I have disturbed you!"

She spoke brokenly, in evident embarrassment.

"You did not," he cried, eagerly. "You never disturb me, Miss Warner."

"You said Edith, a moment ago," she answered. "Why go back to the more formal title? We used to be Thornton and Edith to each other."

"That was long ago, in the happy past," he answered. Then, after a moment, he said, "I presume you have heard that I am going away on Monday next. This will be my only opportunity for saying, 'good-by' to you alone. Good-by, and God bless you." He took her hand, pressed it, and turned away.

She walked unsteadily from the room, and closed the door behind her, without a word. Then, as she was crossing the hall, she thought of a message from her father, which she had forgotten, and returned quickly to the library.

What was her surprise to see Thornton lying on the lounge, his frail body shaken with sobs.

She went up to him, put her hand on his forehead, and said, "What is it? What grieves you so, Thornton?"

At that name, so tenderly pronounced, he started, and looked up, with a gleam of wild hope in his eyes. But he checked himself in a moment.

"Forgive me. I thought you had gone," he said. "Why did you return to torment me?"

The truth suddenly dawned on her.

"Torment you?" she cried. "Oh, Thornton, look at me. Don't you see? I love you—I love you."

He threw his arms about her, and drew her, blushing, down on his bosom. "My darling! my darling love!" he murmured. "Can it be true? Oh, God! I thank Thee," he said, lifting his eyes to heaven.

Then he looked into Edith's tearful eyes.

"You love the poor, weak, deformed minister! Me! You, the proud beauty! My queen!" he cried. "I have loved you so long, Edith, my love—so long, and so hopelessly. This is was killing me. I prayed to God to take image from my heart; but, in His goodness, He saw fit to give me your dear heart instead. Speak—speak my own, say it is not a dream."

"It is true, Thornton, I do love you, with all my heart," she whispered. Then, trying to laugh, she added, "But I had to propose to you. I never thought to do that."

"Ah, you were too noble not to tell me, when you discovered that I loved you. I would never have told you. I thought I should grow strong, when away from you; but God has been kinder

to me than I should have been to myself. You are sure you won't regret it, my love? You won't grow weary and ashamed of your deformed——"

"Hush!" putting her small hand over his mouth. "You must not say that again. To me you are the noblest and most perfect of men. Mine. Oh, Thornton, my king," she burst forth, "I believe I have loved you since we were children; but I only discovered it to-day."

They sat there until the shadows of the short, winter day began to close about them, thinking only of each other, supremely happy. Thus Miriam and Paul found them. Thornton explained all. Miriam's face grew radiant when she heard of her brother's happiness. When Thornton had finished, Paul quietly took Miriam's hand in his, despite her blushes, and led her in front of the other pair, where he coolly informed them that they, too, had been telling each other secrets. Then the women fell to kissing each other, and the men grasped each other's hands warmly.

Thornton preached his Christmas sermon, and did not leave Ivy-Glen to recruit his health; that was now unnecessary. Edith, the once proud beauty, took the solemn vows of the church on the same Christmas-day, and early in the New Year, both couples were united in the old church for time and eternity.

A happier household cannot be found than that of Moss-Grove; and Edith makes a model pastor's wife: and with her great fortune, is able to do uncounted good.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY M. T. ADKINS.

A WREATH of flowers, fresh and fair,
To crown thy waving, rippling hair
With rose's blush and pink's perfume,
Would well thy regal brow become;
And while the giver thus would tell,
The thoughts that in her bosom dwell,
Of friendship true, or hopes, or fears,
Of joy sometimes, sometimes of tears;
Sure beauty's brow would justly bear
A wreath entwined with flowers so fair,
And proudly claim of right its own,
The tribute thus to beauty shown.
But fairest flowers so soon would fade,
Fit emblem of our hopes decayed,
And leave behind but dust to tell,
The words that once they told so well.
But here, upon these pages fair,

Are flowers traced; flowers from where
The fairest grow. The heart's best flowers
Are gathered here, culled from the bowers
Of soul and intellect; nor e'er decay,
But ever fresh and bright are they.
So may thy life be ever fair;
May faithful friends thy sorrows share;
May joys around thy pathway gather,
And guardian angels o'er thee hover.
May dove-eyed peace her blessings lend,
Love, hope, and friendship e'er attend,
And all unite to strew thy path
With flowers perfumed with Heaven's breath.
And may that path in death's dark hours,
Lead up to Heaven's perennial flowers;
And of those flowers a wreath shall be
By angel hands entwined for thee.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Lady Rose found herself within the shelter of the grand old mansion that had been a residence for the St. Ormand's more than a century, she turned her sweet face, now kindled almost wildly with excitement, upon her old friend.

"I—I think that the crowd has made my head ache, your grace. May I go at once to my room?"

"Certainly, dear child; but not so fast. This long train will be under your feet, and doing mischief. There, now."

The kind old lady gathered up the rich sweep of silk, lace and roses, which she threw lightly over the young lady's arm, and, leaning forward, kissed her cheeks.

"Now, run away, and let Hipple take off those tiresome things. They are enough to drag the strength out of a giant. But what would a court be without them? One must sacrifice a little for the dignity of a nation, or our best statesmen would never be able to keep it up."

There was just a shade of excitement more than usual in the old lady's manner, and her kiss was full of caressing kindness. Lady Rose felt this, and after running up half a dozen steps, paused and looked back, as if tempted to rush down, fling her arms about that stately neck, and give to her friendship all the pain and passion that had flamed so suddenly in her heart.

The Duchess saw all this in the wistful look those great, blue eyes bent upon her, and turned away, altogether too honorable for any desire to win confidence in a burst of excitement that might be repented of in cooler moments. But her sweet, old face grew serious as she entered her own room.

"She is suffering, poor child. I know how to pity her. Yes, yes, looking back through all these years, I grow sad, even now, to think how a young creature like that can suffer. But it passes. We go out of the sunshine into the shadow, from that into sunshine again, learning to submit, to tame down all turbulent wishes, to mingle with the world, and become worldly, as I am. Yes, as I am."

The old lady was more disturbed than she liked to believe, and sat a long time in her crimson easy-chair, while the glow of purple, to which she was born, floated richly through the court-robe, lying in ample waves about her feet, and a shade of deep sadness crept over her delicate old face.

"How I pity her," she thought; "so fair, so good, and capable of suffering like that. Yet, I would almost be glad of the pain if the power to feel it might come back. How wild she looked! How wonderfully beautiful! I am glad St. Ormand saw it. I did not think that eyes, so blue and soft as violets, could express so much. Yes, I am glad St. Ormand saw her then."

Thus the old lady dreamed on, half-romantic, half-worldly, thinking of her own youth, of the triumphs and pain, the conquests given to her pride; the ambition that grew strong as love itself, when the power of her husband became strong in the land.

Ah, but more than all, did this old lady think of one who died half a century before, and whose picture, taken in a lieutenant's uniform, lay even now in the most secret drawer of her desk, from which she sometimes took it, with bated breath, until the scant, painful tears of old age would come slowly across her vision, and blot out the face that seemed to reproach her so.

Perhaps it was the memory of this picture that made her think with such tender commiseration of the Lady Rose. But, after all, I fancy it was her own kind heart, which had always kept gentle and womanly under the purple of her high estate. For there such hearts are found oftener than people of less degree are willing to admit.

The opening of a door aroused the old lady from her dream.

"Did your grace ring?"

This question was asked in the low, deferential voice of a well-trained English servant. The Duchess looked at a small bell of gold and silver, interlaced, standing on the table near her, and shook her head irresolutely. She had been so deep in her dream of far-off years, that she was quite uncertain whether her hand had touched the bell or not.

"I do not recollect, Forbes; but now that you are here, we will change all this. It has been a bright day, but I am fatigued. The truth is, Forbes, your mistress is getting old."

There was trouble in the old waiting woman's face, as she listened to the pathetic plaint. She came close to her mistress, standing behind her chair, as she unfastened the clustering diamonds, which held the traditional barbs of gossamer lace, and the white ostrich plumes which waved over her hair, as soft and white as themselves.

"It is for women like me to grow old," she said, dropping the great diamonds into their case, and laying the feather, which trembled in her hand, on the dressing-table. Then she began to busy her withered fingers with the lace. "But I never will while my mistress keeps so young, so much handsomer than any one else."

"I know you think so, Forbes, because you came to me when we were both young and happy, too; but it is a long time since then."

"Yes, your grace, a long time; but to me this hair is as soft as it was then; and oh! so much more beautiful."

"Yes, it was gold then; but turned to silver now. Sometimes, Forbes, I do not feel the change more than you see it. When you came in I had all the sadness of the old time about me; a little of its bloom, too, just here."

The old lady pressed one delicate hand upon her heart, and sighed heavily.

"There your grace is always young, and always will be," said the maid, with moisture in her eyes; "to say nothing of a figure, upright, as it was at sixteen, and a face that grows more heavenly every year. I see no young lady that compares with my mistress."

The maid, who was scarcely a year younger than her mistress, gathered the mass of white hair she was brushing up in her hands, and kissed it so softly, that the Duchess was unaware of this evidence of devotion.

"This reminds me, Forbes, that you and I have been growing old together."

"Yes, as a humble body like me might presume to grow old with your grace. I do not deny that."

"But you have services to render."

"No, no! Not that. Nothing that Forbes can do for her mistress is a service," exclaimed the maid, dropping those white tresses in a panic, for she guessed what this gentle speech was leading to.

"But we are both old, Forbes—very old, you and I."

"But your grace is young at heart, and I—I am young everywhere, when my mistress is to be served."

"I know—I know; but I get very wrong at times, as I am now, Forbes. It tires me even to sit here and be undressed. You must feel weary also!"

"It does not tire me to undress your grace, and never will; never, while the good God gives me health. Oh, my lady, do not think again of what is in your mind. I could not bear it. Indeed I could not!"

The Duchess turned, to look over her shoulder at the woman, who had been her constant attendant for half a century. Tears were slowly rolling down that quivering face. Her hands had fallen to the back of the chair, which shook under them.

"What! Crying, Forbes? What a foolish old woman! I only thought to make your duties lighter—to keep you near me as a dear, faithful old friend, rather than a servant. Is there anything to cry about in that?"

"Yes, your grace, everything. I could not be always with my mistress, and see another caring for her. The thought is cruel. I cannot bear it. Oh, mistress, I am not old enough for that."

"Come, come! You are dropping my hair all about," said the old lady, adown whose cheek a tear was rolling.

"It is because the thought of seeing another doing it takes away all my strength. I that have counted the gray hairs since the first one came, and loved them the better for being white, to give way to another person, only because she is younger. Ah, I should not last long after that. It would kill me!"

The Duchess turned away her head, and swept her handkerchief across her eyes, determined not to cry before her old waiting woman, though her voice was full of tears when she spoke.

"Then no one shall ever come between us, Forbes. You and I will travel on together, mistress and maid to the last."

Forbes longed to drop down upon her knees, and kiss the hand that had withered like the leaf of a white lily since she first saw it: but the habitual reverence which nothing can break down between a highborn English lady and her servant prevented this. Their feelings were too deep for anything but a low sob, which the Duchess answered with a gentle sigh.

"There, now, Forbes," she said, at last. "You and I are too old for scenes that stir the heart. There was a time when they seemed a necessity of life; but now tears hurt the eyes with their slow, creeping pain."

"Forgive me, mistress," pleaded the old servant, wiping her eyes. "I never will cry again, now that I have a promise."

"Of course, Forbes, I expect that. What on earth can old people like us have to weep about? Now bring me something loose and comfortable. I must have rest. It is very tiresome feigning youth and strength so many hours together; besides, the diamonds are heavy, and hurt my head a little. Oh, that is nice, Forbes. I do not think any one could understand me as you always have."

Forbes smiled, grimly. She had taken away those festive robes, and brought out a dainty wrapper of mauve silk, with a soft, quilted lining, which terminated in trimmings of swans-down about the loose sleeves and neck. This she wrapped about the old lady tenderly, as if it were a child she longed to caress, and leading her to a couch, arranged its downy pillows under her head.

"No, no," murmured the Duchess, closing her eyes, while a delicious sleepiness stole over her. "No one could ever take such care of me. I was cruel to think of it; but, after all, most cruel to myself."

Forbes sat down near the couch, and watched her mistress, as she slept. The diamonds still gleamed in a heap on the table; the purple robe still lay in the next room uncared for; but to the old waiting-woman one hour of sweet slumber for the mistress she loved was worth them all. So there she sat, motionless as a statue, while the lady slept.

CHAPTER VII.

AGE yearns for repose. Youth plunges into excitement, either of joy or pain, scorning rest as a want of feeling.

When Lady Rose went to her chamber, after the presentation, it was with the wild sensation of a hunted fawn, which, after vain efforts, had failed to conceal itself from the danger it dreaded. In that crowd she had seen the face of a man who had once been the dearest object to her in existence. It was from this man she had fled, when he became the husband of another; fled, with a keen sense of humiliation and shame, which clung to her proud, gentle nature with all the cruel tenacity of a crime. It was the presence of this man she had feared when protesting so uselessly against this visit to London. In the stillness of her solitude she had failed to cast this first love from the soul it had possessed even in childhood. With little else to think of, she had, in striving to conquer a feeling, fostered its remembrance. At a distance she dared to think of the man she had loved with little self-reproach. It was like dwelling upon memories of the dead.

But here, in London, such thoughts grew into the magnitude of a crime. Her heart had leaped at the sight of him; a cry of pain and pleasure had broken from her unawares. While longing to rush toward another woman's husband, she had been glad to flee from him; and now, shut in her room, locked with key and bolt, she scarcely felt safe.

What could she do? What way was there for escape? Walton Hurst was in town. Was she with him? Would they meet again? If so, would she have the strength to meet him calmly? This man was her cousin, the woman her cousin's wife. Of all the feelings that had wrung her heart, and warped her young life, they were ignorant; she hoped so, at least. The agony had been great when the discovery of this marriage was made, but the pride of her race—better still, the pride of her womanhood—had borne her up so bravely, that neither of these two could have penetrated her secret. How, then, were they to be avoided?

Up and down the room she walked, asking herself wild questions, reproaching herself with tearful bitterness for the anguish that filled her heart.

"Not yet," she said to Hipple, who knocked at the door; "I want nothing done at present."

"But, my lady, there is a gentleman below; here is his card."

Lady Rose took the card and glanced at the name, turning white as a lily while she read it.

"WALTON HURST."

"I will come down," she said.

"Yes, my lady."

"Where is he? In the drawing-room?"

"No, my lady. He seemed to know the house, and went to the small parlor. But, my lady——"

"Well, Hipple——"

"He isn't the same person we left at the Rest more than a year ago. I hardly knew him. I, who have seen him, man and boy, since he was born."

Lady Rose did not answer; but all around her mouth the lines tightened, and the color fled. She closed the door, and strove to conquer the agitation that threatened to betray all she wished to conceal. More than once she went to the mirror, and interrogated her white face in the glass. It was greatly agitated; but she saw, with a sort of horror, that gleams of joy were turning the violet of her eyes to black, and that, in despite of herself, a tremor, which was not all pain, thrilled every nerve in her body.

The lady was still in her court-dress, but she dared not go down until the whiteness left her

face. Well, she had not long to wait. The first thought of meeting this man, whom she had loved in secret so long, had driven the blood back to her heart, but that sent it back again, richer than before, flushing her fair cheek with roses, and burning her lips to coral.

"He will not think me love-lorn, now," she thought, triumphantly. "There is no chance that he, a married man, should cast pity on his old playmate. Now, let me act as highly as I look, and this first trial will be over."

She went down stairs at once, crossed the hall, and hurried toward a young man, who stood on the threshold of an inner room, with both hands out, ready to receive her.

"Rose!"

"Walton!"

The young man held both her hands in his, and drew her to a seat, warmed to the heart by the sweet cordiality of her greeting, for her agitation struck him in no other light. She looked into his face, and a cloud came over hers. It was thin and pale, as she had never seen it before.

"Are you ill, Walton?" she was about to say, but changed the anxious question into a softer phrase.

"Are you quite well, Walton?"

The young man shook his head, a little gravely.

"I am not sure that I ever have been quite well since that——"

Lady Rose shrunk from the subject, but forced herself to finish the sentence he had broken off, on feeling her shudder.

"Since that awful blow in the woods of Norston's Rest," she said. "Ah, I wonder if any of us will ever recover the sorrows of that time? They haunt me in my sleep."

"Did you feel them so much, Rose? I hoped that you had escaped the general misfortune."

The shadow of a great pang swept that lovely face. Spite of her proudest efforts, tears came to the lady's eyes.

"You could not expect that, when—when all I had ever been taught to love was in such deep distress. My poor guardian——"

"Oh, he has never been the same man since. I think he misses you more than any anything," said Hurst. "Indeed, the old place itself seems gloomy without you."

Lady Rose smiled, but there was a faint bitterness in the curve of her lip, which Hurst did not understand.

"Is—is your wife—is Ruth there?" she asked, with some difficulty of speech.

"No. She is in London."

"In London?"

"Yes. The old house depresses her. She never can forget all that happened there, or the

circumstances of her girlish life. I sometimes think she would be happier in the cottage than she ever will be at the Rest."

"Happier? Happier anywhere than with— with her husband? I cannot believe that," said Lady Rose, almost indignantly.

"Wild birds, taught to fly in the forests, do not take to cages so kindly as you may imagine," answered Hurst.

Lady Rose fell into silence. She was thinking of the old mansion-house, they called Norston's Rest, its balconies, its terraces, and that forest-like park, in which the gardener's cottage, from which Walton Hurst had taken his wife, stood like a bird's-nest, half buried in flowers. Yes, she had seemed happy there; but was it possible that she could ever look back with regret, being Walton Hurst's wife? For the first time, Lady Rose was beginning to feel some glimmers of contempt for the beautiful woman who had dashed all the sunshine out of her own life.

"But, Sir Noel, your father. Surely he must have made your wife in love with her home, so near the only one she has ever known too."

"Sir Noel is not the cheerful man you once lived with, Lady Rose. Somehow, Ruth seems quite afraid of him. Indeed, she has not yet got over her deference for the old housekeeper, who was her godmother you know."

Hurst spoke of these things in the confidence of a man who discusses the most private affairs with one who had been in the same household from childhood. He had no idea that every word he uttered went like needles of fire through that fair girl's heart, or that, spite of her generous nature, a thrill of satisfaction followed some of the careless words he dropped about the insufficiency of his married life. It was strange that two souls that had expanded in the same atmosphere, and been fostered by the same loving care, should have grown so far apart, that the words of one could be unconsciously a pang of bliss or pain to the other.

"But I have been talking of myself all this time," said Hurst, "while you tell me nothing. Why was it, Rose, that you left the Rest so strangely? I did not think the ambition to set up an independent life would ever reach you. Of all the family your attachment to the old place seemed deepest."

"I was attached to the old place," answered Lady Rose, with tears in her eyes. "How could I help it? There was not a tree in the park, or a rose in the garden, that I did not love."

"Why did you leave the trees and the roses, then?" questioned Hurst, with a pleasant smile.

"Because—because I was getting restless of

the solitude. Besides, the family was, in a sense, broken up."

"You mean that my marriage did this."

"No, no! I did not say that!"

"I sometimes think it is the truth though. Will you never go back, Rose?"

Lady Rose shook her head.

"I have wanted you there so much. The old place seemed very desolate without you. There was no sunshine in the rooms—no music of laughter in the halls. Ruth moved through them like a frightened bird, and Sir Noel— But I have told you that my father has never been the same man, since that fearful time when my rash work brought so much misery down upon us all."

Lady Rose was crying softly now. It was pleasant to hear that she had been wanted in the old home; pleasant to know that the man by her side had no suspicion of the feelings which had forced her to leave it.

"You are beginning to relent toward us a little," said Hurst, taking her hand, which he raised to his lips, after a moment's unaccountable hesitation; for he had done the same thing many a time, even when they were children together, in the woods of Norston's Rest. "Before long, you will go down to the old place with us. Do not shake that head. You would not find the heart, knowing how much we need you, Ruth most of all."

"It is early to think of that yet. Besides, I am with the Duchess of St. Ormand, and, of course, she guides my movements."

Hurst had not yet asked Lady Rose to call on Ruth. He fancied that the patrician prejudices of her race had been wounded by his marriage with this lovely girl, and hesitated to ask this favor of her. There was something so gracefully dignified in her bearing, so impressive in the delicate splendor of her beauty, that he felt the contrast between her and the bright piquant being he had married, with more force than he would have liked to admit, even to himself. He looked at her, standing up to bid him adieu, in the rich array of that court-dress, and wondered at the rare growth of her loveliness. In her own fashion, surrounded by deep rich colors and piquant draperies, Ruth was a quaint, sparkling, and most attractive person. No Spanish gipsy ever had finer eyes, or hair of such lustrous blackness: but Hurst could not help feeling that, in a dress like that, which swept around Lady Rose, Ruth would lose all the best points of her wild beauty. Perhaps he did not love his wife the less for that; but pride is a strong point in the love of any man worth having.

While Hurst stood there, prolonging the inter-

view, because of its pleasantness to him, Lady Rose observed, with a sharp thrill of anxiety, that his sentences were more than once broken up by a slight cough; and she saw that the hand, which he lifted to his mouth at such times, was thinner and whiter than she had ever seen it before. This anxiety at last broke out in words.

"Oh, Walton! tell me. Have you suffered much? Is that cough always with you?"

"Suffered? No more than I deserved, Rose. As for the cough— Yes, it is always with me, more or less; but that amounts to nothing. When you are with us again, which must be, Rose, I shall grow strong as ever."

Again he lifted that fair hand to his lips, and went away. She listened to his footsteps as they trod the marble of the hall, holding her breath that no part of the precious sound might be lost, then she ran up stairs, locked the door of her room, and fell to kissing the hand his lips had touched. After that she threw herself on the couch, half kneeling, half lying there, and wept passionate tears of contrition.

"It is because I find him so sadly fallen away," she pleaded with herself. "So pale, too, except that red flush on his cheeks, which burns into my heart. Could I help feeling for him, being human? Oh, my God! my God! spare him, if not for my sake—I must not ask that—but for hers—his young wife's. I have learned to suffer; but this, this that I dread, is more than I can bear and live."

Ah, how many women, since the world began, have put words, eloquent as these, into prayer; yet lived on, and trod the way to deeper suffering. No human soul can understand its own great capacity for anguish.

Hipple at the door again. No, she would not let her in. Even that faithful woman should not see the shame of her tears. By-and-by a softer knock came, and a sweet old voice asked to come in. Lady Rose turned the lock then, and stood all flushed and shrinking, before the Duchess, who still wore her dainty dressing-gown, and had her gray hair done up in a coil, like some sweet-voiced old nun. A door led from her dressing-room into that of Lady Rose, so the old lady did not care to have her dress put in better order, but sunk into an easy chair, and folded the down trimmings over her bosom.

"So you have had a visitor while I was sleeping?" she said. "Not St. Ormand, surely? We must not have him running here."

"Isn't that a little hard, as we are occupying his house?" asked Lady Rose, sitting down at the old lady's feet.

"Not at all, my dear. We could not put up

with his rattling ways; but you do not tell me that he has dared to call."

"No, your grace. It was Mr. Hurst, my guardian's son, that you have heard about."

"Mr. Hurst! He that married the gardener's daughter? I thought they were abroad."

"No. They are at present living in London."

"Ah, indeed!" ejaculated her grace, falling into silence, during which she reflected on the faint cry that had startled her, as she left the palace.

Lady Rose fell into thought also, such thoughts as wring expressions of pain from the lips.

At last she looked up, and spoke, in a low, constrained voice,

"Your grace, my kind, kind friend, would you think it strange, ungrateful, if I asked to go back to the quiet home I was rash to leave?"

"Go home, child? So soon after a brilliant presentation? No, no, I cannot consent to that. What has this young man been saying, that you think of it?"

"He? Oh, nothing. I think there was very little said between us, considering we are such old friends. But, oh, dear, dear lady! I cannot bear the fever of this life."

The Duchess laid one hand on the beautiful head which had fallen upon her knee, patting it, smoothing the rich hair, and bending her sweet, old face above it, with a look of infinite compassion.

"By-and-by we will go back to our homes, my Rose, but not yet; or these Hursts will think we have run away from them."

Lady Rose looked up, startled by the idea.

"Oh, no. They must not think that."

"On the contrary, my love, their presence here imposes a duty upon us. You, as a relative, however distant, and a ward of the family, are bound to break with it altogether——"

"Ah, I could not do that!"

"I know the motive might be misunderstood. But I was about to say that you must give up the family, or yield a frank and generous support to this young woman. She is a Hurst now."

"I know, I know; but how can I? What power have I to help her?"

"Very little, perhaps. Yet, a great deal, being the sweetest friend of an old woman who has not outgrown all her social influence."

"Your grace!"

"This young man is the friend of my grandson, and, as I understand it, has stood almost in the place of a brother to you."

"Yes, yes," answered Rose, with bitter tears in her voice. "He always thought of me in that way."

"But you abandoned him when he most wanted a sister's countenance."

"I could not help it—I could not help it."

The burst of passionate distress in which these words were spoken would have revealed that poor girl's secret, if it had not been already known to her friend.

"I know," answered the old lady, with delicate craft. "It was a terrible strain on the pride. No wonder you retreated from contact with that lowly-born girl. A runaway match, too! But the marriage is irretrievable, now, and the honor of an old name is to be considered. Will not that be preserved best by graceful submission?"

Lady Rose lifted her tear-laden eyes to the kind face bending over her.

"I have submitted. Only——only——"

"Only you did not care to fall into close companionship with a low-born bride who came into the family by stealth. I can well understand it. But in that very fact the young man is sure of a bitter punishment."

"Oh, I hope not, I hope not."

"Then you must be brave, my Rose, and come to his aid, as a sister should. We must have this young person here. It will be a kindness to your guardian."

"I would stay here. I would do anything for him. Oh, how kind, how good he was to me!"

"Then we will hear no more about returning into the country. Now, tell me of the young man himself. Does he seem happy?"

"Happy? I do not know. Not very happy, I should think; but, oh, he looks so ill—so ill."

The old lady was troubled. She would not hear of illness in a young man without very sorrowful thoughts of the past, and her voice trembled perceptibly when she spoke.

"Ill, my child?"

"I am sure of it. He will confess nothing; but that cough goes through one, it is so keen."

"Ah, I know what that means," said the old lady, shrinking down in her chair.

"He is pale, too, though just here his cheeks seem stained with roses."

"Yes, dear, I know."

"Still his eyes are brighter than I ever saw them."

"Ah me! It is always so. And this young man is an only son. It is very sad."

"But you do not—oh, you do not think these signs mean real danger," cried the young lady, in a voice that gave her old friend the heartache.

"Do not say that! Do not say that! He is an only son, as you say: he is dear to so many."

"I did not mean to frighten you with my mut-

strings," said the Duchess. "In fact, there is no cause. I was really thinking of some one else. The fact that your young friend has color in his cheeks, and brightness in his eyes, may come from his youth. How can I tell, who never saw him?"

Lady Rose drew a deep breath.

"I was frightened," she said. "Heaven help me, I was frightened!"

"All because a dreamy old woman was thinking of some one she has lost years ago. But this young man, Hurst. I think that he is a friend of St. Ormand."

"Indeed!"

"They met abroad, I know, and traveled together awhile; not since this strange marriage—I did not mean that; but while they were students."

Lady Rose was interested; her face kindled with quick intelligence.

"Oh, yes! But the duke had another title then. That was the reason I did not remember. Walton often talked with us about him."

"Well, St. Ormand must help us in this. There must be no more home-sickness, remember. Now, good-night, and sleep well."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE bed on which Fletcher Welsh had slept over night was hard as refuse wool, matted together, could make it; but it was lifted from the floor by a rickety bedstead; fresh air, from a broken pane in the window, circulated around him; and, above all, he was alone. To the sick man this solitude was delicious. He awoke in the night more than once, and lay with both thin hands folded on his breast, wondering if a dream could last so long, and be so real. Only the morning before, he had cried piteously when that hard woman dragged the miserable armful of straw she called a bed from under him. He might have cried bitterly without that, for the pangs of hunger were strong upon him, and though six feet high, and built with proportioned breadth and power, he was helpless as a child, and fell to weeping like one in his sore physical want. All that weary, weary day he had rested on the bare boards, with a bundle of rags, from which the dust rose in faint clouds under his head, while volumes of tobacco smoke came surging in from the outer garret, strangling the very breath in his throat.

Sometimes, when his eyes closed in exhaustion, they seemed torn apart by some rude oath, or fierce wrangle of voices. Once or twice, parched by the heat of that burning fever, he cried out

for water in a shout that brought some rough man to his side, with a broken stone-jug in his hand, from which the sick man lapped up water like a dog, for the sharp edges cut his mouth till it bled, and he had no other way of slaking his thirst.

Sometimes Mrs. Carter looked in upon him with eyes flaming in their red sockets, and with sneers on her writhing lips, while she pointed out his great length to the smokers, and wondered when he would pick up those luzzy limbs and be off.

Even in the utter prostration that had fallen upon the man, he felt these taunts like scorpion-stings, and writhed under them with broken groans, that burned his throat like curses. In the midst of his worst agony, the boy Swark came in, gaunt, ragged, and hungry. He had found no work on that day, and but little chance for the small pilfering which sometimes kept him from outright starvation when no odd jobs were to be had. Looking around with habitual caution, the poor fellow shook the rags that hung about him in a hurried effort to show a great orange from his pocket, which he held up, that those blood-shot eyes might feast on it. Then he sat down, with his back to the opening, tore at the skin, and quartered the fruit with his soiled fingers.

As he tore each quarter away, it was thrust between the parched lips of the sick man, and Swark drew in his breath with an idea that the delicious juice was trickling down his own hungry throat, so keenly was his sympathy excited when he saw the eager workings of the sick man's mouth.

"Good, isn't it? Extra sweet, and extra rich. It would make the grocer feel like a prince if he knew how much good his orange was a doing. Pull away, now. There's plenty more; eight quarters at the least. So, dig in."

Welsh remembered the almost delirious sensation of joy with which he had drained each section of the fruit, while his eyes dwelt on the smiling face of the lad, with eager longing for more.

Then he remembered, vaguely, for all this was like a dream, that he had seen Swark creep into a corner of the room and devour the skin and fragments left, with ravenous appetite, smacking his lips with intense enjoyment when the last morsel disappeared. After this came a blank, which was broken up by Ellen Jessup, with that terrible Carter woman behind, throwing a lurid light over everything. This tableau was followed up by things so improbable, that, of course, it must be a dream full of cruel mockeries, too; for he had seemed to arise with a taste of wine

in his mouth, a sparkle of wine in his blood, and a glow of strength all over him. Ellen, and Swark, and that woman with a fiery face, were all crowding around him at the head of a black stair-case, which yawned under his feet like the mouth of a cavern. He did not remember falling, but somehow he went through the darkness. Then came light—a table, spread with such dainties as he never tasted before. Wine, too—red wine, with such sparkles in it; and there was Swark, eating like a trooper; Ellen scarcely eating at all; and that woman, tramping up and down the floor, with a bone in her mouth. Of course, it was all a wild vision. Hungry people dream of feasts, generally, just before they die. Very likely he was close to death now. No, there really was something strange about the room. Light came through a window, dimly; but he could see shadowy bars crossing each other. He turned to get a clearer view, and the bedstead creaked under him. Then he started up, in wild amazement, and called out "Ellen!" "Swark!"

"Here I am, old boy, lying on the floor, alongside of you, just as she told me to, fearing as you might wake up, and feel strange. How do you feel, anyway?"

"Where am I, Swark? How came this bed under me? That light, where does it shine from?" questioned Welsh, sitting up in the bed. "How do I feel? Why, like a new man, Swark. Like a new man, with blood in my veins."

"Wait one moment, while I just step to the door, and tell her. She won't mind being woke up for that. Nelly, Nelly Jessup! He feels like a new man. The wine and the chicken has had time to work into his blood, and he's a new man. Them are his own words."

There was a closet, opening from the room, where Ellen had crept away to sleep. She heard this sudden outcry of good news, and, opening the door a little, thrust her head into the shadow.

"Thank God, and thank you, my good friend! Has he slept?"

"Like a top."

"And you have been with him all the time?"

"All the time, sleeping like a top, too. I say, Nelly, isn't it tip-top, having a floor to one's self? I am enjoying of it."

"Ellen, Ellen!"

A shadowy figure crept across the floor, and stood near the sick man's bed; a cool hand dropped upon his forehead.

"Better. I was sure of it. Food and a good, wholesome sleep was all you wanted," said a gentle voice. "I, too, have been asleep."

"Then I have had food; tell me about it. Was a table spread? Was that woman walking about?"

"Yes; you remember it all."

"Real food, cooked by a fire?"

"Yes, Fletcher. I helped to cook it."

"Ellen! Ellen! It seems like a miracle!"

In the dim light Ellen saw the hands of Fletcher Welsh uplifted, his head bowed down, and, directly, his sobs shook the bed. Notwithstanding the food and sleep, he was very feeble and childlike yet.

Ellen sat down on the edge of the bed, and drew the weeping man toward her.

"Do not cry," she whispered, leaning his head on her shoulder. "It hurts me to hear how weak you are yet," she said.

"Ellen! Ellen! Is there anything left? It is shameful for a strong man to cry for something to eat, but I cannot help it."

"In course, there's plenty," exclaimed Swark, lighting a match on the sole of his torn shoe. "I helped to stow it away. Where's that bottle with the candle in it? Of course, old Snatchull has priggied it. No, there it is."

Swark made a dive for the hearth on which that beer-bottle was standing, with the blazing match in his hand, which ignited the candle with great spluttering and protest. Then he went to the cupboard, tore a crust from the loaf, and dashed some wine into a tencup, and brought them across the room in smiling triumph.

"Here they are. Now pitch in," he said.

Ellen took the food from his hands, and broke it more carefully, while Welsh sat up in bed, and looked on with his great eyes aflame with desire.

"One good meal has only made me nervous," he said. "But is there more. Am I robbing you?"

"You are robbing no one, Fletcher," said Ellen, breaking off fragments of bread with caution. "Only it is dangerous to eat much until you are more used to it."

"Dangerous, is it? Well, I would not care now if I could just go off eating. Give me more—more, I say. Do you want to starve me?"

"Just one mouthful," said Ellen, resolutely.

"Just give him one more pull of the wine," pleaded Swark, who was longing to feed the sick man with both hands. "I tell you it'll do him good."

Ellen was inexorable, though. Welsh saw her carry away the food with the cry of a famished wolf. It was true, a taste of food had made him dangerously ravenous.

After Ellen had closed the cupboard, she came back to the bed, shook up the hard apology for a pillow, and, bending down, whispered to the sick man with wonderful tenderness.

"You know, Fletcher, that I would feed you with my life, if it could make you strong; but we must be very careful. Even Mrs. Carter told me that; and, in this house, she has had great experience."

"Still, you might give me a little more," pleaded Walsh, "if it were only to satisfy me that all this is real."

"Of course, it is real. Better than that, Fletcher, I feel as if we should never be driven to this pass again; but to-morrow I will tell you all about it."

"And you will give me something more to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"All I want—no stinting?"

"All you want? Yes, I think so."

The patient drew a deep breath, and closed his eyes. Ellen watched him tenderly till there was no more working of the mouth, or quivering of the lashes. Then she stole off to her closet, and Swark once more took his place, like a watchdog, on the floor.

Then all grew still in that room. There was a noise of rioting far up in the garret above it; and down the rickety stair-case came the fumes of strong tobacco, mingled with the gin-laden breath of many smokers; but, though it penetrated the ill-filling door, those poor inmates were so used to the atmosphere, and still more boisterous noises, that they slept on.

It was deep in the morning before any one of those three arose. The comparative stillness, and such air as they could get through the broken window, was a luxury to them, and they slept on until a sunbeam crept over the brick wall behind the house, and darted, like an arrow, through the broken glass, just one glance of gold striking upon the face of that sick man.

He awoke with a start, cried out,

"It is the sunshine! It is the sunshine! Now I know that it was no dream! Ellen! Swark! Are you anywhere about?"

The closet-door opened, and Ellen Jessup came out. There had been no need of dressing, for no one of those three had taken their garments off for rest in weeks, but she had managed to smooth the masses of her ruddy hair, and Swark

poured some water over her hands from the stone pitcher, which he held out of the window for that purpose. He even went so far as to wash his own face and hands, feeling the occasion to be one which required an extra toilet.

"Oh, Ellen," cried the sick man, laughing, with childlike glee, "when have we seen the sunshine of a morning before? It bathed my eyes! It bathed my eyes with a glory. Now, Ellen, now you must remember that promise."

"Yes, Fletcher, I am sure to remember."

"I mean to sit up all day, if this room is ours."

He looked at the girl curiously, not yet satisfied that this gleam of prosperity would last. She returned his glance with a bright smile, and replied,

"Yes, Fletcher, it is ours. You shall sit up all day, if you feel strong enough."

"Strong enough! Why, girl, I feel like a lion, a hungry one, though. Is it a breakfast you will give me?"

"Yes, I will set the table. Don't you see that Swark is kindling a fire. What should we do without this good friend?"

"Don't now," ejaculated Swark, lifting his hand, in which he held some splinters of kindling-wood, and wiping his eyes with his ragged coat-sleeve. "Don't now. How can a cove be expected to build fires, and all this going on?"

Really that was a question the girl might well ask, for a handier fellow never set himself to housework. The fire soon rose and crackled on the hearth, and Swark was down upon both knees, toasting bread on one fork, and bacon on another, without regard to the heat or glare. Ellen had the table ready, and the tea drawn, by the time his cooking was over. Then they were both busy as bees, making Walsh comfortable in his chair, when Mrs. Carter looked in.

"A lady as is a lady, for you, Ellen Jessup."

All three of the persons at the table gave a start, and turned their faces toward the door.

There, behind the cringing figure of Mrs. Carter, they saw a vision, such as had never brightened that old building before, a fair, bright woman, whose enger face looked in upon them with the smile of an angel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PAST.

BY HELEN A. BAINS.

Thou useless to languish in sorrow,
And grieve for the joys that are past;

VOL. LXVII.—15

There's something in store for the morrow
As pleasing and bright as the last.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume for a young lady, charming for its simplicity of



style. It is made of camel's-hair cloth, the soft, fine twilled kind. Color, a grayish brown. This material comes in double-width goods, and sells at one dollar fifty cents per yard. There are many imitations, looking well, which can be bought from fifty cents up, in single widths. In double width, ten yards will be required. The under-skirt is kilted at the back, and the front breadth is ornamented with two scant ruffles, cut on the bias, and bound in scallops at the edge. These are headed by bands of mohair braid, the kind known as Herculeas. The over-skirt is both narrow and short, looping, as may be seen, more at the back than at the sides. The jacket describes a simple double-breasted basque, with

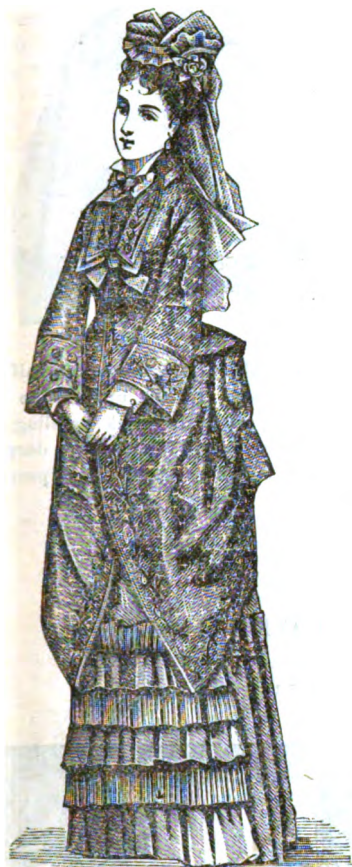
coat tail lappets added at the back. This is finished simply by facing up, or a cord may be added, if preferred. The same braid as used upon the skirt trims the jacket, put on *a la militaire*, with a button to finish off each end of the strap. Five and a half dozen buttons will be required—mohair ones, or lasting, quite inexpensive, costing about twenty-five cents per dozen. The braid costs one dollar and fifty cents



for a dozen yards, which will be sufficient to trim the dress. The three straps above the waist, at the back, may be omitted, if preferred. The rolling collar should be lined with silk to match.

Next is another walking-costume, also of woollen serge, either of a little dotted pattern or plain, for the Polonaise, over a skirt either of black

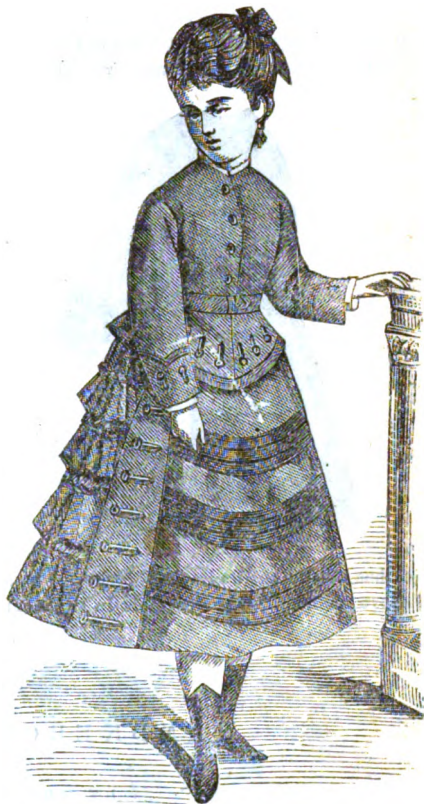
silk or cashmere. A black silk skirt, that has been worn, may be retrimmed, either with silk or with the same material as the Polonaise, put on as here designed. For the front width there is, first, a scant bias ruffle, four inches deep, then a plaiting, cut straightway of the material, and plaited very fine, each plait being carefully basted, and, when all is plaited, then ironed on the wrong side. This is repeated three times, the



last time the plaited is made to stand up, forming a heading. For the back there is a kilted plaiting, as deep as the front trimming. The Polonaise is simply faced on the edge, forming a hem; and there is a design in vine and leaves, done in worsted or silk embroidery; but this is entirely optional, as a trimming of plain mohair braid, sewed on flat, or a pattern braided with worsted braid; either will make a pretty finish. But quite as many of the Polonaise we now see worn have no trimming at all, just finished either with a cord of the same, or else a hem. Coat-sleeves, and a rolling collar completes this costume. The amount of material for the Polonaise, if of double-width

cloth, will be three to four yards; if single, six to eight yards.

Next we give a costume for a little girl, made of buff linen, and trimmed with white pique braid. This braid is put on to simulate an apron in



groups of three. We give the front and back of the dress. As may be seen, four ruffles ornament the back of the skirt; these are put on with



a heading, which is done by running a cord an inch from the top—five inches deep is sufficient

for the ruffle and heading combined; the revers on the side of the skirt. Have the white braid put on to simulate button-holes, finished with a button. The little basque is belted in at the waist, and trimmed to match. The ruffles should be bound top and bottom with white jaconet.

We give a very pretty suit for a boy of six, to be made either in pique or mohair. The kilted

of brown, the skirts and sleeves being of the lighter shade; the band, jacket, and cuffs of sleeves of the darker shade—very effective. In pique it could be trimmed with black worsted braid, which washes well, or made all in white, which is still better.

We add an out-door jacket for a boy from four to six years old, made of gray or blue cloth, and



skirt has a band one and a half inches wide, set in above the hem. Our design is in two shades



trimmed with black cloth, one and a half inches in width, finished on the upper edge with a simple little pattern in black braiding. It is also double-breasted in front, with a deep sailor collar. Gilt buttons, or large smoke pearl ones, looks best.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two new and very pretty designs for handkerchiefs. In the one on the left the edge is to be blue, worked in white. In the one on the right, the edge is mauve, worked in white. These styles of handkerchiefs are now all the fashion for ladies' wear.

WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give, printed in colors, a design for a work-basket, which is both new and elegant. The principal material is Java canvas, which is represented in its proper color, and this is worked, as will be seen in the pattern, with blue floss silk. The upper portion, the bag

proper, of the work-basket, is made of blue silk, put on to the lower, or box part, with a quilling; and the whole is finished with ribbons to match. We give, also, the bottom of the work-basket, which is to be covered with blue silk. The pattern may be enlarged to almost any size.

LOW BODICE FOR EVENING-DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

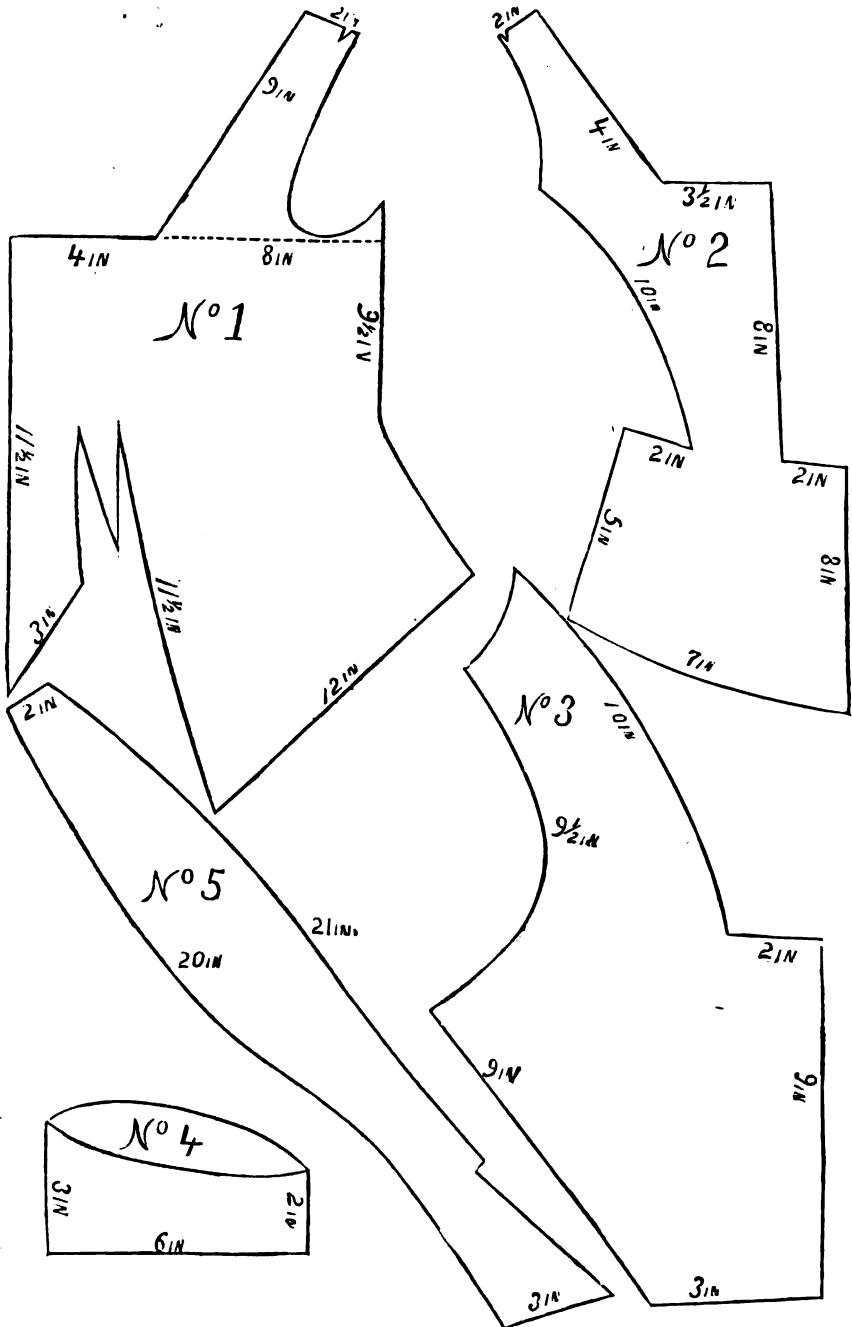


Low bodices are now chiefly worn at balls; but at dinner-parties they may be seen when the wearer intends being present at some large evening party afterward. Our model is among the newest from Paris; it is white silk, and the folds, or bretelles, are of colored crepe. The pattern consists of five pieces: 1. Front; 2. Half of Back; 3. Side-piece; 4. Sleeve; and 5. Half of bretelle. The bretelle is laid on the front of the bodice, so as to simulate a waistcoat. Half the bretelle is only given, as the back and front are the same as far as the waist. The basque on the side-piece is laid in a single plait, and that of the

back is laid in a box-plait, and not joined on the side-piece. The perforated lines marked on the front point out the two darts. The bodice fastens on front with buttons and button-holes. The buttons should be either silk or satin, and should match the dress in color. The first toilet is a combination of embroidered gauze and satin: the second is made of tulle over white silk, and ornamented with flowers and faille ribbon.

For the benefit of our readers who do not know how to cut from a diagram, we give the following directions. Take a piece of paper and cut, say the front of the bodice; then use the

tape-measure, and compare with the number of { the arm-hole, down the seam under the arm, then
 inches on the diagram; next cut across the top of { the skirt of the basque. Compare each cutting



the bust—measure; then slope up for the shoulder with the number of inches given. Proceed in
 der, then across the shoulder-seam; then cut out this way with each separate piece.

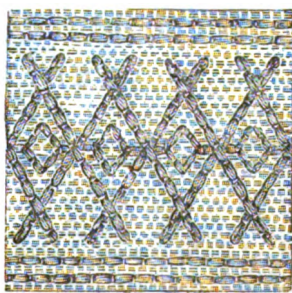
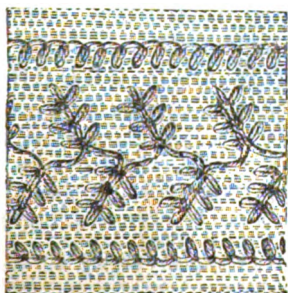
CENTRE FOR MAT, ETC., EMBROIDERY AND APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



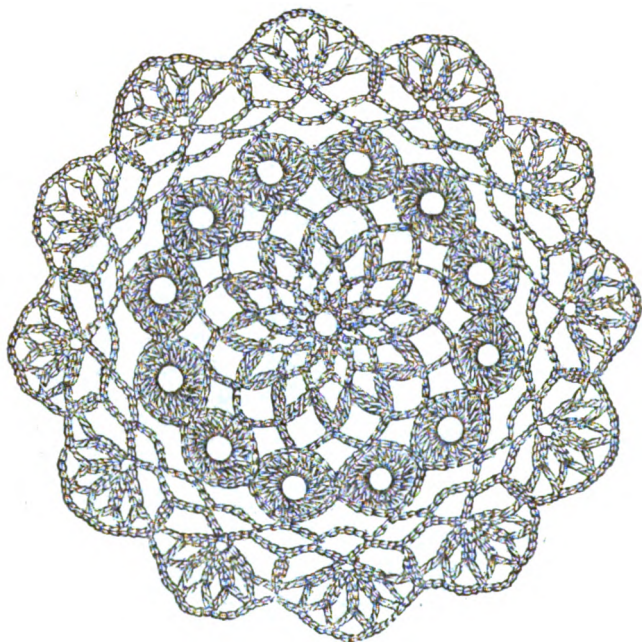
The foundation of this mat may be of satin, cashmere, or cloth; the application in velvet. The cording and stitches are done with purse silk. Have the design traced upon the velvet; place the velvet upon the foundation, and cover the tracing with the cording or chain stitch. An expert operator can do it to look beautiful with the sewing-machine, throwing the chain stitch upon the right side of the work. After this is done, work the dots, etc., and then cut with a fine pair of scissors the surplus velvet away. This makes the neatest work in applique. Black velvet on a red or blue cloth foundation, with maize-colored purse silk, makes a pretty combination; or reverse it, using colored velvets upon a black or gray cloth foundation.

DESIGNS IN DARNED NET.



CROCHETED STAR, FOR TIDY.

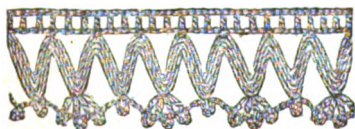
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Make a circle of 12 chain and join by a slip stitch. 1st round: Alternately 5 chain, 1 double. 12 times. 2nd round: 2 slip stitches, alternate'y 7 chain, 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain, then 7 chain, 1 double in the slip stitches. 3rd round: 3 slip stitches on the chain loop, 4 chain to form 1 double long treble, 1 double long treble where the 3rd slip stitch was crocheted, the upper parts not drawn up at present; 2 double long treble in the centre stitch, the upper parts drawn up, not separately, but with the previously worked double long treble. * 7 chain, 2 double long treble in the same stitch as last long treble, the upper parts not yet drawn up, 2 double long treble in the centre of the next 7 chain, to be drawn up with the one previously worked, repeat from *; then 7 chain, 1 slip stitch. 4th round: 4 slip stitches, 16 chain, 1 slip stitch in the 3rd (these three form one treble,) 1 treble, 1 slip stitch in the 1st of 3 chain, 22 treble in the circle, 1 slip stitch to the 1st of 16 chain, 8 slip stitches, 16 chain, and repeat from *, joining each circle together by a slip stitch to the opposite 5 treble. 5th round: 1 double, 13 chain, and repeat. 6th round: * 1 double in the 3rd of the 13 chain, 7 chain, 1 double in the 10 stitch, 7 chain and repeat from *. 7th round: 3 slip stitch, * 1 double in the 4th chain stitch, four times alternately 7 chain, 1 double where the 1st double was worked, 3 chain, miss 6, 1 double, 7 chain, 1 double in the same stitch, repeat from *; fasten off and cut the thread. 8th round: With a new thread * 5 times alternately 1 treble in the centre of the 7 chain loop, 3 chain, 1 treble in the same loop, 2 chain, 1 double in the centre of next 7 chain loop, repeat from *.

EDGING IN VANDYKE BRAID AND CROCHET.

1st row: * 1 double in the first vandyko of



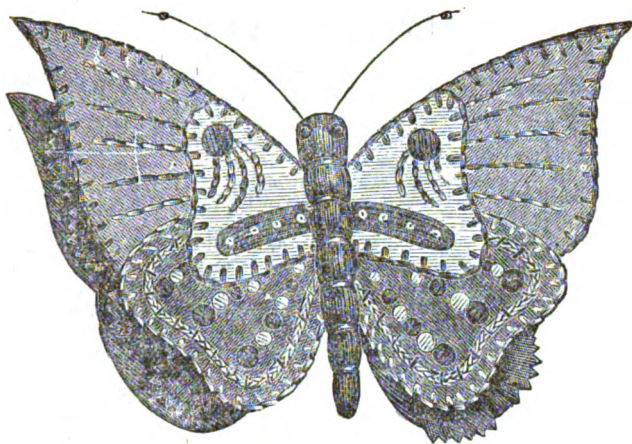
the braid, 1 purl of 5 chain, and 1 slip stitch, 1

double in the same vandyke, 2 chain, 4 treble, separated by one purl between each in the next vandyke, 2 chain, repeat from *. 2nd row: Along the other side of the braid, 1 double in the vandyke, 5 chain, repeat. 3rd row: 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, repeat.

This is a very pretty edging, and can be carried, when visiting, to work of an afternoon or evening.

BUTTERFLY PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This pen-wiper is made of black velvet, and bits of cloth for the foundation; and the embroidery is done in different-colored purse silks. For the body of the butterfly, make it in black velvet; stuff with cotton, and make the sections by wrapping with yellow silk, the upper wings of white cloth, the others in black cloth for the under section, and velvet for the upper, embroidering all of the wings with the various colored silks. The entire under-side of the pen-wiper is of black velvet, and between it and the wings are pieces of red, black, and white cloth, shaped and pinked out at the edges. This is an unusually pretty design for a pen-wiper.

DRAPERY FOR CORNER BRACKET, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of this drape is of cloth. The flowers are appliquéd in velvet: the outlining of the edge with fringe, fastened on with fancy cording or chain-stitch filled in with beads, according to design. The drape is finished at the edge with fringe, fastened on with fancy stitches in purse silk.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

WHAT IS ECONOMY?—"From being too extravagant," says a correspondent, "people have gone now to the other extreme, and are too close-fisted." This is true. There was a time, in the years immediately following '65, when extravagance was quite too general. People, from various causes, spent freely: many spent more than they could afford. But that has not been the case recently. On the contrary, retrenchment, since the panic of '73, has been pushed too far. For without spending, there can be no consumption; and without consumption, production comes to a stand. When everybody wears old garments, instead of buying new ones, cotton mills, cloth mills, and all others, stop their wheels; and when mills cease running, operatives are thrown out of employment, and they in turn become too poor to buy. Thus, in a little while, the "hard times," which, at first were but an idea, become a reality. A great deal of the last year's depression in trade has arisen, and is perpetuated, precisely in this way. We are glad to notice, in reading our exchanges, that other people, besides our correspondent, are beginning to open their eyes to this mistake. "Economy, pushed too far, becomes stinginess," says one of the most sensible newspapers on our list. Very true! When everybody hoards, nobody can really prosper; and the common weal begins to die of dry-rot. The nation gets poorer and poorer. A little judicious spending is the cure for this. It is the oil that will make everything move smoothly again.

DEMI-TRAINS AND APRONS.—There is no fashion more popular at the present time, than the deep, round apron, to be seen on so many dresses. When wide cashmere, or camel's-hair, or Sicilienne is used, the apron is cut in a single piece, without seams. It should reach almost to the edge of the skirt, and should curve gracefully up to the waistband at the back, where it is hooked or tied across the tournure. The front is sewn plainly to the belt, and its entire fullness consists of four plaits sewn into each side of the belt at the back. The sash-bow consists of two long loops, a strap, and two ends, and conceals the joining of the tablier over the tournure. If the skirt is velvet, the sash is velvet; if not it is of lined faille. Demi-train skirts have now narrow sloped side and front breadths, but the back widths are full and straight; the clinging effect is given by tying the back seams of the second side breadths with tapes on the wrong side. This masses the fullness, and gives a fan-shaped demi-train.

LADIES UNDER-LINEN is reaching an extravagant point in Paris. The rich spend immense sums on it. The newest chemises are made of fine batiste, with a square plastron in front of Louis XIII. guipure, while the sleeves are entirely of guipure. Narrow, colored ribbon, or velvet, is no longer run round the top; but a colored bow is added to the centre of the plastron. Others have a heart-shaped plastron entirely of Valenciennes insertion, the rows being separated with engrelure, through which narrow, colored ribbon is passed. The hems of chemises are no longer left plain: they are either edged with a narrow batiste frill, bordered with Valenciennes lace, or a row of lace is added below the hem. Crepe de Chine peignoirs are at present more popular than any other variety; and they are lined with quilted satin.

THE POSTAGE for the year, remember, is included in the prices, club or otherwise, asked for "Peterson" for 1875. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to subscribers, for, at the first glance, the prices seem higher, whereas, when it is remembered that the prices, heretofore, did not include postage, and that postage was never less than twelve cents a subscriber, and often more, *they are now really cheaper than ever*. Take that very popular club, for example, of five copies for \$3.50, which is at the rate of \$1.70 for each subscriber. Last year, the corresponding club was five for \$3.00, or \$1.60 for each subscriber; but then every subscriber had to pay, at the office of delivery, twelve cents postage; and this, added to the \$1.60, made the real cost \$1.72. So of other clubs. That of 12 for \$18.00, was last year, 12 for \$17.00; but the postage, afterward, made it really amount to \$18.56, or about five cents more for each subscriber. Moreover, there was always more or less trouble, and often disputes, with post-masters, about the postage: now all this is avoided.

WHAT IS SAID.—The newspaper press, this year, speaks even more enthusiastically of "Peterson" than ever. The Ottawa (Kansas) Republican is but a type of hundreds, when it says: "This standard magazine for ladies is so well known and highly appreciated throughout the West, that we can hardly expect, in a short notice, to add to its popularity. Its merits, however, have been so constantly upon the increase within the last few years, that we cannot avoid an expression of wonder at the amount of time, talent, capital, and energy required to keep it upon so high a standard of worth, and at the same time it is still furnished for a price so insignificantly small, that it seems no sort of recompense to the publisher. For 1875, the publisher is offering, as a premium to those who get up clubs, one of the finest mezzotints we ever saw. It alone is worth five dollars, but you can all get it by subscribing to Peterson's Magazine for 1875, and remitting the small amount of \$2.50 to the publisher at Philadelphia."

A TURKISH WEDDING-DRESS.—A letter from Paris describes the *trousseau* of a young Turkish lady, the daughter of the Grand Vizier, who is having her dresses made in the French capital. "The one," says the writer, "which she is to wear during the ceremony, is of the richest crimson velvet. It is made with an immensely long train, over which falls a broad sash of crimson satin, the ends decorated with a pattern in stamped velvet, stitched down and cut out so as to show the satin underneath, and bordered with point applique lace. Coquilles of the satin and lace run up the sides of the front breadth. Over this is to be worn a half-fitting long sleeveless jacket of the embroidered and cut-out velvet over satin, the work upon which must have been something terrific to execute. The jacket is bordered all round with point applique lace."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—A subscriber writes:—"Your steel engraving, 'As Good as a Mother,' in your January number, is worth the price of the book for one year." Others write that "The Forest Spring," in the February number, was even finer. We think we may say that the "Little Shepherd," in the present number, is quite equal to either. It is from a picture by a famous Italian artist, and represents a little boy, in the Abruzzi, asleep among the sheep he has been deputed to watch. How cunning the youngster looks, with the one sheep mounting guard over him.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. All such additions to clubs, we may as well state here, must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

A STRAITS COSTUME for a daughter of the Sultan, a child only three years old, is described in the same letter, to which we have alluded in another paragraph. "This gorgeous toilette," says the letter, "consists of a short gored dress of poppy-colored velvet, worked up the front with an elaborate embroidery in pale gold-colored silk and gold thread; the garment to be worn over a short flounced skirt of rich poppy-colored silk, with silk sleeves matching the under-skirt. The costume is completed by a cap of red velvet, embroidered to match the dress."

AS LONG AS I LIVE.—A lady sends us a club, and says that one of her subscribers has taken "Peterson" for many years. "And when I called on her the other day," adds the lady, "she declared to me, that she was going to take Peterson 'as long as I live; and if I was going to be married, and the postman came with the magazine, I would have the ceremony wait till I looked the book over.'" That's a girl worth having, young bachelors, for what she once likes, she likes always.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Greville Memoirs. A Journal of the Reigns of George IV. and William IV. By the late Charles C. F. Greville. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—Few recent books have attracted so much attention, in London, as these Memoirs by the late Mr. Greville. The diarist, for the book is a sort of diary, not only belonged by birth to the upper circles of the English aristocracy, but held, for a long period, the office of clerk of the Council, so that he was brought into social and political relations with every public character of eminence, not even excepting royalty itself. He seems to have been a man of keen observation, and though a little cynical, is on the whole a not unfair critic. The present edition of the Memoirs has had most of the political gossip struck out, as not sufficiently interesting to American readers; and it now appears as one of the popular "Bric-a-Brac" Series, of which we have so often spoken, and is full of anecdotes of George IV., Wellington, etc., etc. The criticisms of the diarist are so keen, and are generally held to be so impartial, that it is rumored that Queen Victoria has requested that the further volumes, for these are only a portion of the journal, shall not appear until after her death, as it is believed that the diary does not give a very favorable estimate of the late Prince Consort. It is certain that the rest of the volumes, for some reason, are indefinitely postponed. It is equally certain that the most bitter republican could not have spoken more contemptuously of royalty, at least as seen in George IV. and William IV., than this high-born critic, himself the grandson of a duke.

Sowed By the Wind. By Elizabeth Kellogg. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A capital story for boys, forming one of the "Forest Glen Series." The volume is prettily illustrated.

Patricia Kimball. By E. Lynn Lytton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is altogether the best English novel that has been reprinted this season. It may seem, at first, exaggerated praise to say that it is, in some respects, hardly inferior to "Middlemarch," but whoever will read it, will find the same keen analysis of character, and the same clear, incisive style. We do not mean to say that Mrs. Lytton equals George Eliot in these particulars; but she comes nearer to that writer, in character painting, than we thought was possible. To many persons the novel will be more agreeable reading than "Middlemarch," for the plot is managed more skillfully, and there are many really dramatic situations about it. More than this, there is a healthier atmosphere in the book. Say what you will, one rises from reading George Eliot's later works, with a feeling of profound sadness; and fictions, that produce this effect, do not deserve, with all their genius, to rank with healthier productions, such, for instance, as those of Scott. The volume is handsomely bound.

Fair Play; or The Test of The Lone Isle. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—No writer maintains her popularity among her special class of admirers, better than Mrs. Southworth. The reason is not far to seek. Whatever faults her novels may exhibit, they always keep the action going. In this particular she excels all others, even of the sensational school. "Fair Play" is not behind any of its predecessors. The volume is dedicated to her daughter, in a few neat, well-chosen words.

Caleb Krinkle. By Charles Carleton Coffin. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The writer of this new fiction is already favorably known as the author of "My Days and Nights on the Battle-Field." He has shown himself, in the story before us, to be as good a novelist as he was a newspaper correspondent. The interest of the tale is always well kept up, the characters are naturally drawn, and a noble ideal of life and its duties runs through all the pages. We commend it cordially to the reader.

The Bride of Lammermoor. By Sir Walter Scott. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another volume of the "Cheap Edition for the Million" of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The complete set, containing twenty-six volumes, can be had for five dollars, or one volume for twenty-five cents. At these prices, every family in the land ought to have a set.

That Queer Girl. By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Whatever Miss Townsend writes is invariably well written. But we think this story even better than most of those which have preceded it from her pen. The volume forms one of the "Maidenhood Series," and is illustrated with several forcible engravings on wood.

The Claudine Marriage. By Eliza A. Dupuy. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A very popular author is Miss Dupuy, as the large sale of her works testifies. The present story is up to "The Discarded Wife," "The Gipsy's Warning," or any others that preceded it. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

My Story. By Catharine S. Macquoid. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—One of the most readable of the reprints of the month, though not as good as "Kitty," a former novel by the same author. The best point of the book is the description of French life in Normandy; the worst is the plot, which is very unnatural.

How He Won Her. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a sequel to "Fair Play," noticed above. The interest of the story is well maintained.

The Mohicans of Paris. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the novels of this ever-interesting writer. It is neatly printed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA, a copy, of any one of the beautiful premium engravings of "Peterson's Magazine" will be sent to any subscriber, mail or otherwise, for the year 1875. These engravings are all large-sized, for framing, and are printed from line and stipple, or mezzotint plates, that cost to engrave from one to two thousand dollars each. As the proprietor of "Peterson" owns these plates, he can afford to furnish copies for the mere cost of paper and printing; but, for obvious reasons, he is not willing to sell copies, at this low price, except to *bona fide* subscribers to his magazine. The list of plates is advertised on the cover of the January number.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief.

RADIANT BEAUTY.—After using "Laird's Bloom of Youth" a short time, the Skin will be entirely Free from Blemish; will leave it soft, clear, and beautiful. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold at all druggists. Depot 5 Gold St., New York.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—MEASLES, (CONCLUDED.)

The recurrence of real measles is generally discredited by the profession, and it is believed by the writer never to have occurred twice in the same person. The complaint most frequently mistaken for it, is one in which an eruption appears during teething, attended with the usual symptoms of a cold; and when measles are believed to have occurred twice, the disease, in the first instance, has been this; or it is possible that the child may have had an attack previous or subsequent to that of genuine measles, called Rùtheln or German measles, a rare disease; most cases of which more closely resemble measles than any other affection; but yet there must be a specific difference, for those which have had genuine measles, are as liable to this malady.

The first signs of this ailment is the rash, which, after the first day, is of a dusky red, and its appearance generally is unattended by any sickness, loss of appetite, or fever. The duration of the disease is only three or four days.

Children in the country generally pass through an attack of measles favorably, and no bad consequences are found to result except from over-doing or officiousness of nurses or doctors.

Asthma, scrofula, deafness, and chronic affections of the eyes are sometimes the sequelæ of this disease in unhealthy constitutions, and when badly treated. After measles have run their course, the urine in delicate children is sometimes observed to have a peculiar fishy smell, and to deposit a copious white sediment. This indicates the necessity of giving the child a course of vegetable tonics conjoined with aromatic sulphuric acid, a few drops thrice daily.

When the eruption has entirely disappeared after an attack of measles, the mother will notice that the skin is quite harsh and dry. A short, hard cough may still be

present, and the body will be observed to be more or less reduced and languid, according to the constitution of the child, and the violence of the eruptive fever. The appetite may remain for some days to be impaired, and the child looks pinched about the face, especially if calomel has been administered to excess, or throughout the course of the disease.

In these cases, after the decline of the disease, the use of the warm bath is very grateful to the child, and should always be resorted to by the mother for two or three days, for it removes the scaly portions of the skin, and all obstruction from its pores. The appetite is increased by it, vigor is infused into the circulation of blood, and the child soon begins to manifest greater liveliness.

Care should be exercised by the mother for some time after the child gets about to keep its chest and arms covered; and the extra apparel (if any be used) should not be laid aside until the cough has entirely subsided, and the appearance of health is again fully restored to the child. The diet should be light, but nourishing, through the sickness, and during the period of convalescence.

Calve's-foot jelly, to which in some cases a little wine has been added, light-pudding, farina, tapoca, and beef-tea are suitable. When the weather is fine, exercise in the open air is of the first importance, and will serve to restore the system to a healthy state sooner than most other measures.

In a majority of cases, attention to these various points by the mother, is all that is necessary; but there are cases in which the further aid of medicine is required, namely, where a weakness of the bowels has been left behind, where cough and irritation of the chest continue, or affections of the eyes persist, syrup of ipecac or tincture of lobelia, with syrup of poppies and paregoric, will allay the cough; mild tonics will restore strength to the weak bowels, as quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid, and a few grains of sulphate of zinc, in an ounce of rose-water, will make a suitable wash for the eyes. Lastly, let it be enjoined upon the mother never to withhold bits of ice or sips of iced water from the parched lips and throat of her feverish child. In the absence of absolute chilliness, when the little sufferer is steadily hot and dry, iced water will do more toward "bringing out" the eruption than cups of hot teas and piles of quilts, which are so frequently, but most injudiciously resorted to, and which the writer feels it to be his duty to declare have done an immense amount of injury.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE WEARING OF CORSETS, ETC.—There is no subject, connected with a woman's dress, about which so much has been written as about the wearing of corsets. One of the most recent articles appeared lately in a New York journal, The writer seems to be a Massachusetts woman.

She says:—"Before my day there may have been tight-lacing. I don't know anything about that, but I do know that now it is the exception to find a woman who wears tight corsets. I dare say there may be some uncomfortably fat women, who wear tight clothes, and, of course, there are brainless girls who lace, but they are the exceptions. There are very few women, who have ever worn corsets, who would be willing to go without them, for the weight of the skirts upon the hips is much greater without them than with them. The cutting sensation of the bands is intolerable, whether they are loose or tight. Corsets entirely prevent that feeling, because the bones in them extend over the hips, and do not allow the weight to bear down on the flesh. Then there is a sort of flabbiness of feeling when a woman attempts to put on a dress without her corsets underneath. So far as looks are concerned, it is quite certain that a woman who wears corsets looks better than one who

does not. Most women, without corsets, look dowdy. In fact they almost all have a sort of animated rag-bag appearance."

In regard to suspending the skirts from the shoulders—a change advocated by many—and so obviating the necessity of a corset, she says:—"It is said that waists should be worn instead of corsets, because held upon the shoulders; and many advocate the suspension of the stockings from the waist by means of elastics. Now I consider that anything but a reform, because there is a constant pulling downward and forward; and it is very uncomfortable, indeed. It is said that the weight of the skirts should be lessened by suspending them as men suspend their pantaloons. Now, I do not think I put it too low, when I say that there are just about five women out of a hundred, who can wear suspenders and not be thoroughly uncomfortable all the time. There are very few women whose shoulders are square enough to hold them up firmly, as they stay upon men's shoulders. With the ninety-five it is a constant 'pull-pull' to get them up where they belong; and the unhappy wearers either keep up a frantic and ungraceful grasping at either shoulder, or else they undress half a dozen times a day and take up the suspenders, by no means helping the difficulty, but only creating a greater strain on the shoulders and back."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Stuffed Leg of Pork.—Make deep incisions in the meat parallel to the bone; trim it so as to leave the skin longer than the flesh; then boil some potatoes, when they are done mash them with a piece of butter, cayenne pepper, salt, and an onion finely chopped, and a little rubbed sage. With this dressing fill the incisions, draw the skin down, and skewer it over to keep the dressing from falling out; season the outside of the meat with salt, cayenne pepper, and rubbed sage; roast it slowly; when it is done pour the gravy in a pan, skim off the fat, and add a little flour mixed with water; let it boil once. Serve it with apple or cranberry sauce. Some prefer a dressing made of bread-crumbs, instead of potatoes.

French Stewed Rabbit.—Cut a rabbit in pieces, wash it, and put it in a stew-pan with salt, pepper, a little mace, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground allspice; put in water enough to keep it from sticking to the pan; cover it closely, and let it stew very slowly. When about half done add a quarter of a pound of butter, cut in pieces, and rolled in flour, and half a pint of claret wine. If the meat should not be seasoned enough, add more salt, pepper or spice. Rabbit requires a great deal of seasoning, especially pepper. Serve it hot.

Fricassee Rabbit.—Cut your rabbit in pieces, wash it, and put it in a stew-pan with three gills of water, season it with salt, and very highly with pepper, a little mace, and powdered cloves; let it stew very slowly, and when nearly done add three ounces of butter, rolled in flour. If you wish a brown fricassee the flour should be browned before it is rolled with the butter; if it is to be a white fricassee, after you stir in the flour and butter add a gill of cream.

DESSERTS.

White Pudding.—Boil a pint of milk, mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little milk, add a large tablespoonful of molasses, and pour the boiling milk upon it, stirring it all the time; when this is done, if not perfectly smooth, strain it through a fine colander. Butter a pie-dish, pour in the mixture, and bake for about half an hour.

Sally Lunn Pudding.—Soak one of the tea-cakes, called Sally Luns in a basin that will just hold it, with boiling milk, for three hours, then turn it out. Scoop out a piece from the underside, so as not to injure the upper crust, and replace it. Mix one egg with a glass of wine, well beaten, a little spice and sugar, and, having taken out the piece previously cut, stir in these ingredients, still taking care not to break the crust, then replace the piece. Let the basin be covered with butter, and fill up with bread-crumbs if not quite full. Boil three-quarters of an hour. It is better to scoop the piece out before the boiling milk is poured on the cake.

Pig Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of figs, pound them in a mortar, and mix in gradually half a pound of bread-crumbs, and four ounces of beef suet, minced very small; add four ounces of pounded loaf sugar, and mix the whole together, with two eggs beaten up, and a good tea-cupful of new milk. When all these ingredients are well mixed, fill a mould, and boil for four hours.

Apple Pudding.—Take six tart apples; pippins or codlins are the best; stem them without peeling, after washing them quite clean; strain them through a sieve. Add six spoonfuls of melted butter, and the same of sugar, six eggs, half a wineglassful of brandy, and the juice of one lemon. Line a pudding dish with puff-paste, and bake it. Serve hot or cold with sweet cream without sugar.

Alderley Pudding.—Two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, the same quantity of arrowroot, the yolks of two eggs, a little grated lemon-peel, sugar, and a pint of milk. Lay a little orange marmalade at the bottom of a dish, pour this mixture over it, and bake.

CAKES.

Bury Simmel Cakes.—One pound of butter, worked into a cream, with four eggs, one pound of moist sugar, one and a half pounds of currants, one pound of sultana raisins, two pounds of flour, two small teaspoonfuls of sal volatile, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of grated ginger, two teaspoonfuls of mixed spice, two ounces of candied lemon, and two ounces of citron, cut fine. Mix all together and roll it about one inch thick, and the size and shape of a dinner plate. Bake in a moderate oven, about half an hour, or more perhaps. When done, glaze it over with the yolk of an egg, and sift sugar over it.

Pound Seed Cake.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, one pound of sifted lump sugar, one pound of flour, well dried, eight eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, and caraway seeds to taste. Mix the ingredients, and beat all well together for one hour. Put the batter into a tin shape lined with paper, and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven.

Almond Cakes.—Rub two ounces of butter into five ounces of flour, and five ounces powdered lump sugar. Beat an egg with half the sugar; then put in the other ingredients. Add one ounce blanched almonds, and a little almond flavor. Roll them in your hand the size of a nutmeg, and sprinkle with fine lump sugar. They should be lightly baked.

Fat Rascals.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, rubbed in with one pound of flour and half a pound of currants. Finger the paste lightly, roll it thin, and cut it into small rounds. Serve these hot, split in two, and buttered inside.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cough Remedy.—Take one ounce of Irish moss, soak it as you would for blanc mange, then boil it about ten minutes, in two quarts of water and the juice of six lemons; sweeten to taste, and strain. Drink it freely; it will nourish and relieve.

For Chapped Hands.—Mix together equal quantities of rich cream and strong vinegar, and rub it over your hands every time you wash them.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.—The skirt is made with a demi-train, and is trimmed with four ruffles, put on with bands of dark, forest-green velvet. The entire front of the dress is trimmed with this green velvet, which forms revers on the body, and an apron trimming on the skirt. It is caught down by large buttons, and is tied back on the tournure with wide sashes of the velvet. The waist and sleeves of the dress are of the green silk, with a standing collar and deep cuffs of the velvet. Bonnet of dark-green velvet, with a light-green plume, and a band of pink roses in front.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF DEEP ASHES-OF-ROSES CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with four scant flounces, made alternately of cashmere and gros-grain silk, the upper one headed by the pipings of silk. The over-skirt is cut in a point at the back, and on either side of the front, and is slightly looped up; it is trimmed with a bias band of the gros-grain. The body has a pointed waistcoat front, and a jacket-basque at the back, and, with the sleeves, is trimmed with a bias band of the silk. Small black felt hat.

FIG. III.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF STRAW-COLORED AND BLUE CHANGEABLE SILK. made with three scant flounces, put on quite plain in front, and without any trimming. Black silk mantle, with deep pointed sleeves, trimmed with a profusion of black lace. Black velvet bonnet, with a plume, tinted with the colors of the dress.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black velvet, made perfectly plain. The over-dress is of emerald-green poplin, cut in points, and braided and buttoned on the left side. The vest is of black velvet, and the open basque is of the poplin, braided. A sash, confined by a jet buckle, catches the pouf at the back. The cuffs of the sleeves are cut in two deep points, and fastened by a bow of ribbon.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF ROSE-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is made long, and untrimmed, except on the front, where blond lace is put on in festoons, which are fastened by rose-colored bows. The half-high waist has deep points sloping from the front to the side seams, which are trimmed with blond. Puffed sleeves with blond ruffles, and a Medici ruffle at the neck. Wreath of roses in the hair.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The front has three deep cross-tucks, edged with fringe, and ornamented with a jet gimp. The sides are trimmed with a ladder of jet fringe. The bodice is open to the waist, where it fastens with a single strap, and, like the sleeves, is trimmed with jet gimp. The plastron is of pink silk, covered with tulle, embroidered in white jet.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE OR WALKING-DRESS.—Skirt of plain black velvet. Tunic of gray vicugna cloth, forming a round tablie in front, and square ends at the back. Rows of machine stitching ornament the tunic. Waistcoat and jacket of the vicugna cloth. The waistcoat is high, and the jacket has a turn-down collar.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a beautiful model of a bonnet, and two of the newest style of hats. The bonnet has strings to tie in front, and a drapery at the back; a much more becoming style to most faces than the exposed throat and nape of the neck, so long the fashion. Many persons object to strings now, "because they look so old;" and it is most probable that they will not be at all general till next winter, as bonnets, with strings, are warmer than those without; and as the summer advances, nothing will be added to the toilet to increase the heat. The hats are new, but less graceful than those which have been the fashion; and it is most likely that broad-brimmed hats, of various styles, will be most worn, though anything that suits the individual will be in good taste.

We also give the newest modes for dressing the hair, which, it will be seen, is very elaborate for evening or full dress. The Vandyke style of dressing young girl's and

little children's hair, is most usually very becoming for the little ones, and much more picturesque than the bare look which is given by turning the hair off the forehead.

THE SERGE DRESS FOR A BOY is of navy-blue, trimmed with white braid, and can be worn over Knickerbockers of the same color and material.

THE BLACK LACE FICHUS are embroidered with jet, and have standing ruffles of white tarlatan, and can be worn over any colored dress; or if worn over black, can be lined with pink, maize, or blue. Bows of ribbon to match the dress or lining should be worn.

SILKS are less and less worn, year by year, for out-door dresses, except for ceremonious occasions; woolen, wool and silk, or woolen and linen, are used for ordinary wear. These in the beginning are much less expensive than silk, though we must admit that the velvet, and other trimmings used on woolen dresses this past winter, has made many of them quite as expensive as a rich silk. Black silks can be worn with propriety, and foulard, India, and the cheaper French silks, will be much used this spring, and for cool summer days.

The colors of the new goods are no brighter, but more decided than they were a year ago, and quite violent contrasts are used for more expensive dresses.

But little change has taken place in the style of making dresses. Basques are still very much worn, of all styles and shapes. The tunic has had its day, as it is seldom seen now *on the back of a dress*; but the apron front, tied with a sash just below the basque at the back, is very much used, especially the shawl pattern, which is pointed and long in front. All dresses cling closely to the figure in front. Sashes are tied in every conceivable style, except in the simplest manner, sometimes passing from the right hip to just over the left foot, where they are tied in large bows, sometimes passed in and out of drapery and puffs in a most extraordinary manner.

As the warm weather approaches, the waists of dresses will be made more open in front, and sleeves will be shorter and looser, from present appearances.

Much of the success of the present style of dress depends on the petticoats and bustle; the latter should be small and at the back only, and the petticoats should be cut so that they spread out in what is called the peacock's tail train.

Black and other colored velvet bodices will be worn over white dresses.

SHORTER BASQUES AND JACKETS will be worn during the spring than were fashionable in the cold winter months; but the general style has not changed otherwise.

BONNETS AND HATS seem to be increasing in size, and now look as if really intended for use, and not only for ornament on top of the elaborate chignons. The new straw bonnets look as if they were trying to shade the face, just a little, but the change is gradual.

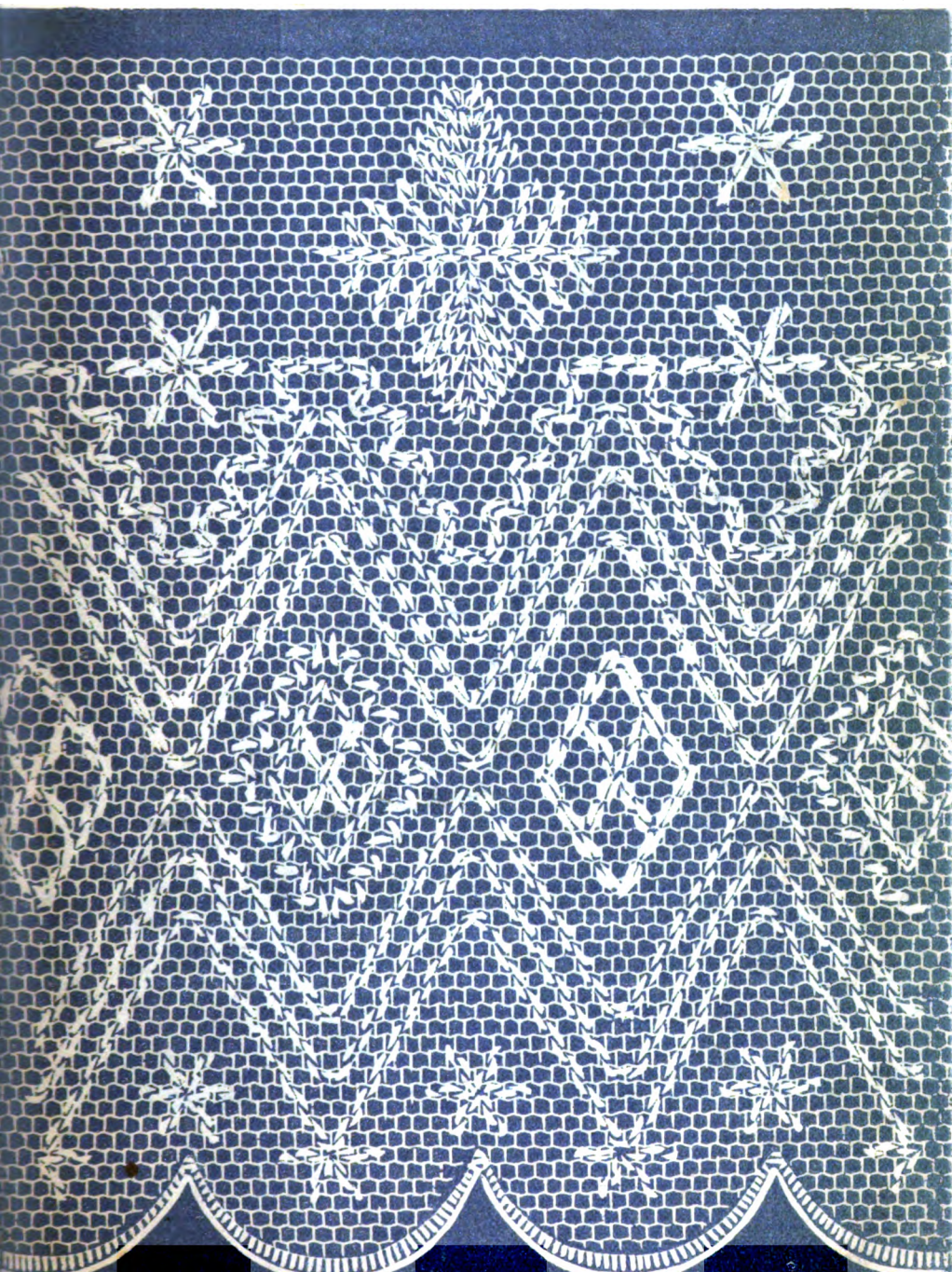
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF STONE-COLORED POPLIN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The apron front is plain, ornamented only with pointed straps of the material, which shorten in length as they reach the front. The back is trimmed with a ruffle and two puffs. The over-skirt reaches from the apron front, and is very much puffed up at the back. The close-fitting jacket is cut open at the back on either side of the puff. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet and poppies.

FIG. II.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF WINE-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR.—The skirt is plain in front, buttons down the side, and is laid in full plaits at the back. The jacket and vest are of the same material. Gray felt hat.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF PINK AND GRAY-STRIPED MOHAIR FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The under-skirt is perfectly plain, the over-dress is belted in at the waist, buttons down the front, is untrimmed, and slightly looped at the sides. Pockets, cuffs, and collar of the mohair.

Peterson's Magazine—April, 1875.





MARS AND HIS MISTRESS.

[See the Story.]

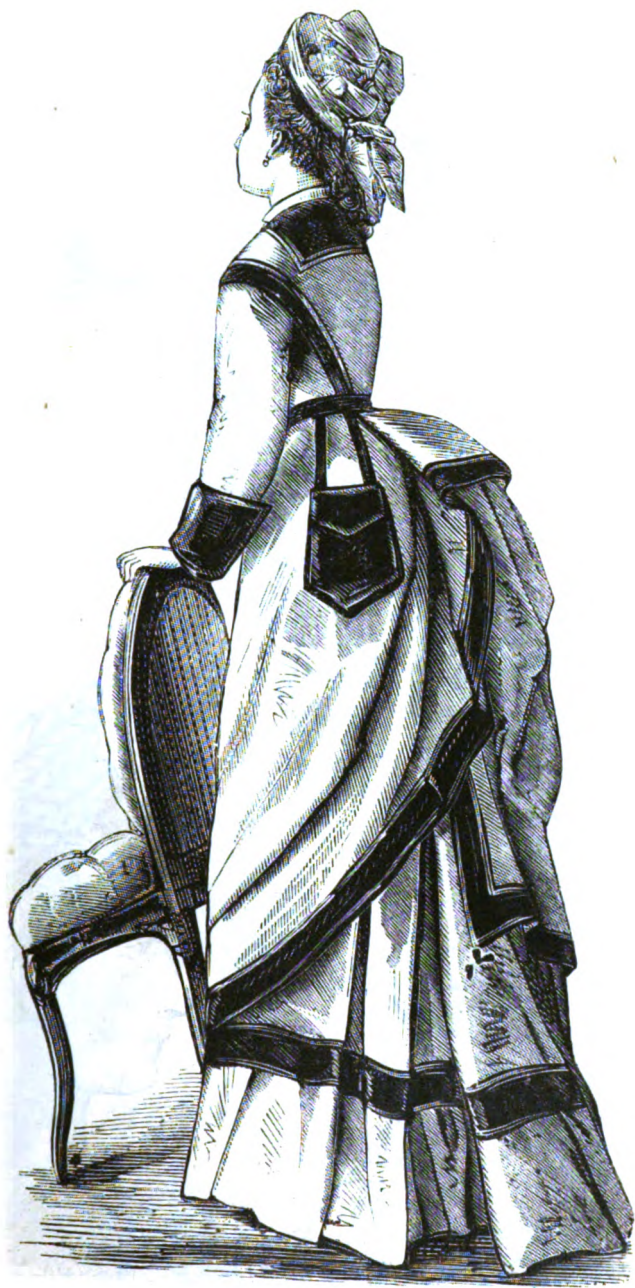
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NAME FOR MARKING. CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



NEW SPRING STYLE FOR WALKING-DRESS.



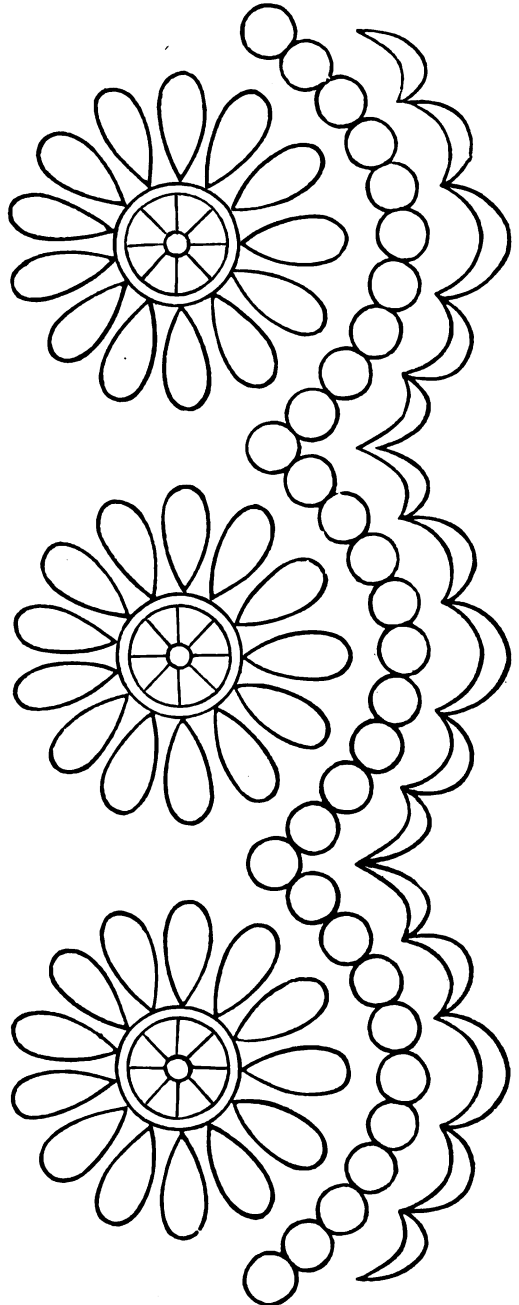
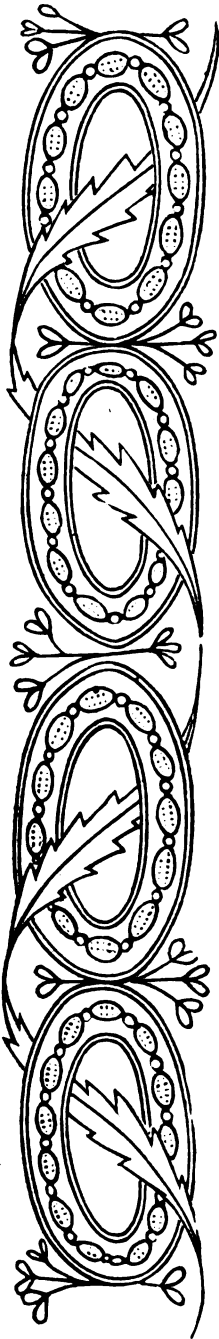
NEW SPRING STYLE FOR WALKING-DRESS.



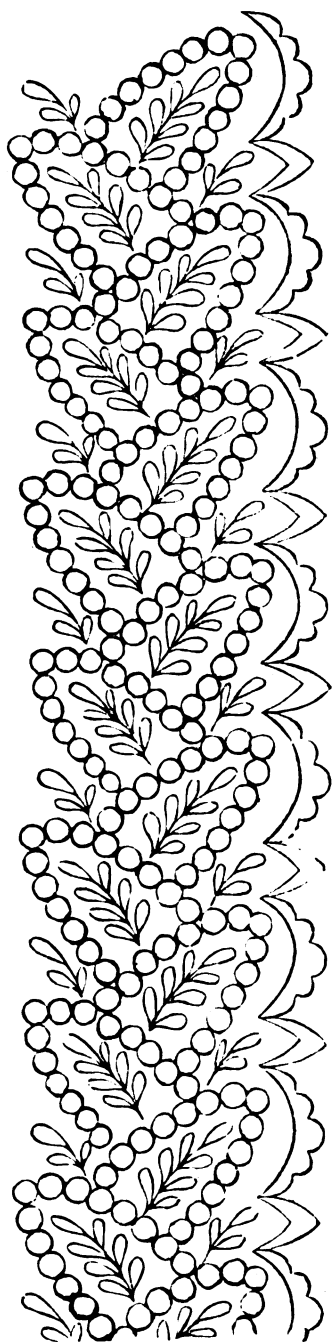
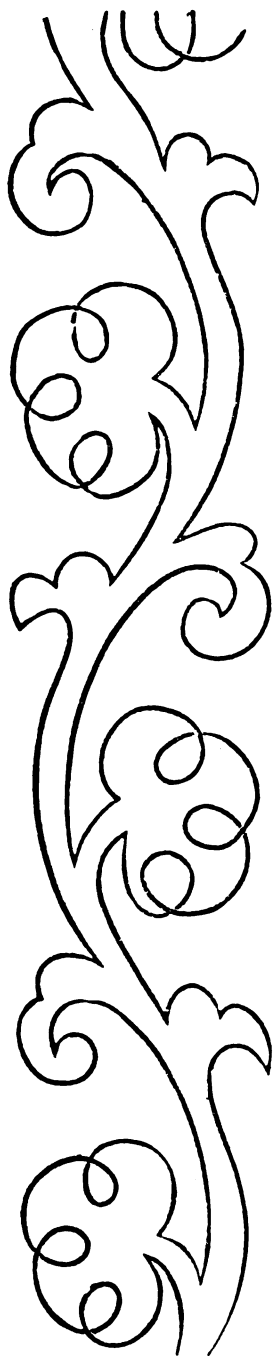
SPRING HAT FOR A YOUNG LADY. NEW STYLES FOR WEAVING THE HAIR.



THE NEW SPRING STYLES FOR HATS AND BONNETS.



PATTERNS IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



BRAIDING PATTERN. PATTERN IN ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

DOWN THE QUIET VALLEY.

SONG AND CHORUS.

By SEP. WINNER.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

Moderato.

PIANO.



1. 'Neath the wildwood shade by a running brook That flows along the val-ley I have wandered oft when the
 2. As the day fled on with its sun and shade, Howev-er bright or dreary, I sought her still ere its

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, primarily in the right hand.

sun was high, To the lowland home of Hallie; The days were bright and our hearts were light, As friends well met and
 light would fade, For my step was never weary: With chat and song the whole day long, We work'd and toil'd to-

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some sixteenth-note passages in the right hand.

clev-er, For our rest was made 'neath the wildwood shade, And our hearts were cheerful ev-er.
 geth-er, And we knew no care that we did not share, In foul or pleas-ant weath-er.

The third system concludes the song with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active role with sixteenth-note figures in the right hand.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by SEP. WINNER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

DOWN THE QUIET VALLEY.

CHORUS.

AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet

Hal - lie, Hal - lie, fair and good; My kind and gen - tle Hal - lie: Sweet

Sweet be thy

rit. tempo.

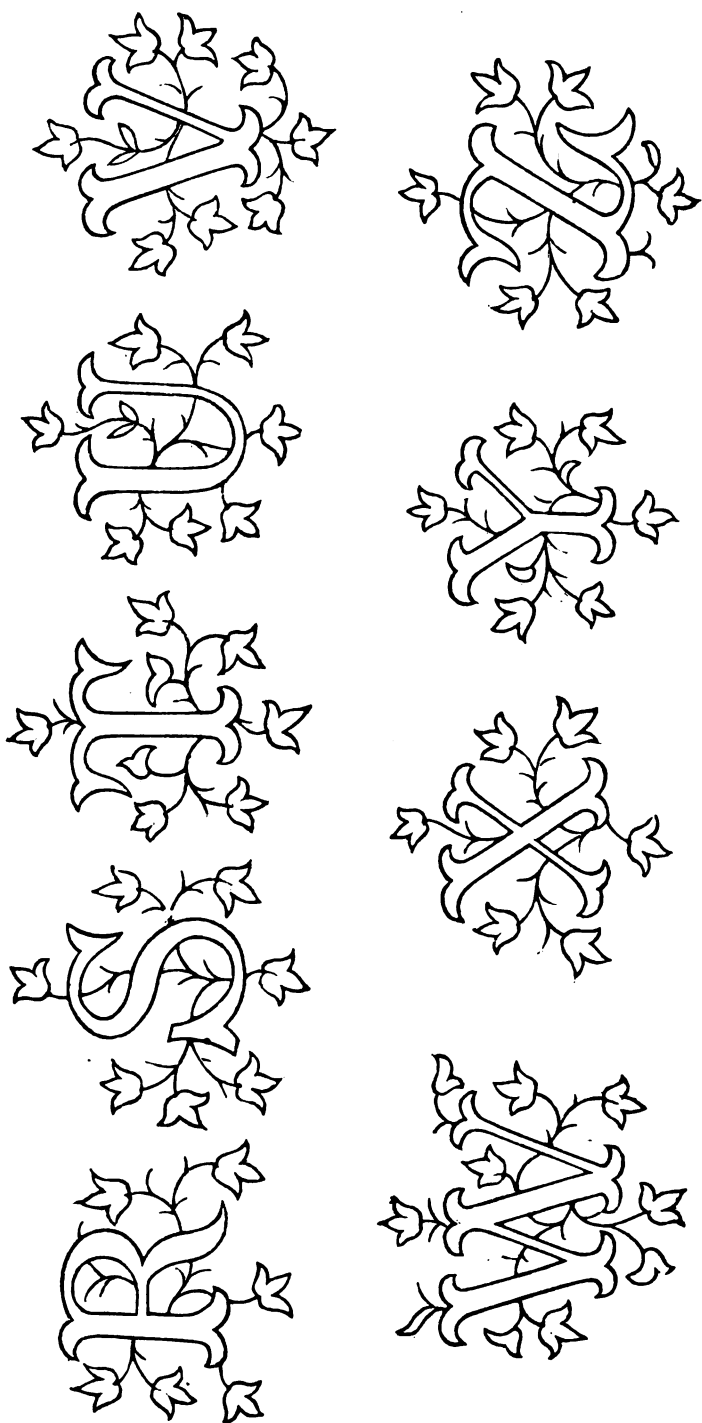
be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.

be thy sleep with - in the wood, A - down the qui - et val - ley.

sleep, thy sleep with - in the wood,

rit. tempo.

Let my grave be made 'neath the wildwood shade,
Beside my darling Hallie;
Oh let me rest near the one loved best,
Now sleeping in the valley:
For my joys have fled and my hopes are dead,
My heart is sighing ever;
Since her smile is gone and I'm left alone,
For our fate has been to sever.—CHORUS.



ALPHABET FOR TABLE LINEN, IN RED AND WHITE—CONTINUED.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1875.

No. 4.

MARS AND HIS MISTRESS.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a glorious October day, when Bella Rivers set forth, on Mars, her favorite steed, for her usual morning ride. The foliage had only just begun to change, so the woods, in general, were still green. But already, in the hollows, were little patches of color, so exquisitely lovely that they looked like the gardens of Paradise; the hickory, the dog-wood, and the maples, here and there, blazing out indescribably beautiful. Then the shadows that moved slowly across the hills were solemn enough to have come from the wings of great passing angels.

After a sharp trot of an hour, Bella let her horse fall into a walk, and turning into the very heart of the forest, drew up at a spot where the ferns rose almost to the knees of Mars. Here, letting the reins lie loosely on his neck, she took off her plumed cavalier hat, and stretched up to pull a cluster of particularly brilliant leaves.

"Just such a day as this," she said, with a sigh. "here, on this very spot, and now——"

A great tragedy had fallen on our heroine, and the traces of it could still be read in her face. Years before, she had loved, and been loved in return; here, on this very spot, she had first listened to her suitor's vows and pledged her own in return; and for a few blissful weeks, in that eventful autumn, she had been supremely happy. But there had come misunderstandings; jealousy had driven her almost insane; and in a moment of angry recrimination she had discarded her lover. Hugh Calverly was as high-spirited as herself, and nearly as exacting. He had taken her at her word, left by the next train for the city, and sailed for Europe before a week was out, missing by this haste, the repentant letter, which, after a struggle of a fortnight, Bella had sent to call him back.

The ship in which he sailed had never been heard of since. There had been a terrible cyclone, in which three or four other vessels had barely

escaped shipwreck, about five days after Hugh had left New York; and there was no doubt, among those who were experienced in such matters, that the good ship Barclay had gone down, with all on board, as the President and Pacific, and many others had gone down before her. Her owners said "she has struck an iceberg, and foundered at once, or else we should have had tidings," and this was the general conclusion also. It was not till a twelvemonth had passed, however, that Bella renounced all hope. Then, with a burst of tears, she cried, one day, "He will never, never come back, never, till the sea gives up its dead."

Bella was passionately fond of all brute animals, but especially of horses; but she loved her favorite, Mars, with a love surpassing words; for he had been a gift from Hugh, in those happy, happy days; and she had never had an opportunity of returning him, for which she was now glad. She found, indeed, a secret pleasure in riding him and petting him. Perhaps there was something of unconscious remorse and atonement in this.

Thus it came to pass, that not a day passed, in which Bella did not visit Mars in his stable, and few in which he and she did not go sweeping over hill and dale, till her floating feather became as well known, in that mountain region, as the white plume of Henry of Navarre, of old, on the battle-fields of France. Many and many a night, after hours spent in the saddle, she sobbed herself to sleep, however. "Oh! if Hugh could but have lived to forgive me," she cried. "If he only knew now. If some one could only come back from the dead to tell me he has pardoned me."

The years, however, had not dimmed Bella's beauty: on the contrary, they had improved it. Her face was more chastened: her figure had developed. At three-and-twenty she was almost

regal. Meantime, there had been no lack of suitors for her hand. But to all she turned a deaf ear. Her heart was buried with Hugh. Her greatest pleasure was to ride with Mars, to this secluded forest recess, where fern, and twig, and tree, all reminded her of the past.

She was lost in deep thought, now, her fingers still lingering, unconsciously, on the branch that she had forgotten to pluck, when she was recalled to herself by the excited pawing of Mars.

"Quiet, sir! Quiet!" she said, gathering in her reins instinctively. "You don't see a ghost, do you?"

She had scarcely spoken, when a thicket parted, just beside her, and a rough-looking, coarsely clad man stepped forth. He wore a slouched, torn hat, beneath which peered forth a dark, threatening countenance, half hidden by wild, tangled, black locks. Advancing toward her, he raised his hand to seize, as Bella thought, her reins.

Our heroine was no coward. Few of her sex, indeed, were naturally so brave. But the district in which she lived was full of iron-furnaces, and at this particular season most of the men were on a strike; and as the best of them, even in ordinary times, bore no very good name, there really was some cause for uneasiness. This man, moreover, was exceptionally villainous-looking. She drew in her rein sharply, therefore, till Mars nearly reared.

The man fell back, on seeing this, saying, in a broad, Irish accent,

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but I manes ye no harrum. I'm but a poor pedlar, as ye may see."

Bella observed, now, that he carried a pack on his back, as the humbler, itinerant members of his profession did; and a little ashamed of herself, she said, kindly,

"Oh! I see. You've needles and threads, and a pretty ribbon or two, I suppose. Well, if you'll go on to Oakwood, where I live, (it's but a mile or two ahead, just as you get out of the forest,) the servants will be glad to buy some of your wares, and I'll be there myself after awhile."

"Oakwood," said the man, as if collecting his faculties, "Sure that is the verra place I'm afther. Doesn't a Mistress Bella Rivers live there? A fine, handsome young lady, or matron, iligant enough for a king?"

"I am Miss Bella Rivers," answered our heroine, in a tone of surprise. "Quiet! Quiet, Mars! What ails you?" For the horse was restless again. "But what can you want with me? I never saw you before in my life."

She drew herself up rather haughtily, straightening herself in the saddle, and gathering in her

bridle-hand again, so that Mars, thus restrained; began to throw out his fore-arm and paw excitedly once more. Bella was something of an aristocrat, we are afraid, and was the least bit scornful of this ill-dressed, coarse-looking man, who claimed her acquaintance, as she thought. She began even to doubt if her first impression had not been the correct one. What if, after all, the fellow was a highway robber in disguise? She held Mars, therefore, firm in hand, prepared to put the spur into him, and dash forward, at the slightest offensive movement.

But the pedlar made no hostile demonstration. He apparently understood her thoughts, for he drew a step still further back.

"Maybe, miss," he said, scraping his foot, as if in apology, "though you don't fauce the likes of me, you may think better of the word I bring."

"Word you bring!"

"Yes, miss. You see I haven't always been a pedlar. I was once a sea-faring man."

Every scrap of color fled from Bella's face. What could he mean? Did he bring a message from the dead? The thought of Hugh, as we have seen, was ever before her.

"Speak, speak!" she cried, leaning eagerly forward in her saddle. "You know something? You have come to tell me——"

"Did you call yourself a Miss, just now?" interrupted the pedlar, answering her wild appeal. "You are sure you are *Miss* Bella Rivers?"

"Miss? Yes! What difference does that make? It is of Hugh I would speak. You were with him, at—— Great Heavens——"

She reeled forward, uttering this last exclamation almost with a shriek, for, as she mentioned the name of Hugh, with a look and tone that revealed how dear he was to her still, a sudden movement, on the part of the pedlar, slipped off hat and wig, and the long-lost lover stood before her.

Hugh caught her in his arms, or she would have fallen to the ground.

"Then you have not forgotten me," he cried, in a voice no longer disguised, but now eager with hope and affection. "You love me still. Bella, my own——"

She put both hands against his shoulders, pushed him away so as to see his face more distinctly, and gazed long and eagerly into it, scrutinizing every feature. Then she flung both arms about his neck, and drew him to her.

"Oh, Hugh! Hugh!" she sobbed. "And I, do not deserve it."

That evening, as Bella and Hugh sat in the oriel window, at Oakwood, the harvest-moon making the valley of the Schuylkill, below them,

shine like the streets of the New Jerusalem, the lover's long absence was fully explained.

"The steamer did founder, as was supposed," Hugh said. "She struck an iceberg in the night, and went down before a single boat could be launched. I saw how things were going, and seizing a life-preserver, sprang overboard. Five minutes after, with a great plunge, the ship foundered. All night I floated at the mercy of the waves; but toward noon, the next day, saw land; and in about two hours more succeeded in safely getting to shore. It was a wild, lonely coast, however; Newfoundland, as I found——"

"Then you were only a few days from New York. Oh! why did you not let us know?" cried Bella.

"I thought you no longer loved me, I was sick of life; I was desperate, and I suppose, half insane." Bella slyly pressed his hand. "So I resolved to bury myself from the world, and let it be supposed that I had perished. Accident favored my plans. My clothes soon dried, and when, toward nightfall, I came upon a small fishing hamlet, there was no trace about me of shipwreck. I kept my own counsel, and made my way to St. Johns, from which I shipped on board a freight-steamer to Cardiff. From thence I wrote to my agent in New York, enjoining secrecy on him. I should not have written even to him, if I had not been in want of funds."

"Five long years," interjected Bella.

Hugh continued.

"I kept out of the way of Americans, lest I should be recognized. I went first to St. Petersburg and Moscow; then over land to the Crimea; then to Constantinople; and so, by way of Egypt, to the great desert of Arabia, where, for months, I found shelter with a tribe of Be-

douens. Then I passed on, a weary pilgrim, to India. I visited all the great temples of the Ganges, and even penetrated into Chinese Tartary. I explored Japan, then just being opened to foreigners. Nowhere could I find rest. Everywhere I saw only you: day and night, day and night! The further I wandered, the more dissatisfied I became, the more unhappy. Neither land nor ocean gave me peace; neither the wild solitude of the desert, nor the turmoil and excitement of civilization——"

"Can you ever forgive me?" whispered Bella, leaning on his bosom, and looking up.

Hugh stooped, and kissed her.

"Can I ever forgive myself? After five years, after vainly seeking forgetfulness in constant travel, I began to see that I was more to blame than you. 'I will go back,' I said, 'and see if Bella is married: and if she is not——' Well, you see, darling, I am here."

"Never, never to leave me," cried Bella, twining her arms about his neck. "You promise that—don't you?"

There was a sound, like another kiss, returned as well as given, and Hugh went on.

"As I did not wish to betray myself, unless I found you free—for I meant, if you were another's, to go quietly away—I came disguised. The same memory which took you to that spot in the forest, led me thither."

"And Mars, I do believe," said Bella, "knew you almost as soon as I did. Perhaps before. That explains his singular conduct."

"I ought to be a happy fellow, from this time out," said Hugh. "I thought no one cared for me, that everybody had forgotten me; but I have two faithful friends, at least, haven't I? MARS AND HIS MISTRESS."

LOVE.

BY MRS. CLARA J. MOORE.

What time and Winter's snows cold-sowed the earth,
And leaden skies hid heaven from our sight,
While wrangling winds wailed o'er their tortured birth,
Through short, cold days, and long, cold hours of night,
Love planted in my heart his seeds of fire,
Thrilling each vein with vibrant, strange delight,
Changing my pulses to electric wire,
Though still his face was hidden from my sight.

What time the goddess of the Spring came down,
To bring her yearly offering of flowers,
And Earth threw off her icy veil and gown,
Her bosom quickening in the sun-god's showers.
When virginal fields of pale forget-me-not,
Couched, side-by-side, with crimson clover lay,
Then walked I in those fields with Love, I wot,
Still blindly trusting him to lead the way.

What time hot Summer's throbbing skies of blue
Shone o'er these meadows where our steps had strayed,
And wooing winds, steeped with rich fragrance through,
Filled with soft languor all the hours we made,
I saw Love's face; and all my blood to flame
He kindled, with his asking eyes on mine,
And I, divining what he wished to claim,
Said, in my heart, "Already I am thine."

What time the purple grapes hung on the vine,
And pregnant Earth was teeming with her fruit;
And men and maidens harvested the wine,
Dancing at close to zittern and to lute,
Within Love's arms, close circling me around,
Languid with kisses, which his warm lips rained,
I said, "At last, Life's secret I have found!
At last my earthly Paradise is gained!"

THE REASON WHY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

PEOPLE have a habit of saying to me, "How did it happen that you never found a wife, Jim Darling?" I take it as an impertinence, and, consequently, just what you might expect from your friends. Putting the question in this particular form, is the same as averring that any possible hope of my ever acquiring that doubtful blessing ceased to be a possibility long ago. Is a man Methusaleh because he has passed his—well, never mind what birthday—because he isn't twenty-five any longer, I should be pleased to know?

Most persons' ideas are ridiculous on all subjects, but, in regard to age, they are usually more ridiculous than where any other matter is concerned. Because they happen to have seen a man about in the world for an indefinite length of time, they appear to take it for granted he must have been in the ark with Noah. Actually, as I went into Delmonico's the other day, I heard a baby-faced animal with a mustache, like a girl's eyebrow, the sort of creature that ought yet to have been in long clothes, and—all the rest of it—say to his neighbor, (who was a degree more than himself fit for long clothes—and all the rest of it)—I say I heard the first chap whisper to this other,

"That's old Jim Darling. Wonderful how he wears, isn't it?"

I just shot him a fine glance of scorn that would have withered his marrow, if he had had any; but the boys of the present generation are horribly obtuse. For my own part, I entirely agree with upright and virtuous Miss Windstope, "In general, I don't like boys." I think I might go further and say, I detest them.

Married indeed! When a fellow has been twice as near being married as I have been, once when he wanted to, and once when he didn't, he has had enough of such performances to satisfy him for the rest of his natural life.

Actually, I was only five-and-twenty! It's a beautiful thing to be five-and-twenty. You're a precious fool, but you don't know it. At five-and—Oh, well, any age you please, up to three-score-and-ten, you're a fool, just the same; but the aggravating part of the business is, you *do* know it. Five-and-twenty. And to think you have to live forever and ever, and during the whole round can never be five-and-twenty again! Upon my

word, I believe I am near bursting into poetry, but you needn't take any notice.

Where was I?

Ringin' at her door. I think. No, I remember now, I couldn't have got to her house yet, for I've not told you where we first met, though how I did ring, to be sure, the time I went to the house, though I haven't got to that place yet; but I vow I can hear the bell tinkle to this hour, and it sends a creeper down my back that makes me feel as if my spinal-marrow moved up and down like the quicksilver in a thermometer.

Where we did meet was at a pretty summer resort in one of the Eastern States. She was dancing with Bob Watchet, when I first set eyes on her, and something went all over me like an electric shock; and I understood then why I had always felt a prejudice against Bob. It had been what you call a premonition, and at that moment I hated him ferociously, and could have Bowie-knifed him on the spot with all the energy of a Congressman.

Annabella Drinker was her name; but I said to myself, that if ever a girl was meant to have Darling for a surname, it was she; which was a kind of play upon words, you see, which came to me as I looked at her and showed, what I have always believed, that I'm a fellow to keep my wits about me, no matter how much bewildered I may be.

Well, sir, when the music stopped, I saw him take her to a seat by old Mrs. Dutcher; and I knew Mrs. Dutcher perfectly well, and remembered now that I had always been as fond of her, as if she had been an aunt of my own, with money to leave to any relation she chose. I must speak to Mrs. Dutcher at once. I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. I felt as if I wanted to embrace Mrs. Dutcher, and ask her for her blessing. I set off toward her, and do you know, the room turned round somehow, and actually, when I thought I was close to her, I had fallen into old Baldwin's clutches, quite at the other extremity of the apartment; and old Baldwin buttonholed me on the spot, and told me one of his longest stories; and I tried to be polite, and was so anxious to laugh in the right place, that I kept grinning all the while like a Cheshire cat, and never found out till he cursed me for an unnatural young dog, that he had been telling about his

wife's breaking her arm, and she a third cousin of my mother's, from whom I had expectations, though they never came to anything, for she and Baldwin never got over my reception of the news of her accident. I hate your unforgiving people myself.

Well, I got away from him at last, and made for Mrs. Dutcher again. The music had struck up, and there were three sets of quadrilles danced; and I declare if I didn't spoil every set in getting the length of the room! I never could tell how it happened; but I did it, and I assure you I never felt more unpleasant in the whole course of my life.

I had only reached the place that evening, and there were a good many people in the room that I didn't know; and it was a deuced uncomfortable kind of debut to make. But I was too desperate to care. Somehow, it seemed to me that if I couldn't get where *she* was, and hold her fast, Bob Watchet would marry her before my very eyes, and me without breath enough left even to forbid the banns!

I got hold of Mrs. Dutcher at last. I nearly dove into her, head foremost, and she squeaked awfully.

"Oh, you Jim Darling," said she. "Are you mad or tipsy?"

"Oh, Mrs. Dutcher, how do you do?" said I. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. I came down on purpose to see you. I hope you're well. I hope all your family are well. I hope even to your most distant relations that—"

"Jim," said she, before I could tell what I hoped, and I knew no more than the man in the moon, "sit down here before you do somebody a mischief, and tell me what's the matter. I haven't a relation in the world, and you know it, unless it's Tim, my gray cat. And, Jim, you must be on the verge of brain fever, though where you ever got the capital to go into such a business is more than I know."

"It ain't that," I whispered, as she pulled me down beside her—at least I thought I whispered. But she told me afterward I bellowed like a buffalo, and it was a mercy the music was playing louder than the last trumpet ever could.

"Then what is it?" said she. "Tell me this minute, or I'll box your ears!"

"I'm in love!" said I. "Introduce me. Don't wait, else the room will swim round again, and I shall lose you."

"Who? Where? What?" said she.

"Right by you—quick!" said I, as blind as a bat.

"Miss Mickles," says the old woman, "here's

that goose, Jim Darling, wants to dance with you, and is afraid to ask."

And sure enough, when I could see, there was the skinniest old virgin you ever sat eyes on, beside her; and she was walking up and down the room with Bob Watchet. The virgin wasn't likely to lose her opportunity. She collared me, and I had to dance twice with her before I got loose; and, if you'll believe it, she had heard what I said to Mrs. Dutcher, and thought I was in love with her; and as I never spoke to her after that evening, talked of suing me for breach of promise, and bringing Mrs. Dutcher up as witness in her favor.

If you'll believe it, what with one misfortune and another, the evening was almost over before I got an introduction to my adored one, my peerless Annabella; and when I did I was dumber than a kingfisher. And it was the oddest thing, the more I wanted to stay by her the more my legs tried to carry me away, just as if they had been somebody else's legs—say Bob Watchet's, for instance—and wished to serve me an ill turn.

Well, sir, I was up early the next morning, for I didn't go to bed at all; and I found I had written the beginning of sixteen different sonnets, though I never wrote any verses before or since. The only time I came to my senses during the whole night was for a minute or two when I fired a whole box of matches, and sat down on them by accident.

So, being up, I went out for an early stroll, and climbed the hill. Looking down on the other side I saw an angel, in white picking wild roses, and it was Annabella; and I went down the hill so fast that I nearly landed on my head, and do you know the first words she said to me were.

"What a very eccentric person you are, Mr. Darling," and burst out laughing. And I laughed too, like a maniac.

After that I managed a little better, and got to be more like my natural self, though I know I jumped every time she spoke, and felt as if I was on fire inside, and blistered without; and no wonder, for I sat down on an ant hill. But, oh! it was a blissful morning all the same. I remember, among other things, her saying she felt sure I was a poet; and she hoped I was poor, and had to live in a garret. And she seemed quite disappointed when she found I had plenty of money and a yacht, (which always made me sea-sick when I went out in her,) while that Bob Watchet lived on a salary in spite of his airs and graces, and passed his life in mortal terror of his boot-maker.

But it came out that she had no opinion whatever of Bob, and considered him a presuming,

conceited fellow; only I was to vow solemnly never to tell it; and I swore myself black in the face without stopping to breathe.

"So that makes a little secret between us," said she, with a heavenly smile; "just ours, and nobody else's, does it not?"

Actually, I thought I should give up the ghost on the spot from sheer happiness; the tingle that went all over me from head to foot was quite distinct from the pricking of those blessed ants, and every bit as strong.

I felt good-natured enough to have hugged the whole world, Bob Watchet included, and I began to think I had been harder on the fellow than was necessary. It seemed enough for him to bear, that having her think him presuming. So I said what I could in his favor, and she gave me another smile. Lord, I wonder I didn't melt! She looked at me shyly, and added,

"Generous man!"

Oh, well, I shall never get through if I go into particulars in this fashion, for I could repeat every word she ever said to me, and tell you the exact effect of every smile she ever gave to me; but because I'm in the mood to talk a little, is no reason why I should turn myself completely inside out like a pea-jacket hung up to dry.

I walked back to the hotel with her, and once, where the path was bad, she took my arm. Oh, heavens!—but, it's no matter; and Bob Watchet was standing on the veranda as we reached the house; and he turned a lively green, and she scarcely spoke to him. And when I tried to be amiable to the fellow, after she had gone in, he showed as sulky as a grizzly bear, and neither of us ate any breakfast; he, because he was in his tantrums, and I, because the idea of food was shocking after feeding on her delicious words and smiles.

Well, sir, ten days went by, and Bob Watchet disappeared in a huff; and Annabella said she was glad he had gone. And I never saw her so gay. She looked awfully pretty, too, though I remember her eyes were red; she said she had hurt them by stupidly reading too late the night before.

I don't know how I did it, but, before the day was out, I got courage to tell her I loved her; though I don't know either that courage had much to do with it, for I spoke before I knew what I was saying, and nearly fainted away when I found what I had done. But it was all right—I shan't tell you any more—and I, the happiest fellow that ever the sun shone on. We were engaged, downright, and I sent off to town, that day, for a sapphire ring, set round with diamonds—and a handsome thing it proved; though

the sapphire wasn't half so blue as her eyes, or the diamonds half so bright. Our engagement was not to be talked about. Nobody but Mrs. Dutcher knew, for Annabella said it must be kept a secret till she went back to town, and told her aunt herself. Her aunt was the dearest old woman in the world, only she had nerves, and anything in the way of exciting news must always be very carefully broken to her.

"For it's a whim of hers that I musn't marry," said Annabella. "We're so fond of one another that she's always jealous of any gentleman who pays me attention. But, you see I—I never cared before, and this time I must have my own way."

Then such a smile: then she turned red, and then white, and I thought she was going to faint, and was frightened half out of my senses. But she said it was nothing; she was only afraid that what she had said sounded bold, the darling! Sir, I'll tell you what I did, and, if you so much as chuckle, I'll garrote you! I went down in the dust, (we were out walking,) white trousers and all, and I kissed the toe of her little boot that might have been built for a fairy; and that's what I did, the deuce take you!

Very well, sir, I enjoyed three weeks of that bliss, and then Annabella had to go home. She got a letter one morning from that aunt of hers. The old woman wanted her for some special business, "something connected with my poor little fortune," Annabella said, and Mrs. Dutcher went with her. I was not allowed to go. Annabella declared that it would make people talk. I was not even to follow her till three days were over—three whole days. I kept my word, though how I ever managed to do it, is more than I know. I wonder I wasn't a skeleton when the time was up, for I neither ate nor slept. I should have been ashamed to do either, for didn't Annabella say she should count the hours till we met again, and by the same token I gave her a lovely little watch, all covered with jewels, to count them on. But I waited; Annabella said she must have ample time to break the news gently to her aunt. I had begun to hate that old party, though I felt wicked in so doing, for Annabella said she was the dearest woman alive, only her nerves were troublesome. On account of these same nerves, I had to wait three days, because Annabella could not venture to tell her the day she got home. She would require the second to reveal the secret, and the third to soothe her aunt. By that time the old lady would be prepared to receive me with joy and gladness; for she never could refuse Annabella anything. I should think not, indeed!

I thought the term of probation would never end; but it did. Sir, my foot was on my native heath, at last—I mean my native side-walk; and my name was—— Well, I was that bewildered and upset that I don't think I could have told my own name, if I had died for it.

I had come up in the night and got into town along with the milk-carts, and the other green vegetables. Upon my word, even at this distance of time, I get things mixed in trying to tell the story.

Of course, I did not go to bed. I decided that I might appear at my Annabella's house at eleven o'clock, and, sir, do you know that, though it was only five when I got into my room, I had not a second too much time to get bathed and dressed, so as to start at half past ten. At first, I could not find my keys, nor could I even find the clothes I had taken off, and thought I should have to sit wrapped up in a bed-cover till I could send somewhere for some ready-made trousers. After that, each separate article of wearing apparel acted as if it were bewitched, and would not be got into on any terms. I don't care whether you believe it or not, but I put on seven shirts, hind-side before, one after the other; couldn't tell a neck-tie from a suspender, and nearly ruined my mustache, trying to shave. But it was of no consequence; I was too happy to mind. I was going to see my Annabella, provided I could ever get decently straight into my garments. I was rather behind time from finding, after I got down stairs, that I had no pocket-handkerchief, and I had to make three journeys back before I got what I wanted. The first time I took a towel, the second a sponge, and by then I'd forgotten what it was I needed, and began to pull off my boots, just from sheer crazy-headedness.

But I did get underway at last. First, I got into a carriage, but it seemed to go so slow that out I jumped, and found, afterward, that I had paid the hackman a fifty-dollar note; and when I discovered that, I understood what he meant by a remark which puzzled me at the time. He looked at the bank-note, and he looked at me. "It's all right?" said I. "It is," said he, "and ye're the drunkest gentleman I've seen since I set foot in Ameriky. God bless her;" and away he drove, like a Bedlamite.

Well, the street I wanted was up among the thirties, was on the west side of town, and I might be expected to know the city I had been born and brought up in, but the streets behaved as bad as my clothes had done. Sir, I found myself on the east side, and I rang at seventeen different door-bells, and finally plunged, head-

foremost, into a girls' school, and narrowly escaped being arrested by a brute of a policeman, who said he had been watching me for sometime, to make up his mind whether it was a lunatic asylum or the Police Court he ought to take me to. But he might have been worse than he was. Something that I put into his hand seemed to soften him, and when I told him I was going to see my Annabella, he understood, and shook hands with me, cordially, and said, "he wasn't above it, if he was a policeman, for I was worthy to have been born in Ireland; and if ever I wanted to run for Mayor, I'd only to let him know—his name was Patrick Phaylin—and he'd see me through, or eat the greaser." But we have never met since, as, up to this time, I have felt no inclination to hold the office he mentioned.

Well, sir, I had been in the right street all the time; only down toward the East River, instead of the North. I set off, on a run, and lost my hat; but I only had to chase it three blocks, down Third Avenue, and eight boys helped me chase it, and each one wanted a dollar, which I gave 'em; and after that nothing is very clear to me for some time. I felt as if I had been lost in my childhood, and had been ever since trying to find myself, and had a dreadful impression, all the while, that I was not the person I wanted, but had been changed in my cradle, or something, and hadn't even a strawberry-mark on the arm to tell myself by.

When I came at all to my senses, then I was on the doorstep of number 11. How I got there I don't know; but that was the number of her house. I had reached her at last. My Annabella, my Annabella! But still I couldn't have sworn if it was I or another.

Somebody rang the bell. It didn't seem to be me; and such an unearthly peal I never heard. Why the bell was fitter for a fire-tower than a dwelling-house; and it's my belief that if it had hung at the gate of Greenwood, it would have wakened every corpse in the place, and given him a headache into the bargain.

A maid-servant opened the door. I remember thinking her a frightened, stupid sort of creature; and at first she didn't want to let me in, but I pushed by her, and tried to mention my name. Sir, I had forgotten it, and I had forgotten what my darling's last name was too! All I could get out was, "Tell Miss Annabella it's James."

Into the front parlor I rushed—the windows were open. It looked bright and cheerful, and I began to grow calmer—sort of cold and faint, you know, with bliss.

Suddenly, the folding doors at the back end of

the room were opened. I heard a voice, such an awful voice, say,

"Tell Miss Annabella it's James, indeed! I'll James him! The insolence of the fellow!"

And there stood a dreadful old woman with a mustache, and two eye-teeth that wouldn't have been shut into her mouth on any terms, and she had on a cap and a mad-looking bonnet perched atop of that, and a blue flannel dressing-gown, and she walked with a cane. Straight toward me she marched, and pounded her stick on the floor, as if she had been an old witch trying to raise a demon.

"Hallo!" said she, and her eyes went through me like two needles.

Mercy on us! Was this the Aunt Amelia my Annabella had said was so sweet and loveable! I recollect registering a vow she should never live with us if I had to build a house on Mount Ararat to escape her.

"G—good morning," said I, and I tried to smile, for I felt that I must propitiate the old senecrow.

"Pooh! Nonsense!" snapped she. "Nothing of the sort! 'Who are you, young man?'"

Sir, I tried again to tell my name, and all I got out was, "I'm—I'm James. Annabella knows."

"She doesn't!" said that dreadful old woman. "She shan't! I forbid her! James, indeed! Poodle, you mean! Go along with you; aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir; never heard of such conduct in my life."

She began to whistle. At least I thought so at first; but I discovered that it was asthma, and she had put herself out of breath by her rage.

"H—hasn't Annabella told you?" I faltered.

"She's a minx!" croaked the old woman. "And you're minxer; and so there's a pair of you—and a precious pair to be sure," and she thumped the floor again. "Didn't I tell you to get along with you?" cried she.

"Where's my Annabella?" I shouted, for by this time I was crazy as she. "Give her to me! You're a witch! You're a Gorgon. I come to deliver her."

The old woman dropped into a chair

"Sit down," said she, and punched me with her stick.

I sat down on the nearest thing I found—it was a table.

"Good as a dunce-block!" said the old woman.

"Sit still!"

I felt like the chap that Ancient Mariner fixed with his glittering eye. I could just gasp,

"Oh, my Annabella!"

"She's not to be your's on any terms," said this old horror. "Now listen to me. You're a

pair of young idiots! I knew, when I let her go away from home, she'd get into some mischief. She's always at it—it comes from novels, and play-books, and all the rest of it. She did get into mischief. I made her confess the whole! I've inquired. I know all about you! You haven't got money enough to pay for the shirt that's on your back, if you've got one on, for I dare say it's only a scarf, and a pair of false wristbands." She made a dive at me, as if she meant to find out, and I tried to step one side, and over went the table, and I heard a door open, and a scream, and into my arms rushed Annabella, shrieking,

"My James! my James!"

"Mine till death," I yelled. "A legion of witches shouldn't part us!" and the old woman beating me over the back with a stick. But I didn't feel it till afterward. "Mine forever!" I yelled again. "My Annabella! My love, my dove!"

"That voice!" said she, and pushed me away from her, and I saw her face for the first time. And it wasn't my Annabella, but a young woman with red hair; and I evidently wasn't her James, for she dropped into a chair in hysterics, moaning.

"Hit him, Aunt Betsy! Drive him out! He's mad! Police! Fire! Oh, my James!"

"Why, let me get out of the house," said I, as dizzy as if I had been a fly-wheel.

"Not yet!" said the old woman. "First, you'll explain all this. It's my house, and my teaspoons are in it, and I'll know what you came after."

"It oughtn't to be your house," was all I could say. "It ought to be Aunt Amelia's—it's number 11."

"It's the number 10," said she, "and you knew it."

I began to understand that I had made a horrible blunder. Then that unreasonable young woman was sobbing in her chair, and the old one making passes at me with her stick.

"I'm very sorry," said I. "It's all a mistake. I came for Annabella——"

"There she is," broke in the old woman.

"But my Annabella! Annabella Sothers."

"Why, that's that nasty thing across the street," said she.

"Ma'am!" cried I, fiercely.

"Pooh! Fiddlestick!" said she. "What's your name?"

The young woman stopped sobbing; but kept her face hidden in her handkerchief.

"What's your name?" growled the old one.

Then I remembered it for the first time that morning.

"James Darling," said I, and began to hunt my handkerchief, for the perspiration was streaming down my face. Out of my pocket dropped

a card-case. The old woman snatched it, looked at my cards, read a letter there was in it from my banker, and all before I could expostulate.

"It's true," said she, and handed me back the case. Sir, imagine my feelings when that old catamaran rose, and stood over me, smiling, and held out her arms, saying.

"James, embrace your aunt! You want to marry my niece. You shall have her. Why didn't you mention your name at first? I know all about you! She is yours."

"I told you it was all a mistake," said I. "You're in the wrong house, or something. That's not my Annabella——"

"I am Annabella," cut in the young woman, as cool as a cucumber.

"And she shall be yours," said the old one.

"James Darling, you can't come into Betsy Baker's house, and ask her niece in marriage, and hug her before Betsy's eyes, and then say it's a mistake. No, no! I'll have you married in half an hour."

Up I jumped. Away I ran, the old woman and the young one after me. But I got out, and, once in the street, there was my Annabella's house just opposite, and she and that Bob Watchet standing in the window.

I got across the way. I rang the bell. I was in the parlor—I was crying,

"My Annabella! Oh, my Annabella!"

There was a little pale woman in the chair, who squeaked. I heard Bob Watchet laugh. I saw Annabella come toward me, and she said,

"Sir, you have mistaken the number; eleven is across the way, and the young lady you were just embracing is probably the person of whom you are in search."

Well, sir, it seems that Bob Watchet had had money left him; and a month after he married my Annabella; and my other Annabella threatened to sue me for breach of promise, and I had to pay five thousand dollars to quiet her and the old horror; and I have never been engaged since, either on purpose or by accident.

LITTLE BELLE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Baby, smile; thy happy laughter
Wakes my slumbering heart;
But the tears which follow after,
Make me sigh and start;
Make me start, as if a shadow
Came between us, sadly saying,
Only this—"Ah me!"

Baby, speak; thy merry prattle
Trembles on my ear;
Thou hast not begun life's battle,
But the spell is here.
'Tis a gloom which, hovering o'er me,
Finds a voice, and ever whispers,
Still but this—"Ah me!"

Baby, twine thy arms around me,
Touch my cheek with thine;
Let thy innocence surround me,
Let me call thee mine.
Let me call thee so, though never
Shall I feel thy kisses on me,
As to-night—"Ah, me!"

Thou wilt turn toward another,
Thou wilt never hear my name;
But this love I cannot smother—
It is dearer far than fame;
Dearer than the gathered laurel,
Which may sometime lie upon me,
On my breast—"Ah me!"

THE DANCE OF THE SNOW-FLAKES

BY MRS. M. P. DINSMOOR.

THE Storm King rose, from a restless sea,
And gathered the winds in his mighty hand;
And a whirling tempest of snow-flakes sent
Merrily dancing all over the land.

They beat at the window, and lightly shook
A powdery mist through the smallest seam;
They flew down the chimney and rattled the door,
And whitened the fields like a land in a dream.

They danced in the tree-tops a lively jig,
And sent the wood-peckers far off to their home;

They covered the pansies all up in their beds,
And bade them sleep there till the Spring should come.

They sang to the "young folks" a ringing song,
Of wintery glee and of merry sleigh-bells;
And whistled a dirge to the solemn old trees,
Standing cold and bare in the deep forest dells.

They danced, and they pranced, they whistled, they sang,
Flew hither and thither, till night came down;
Then they ceased from their antics, and frolicked no more,
But lay in white snow-wreaths all over the town.

GODFREY JANNIFER'S HEIRS.

BY MRS. JANE G. AUSTIN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 103.

CHAPTER X.

TEN years more of chances and changes bring us to the Christmas of 1830, and to a bright and happy home in the newer and more cheerful quarter of London, where several of our friends sit over their Christmas dinner. There are, first, Mr. Nugent Willard, a man now of forty-six years old, but still upright, vigorous, and quick of mind and body; his associate Trustee, the present Withrington, a man somewhat younger than Willard, and with all the ponderous honesty and business capacity of his race deeply printed upon his face; a handsome young fellow, still short of thirty years, in whose dark eyes and olive skin we recognize the resemblance to his mother, Isabel de Gonzages, for this is her son, Ruel Godfrey Jannifer; and, finally, a lovely young woman, with a handsome boy of seven years old beside her, while two more children play about the room, the wife and children of handsome Ruel.

Dinner is well over, and a newspaper lies upon the table, among the wine-glasses, absorbing the attention of the three older men. Withrington is the first to speak, or rather to read, for, glasses on nose, he draws the paper toward him, and, in a low voice, murmurs over the words,

"Several persons were injured in the affray, among others, a noted sportsman of the Mississippi River and Southern States, known as Victor Marmont, alias Gentleman Jannifer. He is supposed to have been stabbed by one of his own confederates, as none of the police force came into personal conflict with him during their raid, and he was found in a dying condition in an inner room, after the flight of the rest of the gang."

"Gentleman Jannifer," repeats Withrington, pushing the paper from him, and glaring over his glasses at his companions. "Yes, it must be that boy, Rafe, at last; unless, indeed, your poor little sister, Mr. Ruel, has married, and her husband has taken the name——"

"Really, Mr. Withrington, I am obliged to you for giving me such a brother-in-law," replied Ruel, rather loftily. But the elder man, not noticing his displeasure, went on, in the same musing tone,

"At any rate, it must be looked into, and none of us are as proper to attend to it as you, Willard; and I really think Mr. Ruel, here, had better go with you, just on the chance, you know, of the little girl, his sister, being mixed up in this sad business. Jannifer is so very uncommon a name, and——"

"Oh, of course, my dear Withrington," interposed Willard, who knew and dreaded the slow processes of his associate's honest mind, "that is all settled, and we sail to-morrow. Eh, Ruel?"

"Oh, papa!" And the little wife rose abruptly, and came to press a mute reproach upon her father's lips. But, in spite of her tender remonstrances, the journey was arranged, and the very next morning saw Nugent Willard on his way for America again, accompanied by his son-in-law, who now, for the first time, re-visited the land of his birth.

But the copy of the New Orleans paper conveying this startling hint to the English dinner-table, was but one of a large edition, another copy of which had ten days previously reached the hands of Ralph Monckton, Esq., who was one of its regular subscribers, and the effect of the startling paragraph was at least as great and as decisive in this direction as in that.

"Gentleman Jannifer, indeed!" murmured the lawyer, disdainfully. "He and his precious wife have found out her true name and claim to the Jannifer estate, and so he has adopted the name! This must be looked into, and stopped, for, if he leaves children, they may make trouble twenty years from now. I wonder if the De Vignes actually found one of the medals on that child, and if they gave it to her when she married Marmont. They grew so suspicious and reserved with me that I never could find out; and Daphne didn't know, after all my trouble in following her to Canada. Well, I will start, to-night, for New Orleans, and soon know all that is to be known."

A week later, Ralph Monckton stood beside the dying bed of a poor, broken-hearted, weary woman, in whose prematurely aged face, wasted figure, and world-worn expression, no one could have recognized the bright beauty of the gay, daring, reckless girl, who, but ten brief years

before had abandoned all the world beside, to become the wife of Victor Marmont.

Her life with him had justified the warning he himself had given her on the eve of their ill-starred marriage; had fulfilled the bitter prophecies with which her adopted parents had cast her off. Some brief trial at a better life had only shown the young husband how unfitted he was, by nature, education, and habits, to the constant and ill-requited labor for which alone he was competent; and he had soon relapsed into the luxurious, downward course, from which a pure love had for a moment roused him. The end is easily guessed. Hatred, jealousy, quarrels, the betrayal of the secrets of the gambling-hell to the friends of a wealthy victim; the descent of the police, and a personal encounter between the traitor who had brought them and Rafe, who, in spite of a heroic defence, fell beneath the assassin's knife.

His unfortunate wife, already broken by suffering, an irregular life, and the consciousness of disgrace, sank at once beneath this last blow; and when Ralph Monckton at length found her out, he was warned by the charitable physician who attended her, that every hour might well be her last, and that any agitation would surely be immediately fatal.

Gravely bowing in answer to this announcement, the lawyer courteously attended the physician to the door, closed it behind him, and returned to the bedside.

The dying woman watched him with eyes, whose vague terror struggled with the languor of approaching death.

"Mrs. Victor Marmont," began the visitor, coldly, "I have come here to inquire why you and your husband assumed the name of Jannifer?"

"It was our name," whispered Maud, feebly.

"Your name by birth, I allow, although I do not suppose you have any proof of it."

"I have—a medal."

"Oh, you have! Where is it?"

With a feeble movement, the dying woman pushed away the bed-coverings, and showed a sleeping baby beside her.

"It is round her neck, my little Maud, the last one of our three dear children," gasped she.

"In—deed!" softly ejaculated the lawyer.

"But my dear woman, it is of no use now whatever; this child's name is not Jannifer, but Marmont. You could not give her your own name, any more than you could give it to your husband, if indeed he was your husband. Were you regularly married?"

"Of course, sir!" And a dying flash of wo-

manly spirit glanced from the fading eyes, and colored the ashen cheek. "The certificate of my marriage, and the papers that prove my husband's birth and name, are all in the little bag with the medal, which, not an hour ago, I tied round my baby's neck. I do not know you. I do not think you are my friend, but you are human—you will not rob my baby of her birth-right, and whatever it may mean——"

"Your husband's true name? Tell it me this instant, woman?" exclaimed Monckton, bending over the poor dying creature, as if he would snatch the secret from her laboring breast.

"Rafael Jannifer!"

"The proof! The proof! It makes the difference of a princely fortune, or disgrace and beggary to your child!" And the lawyer laid a possessive hand upon the little arm which the sleeping baby had thrown above her head.

"The proofs—are all—in the little oil-skin bag—hung about her neck. And he—Rafe—had a medal pricked—upon his breast. The woman who laid him out—in the next room—she knows. Oh, be good to my child. Be good to little Maud!"

"Good to her! She shall live to snatch half the Jannifer estate from Nugent Willard's grasp, just at the moment he fancies it all his own, or his brats'. Yes, Mrs. Jannifer, die in peace; your child is safe."

And, with a touch of feeling, induced by the overpowering delight of seeing within his grasp so unexpected and complete a means of revenge, for the contempt and avoidance Nugent Willard had manifested toward him for many years, Mr. Monckton laid his hand upon the clammy brow of the dying mother, and smiled assurance into the glazing eyes, whose last faint expression was one of gratitude and faith.

"She's gone, poor thing!" said Monckton, presently, as he softly entered the next room, and found a woman crying and sobbing over the body of a baby, dead upon her knees.

"Yes, my little Katy's gone, indeed, sir," sobbed the woman, astonished in spite of her grief.

"Oh, your own child, is it?" asked Monckton, slowly; and then for several moments he stood lost in thought, his eyes fixed upon the poor mother moaning over her dead baby, regardless of the stranger's presence.

At last he approached her closely, looked at the pallid face of the little corpse, and gently inquired,

"Are you a widow, Mrs.——?"

"Mrs. Nelson is my name, sir; and if I'm not a widow I might as well be, for my man is a deck-hand on one of the river boats, and what little time he's at home, he's mostly drunk."

"Then you are poor—in need of money, are you not?"

"I'm no beggar, sir."

"No, no, of course not; but twenty dollars wouldn't come amiss, if you got it honestly, eh, Mrs. Nelson?"

"Well, sir, I'd like to bury my poor baby decent; and there's less than a dollar in the house."

"Of course, of course. Well, here's a plan for you. The poor woman in the next room is dead, and she leaves a pretty little girl. I have a sister living in San Francisco, who is here in New Orleans on a visit; and she wants to adopt a child, but she's very particular about the parents being respectable, and all that. Now, poor Mrs. Marmont—"

"Mrs. Jennyfrer she called herself, sir."

"Ah, yes, yes; but, poor thing, she had no more right to one name than the other. Poor girl! I knew her father, a pious old man in the far West, and for his sake I traced her out, hoping to reclaim her; but it was too late; and my sister would never take the child of such parents if she knew it. And yet the little girl is so pretty, and I would like, for poor Annie's father's sake, to rescue the little thing—"

"Annie! Was her name Annie, sir?"

"Did I say Annie? Well, yes, that was her name; but for dear Mr. Thompson's sake— There, now, what a careless tongue I have. But you won't betray the secret, my good Mrs. Nelson, will you? I am so imprudent."

"And her name was Annie Thompson, and she wasn't married at all! Well, who'd have thought it, and she so genteel, and he so proud and so good-looking. But, oh, my little Katy, my little Katy!"

"Wait a minute. Don't think about Katy just yet. Listen to me a bit. I want to take Annie Thompson's baby away with me to give to my sister, and I want you to bury your Katy as Annie Thompson's baby. Do you understand?"

"Bury Kate as Annie Thompson's baby!"

"Yes. Go and lay the little thing beside the dead woman in there, and bring away the living child. Then, the living child is yours, and you give it to my sister as yours, and Katie is buried with Annie Thompson, as her own child. I pay the expense of as nice a funeral as you like to get up, and I leave not twenty, but fifty dollars with you as a present. You can either tell your husband the truth, or a lie, as suits you best, and nobody is harmed, and both you and my sister are better off than you were before."

Bewildered by the torrent of words, the intricate plot, the dazzling offer of a stylish funeral for her baby, and fifty dollars for herself, Mrs.

Nelson listened, hesitated, complied; and, so skillfully did the wily lawyer manage affairs, that, twenty-four hours later, poor Maud Jannifer was carried to her grave, with little Katie Nelson at her side, while her own child, delivered by Mrs. Nelson to a negro nurse, brought to her by Mr. Monckton, was safely lodged in a quiet little hotel for a few days, and then carried to Galveston, where the negro nurse was exchanged for another, until, finally, Monckton and the child, now in charge of a third nurse, arrived in New York, where the child and nurse were lodged in apartments in the lower part of the city, and frequently visited by Mr. Monckton, who was revolving a deep and dark plan in his own mind, regarding the future of the lovely little orphan.

Mrs. Nelson, meanwhile, had removed, the day after the funeral, to a tenement-house as far as possible from the one she had just quitted; and having given out that little Katy was dead and buried, rested secure in the improbability of her old and new neighbors making acquaintance, and, comparing notes as to the child's death and burial, and her husband's probable indifference to the whole affair.

But one fine day, Mrs. Nelson, in her new home, received a visit from two gentlemen, as inquisitive and as liberal as "Mr. Martin" himself, who were so pressing in their inquiries as to the last moments both of Victor Marmont and Mrs. Jannifer, his wife, that Mrs. Nelson could not altogether evade them; some dim and perverted sense of the duty of faithfulness to her first patron restrained her communications, however, and induced her to compromise between the two, by telling her new friends a little truth and a little falsehood; here a fact too much, and there a fact too little, until, finally, after three interviews, Mr. Nugent Willard and his son-in-law, Ruel Jannifer, left New Orleans under the impression that Mrs. Nelson had, with her own hands, confided the missing child to "a very nice lady," who lived somewhere "down California way;" and so cunningly had she avoided alluding to any male party in the affair, that, although Willard knew that Ralph Monckton was absent from New York, he could discover no trace of him in New Orleans, although he searched the books of every hotel in the place.

Returning to New York, he found the lawyer again at his usual hotel, and had no difficulty in securing an interview with him "upon Trustee business." The greetings between the two men were brief and cold; and Willard at once proceeded to discuss the paragraph in the *Picayune*, and to narrate his late attempts at tracing the

missing heirs. Monckton listened, in cold patience, to the whole story, and then briefly replied,

"I wish I had postponed my late visit to Boston until after your arrival in New York, for I could have spared you the journey to New Orleans. I saw the paragraph in the *Picayune*, and immediately dispatched an eminent detective to investigate the whole matter. He discovered that the scamp who married Maud Jannifer had assumed her name, on the expectation of making something out of the medal, which Mrs. De Vigne gave her; but he never attempted to present it, and, of course, had no right to benefit by it, merely by the impudent assumption of his wife's name. There was a child, I believe—a girl; but, of course, she has no right to any name but Marmont, if that was her father's true name, and she is consequently of no interest to us. I should have liked to secure the medal, for, unless Marmont or his wife destroyed it, some imposter may make a good deal of trouble by presenting it in 1850. Otherwise, your daughter's children seem likely to be the only heirs."

"Unless Rafe, or his children, if he married, can be found," replied Willard, thoughtfully.

"Very unlikely, after all the efforts we have made, during the last twenty-five years. He must have died a child," said Monckton, in the same tone.

"I always hoped," continued Willard, "that we should find him by the medal tattooed his breast. And, speaking of medals, view how many have been and where they are now. We ought not to lose sight of any of them."

"Of course we do not," returned Monckton, with asperity. "That is, I, as Secretary of the Board, do not. Two of the twelve were issued to the original Ruel and Godfrey, and descended to their sons of the same name; these were barely buried with their bodies during the *sacre* of San Domingo. Three more were issued to the next generation, of which Rafe's was returned to us by the sailor. Ruel, your son-in-law, still has his; and Maud's is, for the present, lost sight of. Five are thus accounted for, and the remaining seven are in the hands of Mr. Withrington, except such as he may have issued to your daughter's children."

"Yes, they have three," said Willard, complacently; and Monckton, scowling blackly at his unconscious associate, replied, icily,

"They are very fortunate young people. According to appearances, they will divide the Jannifer estate among them."

"Unless Rafe is heard from, which I sincerely hope," rejoined Willard.

"A singular hope, since he would claim half the estate, otherwise wholly devolving upon your son-in-law," sneered Monckton.

"I trust, Mr. Monckton," returned Willard, haughtily, "that I have never yet given you, or any man, reason to suppose that I have made the trust reposed in us and our fathers by Godfrey Jannifer, subservient to my personal interests."

And so the two presently parted, their feelings of mutual dislike strengthened; and Ralph Monckton filled with malignant glee at the thought of how he had outwitted his detested associate.

CHAPTER XI.

We have said that a scheme, both dark and deep, had taken possession of the mind of Ralph Monckton, in connection with the child whom he had so skillfully spirited away from the search of Mr. Willard and his son-in-law, Ruel Jannifer; and this plan was nothing less than to mould the helpless orphan to a creature so thoroughly his own, that, in spite of his age, his ugliness, his evil character, she should, even in the moment of assuming her own name and her own rights, become his wife, in spite of all the opposition that would immediately be offered by the other Trustees and heirs, who would then be present.

In pursuance of this idea, Mr. Monckton's first step was to purchase a house in what was then the almost uninhabited upper portion of New York, an old-fashioned, comfortable house, standing in its own, well-wooded grounds, surrounded by a high wall, with a close door in the wall, which door was usually kept locked.

A cross, old housekeeper, Mrs. Webber by name, and devoted to her master's interests, a kitchen-maid, and Jerome, Mr. Monckton's negro valet, composed the household, and were the only persons little Maud, or Marie, as she was now called, ever saw. Every one knew that she was the child of some poor relative of Mr. Monckton's, and that he cared for her partly as a matter of charity, partly because she had no other friends, and partly as an amusement for his leisure hours; for wherever he was in the house Marie was always with him. He it was who taught her so much, or so little as she knew of books; he it was who, with a scoff and a sneer, rooted out the childish instinct of reverence and love for holy things, who substituted chance and nature in her mind for God; taught her that immortality was a fable, virtue an accident, duty a superstition, and the good things of this life all that were

worth striving and scheming for. As the child became a young girl, and advanced toward womanhood, these teachings became yet more insidious, struck yet deeper at the root of all that is purest and most precious in woman's nature; and this child of a passionate and lawless race learned to believe that no ties but those of the heart, or of interest, were binding; that marriage was but a useless ceremony, and conjugal faith a degrading slavery.

"She will do. Yes, she will do," mused Monckton, one evening, when his ward had left him for her own room. "She is mine, body and soul, whenever I choose to claim her. And when I propose a marriage ceremony, she will consent with a merry sneer at my tardy superstition. Yes, she shall marry me, for even should she wish to draw back, what other man would accept her, such as I have made her, and with the reputation she has gained by living here with me all these years? No, she is lost, unless she accepts the protection of my name; and if she makes even an attempt at rebellion, I will reveal to her just where she stands in the eyes of the world.

"What a delicious triumph! What a splendid revenge against that cold-blooded, conceited, super-virtuous Willard and his progeny! How thankful I am that the fellow has lived, and is likely to live until next Christmas-eve. Sixty-seven years old, and I only a year younger; yet he and his grandchildren shall be guests at my wedding, and my pretty bride will quietly step in for the half of the inheritance they have flattered themselves was all their own. Oh, magnificent revenge! Oh, charming close to this hundred years anxiety and effort. Half of all that immense inheritance to come to that worthy and well-trained young lady above stairs, and in the next hour through her to me! Sixty-six only, and hale and hearty as I was at forty! I will live twenty years longer, on purpose to enjoy it, and the girl may run away with the first handsome young fellow she meets with. She won't trouble me long. Ralph Monckton, I congratulate you; you have done well for yourself, my boy!"

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, 1850! One hundred years from that Christmas-eve, when Godfrey Jannifer passed from the world: and the Trustees are assembled to hear the final report of the estate.

The Report is finished, and Mr. Withrington, laying it upon the table, with the other papers, looks at his two colleagues, and says,

"So you perceive, that, after paying to each of the Trustees two hundred pounds for his services

during the last year, and five thousand pounds each, as directed at the close of our term of office, we retain in our hands the immense sum of fifty-six million pounds, to be divided among such heirs of Godfrey Jannifer, through Maud, his daughter, and wife of Ruel Jannifer, as shall appear before us with proofs of their descent, before twelve o'clock to-night."

"Before twelve o'clock, to-night," echoed Monckton. "And it is already ten minutes past eleven."

"Yes," assented Withrington, and then the three Trustees compared their watches, which were found to agree to a second.

Checks for five thousand two hundred pounds to each Trustee had been made out, signed, delivered, and receipted for; vouchers, certificates, and other papers, relating to the Trust, had been once more placed in scrupulous order; the business of the Board was finished, its existence drawing to a close, and the three Trustees sat looking at each other, with mute expectancy on every face, mingled with ill-subdued excitement on two out of the three.

The solemn chronometer marked eleven hours and thirty minutes, when a carriage was heard to draw up before the house, and presently voices and footsteps in the hall denoted an arrival.

"It is, probably, Mr. Ruel Jannifer, and his family," said Willard, with a faint sigh of relief. "Will you direct them to be shown in here, Mr. Withrington, and proceed at once to the identification?"

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Willard," replied the Chairman, placing his foot upon the bell-knob beneath the table.

A servant appeared, received his directions, retired, and presently threw open the door to answer,

"Mr. and Mrs. Jannifer, Miss Jannifer, Mr. Willard Jannifer, and Mr. Ernest Jannifer."

The Trustees rose, and bowed in formal welcome; and Ruel, his wife, their lovely daughter, and two fine-looking sons, seated themselves in silence.

"Mr. Ruel Jannifer, do you present yourself as a lineal descendant of Godfrey Jannifer, Esq., by whose last will we are here assembled to deliver over and to receive his estate, according to the terms of the Trust confided by him to our fathers?"

Mr. Withrington said this solemnly, and Ruel Jannifer as solemnly replied,

"I do so present myself, and I prove my claims by this medal, and these papers."

And, stepping forward, Jannifer laid upon the table the documents which his unfortunate mo-

ther, with such wise forethought, such sad prescience, had secured about his person, in the moment of her fatal flight.

The Trustees examined the papers carefully, although they had inspected them thoroughly at the time of Mr. Willard's discovery of Ruel's identity. And then the Chairman, rising to his feet, solemnly said,

"Mr. Ruel Jannifer, having presented himself at the prescribed date before this Board, and having furnished unquestionable proofs of his unblemished descent from Maud, daughter of Godfrey Jannifer, through Ruel Jannifer, her husband, and no other claimant appearing, I move that the Board deliver over to him the vouchers for the property they hold in trust under the will of Godfrey Jannifer, to him and to his heirs, now present——"

But the motion of the Chairman was never finished, for, at this precise point, the attention of all was arrested by the rattle of carriage-wheels, furiously driven, and abruptly checked before the house, immediately followed by a thundering double knock and ring.

The Chairman hesitated, stammered, and paused. Ralph Monckton allowed a smile of triumph to break over his wrinkled face, and, bowing to the Chairman, he said,

"Mr. Chairman, may I be permitted, respectfully, to remind you that it still wants ten minutes to twelve, and that the terms of the will explicitly leave the time of application open until twelve o'clock? It is possible——"

But here the speaker was, in turn, interrupted by a servant, who, throwing open the door of the library, sonorously announced,

"Miss Jannifer."

"Miss Jannifer!" echoed several voices, in various tones of astonishment and incredulity, and every eye was turned toward the door, where stood a haughty, beautiful woman; her dark eyes and rich olive complexion reproducing, in their uttermost loveliness the distinctive type of her family, a mocking smile upon her lips, a glance of malicious triumph in her eyes, the poise of perfect self-possession in her figure and manner.

"Yes. Miss Jannifer," repeated Ralph Monckton, advancing, and taking the new comer by the hand. "The daughter of Rafael Jannifer, and Maud Jannifer, his wife; and provided with credentials as complete and satisfactory as those just presented by her uncle, Mr. Ruel Jannifer. I beg, as her guardian, to offer these credentials, and to propose Miss Jannifer as co-heir with Mr. Ruel Jannifer, in case no other claimant should appear before the stroke of twelve."

"We will examine the young lady's creden-

tials, Mr. Monckton," replied Job Withrington, coldly, "since there are yet five minutes wanting to the appointed hour. But it is to be regretted that this claim should have been so carefully kept out of sight until now, when, however just it may be, its abrupt presentation, in face of those other claims which had, until now, seemed certain——"

"You must remember, my dear Mr. Withrington, that nothing is certain in life but death," replied Monckton, gayly. "But do not delay glancing at these papers, I beg of you. Attested copies, you perceive, of marriage and birth-certificates, and an affidavit from Mr. and Mrs. De Vigne of the identity of this young lady's mother with the Maud Jannifer, whom they adopted thirty-five years ago, almost immediately after her arrival in New Orleans, a fugitive, with her brother Ruel here, from the massacre in San Domingo. All correct and in order, Mr. Withrington, easy to verify, and impossible to refute. You accept Miss Jannifer, do you not? And you, too, Mr. Willard, you acknowledge the young lady's claim, do you not?"

"There seems no doubt of it, Mr. Monckton," replied Withrington, frigidly. And Nugent Willard added,

"No doubt at all of Miss Jannifer's claim as co-heir with her uncle, Mr. Ruel Jannifer, here."

The clock struck twelve. Every eye turned toward the chronometer, which marked precisely the hour, and every ear listened with strained attention until the last vibration of the twelfth stroke had died away.

Then Mr. Withrington rose and said,

"The Trust confided to our fathers has been discharged, and our hereditary duty will have been fulfilled and finished, when we shall have divided the property confided to our charge into two equal portions; the one to be delivered to Miss Maud Jannifer here present, and the other to Mr. Ruel Jannifer, in trust for his children, upon whom, as holders of medals, and recognized descendants of Godfrey Jannifer, his portion of the property must devolve.

"This part of the business can be more suitably transacted to-morrow, or rather day after to-morrow, with the aid of a legal conveyancer; and as it is now Christmas morning, we will separate for a little rest, before beginning the festivities of the day. My friends, I wish you all a very merry Christmas."

"And that mine may be doubly assured," replied Monckton, with a smile of ill-concealed and malignant triumph, "I have ventured to combine the happiest event of my life with this the

last and most solemn meeting of the Trustees and Heirs so long associated; and I now request you all to assist at the marriage, about to be celebrated between myself and this young lady. Mr. Withrington, have I your permission to summon the clergyman, who arrived in company with Miss Jannifer?"

And without waiting for the assent which Withrington was far too petrified to give, Mr. Monckton stepped briskly to the door, gave an order to the servant, and presently returned, escorting a simple-looking young gentleman, whose white neck-tie and straight-cut vestments proclaimed him a clergyman.

"Mr. Jannifer, will you, as the bride's nearest relative, give her away?" asked Monckton, upon whose withered face and hollow eyes had come a feverish flush and glitter, most unpleasant to behold, whether one attributed it to the indecent haste with which these singular nuptials were concluded, or to the feeling of gratified triumph over his life-long rival, in which he was about to possess himself of half the fortune that one hour before had seemed certain to descend to that rival's children. But, without appearing to notice more than the letter of the question addressed to him, Mr. Jannifer at once stepped forward, saying,

"Certainly, if my niece wishes me to do so."

"Everything is arranged, then. Proceed, if you please, sir," replied Monckton, eagerly; and the clergyman took his place, opened his book, and proceeded so far in the service as the solemn adjuration:

"If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

At this point, according to custom, the reverend gentleman made a slight pause, and glanced about him, but was already opening his lips to continue the ceremony, when Willard Jannifer arose, and coming forward, took the hand of the bride in his own, and firmly said,

"I forbid the banns."

"You!" shrieked Ralph Monckton, his voice suddenly breaking into the shrill and impotent tones of an old man. "You forbid the banns! And by what right, young man?"

"By the best of all possible rights," Mr. Monckton, replied young Jannifer, firmly. "I was married to the lady this afternoon."

"You—— It's a lie, sir—a lie!" gasped Monckton, foaming with rage and baffled malice.

"Pardon me, Mr. Monckton," interposed Nugent Willard, "it is no lie, but a very certain truth; as certain, at least, as anything can be in a life when, as you recently remarked, nothing is

certain but death. My grandson was married to Miss Maud Jannifer this afternoon, in the Registrar's office, in presence of myself and two other credible witnesses. She is of age, you remember, and, although married, she does not lose the name of Jannifer; so she was still perfectly competent to inherit her moiety of the estate at the time when you presented her, and also to contract whatever engagements she chose without consulting you. If you could have married her without changing her name, you no doubt would have done so, and secured the fortune, for which you have been scheming for the last twenty years; but as it is, I fear that you must reconcile yourself to its loss."

"Very well, Mr. Nugent Willard! Very well!" replied Monckton, controlling his feelings with an effort, that made his whole frame quiver. "Your conspiracy, your mean, underhand plot, has succeeded; and it remains for me to see what satisfaction the law can give me; for, be assured, Mr. Willard, and you, too, young man, tool in the hands of that gray-headed schemer, rest assured that I will not sit supinely down under these injuries and insults. You have tampered with my household, you have invaded my premises, or you never could have gained access to this ungrateful girl. You have laid yourselves open to some form of attack, and trust me for finding it out. Meantime, I wish you joy of your bride, Mr. Willard Jannifer; for if my efforts to deprive her of conscience, religion, affection, and modesty have been half as successful as I think, she will revenge me amply."

"But they haven't, my dear guardian," retorted the bride, speaking for the first time, and with a jaunty defiance in her tone, suiting well her dark and piquant style of beauty. "It is a long while since I began to feel that you, my quiet philosopher and friend, were leading me in paths neither flowery or safe; and putting in practice some of the lessons in deception you so freely taught me, I began to educate myself by stealth, in the reverse direction. I read good books, pure, true books, as secretly as other girls devour the bad books forbidden to them, but freely furnished to me. You remember, guardian, the French author, who says, 'Put a barrier before the most barren and uninviting path, and a woman will scale heaven, or descend into the infernal regions but she will pass it' I suppose that is just how I have learned a little morality, a little religion, a little conscience."

"As for the rest, your vile teachings and precepts have left their mark, no doubt; and my dear husband will find much to pardon, much to reward; but thank God!—yes, sir, I believe in God, and I dare to thank Him—I never yet have

descended to any depths of degradation from which I may not with pain and labor clamber out; and I am young enough to hope to atone for a perverted youth by a conscientious womanhood."

"You were always an apt scholar, my dear," replied Monckton, with a sarcastic smile, "and have learned your new master's lesson as well, but not quite as thoroughly, I fancy, as you have mine. And now, Mr. Willard, I will thank you for some explanation of how this 'genteel comedy' has been got up so quietly and so effectively? That is, if you choose to tell, for I can easily find out without."

"Oh, I have no objection to telling what I am not ashamed of having done," replied Willard, benignantly. "Some years ago, I discovered, through constant efforts, what had actually become of the child of Rafo and Maud Jannifer. I gained access to your ward by bribing your servants; for one error in your scheme has been to trust nothing to the honor or attachment of your subordinates, but everything to their interest, and, of course, a higher bribe than you had offered was at once accepted by those who had no other ties to you than cupidity. I made Miss Maud's acquaintance, and together, we soon fathomed your scheme. I thought it rather a triumph to outwit so astute and far-sighted an intriguer as yourself; and I thought Miss Jannifer would be happier as the wife of my grandson than as your's. I sent for him, introduced them, found them perfectly ready to further my plans by falling desperately in love with each other. We arranged what you call our 'genteel comedy,' and then Willard and I returned to England in the steamer before the one that brought you and Maud. While you were making your arrangements for your wedding to-night, your promised bride was carrying into effect those she had already made for her own——"

"You told me you had been out with your maid to buy a wedding-dress," interrupted Monckton, reproachfully, turning to his ward.

"You taught me that a falsehood is sometimes more desirable than the truth," replied she, bitterly.

"Oh, well! you have outwitted me, among you, and there is no more to be said," exclaimed the lawyer, with another terrible effort at self-control. "And all that now remains is for me to bid you all good-morning, and retire from the scene, leaving you to enjoy your victory, with the additional satisfaction of knowing that so long as I live you have, every one of you, an active and determined enemy, who will spare no pains, or time, or money, to achieve his revenge."

And with this valedictory Ralph Monckton passed from the room, and a few weeks later died in a London lodging, untended, uncared for, except by a servant, who robbed and neglected him, unloved, and unmourned by all.

When he had left the room, Willard Jannifer turned to the clergyman, and said,

"We owe you an apology, sir, for even appearing to trifle with your sacred office; but the circumstances must be our excuse. Will you now perform the marriage ceremony over this young lady and myself, for, although we are united by the civil form, we can neither of us dispense with the sanction of the church?"

The slow resentment which had been for some moments struggling with astonishment upon the clergyman's face suddenly disappeared at this address; again he opened his book at the marriage service, and in a few moments pronounced Willard and Maud Jannifer man and wife.

And thus, after a hundred years of penance and probation, a second Maud Jannifer made a stolen match with her cousin; but this time under happier auspices, auspices, we are glad to say, that were afterward fulfilled.

MIRIAM.

BY MAURICE DAVIES.

STAR of the Sea!—so lives thy name for us,
And fairer is thine olden history
Than hers whom fables name sprung from the sea.
Twas thine upon the morn of exodus
To chant the sacred psalm, and inspire
Thy H-shew maidens with thy sacred fire,
As forth they sent their strain harmonious.
"The Lord has triumphed glorious!" In days

Far distant from thine own, thy spirit lives
Where many a modest maid her talent gives
To swell the choir within God's house of praise.
He triumphs still. In diverse forms and ways
He cleaves the Red Sea wave. The maiden's heart
He consecrates to Mary's "better part."
And gilds earth's sweetest gift with heaven's own saintly
lays.

"AS GOOD AS A MILE."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

It was an ugly, common little room, to begin with. The moment you saw it, if you were a person of fine instincts, you understood what order of woman that excellent, hard-worked matron, Mrs. Bingham, belonged to. It was at once borne in upon you that she had a fondness for cheap adornments, for fine bonnets, and caps of aggressive colors. You knew that she was amiable and voluble, that she dropped her h's, and took in single gentlemen as boarders. These were your convictions, and you found it impossible to get rid of them. The papering of this room, blooming with green roses on a striped and variegated ground, inflicted upon the unprepared mind a shock amounting to momentary agony. The carpet embarrassed you; the tablecloth put you out of countenance; you instinctively endeavored to avoid the eye of the ferocious Nubian lion, who was represented as crouching upon the hearth-rug, with a head and mane so much too large and heavy for his body that the proprietor of any menagerie, with a weakness for abnormal animal development, would have shed tears of joy at the sight of him in the flesh. Mr. Bingham, the late partner of Mrs. Bingham's joys and sorrows, touchingly represented in oils as regarding visitors from before a red curtain, and from under clouds of the most threatening and portentous aspect, hung over the mantel-piece, in a gilt frame, surrounded by satellite photographs of friends, to whom it is to be hoped his companionship in life was of a more enlivening nature than his present appearance of stony obduracy and indifference would lead the casual observer to suppose.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, this was Mrs. Bingham's state apartment—her "best parlor," usually let to single gentlemen, of limited means and unlimited gentility; gentlemen with souls above back parlors or plebeian upper flights. But just now it was unlet. The last single gentleman, Mr. Perkins, salesman at Brown, Jones & Robinson's haberdashery establishment, had just married the head young lady in the artificial flower department; and Mrs. Bingham's best parlor was thus unoccupied, which accounts for Jack having taken temporary possession of it.

On the whole, Jack was certainly a redeeming feature to the room's ugliness. Indeed, as she

sat upon the head of the disproportionate lion, curled up in youthful comfort and abandon, her little round chin nestling in the hollow of her hand, her adoring eyes lifted to her lover's face as she talked, she was quite a redeeming feature. Jack, be it known, was Mrs. Bingham's only daughter, and I will add that the only apology I can offer for her extraordinary name, is, that early in life Mrs. Bingham had been romantic, and, having read a touching novel graphically depicting the sorrows of certain young persons in high life, she had given her first-born the name of Jacquelina, which had afterward been abbreviated by inconsiderate friends.

"He's as 'andsome as 'andsome can be," pretty Jack was saying, admiringly, to her companion. "At least I mean handsome. You see I caught myself, Phil; so I must be more careful about them than I used to be. But, oh, dear, I do wish there was no such things as h's."

The young man, a slender, handsome young fellow of five or six-and-twenty, knit his forehead slightly. He might be fond of Jack, and he might be touched by her tender devotion, and her pretty face, but he found her simple habits of speech and manner trying at times. And yet how hard she tried to please him, and improve herself; and how much she had improved since the indiscreet, blissful time when she had hidden her blushing cheeks and innocent tears upon his shoulder, crying for very joy because he loved her after all, and had just told her so, and kissed her.

"Well," he said. "And what is his name?"

"MacGregor" said Jack. "And he is an artist." (Six months ago the chances were that she would have said 'hartist'.)

Just at that moment the door of a room above opened, and swung to with a bang, and somebody ran lightly down the stair-case, whistling a bit of a gay tune. Reaching the hall, this somebody paused at the hat-stand, evidently put on a hat, and then went out.

Jack scrambled up to her feet, and ran behind the curtain to look out with guileless curiosity and interest.

"There he is," she cried. "Quick, Phil! Come and see him."

Phil did not seem to share her enthusiasm. He lounged to the window, looking a trifle an-

noyed. His sense of propriety was offended. Really he quite despaired of ever teaching Jack to be anything but an ill-regulated, impetuous, school-girl sort of creature, obeying every absurd impulse.

"Don't let him see you watching him," he said, rather impatiently. "It does not look well, that sort of thing."

An inflection in his tone, which poor, misguided Jack was learning to be quick to detect, made her turn round, and glance upward at him. The foolish, pretty excitement died out of her eyes, her face fell, and she drew back. It was very hard that she should always be vexing him in one way or another.

She returned to her place at the hearth, and sat down silently, and seeing her do this, and being impressionable enough: in fact, too impressionable for his own good, her lover followed her, his heart stirred somewhat.

He went and stood near her, resting his elbow upon the mantel-piece and looking down. He was one of those gracefully-formed, pliant, dark-eyed young fellows, to whom all attitudes approximating to the sentimental are peculiarly becoming. But Jack did not look up at him. She looked at the grate, a gradual sensitive little quiver showing itself on her face, her big, soft, affectionate eyes full of emotional threatenings. Indeed she was so evidently hurt that Mr. Philip Fenham submitted to the force of circumstances, as he had a habit of doing—as he had unfortunately had a habit of doing all his life.

"Jack," he said, tenderly. "Jack, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Jack, her soft young voice trembling.

"Yes, there is," in a more lover-like way still. "I have said something to vex you, as usual, like a hard-hearted brute as I am."

It never needed more than a word to bring Jack into the toils, and this brought her. She broke down into a little sob, and two piteous tears fell.

"It is I who am always vexing you," she cried. "I—I'm afraid I am too—too— Not good enough after all, Phil, and you can't help seeing it."

An uneasy expression was predominant, even over his pitying and consoling smile, though his reply was tender enough.

"Poor little Jack!" he said, taking her hand. "What nonsense for you to talk, poor little soul."

Perhaps Jack's heart misgave her; it is probable that it did, for she gave way again. She hid her cheek suddenly against the hand clasping her own, and clung to it almost passionately.

"Oh, Phil," she said, "if it is true; if I can never satisfy you; if you feel that your heart is going away from me the least tiny bit, because I am not clever and grand, please, please tell me now, and let us say good-by before either of us can lay real blame upon the other."

He began to caress and soothe her. It was his misfortune, to put it in the most charitable form, that he should always find it easier to repent than to resist. It was easier to be tender and impulsive now than to be straightforward.

And yet it was only a few hours ago that he had been restless and miserable over what he was beginning to call his mistake. He had been engaged to Jack Bingham for six months, and, in secret, he was getting something weary of his tie. And that it was an indiscreet affair there was no denying. The Bingham social grade was almost startlingly far below his own. To a man with prospects, and education, and aristocratic acquaintance, a mother-in-law like Mrs. Bingham was not a desirable relative; and a wife whose grammar was not unfrequently incorrect, whose aspirates were uncertain, and who had nothing but a lovely face to her fortune, was rather staggering in prospective when judgment began to cool. Philip Fenham's judgment was beginning to cool in these days; in the hour of his first infatuation he had never allowed any obstacle to trouble him. Chance, an unlucky chance, perhaps, had thrown him in Jack's path, and his own rashness had done the rest. And now how was he to get out of his difficulty?

It is probable that he would not have asked himself this question so early, and it is certain that he would not have asked it so often, had it not been for his intimacy with the Carlyons. The Carlyons, at present, were his most intimate acquaintances. I say at present, because, though the acquaintance was an old one, the intimacy was of late date. Only recently Mr. Carlyon had condescended to remember that the young man's father had been his most faithful friend. Perhaps Claudia had something to do with the matter. Claudia was Mr. Carlyon's daughter, and being a young woman of right royal caprices, usually had something to do with all matters of the kind. She had possibly seen him somewhere, and had taken an imperial fancy to his youthful grace and his dark eyes, and had, in consequence, suggested that he be bidden to dinner. After that he had made himself a favorite, as he always did, when people took him up. Wealth, and luxurious surroundings, suited his tastes; and for glimpses of the great world to which his straitened fortunes did not permit him to belong, he had a feverish yearning. He was

poor, and self-indulgent, he had been brought up lavishly through boyhood, and thrown, as a young man, upon his own resources. He considered his fate a hard one, but was not the individual to struggle with adversity manfully. He had an admirable talent for making people pity and sympathize with him. His face and manner were his fortune, and his half-bitter, half-satirical melancholy always told. It even told upon Claudia Carlyon, who was not sentimental. She was kinder to him than she was to the generality of young men; she was more familiar, and less severe. She allowed him to come to the house often, and, in a way of her own, showed that she liked him. Other young men—some of them better men at heart than Phil Fenham—had learned to dread a certain wicked look which sometimes showed itself at the corners of Claudia Carlyon's finely-out mouth and delicate nostrils—a look which always showed itself when the expression of her opinion was to be feared, and which was generally accompanied by an uplifting of the rather heavy black brows over her handsome eyes; but Philip enjoyed an immunity from the discomfort of this look. Claudia was never uncharitable toward him at least, which, I will add, was hardly fair, though her mistake was woman-like enough.

Upon the whole, it was not unnatural that the more Philip saw of Claudia the more he recognized Jack's deficiencies. After a dinner with the Carlyons, Mr. Carlyon, literary and suave, at the head of the table, Claudia, fine, dark and majestic, opposite to him, the rooms luxurious, and richly picturesque, the appointments of the meal superb, the brazen, hideous little front parlor at the Bingham's was a shock, and Mrs. Bingham's adornments and aspirates a thorn in the flesh. At such times Jack's tender little efforts to avoid grammatical slips of the tongue and rhetorical shakiness even galled him. There had been occasions when he had wished that the child was not so pretty, that he might hate the whole affair, and feel no soft-hearted scruples. If she had not been so pretty and affectionate, his will would have been strong enough. What social advantage could he possibly derive from such a union? What he needed most was social advantage. And, good Heavens! what could a man do with a mother-in-law like Mrs. Bingham, even if her daughter was Venus herself? Then, again, Jack was not like Claudia Carlyon. Claudia, in Jack's place, would have had strength and determination enough to make the man who chose her successful. Claudia would have overruled her disadvantages, and risen above them, cool and imperial. He fell into the habit of constantly

comparing the two girls, and the result was never a pleasant one for Jack. Jack, poor little soul, began to look up into his face for love, and find none there. She began to see that her poor little romance was going wrong; that often she was even an offence, instead of a delight. She used to long, and yet dread his coming, and cry herself to sleep when he had been, and gone. Once, in her innocence, she had enjoyed the secrecy of their engagement, now, she wondered, sadly, why, after all, it should be a secret. It was no use trying to make up by her sweet temper and lovingness for her deficiencies; he did not care whether she was warm or cold.

This was the state of affairs, when the big, fair young artist, who called himself MacGregor, took possession of her mother's up-stairs rooms in a somewhat mysterious way. He appeared at the front-door, at ten o'clock, one night, a tourist's knapsack on his back, and a mixture of trouble and innocent good-humor in his handsome, blue eyes. He wanted cheap apartments, and he wanted them at once; he would pay in advance: he had ready-money, but no references. Would the lady of the house take him in? Mrs. Bingham was taken aback. Visions of herself, and Jack, and the one small, dirty handmaiden, murdered in their beds, presented themselves to her discreet mind. She paused, and faltered. But the applicant was frank to the verge of simplicity; indeed, his air was such that she thought he must be from the country.

"I am in trouble, ma'am," he said, seeing her hesitation. "I have had a difficulty with my family, and I find I shall be obliged to take care of myself. I have had a long journey, and I am so tired that it will be a charity to give me a bed, even for the night. If you think you cannot trust me, I will leave you in the morning."

A soft, round face, prettily dimpled, and a pair of soft, round eyes, dark and liquid, showed themselves over Mrs. Bingham's shoulder at this crisis.

"Mother," whispered Jack, "let him stay; he does look tired."

So he stayed, and so he had continued staying; and such had been the propriety of his general demeanor, that, as Mrs. Bingham expressed herself, "if there was never a borderlicier, prompt payner, easy satisfieder, sweet-tempereder young man anywheres," she would like to see him. He lived frugally, and he worked hard, sitting from dawn till sunset in his bare room, painting steadily, sometimes at little pictures, sometimes at a large one, which he seemed to labor at as at a sacred task. The little ones he called "pot-boilers," and the money he earned by

their sale, Jack and her mother discovered was his sole means of support. The big picture was to make him famous when it was finished.

He had always a smile and a pleasant speech for Jack, whose duty it was to dust his room, and carry his simple meals to him when her mother was busy, and Sarah Ann (the small scullion's name was Sarah Ann) too dirty. The two became quite good friends, indeed; and Jack's opinion was often asked when a "pot-boiler" was upon the easel. The poor child got into the way of looking to the kind, bright young fellow for comfort, even though she did not tell him what her trouble was, and he could only guess at it. But he was very quick at guessing, and very sympathetic; and so he soon knew far more than Jack fancied he did.

She went up to his room to carry him his tea, when her lover had left the house; and the sight of her pale face and heavy eyes went to his heart. He had noticed that of late she was often pale and sad when this handsome, well-dressed lover of hers paid her a visit.

"You don't look very well, Miss Jack," he said, when she set the little tray upon the table.

Her smile was very faint and piteous—the poorest of sensitive pretences.

"I don't feel very well," she answered. "The dull weather, or—or something——"

A lump rising in her throat stopped her. She went on setting the table with nervous fingers.

He regarded her for a minute in boyish hesitation.

"I was going to ask you to look at the picture," he said.

He had been hard at work. it was evident. The great picture stood upon the easel. The young man glanced from Jack to the canvas, doubtfully. He had a fancy that anything that would rouse her interest, even the picture, would be good for her.

Jack left the table, and came and stood beside him. Usually her eyes lighted up, and her dimples showed themselves pleasantly when he asked her to look at his work: but this evening she was not herself at all. She glanced at the picture, scarcely seeming to see it, and, in a moment more, MacGregor noticed that her lips and chin began to quiver—that even her throat quivered. And then all at once big, childish tears were rolling down her cheeks. It was a trying thing to see, but it was more trying still when she endeavored to stop herself, and brush away the tears with her hand.

"Don't tell anybody," she begged, in simple distress. "Please, don't tell anybody. I—I often cry for nothing."

She got over it bravely in a short time, and then she went down stairs again, leaving MacGregor blazing with secret wrath against the man who had been such a brute as to hurt her. He would like to have thrashed Mr. Philip Fenham; he called him all names in private soliloquy, and anathematized his good looks and his fine airs.

"He has been tormenting her; confound him!" he said. "He is breaking her spirit with his conceit and folly. The deuce take him! Who is he that he should dare to depreciate her! How dare any man be such a snob as to depreciate her! She is as sweet a little saint as ever breathed, if she does drop her little h's all over the carpet. She would be a little lady if she could not read. She is gentle, and humble, and kind. She is obedient to her mother, and faithful to her duty. She never had an evil thought in her life, God bless her! Yes, I say, God bless such women, and send us many of them."

Mr. Philip Fenham went from his much-tried little betrothed to the Carlyons, and found Claudia sitting alone in the drawing-room, frowning in a strange way, which was not without a shade of some other feeling than vexation.

"I am annoyed," she said. "I have just had some absurd news. Did you ever hear of the great MacGregor?"

The great MacGregor was a Scotch millionaire, the severe purity of whose extraction was such that he held his head higher than if he had worn a dozen coronets at once. In fact, he rather looked down upon coronets, his ancestors having made a point of refusing them, considering it nobility enough to remain simple MacGregors. His estates were immense, and so was his political influence. Naturally Philip had heard of, and envied him, often enough.

"He is a distant relative of mine," continued Claudia. "A cousin forty times removed, and the news is news from him. He has an only son, in whom all his overweening ambition is vested, and there has been a quarrel between them, which has ended in this son's leaving home. The MacGregor had set his heart upon his heir's winning political fame, and by some freak of fortune the young man has grown up with a positive passion for art. He paints pictures; he will paint pictures; he will be an artist; he will give up anything but his art; and the result of his determination has been a battle royal; and the heir has been obstinate enough to take his knapsack on his back, and go out into the world to seek his fortune."

Philip Fenham shrugged his shoulders.

"Absurd enough!" he commented.

Claudia's dark, handsome face turned itself toward him, in quick questioning.

"You think so? For my part, I admire him a little."

"Admire him! Then what is it you call absurd? You said you had received absurd news."

It was Claudia who shrugged her shoulders at this. She looked half-amused at something, half-contemptuous; but both amusement and contempt were of a royal, indifferent sort.

"I called it absurd because there is another feature in the matter. The MacGregor had intimated to his son that he must marry wealth and beauty, and had even gone so far as to select a wife for him, whom the young man had the audacity to refuse peremptorily, on the ground that he was not in love with her, nor she with him. The woman whom his father had deigned to choose was—myself."

Fenham positively trembled, she was so beautiful, and cool, and imperial about it.

"And the fellow refused you?" he half whispered.

"Why not?" rising as she spoke, and smiling a dazzling sort of smile into his eyes, "if he had the courage. That is why I admire him. Bah!" with a sudden, almost bitter gesture. "There are few men who would have honor enough to refuse me."

Fenham forgot honor as he looked and listened. He forgot Jack, or only remembered her restively. What would he not have given to have been able to pour out his passionate admiration to this superb creature. And how he had sacrificed himself and his prospects. What might he not have been with Claudia Carlyon for a wife.

It was not to be wondered at that Jack grew plainer and more piteous-looking as time progressed. Fenham's visits became farther between, and his manner more cold and abstracted. He was more impatient with her failings, and less appreciative of her efforts to please. Jack's heart failed her, and she began to give it up.

"She don't eat nothing," said Mrs. Bingham to her second-floor lodger. "And though she don't complain, I know well enough where 'er trouble lies, Mr. MacGregor. It lies in the 'art, and not in the appetite. I won't say nothing about gentlemen as isn't gentlemen, and as thinks themselves too good for those as is really too good for them; but I've got a mother's 'art beatin' in my breast, an' I've got a mother's feelins, an' it doesn't take hextra sharp eyes to see through a mile-stone," at which touching and rather puzzling figure of speech she shed tears.

MacGregor was very kind to the poor, suffering young creature in her lingering pain. He took a great deal of notice of her, and tried hard to win her back to smiles—those pretty smiles which

had been wont to bring out all her dimples in the days of her happiness. But, though she showed her gratitude in many different ways, he was not very successful in his efforts.

He was with her when the crisis came, and her air-castle fell into ruins, and crumbled to bitter dust and ashes. She had gone out for a walk one day, and listlessly wandering to the fashionable drive in Hyde Park, had seated herself to watch the carriages and their occupants, scarcely knowing that she was doing so. There MacGregor found her, chance having brought him to the same place, and her white face and big, sad eyes drew him to her side. But he could not brighten her up. She was thinking hopelessly that this was her lover's world, that it was these grand people who drove by in their carriages, to whom he belonged more than he did to herself. He was used to these richly-dressed matrons and stately young women. They were never ungrammatical, and never abused their aspirates. They could paint pictures, and speak French, and do all sorts of wonderful things. Not one of them could make him cross or ashamed of her. And yet, with a choking in her little throat, he had loved her the best once; he had told her once that she was prettier and dearer to him than any of these marvelous creatures could ever be. Oh, Phil! Oh, Phil! What had she done? What could she do?

She was saying this to herself, when she was aroused by the fact, that her companion had almost started from his seat. She glanced up and saw that he was coloring furiously, and had just taken off his hat to a young lady in a grand, open carriage. The young lady, a handsome, majestic creature, with a fine air, was bending forward, looking at them both. There was a gentleman with her, and when Jack caught sight of this gentleman, she almost uttered a little cry, and half-started forward, not knowing what she did.

"Phil!" she said, and her voice failed her, and then she remembered where she was, and began to tremble.

The carriage was quite close to them, so close that she heard what the two said to each other, as it passed slowly, even though they spoke quietly.

Attracted by her excited movement, Claudia Carlyon turned to her companion.

"Who is that very pretty girl?" she asked. "She looks as if she expected you to speak to her. Do you know her?"

What shameful impulse of cowardice conquered him he knew not. Selfish and weak as he was, he felt his burning shame, the moment he had spoken.

"I—really I think not," he said. And Jack heard his answer, and saw that he would not meet her eyes.

She sat down upon the seat again, even quietly. Just sat down, and clasped her hands together upon her knees; a strange expression settling upon her whole face and figure. Recovering from his own embarrassment, and observing her, MacGregor was startled.

"Miss Jack," he said.

"Wait a minute," she said. "And then we will go home."

She did not say another word, until he had taken her home, and then she went quietly to her room, wrote a letter, and took it to the post-office herself.

When she returned, he heard her ascend the first flight of stairs, and pause at the foot of the second. She paused so long, that he was a trifle anxious, and at last opened his room-door, and stepped out. Then he saw what her silence meant.

There, upon one step, she sat, her head lying back upon another, her face white as dreadful death itself, her hands hanging listlessly upon her black dress, the tears rolling fast—oh, so piteously fast, over her cheeks. She had broken down wholly. He went back as gently as he had come, closing his door behind him. Such grief as this it was not for him to disturb.

That night Mr. Philip Fenham found a note lying upon his table, awaiting his arrival. It was not very long—it was from Jack, and it ran as follows:

"I think, if you please, that it will be better if you do not come to see me any more. Indeed, I am sure it will be better if we never see each other at all, again. Until to-day, I did not know how blind I had been. I only wonder that I did not understand before. Now I understand quite. Good-by.

"JACK BINGHAM.

"To Mr. PHILIP FENHAM."

I will confess that Philip Fenham's hand trembled when he laid this letter aside, and that he did not feel quite comfortable. Perhaps even I may go so far as to say he did not enjoy his late dinner, but it is certain that his discomfort did not last long. He had an engagement at the Carlyons. He was to accompany Claudia and her father to the opera. He went, and was dazzled afresh. Claudia was in a dazzling mood. Something had occurred to please her, and he reaped the benefit of the chance. She was not only brighter, but more gentle than usual; and when he was betrayed into making impassioned speeches to her, she seemed almost subdued. He

was scarcely answerable for his actions when he bade her good-night, which, perhaps, accounts for his daring. Holding her hand, shining with jewels, in his own, he bent low, and kissed it.

"Claudia," he said, tremulous with excitement, "you must know—Seal my fate to-night. I must either go away forever, or I must hear you say that I may come again, not without hope."

As I have already intimated, he was a man whom any woman, knowing little of him, might have been led to feel a tenderness for. He was grace, and passion, and adoration itself; his voice was low and musical; his dark, poetic eyes were full of soul and longing. There came to Claudia Carlyon an indescribable emotion, and even the softness of tears.

"You may come again," she answered him.

The very day after this event, a small, dark-colored, but elegant brougham drew up before Mrs. Bingham's front-door, and, without waiting for her servant to dismount from his seat, Claudia Carlyon turned the silver handle herself, and stepped on to the pavement.

It was Jack who opened the door when she knocked, and Jack started unequivocally at the sight of her.

"I should like," said Miss Carlyon, "to see Mr. MacGregor."

Jack led her up stairs. MacGregor was standing before his easel, palette in hand, at work upon the great picture. Jack saw him turn with a start, flush to the roots of his fair hair, and make a step forward. Then she left the room quietly, but in great wonder.

"Claudia!" exclaimed the young man.

Claudia answered him, with shining eyes. She even looked pleased and gentle.

"You foolish boy," she said. "You speak as if you thought I was an enemy. Shake hands with me, Malcolm."

He took her gloved hand with impulsive gratitude, and almost wrung it, blushing, like a boy, indeed.

"They are all so furious," he said, apologetically. "I thought, perhaps, you would be angry, too."

"My dear Malcolm," she returned, "you are the truest MacGregor of them all."

He actually glowed at the sound of her words, and the sight of her womanly graciousness. His brave young face lighted up, and he seemed to positively increase in height.

"Claudia," he cried, "you have not altered in the least. You are more like a queen than ever, and you do not know how proud you make me. Just sit down, and I will tell you all about it."

When she sat down, he began to stride up and down the room, still holding his palette, and talking eagerly, all on fire with enthusiasm.

"I tried to help it, but I could not," he said. "You see, I could not give it up, Claudia; it was in my heart, and I was willing to work and die, rather than be an aimless fine gentleman, or a half-politician. A man must do a thing with his whole soul, if he does it well; and my soul was full of my art. I may never be a great artist, but my work will be honestly done, and I shall love it. To give it up would be as shameful a thing as if a MacGregor had deserted his king. Did a MacGregor ever desert his king in his misfortune, in the old days?" Stopping, and wheeling round with an eye like an eagle's. "Did a MacGregor ever give up the loyal right, because it brought poverty and disappointment? Never! And I am a MacGregor, Claudia. My art is my king, and I will be true to it, and ready to sacrifice my life to it, if it is necessary."

The beautiful, dark face before him kindled; the delicate, resolute mouth curved proudly.

"You are the bravest MacGregor of them all," said Claudia, "and I congratulate you."

She sat and talked to him for half an hour. She examined his work, and caught the infection of his own enthusiasm concerning it. She had never been so beautiful and true a woman as she was when she exerted herself to encourage and support him. Her nature was of as high and regal a type as her beauty.

In fact, this young fellow, who had refused to marry her, felt that he could have knelt and kissed the hem of her garment.

And yet he dealt upon her heart the heaviest blow she had ever borne. All unconsciously he did it, and in all good faith; but the blow fell through his instrumentality, nevertheless.

Just before she rose from her seat to go, she remembered Jack, and the glimpse she had caught of Jack's sweet, woeful face in the Park, the day before. And so she asked him who the pretty child was.

"Ah," said MacGregor, his face clouding, "that is my poor little Jack, Heaven bless her!"

It seemed quite a natural thing that he should tell her Jack's story; and it was very natural, indeed, that in his generous indignation he should paint her lover's conduct in rather unfavorable colors. In fact, the sight of Mr. Philip Fenham in Claudia's carriage had roused him considerably. A fellow like this, he said, had no right to presume upon such a woman's condescension. If he had known the truth, he would have been more merciful; but, as it was, he was very severe, indeed, and Claudia, listening, felt

her heart growing cold and hard. When he had finished, she rose from her seat.

"It is a cruel story," she said, her lip curling. "I did not know men were such cowards and knaves. I must see more of the girl. I will go down to the brougham now, Malcolm."

When the door of the brougham closed upon her, she drew off her glove. There was a ring upon her left hand, and she drew this off, too. She would not have deigned to wear it another hour, and she had only worn it since last night, when Philip Fenham had taken it from his own finger to place upon hers. When she reached home, she wrote a brief note to her lover, and sent it by a servant. It ran thus:—

"I wish to see you."

"CLAUDIA CARLYON."

When Mr. Philip Fenham answered this in person, she was waiting for him in the drawing-room; and when she turned toward him, in response to his eager greeting, he almost fell back a step or so in his amazement.

"Claudia!" he cried. But she checked him with a gesture.

"I sent for you," she said, "to repeat to you a story I heard this morning. It is the story of the girl we saw in the Park, yesterday—the girl you did not know."

The scorn in her face was so intense that it fairly crushed him. He had not a word to say. He could only feel the bitterest humiliation, as she told him the story in Malcolm MacGregor's words. It was retribution, indeed, that she herself should be Jack Bingham's champion, and should so proudly avenge her wrongs. Truly she did avenge them. When she had ended she simply pointed to a tiny package upon the table.

"As soon as I left the house, I took off your ring," she said. "It is there."

If he had never been wretched in his life, he was wretched then. As passionately as he was capable of loving any woman, he loved this woman, because she was so high above him, and had so much to give. He poured forth a torrent of tender, desperate reproach. He was almost frantic. His fault had arisen out of his love; if he had been a villain he had fallen for her sweet sake. He had made a fatal blunder, and his recognition of it had rendered him desperate.

"You are merciless!" he cried. "Claudia, you can cast me off to-day, and only last night you loved me?"

She answered him with more perfect pride than he had ever seen in her at any time.

"Last night is not to-day," she said. "Do

you wonder that I cannot forgive you, for proving to me that the only man whom I have ever loved, is unworthy and contemptible?"

And so his fate was sealed.

She took Jack's lot into her own hands, and helped her in so royal, yet tender a way, that in two years it was not easy to recognize in Miss Carlyon's beautiful young friend the poor child who had struggled with her pain in her mother's hideous little parlor, and who had borne so patiently her lover's neglect and snubbings. As to MacGregor's great future, the time came when

the head of the clan was prouder of his young heir's achievements than the young man himself. The young artist was a lion, whose most dulcet roar was listened to with applause and delight. And when his marriage was announced in the morning papers, Mr. Philip Fenham, reading the paragraph in his rather shabby chamber, felt that fortune had flung a taunt at him, indeed; for the young person whom the son of the great MacGregor had taken to wife, was no other than pretty, tender-hearted Jack Bingham.

"A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE."

A "MISERERE" AT ST. PETER'S.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The sunlight, through the lofty windows stealing,

Falls slant on carven stall;

On canon, chorister; on people kneeling—

A glory over all!

The mystic lights, beside the altar burning,

Tell of the day He died;

Betrayed, and yet with Infinite pity yearning;

Sinless, yet Crucified.

On either side, rank over rank ascending,

Alternate chant two choirs;

Psalms, Lamentations; to and fro contending,

Kindling with Prophet fires.

And as they chant, portending woe, disaster,

The stormy waves of sound

Tempestuous surge, and plunging wilder, faster,

Boon, in the twilight, round.

The lights are quenched. But, through the darkness calling,

Chant answers chant. A flash!

And then the thunder, as if heav'n was falling,

Comes rending, crash on crash.

A moment, all things in the lightning reeling;

The next, intensest night.

And still the chant goes on, high, higher pealing,

Triumphant in its might.

The chant goes on; and still the thunder rolling,

With moan, and moan, and moan,

Like Earth in throes, or Time for Judgment tolling,

Keeps its dread undertone.

One light was left, 'tis quenched: the chant stope, sighing;

And through the awful gloom,

And still more awful hush, souls dumb are crying

As at the Day of Doom.

At last, a solitary voice, imploring,

Shoots from the depths: then dies;

Then soft begins again; and swelling, soaring,

"Pity, oh, God!" it cries.

And now another, sadder still, that sobbing

Pours out its passionate prayer;

And others: till the mighty vault shakes, throbbing

With a lost world's despair.

Beseeching, weeping, agonizing, wailing,

Rings the heart-broken cry;

The choir tumultuous thund'ring at, assailing,

And storming heav'n on high.

And then a blessed peace, like tranced waves dreaming

Along a Summer shore.

And through the calm, celestial voices seeming;

That say, "Go, sin no more."

And still I hear that "miserere," ringing

Across the far-off years;

The woes and sorrows of all ages bringing,

Their agony and tears.

LIVING GRIEF.

BY ELLA C. DRABBLE.

I know me of a quiet grave,

Within the church-yard green;

Upon its sides, and o'er the top,

Bright moss and flowers are seen.

And in the grave lies buried one

I loved on earth the best.

I seemed to stand in life alone,

When dust closed o'er his breast.

There is a grave within my heart,

That never will be green;

Upon its sides, and o'er the top,

No moss or flowers are seen.

It is not even covered o'er

With brown earth, moist or dry;

For in its depth there is a life—

A pain that cannot die.

One living grief is harder far

For our weak hearts to bear,

Than many a grave made, side by side,

Within the church-yard fair.

“MUSS I ’DEN.”

BY MARGARET MEERT.

It was dreary in that narrow cross street. The rain was falling with pitiless persistency.

To the pale milliner's girl, sitting at her window, the world without looked altogether discouraged. She was sewing pink roses on a bonnet. No doubt she felt discouraged, too; tired of sewing roses to crown some fairer and fresher face than hers; tired of covering bonnet-frames; tired of sitting, day after day, in that dull room, with no out-look beyond the narrow street.

The girl let fall her work, and pressed her face listlessly against the window-pane. A few school-children trooped by. Then came an old garbage-woman, with her little cart and patient dog, digging and poking in the ash-barrels with her crooked stick. The girl watched her motions with a sort of interest. Then came the letter-carrier, brisk and busy; with him she had nothing to do. Whatever friendly looks and words spoke through the white messengers he carried, they were none of them for her. She knew this well enough; but to-day the thought smote her like a cold hand.

She bent again over her work.

A dismal day, certainly. Even the German bakery, over the way, looked almost deserted. The rosy-faced woman dispensed loaves of bread, wrapped in a scrap of brown paper, with a hasty kindness to small messengers, as if she wanted to be rid of them, and go back to her knitting. Presently a door banged, and from an inner-room came the baker, carrying a great tray, filled with crisp loaves, and fragrant cakes and pies. The baker, in his blue, woolen jacket, a paper cap perched on his yellow hair, was whistling cheerily a strong, clear whistle, that penetrated the milliner's window, and brought the sweet notes of a volkslide to the ears of the milliner's sewing-girl. At the first note, she raised her head quickly and looked across the way. She withdrew her glance as quickly, but it was too late: the blue eyes of the baker had caught it, and there came a bright, answering smile and nod.

The girl bent her head lower than ever, but an indescribable something, which warmed and quickened, flashed over her face.

“Lizzie! Lizzie! You're wanted,” called a voice.

Lizzie left the window and went into the shop, to wait on an old lady, while the milliner was engaged with two lively young ones. The old

lady had a knot of hair no bigger than the tail of a mouse; and her face was wrinkled, and cross-lined, like a quilt; yet she wanted the youngest and gayest bonnet in the case, and was dreadfully discontented because she could not find one that would make her look young and handsome.

Lizzie patiently showed her bonnet after hat, and hat after bonnet. Meantime, the lively young girls chatted, and twisted, and twirled, and tried on almost as many bonnets as the old lady.

“Oh, Sophy,” said one of them, “here's one of those blue wings, like the one Miss Byrd had in her hat!”

“Yes, I know. She wore it at the Philharmonic Rehearsal.”

Philharmonic! Lizzie caught the word. A magic one to her, who pined for music as a flower for water. She listened eagerly for more.

“Yes. By-the-way, the next Philharmonic comes next Friday evening, doesn't it?”

“I think you might lengthen this loop a little, Miss Porson. Friday evening? I think so. Oh, that glorious Pastoral Symphony!”

“It don't seem to fit on my head,” the old lady was saying. “The color don't seem to set off my complexion, somehow. Try on this one, you say. Why that's the very one I just tried on. What do you mean?”

“Oh, no! He plays a second violin, Sophy.”

“He does, now I think of it; and stuffs his handkerchief under his adorable German chin, to rest his violin on.”

“I don't want a larger one!” This testily from the old lady. “I told you I wanted one a great deal smaller.”

Lizzie's thoughts hastily returned to their duty, while the too fascinating talk about Philharmonics and symphonies, and Germans with adorable chins, and white handkerchiefs, and violins, drifted out of the door with the departing damsels.

Lizzie had no chance to go back to her window and work. Customers of every shade of fastidiousness, customers of wavering and doubtful minds, cross customers and good-natured customers, came in and out of the shop all day. Lizzie was thoroughly tired in body and mind when at length the hour of her release came. Her breakfast at her boarding-house had been

eaten hastily, and was insufficient in quantity, and most unwholesome in quality. Her dinner at Miss Porson's was as unsatisfactory and indigestible—fried steak, turnips, and pie, and these snatched between times, when there was no one in the shop.

Now, at the close of the day, there lay before her a walk of thirty blocks, and at the end of this, five flights of stairs to be climbed. Once in the street, however, Lizzie felt revived. The rain had ceased, and the damp air blew freshly on her face, and lightly pressed away the pain which, often lying in ambush within her temples, sprang forth at any unusual strain upon body and mind; for Lizzie possessed that delicate organization, so pitiful to see in a woman whose destiny has sent her forth to encounter alone the rude shocks of life. The rude shocks are, perhaps, more easily withstood by such a one than the daily pin-pricks.

The fresh air was pleasant that evening, and it soon began to work its blessed, healing charm. Lizzie felt pleased, almost happy, to be alone with her own thoughts. There was exhilaration, too, in her quick motion; the very people she met seemed to have friendly, smiling faces. Ah me! her thoughts of the day had omitted all troublesome people; and they were moving along now to the divine march of overtures and symphonies. That Philharmonic! Ah! how she would like to go to it! She had heard many a one in the days when her brother Richard was living. Just then her eye caught a wagon which rattled by. The notes of a simple song broke through the symphonies, and scattered them afar; for the wagon was a baker's wagon, and on it was painted, in white letters, "Ernst Besser." And Ernst Besser was the young German baker who lived opposite Miss Porson's millinery shop, and who wore a white paper cap, and whistled, "Muss I 'Den" so loudly every day.

The next day Lizzie sat and sewed at her window undisturbed, for customers were few. The time wore drearily away. There was nothing without to amuse, nothing within to cheer. No "Muss I 'Den," no midday greeting. It was strange, and not altogether pleasant. Yet this was just what Lizzie had thought she desired. It certainly was very bold in the young German to challenge her attention daily, in this musical fashion. Lizzie had often said to herself that it was very bold. She ought, yes, she believed she ought, to term it an impertinence. Yes, of course it was—almost an impertinence. She wished he would not do it. She tried to show him she did not like it. Her efforts were singularly unsuccessful, for, in the last few days, it had not

been merely a broad inquiring look from him when she raised her eyes at the familiar melody, but actually a bright smile and a bow.

Well, now he had come to his senses. He had not even been in his shop at all. The door was continually opening; she could easily have seen him, if he had been there. Come to his senses at last, of course; that was the reason, and she was glad of it—very glad. The sincerity of these reflections was here somewhat impaired by a deep sigh.

"The wind is blowin' up bitter cold, Lizzie," said Miss Porson, that evening, as Lizzie put on her cloak and hat, preparatory to departure. "You had better wrap up real warm;" and Miss Porson punched her fire, and settled her comfortable little woollen shawl over her shoulders. Lizzie smiled as she received the advice. She made no reply, but complied with the direction, by buttoning her cloth saccue, and wishing Miss Porson good-evening.

Bitter cold it was, indeed. "A glorious evening," said girls, who sped along, snugly wrapped in cashmeres and furs. "So bracing!"

Not very bracing to poor Lizzie. The money she had saved to buy a thick winter cloak, had been lent to a poorer friend. The intense cold cut piteously through her saccue. She tried to make up for it by walking fast. Then down came the wind with a mighty roar, whirling along the avenue.

Lizzie battled courageously. The street cars got many a wishful look. But a ride was a luxury only to be permitted on the stormiest of days. She would many a time have yielded to the temptation, when she was very, very tired; but, to insure against such extravagance, she always left her money at home.

It was hard to withstand such a wind. It almost took her off her feet at every step. The avenue had never seemed so interminably long. This foolish Lizzie began to have a forlorn homesick feeling, as though she was forsaken by all the world. Everyone else seemed to have somebody to look after them. She had none. There was no one, no one, who cared whether she was cold or not. What was the use of struggling against the wind and cold one day? What difference? She had only to do the same thing the next; the same thing, month in and month out: always a struggle, never a rest.

Suddenly a shutter, wrenched from its fastening by the wind, fell with a crash on the pavement before her, barely missing her head. This was too much. Tears, which had been gathering all day, blinded her eyes.

"Won't you have a ride, miss?" said a voice. "Here is my wagon, right here. Will you get in?"

Lizzie started violently, and turned to see from whence came the audacious words. No stranger's face would have beamed on her so kindly: a fresh-colored German face; bright blue eyes, full of concern and tender pity—Ernst Besser's eyes.

"Will you not come?" he continued, quickly. "You cannot, you must not try to walk on; it is too cold, too windy. Here is my wagon, right here; let me take you home."

"Oh, thank you!" faltered Lizzie. "You are very kind; but it is impossible. I cannot."

"Why cannot? My wagon—is it because it is full of loaves and biscuits? It is poor, for you; but it is warm."

"Oh, no, it is not that," said Lizzie; "but I cannot. Indeed, I cannot! I am very much obliged to you just the same."

"But it is not just the same. Come! I will have you home in five minutes. Come, won't you? Don't say 'No' again."

Ernst Besser looked as if he had a mind to pick up the obstinate one, bundle her in among the loaves, whether she would or not.

"Thank you! but I must," repeated Lizzie, faintly. She wanted so much to go with him.

"You will not come? You slight my poor shelter, then? You are ashamed to ride in a baker's wagon. I would gladly make it a carriage for you." Ernst Besser's face plainly said, "You have wounded me. I want to be your friend, you will not let me." What could she do? Surely nothing so wicked as that.

"But if I go, I will take you out of your way, and keep you out so long."

"Keep me out! Never concern yourself about that!" cried the young man, gayly; and before Lizzie had time for a second thought, she was ensconced comfortably by Ernst Besser's side, rattling up the street in the baker's wagon, warmly covered by a rug, of which Ernst would not take an inch for himself.

"You see my boy is sick, and to-day I have had to deliver all my loaves myself; and hard work it has been, too."

Lizzie could hardly make up her mind to speak, so shy did she feel in such proximity to her neighbor over the way. She managed to get out, "Yes, I should think so, and it is so cold, too."

Ernst Besser was not in the least shy. He looked happy, and bestowed on her beaming looks of satisfaction.

"I am afraid you are cold," he said, presently. "Let me see. I think there is a cape under the seat here, somewhere. An extra affair."

Lizzie protested that she was not in the least cold. "Indeed she was not!" But Ernst Besser was not a man to be stopped when he had an

idea. He plunged under the seat, and brought out a shawl of surprising dimensions. In spite of Lizzie's protestations, this he folded carefully around her.

After this performance a silence fell upon them. Lizzie was grateful, and fluttered, and happy, all in a breath.

Perhaps Ernst was thinking of the innocent fraud he had just perpetrated. That shawl was not the "extra affair" he so carelessly termed it, but had been taken from his own shoulders and thrust under the seat for that very purpose, when he first caught sight of Lizzie toiling up the street, and had flushed with an inexplicable glow of manly indignation and pity.

"You have a long walk to take every day," he said, at length. "Miss——" He hesitated at the last word, and glanced at her inquiringly. Lizzie, with a blush, supplied the deficiency.

"Lizzie," she said. "My name is Lizzie Lowther."

"That is a pretty name. I think I hardly need to tell you mine."

The young German smiled rather mischievously. Lizzie would have liked to disclaim the knowledge, but she could not.

"I have seen you often," he went on, flicking his horse with the whip; "but perhaps you have never noticed me?"

"Why, yes; I have seen you," said Lizzie, courageously. "You live opposite Miss Porson's, do you not?"

"That is where I live. I hope——"

"And this is where I live," interrupted Lizzie, laughing. "Just at this corner. I am very much obliged to you. I don't know how to thank you."

Ernst helped her to the pavement, without an answer.

Lizzie repeated her thanks, and was tripping away, when he spoke. There was a certain embarrassment in his manner.

"I can tell you," he said. "Perhaps you will think it large payment. May I ask you to acknowledge my acquaintance the next time I meet you?"

Lizzie's pale face flushed. She gave a little silent nod of assent, and ran into the house. Blithely she climbed her five flights of stairs. You might almost have thought she was keeping time to the "Muss I 'Den" that Ernst Besser was whistling, as his wagon turned the corner.

A letter for Lizzie! There it was, waiting for her on Miss Porson's sewing-machine, when Lizzie walked in. A letter, big and white, with "Miss Lizzie Lowther" on the cover, in the most unmistakable handwriting.

“I guess it’s to let you know somebody’s dead, Lizzie,” said Miss Porson. “It looks kinder like a funeral letter. I’m right curious to know whatever’s in it.” Right curious Miss Porson certainly was. She had inspected it from every point of view, and was even applying it gently to the nose of the tea-kettle, at the moment that its rightful owner was coming through the door.

It would have done anybody good to see the compound of wonder, surprise, and delight, that appeared on Lizzie’s face, as she unfolded a blank sheet of paper, and saw a bit of yellow paste-board. A Philharmonic ticket—actually, really, truly a Philharmonic ticket. Not merely a ticket, but a reserved seat. She had nothing to do but walk into the Academy of Music and take possession of it. Then, rapture! Music to her heart’s content.

But whence came the treasure-trove? Who, who, could have sent it to her? Perhaps it was old Lahnmann, the music-teacher she used to know. How kind of him! No, now she remembered it, old Lahnmann had gone to Chicago. Who could it have been? Ah, now she had it. Those young ladies, those kind young ladies, who had been so friendly to her when she took the hat home, and had answered all her questions about the Philharmonic. Oh, how generous, how thoughtful. She would never cease to thank them.

The music had begun, when Lizzie made her way through the crowd, at the door of the Academy of Music. She could hear the sighing of the violins as she presented her ticket.

Within those magic doors, what an enchanted life. The lights so brilliant; lovely faces; a flutter of fans, and subdued rustle of silken garments; a shimmer and radiance. Through all and over all, the music, throbbing, wailing, crashing out in triumphant strains, then sinking, sinking, until the violins breathed low, and sighed like a forest of pines swept by the twilight wind.

It was a rainbow in the gray life of this girl.

Lizzie’s seat was an orchestral chair, low down and retired; near enough to see plainly the faces of the musicians, did she choose, and near enough to the boxes, too, to watch the little dramas played there. The first flutter over, Lizzie thought of nothing but the music: the entrancing strains of the Pastoral Symphony were charming her very soul.

As the last note of the first movement died away, she gave a sigh of infinite content; that delight was over. But there was more to come. She glanced at the orchestra. Suddenly her face flushed crimson, and her heart beat fast. Among the violins she saw a face, smiling into hers,

with a dreamy, happy smile. It was Ernst; his yellow locks were thrown back, his dear violin under his chin. A light flashed upon Lizzie’s mind. How stupid she had been about the ticket! Now it was all as plain as daylight—as plain as daylight, and oh, as bright.

Before the concert was over, while the drums beat, and cymbals clashed, and the violin bows whirled furiously through a grand “allegro finale,” Lizzie left her place, and stole out, unobtrusively enough; yet there was a second violin so disturbed and vexed, that for the first time in his musical history, he lost his place, and did not find it again for full half a page.

A week had passed since the Philharmonic—a slow week to one occupant of Miss Porson’s millinery shop—a week insupportable in its monotony. Sitting there, with Miss Porson’s grim face opposite her, Lizzie had almost come to believe that the concert had been but a dream.

This afternoon, as the two women sewed in silence, Lizzie’s thoughts went back to that happy evening. All at once she seemed to hear the opening bars of the Pastoral Symphony, and then, by magic, she was sitting again in the midst of light, and beauty, and fragrance, and there shone a beaming face; and she watched a hand that wielded a swift, unerring bow. Involuntarily, she glanced across the street. No, not there. The face was not there, neither on that day, nor the day before, nor the day before that; in fact, it had not once appeared in that week.

The baker’s cart came and went, but the driver was the baker’s boy, who had recovered his health, and resumed his responsibilities. Ernst Besser had disappeared.

“Take this bonnet, Lizzie,” said Miss Porson, “and carry it to West Ninth street. It is for Miss Fanny Burton. You know the place. You have been there before.”

Lizzie assented. Miss Burton’s house was far enough to give her a long walk.

“Miss Fanny says, ‘will you walk in here, Miss, she wants to speak to you; but she is engaged just now. She says, if you will wait, she will be down pretty soon.’” said the servant.

The room into which Lizzie was shown, was a pretty one. Some violets and rose-buds were in a vase on the table; the fire glowed in a low grate; the clock struck the hour with a silvery bell; a cabinet piano stood open. Lizzie’s fingers strayed irresistibly toward it, and she touched it, half fearfully, with one hand. A book of German songs lay on the rack. It suggested a sweet un-forgotten melody. Softly, with one finger, she began to pick out the notes of “Muss I ‘Den.” Once, twice—bad. A third time it ran smoothly.

"So. That is well done," said a voice behind her.

Lizzie turned her head quickly, and a face of pretty confusion and delight, spoke without words.

"Well, is the sight of me so disagreeable, that you will not even speak to me?" said Ernst Besser, smiling. "That is to break your promise that you made."

"You startled me."

"That seems to be always the case; and you are always surprised, never pleased?"

"How did you happen to come here?" said Lizzie.

Ernst took no notice of the question.

"You have not then forgotten 'Muss I 'Den,'" he said, "though it has been two long weeks since you heard it. 'Muss I 'Den! Muss I 'Den, zum stadtle naus'—that is what I said to myself the morning I went away."

"Have you been away? I did not know it."

"You did not? Then it makes no difference to you whether I go or stay, you do not notice it. That is right, I suppose."

Ernst Besser sighed.

Lizzie shot at him a glance from under her downcast eyelashes.

"Though you will not tell me how you happened to come here," she said, "I will tell you that I am glad to meet you, to have the chance of saying what I can say only to you."

Ernst raised his head.

"What is that?"

It was Lizzie's turn to look down.

"I wish to thank you for a pleasure which I think, I am sure, came from you—the philharmonic."

"You call it a pleasure. I am sure it did not seem such to you."

"To me!" cried Lizzie, innocently. "Why, I never enjoyed anything so much."

"Then why did you leave before it was over?"

"Oh, that had nothing to do with it."

"And you went home alone? That was not right. If you had waited until the end, I would have seen that you were protected."

"How do you know that I was not?" said Lizzie, demurely. "How do you know that some one was not waiting for me outside?"

Ernst Besser had evidently forgotten where he was. Miss Burton's pretty embroidered brioche-cushion, which happened to be in the way of his feet at that moment, received an unmistakable kick.

"I do not know," he burst forth. "I know nothing about you, but what you choose to tell me, and that seems to be very little."

"I will tell you this much, at any rate," said Lizzie, smiling. "There was no one waiting for me. Who could there be? I went home alone."

Here a third party came upon the scene, even Miss Burton herself, who, to tell the truth, had utterly forgotten the milliner's girl until that minute. Ernst Besser had not been announced. The servant, being chary of his steps, had decided that one announcement would do for both.

"Why, Mr. Besser! No one told me you were here. Mr. Parker said he thought you would like to look at the violin." Then, turning to Lizzie, she said, rapidly, "Won't you come again, to-morrow, in the afternoon, sometime? I am engaged now."

Lizzie bowed silently to the young lady, and went out.

She had not walked a block, when she discovered that she had lost her little locket, a precious souvenir of her brother Richard. She retraced her steps, searching anxiously, but to no purpose.

Ernst, who had made his business with Miss Burton as brief as politeness would allow, overtook her, just as she had given up in despair.

"What is the matter?" he said, cheerfully.

"What makes you look so sad?"

"I have lost my locket. My locket I loved better than anything I have."

"So! That is bad. Have you looked for it?"

"Yes, I went back," said Lizzie, despondently, "but I could not find it, of course. I will ask if they have seen it at Miss Burton's, when I go there to-morrow. But I know they won't find it. I will never see it again—never!"

"That would be too bad," said Ernst, very sympathetically, considering the fact that the very locket, so lamented, was at rest in his own vest-pocket.

He had found it on the hall-floor, as he left Miss Burton's.

"That little locket I have kept for years," continued Lizzie. "It was given to me by the best friend I ever had."

The locket began to burn in the traitorous vest-pocket.

"Your best friend? Indeed! And how do you know who is your best friend?"

"I know he was," said Lizzie, simply.

"Perhaps the picture of this 'best friend' was in the locket?"

"Yes, it was," she answered, in a low voice.

"I hope you may be so lucky as to find so great a treasure," Ernst remarked, sarcastically.

Lizzie sighed, deeply. "I hope so. It is the only likeness I have of my dear brother Richard."

"Then it shall be found," cried Ernst. "I will ask about it myself, to-night, and find it, and bring it to you to-morrow, when you are going home. Shall I?"

Lizzie agreed gratefully to this proposition, and they parted, Ernst smiling and repeating, "To-morrow you shall have your best friend."

Weeks passed by. Again met together the Philharmonic Orchestra; again the master lifted his bâton, and tender harmonies stole forth, lightly as the white sea-foam laps the sand, then, as it glides swiftly back, and, gathering its strength, hurls its wild waves against the shore, so swelled and surged Neil Gade's symphony.

And Lizzie was there. This time, also, her ticket came from the same hand, but not mysteriously, as if afraid to acknowledge itself, but openly and squarely. More than this, Ernst was going to walk home with her. She had promised that she would wait for him; and there she sat, as secure and proud as any one of those handsome girls, with their cavaliers beside them.

When the concert was over, Lizzie kept her seat, and enjoyed the bustle of the departing audience; the wrestling with overcoats, the fastening of cloaks and coats, the solicitude with which each young fellow muffled his charge in her dainty wraps. Gradually the crowd ebbed away. Lizzie began to look toward the stage anxiously. Ernst came not.

The last couple passed out. The last *paterfamilias*, protecting the rear, hustled his flock before him. No Ernst Besser. The last ones looked curiously at the solitary figure, sitting there.

Lizzie's heart died within her. Ernst had forgotten her. She could doubt it no longer. She sprang from her seat, and left the hall. Unhappy and confused, she hurried along the street, scarcely knowing which way she went, anxious only to get away as quickly as she could.

So well did she succeed, that Ernst Besser, running full tilt, in pursuit, did not catch her until she was about to turn into Gramercy Square.

"Where are you going?" he cried.

"I am going home," said Lizzie, coldly, yet not without a half-sob.

The only answer Ernst made was to take her hand, and draw it firmly under his arm.

"Don't," said Lizzie. "I can take care of myself, if you please."

"But I don't please—and you can't take care of yourself. Why did you run away, without waiting a moment for me?"

"I thought you had forgotten."

"Forgotten! Herr Bergman detained me. I got away from him as soon as he would let me. Forgotten you? Did you think such a thing?"

"Yes, I thought so. It was easy to do."

"No doubt you find it easy to forget me. Is it not so?"

There was something in Ernst's eyes, as he looked into her face, which sent a tremor through her. She grasped desperately at the first words that came to her lips.

"You cannot remember one person, all the time—I mean, often," she faltered.

"I will show you how to do it," Ernst said, in a low, earnest voice. "Marry me, Lizzie."

The solid earth melted and flowed away from Lizzie's eyes for a second. When it became solid again, there was Ernst, with his hand grasping hers, waiting for her answer.

Would you know what it was? Lizzie's answer?

Look, some Saturday evening, into the back room of a bakery, on — street, over which is the name "Ernst Besser," and see if it is possible to recognize the happy, soft-eyed girl, who sits sewing, in a low chair, before the fire.

Ernst, with his music-rack before him, and his violin under his chin, plows through interminable classic studies, until his wife lifts her eyes.

"Come down from the heights, now, Ernst, and play something I like," she says.

The musician smiles indulgently, and once more the little room echoes to the notes of "Muss I 'Den." Then Ernst throws aside his violin, and, bending over, sings again the last line of the song.

"It was all arranged, Liebchen," he says, softly. "The Fates, when I first caught a look from your sweet eyes, at your window, whispered over us, 'So soll die Hochzeit sein.'"

FAREWELL.

BY FRANK W. FARWELL.

Hopes are born, and then they perish;
Far too sweet, perchance, to last;
But the joys alone we cherish,
Are the memories of the past.

Emiles but come for tears to follow,
Chasing pleasures all away;

Judge not, then, the fair to-morrow,
By the sunshine of to-day.

Hearts are glad, and hearts are broken—
Anguish more than tongue can tell;
But the saddest thought that's spoken,
Is, "God bless you! Fare thee well!"

THE HEIRESS OF A MONTH.

BY MISS JENNIE CARTER.

It was a stifling day in August. The sultry wind, which now and then stirred the dingy curtains of my school-room, and ruffled the flaxen curls on sleeping urchins' foreheads, seemed only to render the heat more unbearable. I listened stupidly to recitations, taking no note of blunders, but marking everybody "up" impartially, and thinking the while how tired and dusty I was, and how thankful I should be to see the clock-hands at half-past four, and know that my task was over and done. When my time of freedom came I would go home, re-curl my hair, array myself in a blue muslin, and proceed to the pleasant duty of torturing John Smith, the only son and heir of Nehemiah Smith Esquire, in the bosom of whose family I was domiciled. We would play croquet together. John would hit my toes with his mallet, and stand on the hem of my dress, after which misadventures he would blush, and say dolefully, "I did not mean to, Miss Graham; I am so clumsy." To which I would reply, smilingly, "It is no matter," recompensing myself by looking savagely at the wretched being when his back was turned. Good girls, who had smiled vainly upon John previous to my coming, would see us and say, as they had said all along, that they could not see anything in me, and wonder for the hundredth time why such a little flirt should have been chosen as guide and instructor for the youthful hopes of Putney.

They could not dream how weary, and hopeless, and discouraged I felt, in spite of my blue muslin and frequent laughter. Yes, I was wretched after a fashion, for I did not like to teach, and was pitifully weak-minded, and destitute of ambition to battle with and overcome the world. I only wanted pretty clothes, and somebody to love me and pay my bills without grumbling. John Smith would be more than willing to do both: and at times his father's corn-land, and wood-land, and "cattle on a thousand hills," half tempted me to give him the blessed privilege; but when I heard him talking through his nose, or singing fearfully out of tune, my heart would become steeled against him.

In all Putney there was not another "eligible" save Mr. Billings, who wore a wig, and was the fortunate possessor of four tombstones in the village burial-ground, on which were commemo-

rated the virtues of his four departed helpmates. The sight of the venerable gentleman always recalled Bluebeard to my mind; and, in spite of poverty and hard work, I was still very much in love with life, and so—

And so I walked the beaten track of my meditations, till a small voice at my ear piped, "Teacher, somebody's knocking at the door," whereon I descended from my perch and approached the portal, at which stood John Smith, blushing terribly, and holding in his hand a letter.

"It was marked 'Important,' and so I thought somebody might be dead," he said, with which lucid utterance he hurried away, followed by my dilatory thanks in high C.

There was nobody of my kith and kin except my aunt, an elderly person whom I had not seen since my childhood, when, during a visit to my mother, she had whipped me severely for stealing raspberry jam. On my next birthday I had indited her a dutiful epistle, under paternal direction, the effect of which was marred somewhat by my slipping into the envelope a note, couched in terse and vigorous English, wherein I gave her to understand that I hated her, and had only been induced to play the hypocrite by a promise of a new tea-set for my doll.

Enraged, she informed my mother in return that she washed her hands of us all, and from that day I had heard nothing of her nor from her. She was very rich, I knew; but, of course, I had no hope of sharing in her bounty, and had long before made up my mind that her fortune would go for endowing a female college in Central Africa, or a divinity school in the Marquesa Islands, resigning myself to the inevitable accordingly.

Was she dead at last? And if so, who had been mindful enough of the tender affection which existed between us to send me notice of her demise?

I opened the letter and read its contents, after which I sat motionless till four o'clock struck, the small-fry around me playing cat's cradle and fox and geese the while, with all the energy of which their extremely heated condition would admit.

I was rich! My aunt was dead, and had left me her entire fortune. Not a penny of it had gone to orphan asylums or old ladies' retreats, or

bootblacks' homes. Nobody in the wide world had she remembered except two ancient servants, whom she had pensioned off as in duty bound. I was the mistress of hundreds of thousands, for aught I knew. My eyes refused to discern the figures correctly. Was ever such marvelous good fortune as mine?

Half an hour before time, I dismissed school; then, looking around the empty room, to make sure that I was alone, I clapped my hands, cried a little, and laughed a good deal; after which I walked out, leaving the door wide open behind me.

That evening I did not play croquet, but packed my trunk instead, and paced the floor of my chamber, meditating on new dresses, diamonds, and endless shopping tours.

Next morning I resigned promptly, leaving my flock to turn somersaults on the green, and eat candy in my honor; and John Smith, despairing on every feature of his lovely countenance, drove me to the nearest station, where I took the train for New York.

My aunt's lawyer, Mr. Whitman, who I was to consider as my guardian, met me at the journey's end, and rescued me from a mob of hackmen, whom I was contemplating with mingled awe and admiration. He scrutinized me carefully, and I felt very small, and made sundry efforts to rub the dust off my nose when he was not looking.

Our destination was his sister's house, where I was greeted by a majestic woman, the splendors of whose costume filled me with wonder and envy; and the two settled my future, while I stared furtively at the gorgeous upholstery, and winked very hard to make sure that I was really awake. As I belonged to nobody, and had strong prejudice against being controlled, Mr. Whitman, my guardian, selected a suite of rooms for me, and provided me with a companion, a decayed lady of vast pretensions, and a lineal descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose virtues she was never weary of narrating.

And now my happiness had begun. I shopped, and was cheated in bargains up to my heart's desire. I went into raptures over paste gems, thinking them real, and was regarded by clerks with pitying contempt, which was not lessened, even when I signed checks with a great flourish, under their august eyes. I visited art galleries, and went to musical reunions, invariably admiring what I should not, and walking through a tangled maze of blunders each hour of my existence. Young ladies called on me, and told me that I "had no style," and advised me to wear my hair differently. Their mammas called,

too, and asked me to subscribe to various long-named societies, all of which I did with the most praiseworthy meekness.

My gentlemen acquaintances I soon counted by scores, and their devotion was something fearful and wonderful. I was surfeited with attention, which I felt to be wholly due to my own transcendent merits, and I grew daily vainer in consequence.

The new life was one long delight. The old was dim and far away, as a dream; and no reminder of the humble estate, which was once mine, came to chasten exultation. Across my path there fell but one shadow, and that was cast by Mr. Whitman, who persisted in looking grave, and giving me large doses of advice, which I took with much reluctance and many grimaces.

A month had elapsed since I left Putney, and I was lounging in a delicious easy chair, in my pet room, thinking of all the delights which had been crowded into those few days, and saying, with dreamy content, "It will always be the same," as though I had a talisman against wrinkles and gray hairs, sorrow, and disappointment. Beside me lay a note from my guardian, but I was too indolent to open it. By-and-by, when it came time to dress, I might, perhaps, be equal to the effort. Meanwhile it could wait. Why did not some spirit whisper to me that a few weeks ago I taught school all day, and was not, by any means, over-fatigued in consequence.

Ah, the spirit had turned traitor to me, in my prosperity.

Later, while Mary was brushing my hair, I took up the note, which consisted of two lines only, informing me that Mr. Whitman would call that evening on business of importance.

I was due at Mrs. Lewis's party, and I made up my mind to go, in spite of his request. All the same, I remained at home, the truth being, although I did not confess it to myself, that I was a little afraid of my guardian.

With the deepening shades of night he came, looking grave and anxious, more so than usual, and, as we shook hands, he contemplated me, as if I were an object of pity, which, to the best of my belief, I certainly was not.

"My dear Miss Graham," he said, with a funereal intonation, "I have very unpleasant news for you, which, I hope, you will bear bravely. I hardly know how to tell you, but your aunt——" A pause.

Had my aunt come to life again? If she had, I should certainly enjoy an interview with her.

"What about my aunt?" I asked, impatiently.

"She made another will," he replied, jerkily, "a year or more after the one in which she be-

queathed her property to you, and in this later will she leaves her fortune to her husband's nephew, without reserve."

A long silence followed, which was finally broken by a striking and brilliant observation on my part,

"She must have been fond of making wills."

Mr. Whitman smiled grimly, by way of reply.

"Perhaps another will may be found taking the money from him just as he has begun to enjoy it," I suggested, the wish being father to the thought.

"I am so sorry for you, my child," my guardian answered, ignoring my remark.

His kind tone brought tears, but I choked them back, not yet being ready for weeping.

"Where is this nephew, and what is he?" I asked, speaking as steadily as possible.

"He is in San Francisco; a clerk in a commission house there. His name is Charles Richmond. He is about twenty-nine years old, and, I think, unmarried," replied Mr. Whitman, as though he were repeating a catalogue.

"I hate him!" I said to myself, and speculated momentarily on the chance of his coming to an untimely end on his way back from California.

Mr. Whitman talked on and on. He might have been Plato himself, and I should not have heeded him. At last, seeing my inattention, he rose to go. I bade him good-by, mechanically, listened till his footsteps had died away, then buried my face in the sofa-cushions, and burst into a passion of tears.

Next day I inspected my possessions, with a virtuous determination not to renounce one of them, albeit they were bought with money which rightfully belonged to Mr. Richmond. Then I wandered about, dazed and uncertain, while Mrs. Tucker cried aimlessly in out-of-the-way places. Dinner and tea tasted like straw. At nightfall I sobbed myself to sleep once more.

After a few days passed in a similar manner, I rose to the height of the occasion, sought out some cheap lodgings, and made application for a position as teacher; then I sat down again to await the arrival of Mr. Richmond, who came with ill-omened speed.

I was sitting alone, thinking busily, when his arrival was announced; and arrayed, like Mr. Tennyson's Enid, in a faded robe, I descended to the parlor to greet the unwelcome new comer. My eyes were red, my aspect was woe-begone, and I felt that, if he were human, his conscience would reproach him for the misery he had caused me.

My guardian brought forward a young man,

who shook hands with me as warmly as though he were about to do me some great favor, saying, at the same time,

"Miss Graham, I am so sorry for what has happened."

"Not so sorry as I am," I responded; at which he smiled, though why I could not see; to me it was no smiling matter.

Then Mr. Whitman spoke, and by degrees I comprehended that Mr. Richmond wished me to retain half of my aunt's fortune. At the proposition all my latent amiability displayed itself. "I will not!" I said, with emphasis. "Not the value of a penny will I touch (except the pretty things up stairs,)" I interpolated, mentally. "I have not the shadow of a claim upon Mr. Richmond's charity. I have earned my bread before, I can earn it again!" At the worst, there was John Smith—I leaned upon the thought of him, and found it a tower of strength.

"You are a brave girl," said Mr. Whitman, at the close of my speech, but he continued his pleading. Mr. Richmond plead, too, and even more with his eyes than with his tongue; but I remained sweetly and placidly obstinate.

The conference ended. We had lunch, at which I presided, pouring Mr. Richmond's coffee from his own silver urn, and spitefully watching him, as he drank it, with evident enjoyment. Mine choked me so that I could not swallow it.

Farewell over, I secreted myself behind a window-curtain, and watched the gentlemen, or rather one of them, Mr. Richmond, as he descended the steps. He was handsome, there was no denying that; handsomer than any of my adorers, who, by the way, had been of late strangely forgetful of me, their whilom idol.

I wondered whether Mr. Richmond would marry one of the young ladies, who so kindly informed me that I "had no style," and I found no comfort in the conjecture.

I had been a tenant of a small attic room for several weeks; longer, in fact, than I had been an heiress, and found that teaching in a city was even less pleasant than in Putney, where birds sang in the door-yard trees, and leaves and blossoms drifted in at the open window. Had I been weary and discouraged up there? I was doubly so here, where the thought of my lost toys came daily to torment me. I was lonely, too. Mrs. Tucker had vanished like a vision, and my new friends were one and all lost to me as though they had been swallowed up by an earthquake. Nobody, except Mr. Whitman, was left, unless I counted Mr. Richmond. He had called repeatedly, had invited me to drive with him, to attend the theatre and opera, had sent

me a bouquet every day without fail. The invitations I had declined; the bouquets I threw out of the window. Not but what I longed sorely to keep them; but they were bought with money which should have been mine; and so I destroyed them on principle. In spite of my snubbings, he continued to press civilities upon me. Why could he not see that I disliked him, and despised that sense of duty which prompted his attentions? Perhaps he did.

I was trying to finish a novel by the fast waning light, when word was brought up that Mr. Richmond insisted upon seeing me, and, in answer to the lordly summons, I laid aside my book just at the most thrilling portion, and sought the presence of the author of all my woes, armed treble with dignity, vexation and resentment.

My visitor's usual calm assurance for once had deserted him, and he regarded my austere countenance with a look of anxiety. Could it be, I said to myself, that another will had turned up, enriching some unknown relative at his expense? From the bottom of my heart I hoped so.

I was not left much time for conjecture, for, after a moment's hesitation, he began.

"Nellie"—the familiar mode of address made me open my eyes widely. "Nellie, I am afraid I shall blunder fearfully in what I am about to say, for it is a new experience for me; but I—I love you, and want you to be my wife, and take back the wealth of which you have been so unjustly deprived. Will you?"

"No!" I said, regarding him indignantly, and marveling at his depravity. "No, I will not; for I do not love you at all. On the contrary, I dislike you most bitterly. If it had not been for you," I went on with feminine illogicalness, "I should have been a rich, care-free woman, instead of a little wretched, poverty-stricken school-mistress. Nor do you love me in the least! Mr. Whitman has suggested, I suppose, this mode of making amends for the misfortune you have caused me, and you have dutifully followed his advice." Tears of shame filled my eyes at the thought, and it was with difficulty that I could finish my sentence. "Thank you for your generous offer, and the opinion of me which prompted you to make it."

"But, Nellie—Miss Graham," he began.

I felt I should cry if the man stayed a moment longer; so I said, abruptly,

"Please to consider our interview ended, Mr. Richmond;" and rising, I marched out of the room, looking as haughty as my five feet two inches would admit of.

The months had run their course, and it was summer again. Nothing had happened, nothing

would ever happen, I thought to myself, longing for something which might break in upon the monotony of my existence. I wanted to go somewhere. I could have gratefully accepted a bouquet had one been tendered me. I was even abject enough to let my thoughts occasionally dwell on John Smith. It seemed to me that I was a hundred years older than I had been a year ago, and I craved a return to my country home, that I might see if some new wine of youth would not be given me there to drink. Visitors I had none, for Mr. Whitman was absent from the city; so the world for me was narrowed to the bounds of my little sky parlor, where I sat and communed with the spirit of my departed aunt, and reproached her for her sinful capriciousness.

Occasionally I imposed a trifle more bitterness into my bowl of porridge, by speculating about Mr. Richmond's wife, her taste in dress, and the amount of spending-money which that generous-hearted man was likely to allow her. Such a train of thought always resulted, however, in making me cough a great deal, and see haloes around the street lamps.

On one especial afternoon I was impelled by a desire to look pretty; so I took out all my last year's finery and tried it on, selecting at last the most becoming costume, which was not the less charming for being a twelvemonth behind the fashion. What would it have mattered if it had been a relic of the days of Queen Bess herself, when there was no one to criticise or to praise me!

There was one advantage about my sky parlor. From its upward-looking windows I could see next to nothing, so that my meditations were never disturbed. But, on the afternoon in question, it ceased to be an advantage, as I was not in a reflective mood, and preferred gazing at my fellow-mortals as I went down.

The parlor windows did not give on a very crowded thoroughfare. Patient watching was rewarded only by the sight of five nursery-maids, an organ-grinder, two old women, a milkman, and the grocer's boy. Discouraged, I crossed the room and tried to evoke some music from the piano. It was a pathetic little instrument, whose mournful tones seemed intended as apologies for its own unworthiness, and I shuddered at the result of my endeavors.

In the midst of a polka, which sounded remarkably like a dirge, the parlor opened, and, laying a hand upon the keys, which groaned in unison, I turned to inspect the visitor.

It was Mr. Richmond! He was paler and thinner than when we last met, at which I secretly rejoiced, without knowing why I did so.

I offered him my hand as a token of gratitude for the way in which he had left me to my own devices for the past six months. He grasped it eagerly, and the pressure hurt my fingers; so I withdrew it in haste.

"I have something to tell you, which will astonish you very much," he said, after the customary greetings had been exchanged. "The cashier of the bank in which my fortune was placed has defaulted, and fled to Europe, leaving the bank's affairs in an utterly ruined condition, and I am as poor to-day as when I left San Francisco."

I was glad, heartily glad, and told him so with charming candor.

"So am I, Nellie," he responded, with provoking cheerfulness. "Because now there is some hope that you will believe me, when I tell you that I love you, and have loved you from our first meeting."

Astonishment took away my self-possession.

"Can you?" I asked, with the air of one in search of information. Then I got off the piano-stool and walked with Mr. Richmond to the sofa, where I pulled hairs from out the tattered cover and waited for inspiration.

"Tell me, Nellie," my companion urged, pertinaciously, "I am poor and unfortunate now—don't you love me a little, a very little?"

"I cannot tell," I replied, meditatively, as though considering some difficult question, looking down, and now picking the hair from the ragged sofa more nervously than ever.

But in fact I was not so puzzled as I affected to be. A new light was breaking upon me. I felt that, but for my pride, I would have loved Mr. Richmond long ago.

"Nellie!" he said again, imploringly, trying to look into my averted eyes.

"Perhaps! Perhaps I may, after awhile," I stammered. "At any rate, I will try, if that will do as well."

He had me in his arms before I had finished.

"My darling, my darling!" he cried.

But after awhile, what do you think he did? Why, he said, with impertinence beyond parallel, and half laughter, "I was sure you loved me all along. It was my money—now, wasn't it?—that made you pretend to hate me."

What can you do with men? What could I do, at any rate, after what I had said?

We were married soon after. My lover would hear of no delay, and Mr. Whitman, who returned to town in a few days, seconded him. So, before the summer was over, I became a bride; and a happy one, too, I will be frank enough to admit.

Well, our wedding tour was over, and we were again in New York. But to my surprise, my husband, instead of taking me to cheap lodgings, as I had been led to suppose, ordered the cab-driver to go to one of the fashionable streets just out of the Fifth Avenue.

"What does this mean?" I said, as we drew up before a handsome house, where a footman stood waiting at the door: and I drew back.

"It means, darling, that I have practised a little trick on you, from which I hope a lifetime's devotion will win my pardon. I am not ruined. My bank cashier did not run away."

"You mean to say," I cried, "that, instead of his cheating you, you have cheated me."

But, of course, I took his hand, and allowed him to lead me up the steps, for it would not do, I knew, to make a scene before the servants. And somehow I never thought to "make a scene" at all. One can't do it when one is really in love, and I was desperately in love with my handsome husband by this time.

Besides, in my secret heart, I was not sorry he was rich, instead of poor. It would be nonsense to pretend otherwise. So I forgave him for his little deception, especially when he said, saucily, as he kissed me in the dressing-room, "Don't you remember you said, only the other night, all was fair in war and love?"

SONG.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

I THOUGHT that life no joy retained,
At least, no joy for me;
To cheer my heart no hope remained,
For then I knew not thee.

The pilgrim who is doomed to stray
Across Arabian sands,
Who sees the phantom-fount decay,
When he beside it stands.

And faints beneath the burning hours
In the hot desert sped,
Where no soft dews, no cooling showers
Their balmy treasures shed.

Should he a living spring draw near,
How blest, how hailed 'twould be!
As sweet, as welcome, and as dear,
Thy friendship is to me.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 221.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Ruth Hurst entered that room, she shrunk back appalled by its squalid appearance; but it was so superior to the hole from which the sick man had been rescued, that Ellen Jessup came forward with an air of absolute elation.

"You see how comfortable we are," she said, flushing with delight. "This is Fletcher!"

The young man arose, feebly, from his chair, and turned his great, bright eyes upon the visitor. His wild, famished look had a weird fascination in it that disturbed Ruth. The chair, which he offered with a wavering bow, she rejected.

"Keep your seats. Do not allow me to disturb you," she said. "I did not mean to do that, Ellen."

The young man, whose limbs had bent under him, sunk into the seat. His head drooped wearily on one hand, but those great, searching eyes were still turned on Ruth. He knew that this woman had been his benefactress; saved him, perhaps, from absolute starvation; but his heart was too full for thanks. They trembled on his lips and beamed in his eyes, but could not form themselves into words.

All this time Ruth stood by the door, wondering that human misery could be so repulsive. The grim walls, the squalid bed, and rudely-arranged table repulsed her. She had no idea that anything worse than this could exist. Brought up in the country, where fresh, pure air was assured to every one, and food, of some kind, could generally be obtained for work, she looked upon the picture before her with a feeling of absolute revolt, without the least idea that she had rescued those people from such degrading misery that this scene was Paradise compared to it.

"Why don't some one give the lady a chair to sit down on?" demanded Mrs. Carter, looking over Ruth's shoulder. "When I gives up the best room in this house to you, Nelly Jessup, manners is expected, as well as money; specially when ladies as are undoubted condescend to darken the door-stand. Swark, what are you about, sneaking off into corners, where you've no right to be?"

Here Swark arose from the hearth, where he had been blowing up the fire, as an excuse for keeping out of sight, and looked quietly down upon his rags.

"Why don't you get the lady a chair? That was what I was wakin' you up to——"

"I was just a doing of it," answered Swark, snatching at the chair from which he had slid to the hearth on the stranger's first appearance. "You don't give a cove time to hact, Mother Carter."

Here the lad came forward, dusting the chair with the skirt of his ragged coat. He placed the rickety seat near the visitor, and retreated to the hearth again.

"Another thing; what are you doin' in this room, Swark? The garret is your place, if I know anything of bargains, and not always money for that. These elegant premises was let to your betters, that you are crowdin' out of all comfort, and mean ter cheat me out of my lawful perquisites."

"I—I'm her servant, I am," answered Swark. "Hired out on board wages, lodgin' thrown in, gratis. That's what brings me here; and 'ill keep me here so long as I'm wanted by other persons besides you, Mother Carter."

"Hoity-toity! How a good meal sets him up," said the woman, turning to Ruth, who had dropped into the chair, and was nervously listening to this talk. "You wouldn't believe it, mem, but warm hearths will wake up froze sarpenes. Ony yesterday he was meek as Moses, beggin' for a night's loging under the roof, on trust. Now you see him in my best rooms, turning on his friends, as if they was dirt. But sich is human natur, lickin' your feet when they're down, biting 'em when they are up. But now that you've got a seat, mem, I'll take myself off, alers bein' under call if anything goes wrong. Keep that on your mind, Ellen Jessup; Carter is alers under call."

"What a strange woman," said Ruth, holding Ellen's hand with a trembling clasp. "She frightens me."

"Not as she has frightened me many a time; but these are her pleasantest manners. She

means to be wonderfully polite," answered Ellen, pressing the hand which had timidly sought hers. "You have no idea how terrible she can be. Owe her money, and her tongue is like a scorpion's, her tread upon you is something awful. No wonder people kill themselves to escape her."

"Kill themselves! What, here, under this roof?" questioned Ruth.

"Yes, more than one person has done that, I am told. But you are pale; the air of this place stifles you."

"No, it is not that. Only I did not expect this. I did not think——"

"Ah, if you only knew how much worse it has been," said Ellen, with a glow of gratitude warming up her wan features. "Yesterday you opened heaven to us."

"This heaven?" said Ruth, looking around with a shudder.

"At any rate," said Fletcher Welsh, turning his eyes on Ruth. "I, for one, must thank you for keeping me on earth."

"Ah! but I did so little," she said, troubled by all this gratitude, which really seemed disproportionate to any benefit she had conferred.

A pale smile wandered over the young man's features.

"I am weak now," he said; "have been very ill, and feel more like a child than a man; but I shall be strong again; then you will perhaps be made to comprehend how much you have done for me and my poor sister here."

Fletcher reached out his hand, drew Ellen close to him, and kissed her on the forehead, as a father might have done. There was no such calmness of affection in the girl; a quiver of color came over her face, and the spot his lips had touched was defined by a hot scarlet flush. She, too, was unnerved by want, and the least thing made her tremble.

"They are both on 'em getting bad agin, lady," said Swark, who had been watching this scene covertly, while on his knees toasting a slice of bread before the fire. "Jist you 'tice 'em into eating another slice of toast, mistened with tea, and they'll be happy enough. It's brown as a filbert, nice and hot as can be. They were getting along well enough till Mother Carter came in, but she's enough to take away the appetite of a hungry dog, she is. Being gone now, supposin' you take my place at this festive board, and let me fork over another slice of bacon. It's a relish fit for a prince, my lady."

Ruth smiled. There was something quaint and true in that earnest face that won her interest.

"No, thank you. Do not think of me; but my cousin will go on with her breakfast all the same," she said. "The bacon smells deliciously as you hold it to the fire."

"Don't it?" broke in Swark, rubbing one hand down his knee, while he held the bacon so near the coals that the drops of gravy caught fire, and blazed up over his fingers on the toast. "Oh, ma'am, I wish you would condescend to taste it. There never was anything to compare with it. Taste them."

"Who is he?" whispered Ruth.

"The best creature, the only friend we had till now," answered Ellen. "He has watched by Fletcher every night."

Ruth's eyes brightened as she turned them on Swark.

"He, too, seems—seems——"

"Poverty-stricken," said Ellen, who had suffered so much from want that all sensitiveness regarding it was dead within her. "Yes, he is not ice, that is the only difference."

"Been used to it longer," muttered Swark, from the hearth, where his keen ears had gathered in this low-toned conversation. "He never knew much else since he was born, which was a time he don't 'member about; but if there was any comfort in his life, it was then, afore he knew enough to enjoy it."

Ruth heard a muttering sound from the hearth, but did not make out the words. Something in the room seemed strange and weird to her. She had come there with a wish to help her new-found relations, but their condition overpowered her. She had never imagined such terrible destitution, and stood in its midst with a feeling of utter helplessness. She even felt as if her advent into that squalid scene were an insult; and ashamed of her rich dress, ashamed of the very health that bloomed in her cheeks, stood there abashed.

As if he understood this, the boy Swark came to her relief. Lifting himself up from the hearth, he came forward holding a slice of toast in the palm of one hand, so that the steaming bacon might drip over it from the fork he held in the other.

"Come, now, lady; here's your time, piping hot; enough to make your mouth water. Just sit down, do now, and try how good it is."

Ruth smiled, and commenced to draw off her gloves; from sheer sympathy with those half-starved creatures, she began to grow hungry. The toast and bacon that Swark laid on a cracked plate before her, lost all its repulsiveness when she saw how eagerly the others waited for her to begin.

"It is very nice," she said, answering Swark's eager look. "Very nice, indeed."

"Isn't it, my lady, fit for the queen herself?" answered the lad, rubbing his hands with great glee. "Fit for the queen."

"It is but fair," said Ruth, smiling kindly on her cousin, "that you should give me a breakfast this morning, for I came away hours before mine will be ready. Indeed, I could not sleep last night, from thinking of you."

"And I went to sleep last night only to dream of you. It seemed like a dream altogether; and now, when you sit here, I cannot realize it. That is the deepest misery of trouble; it will not be shaken off. We get used to it, and joy comes so seldom."

"But we must think of some way to make it real," said Ruth. "I feel quite at a loss. 'You must help me.'"

Ruth looked at Fletcher Welsh as she spoke. Her inexperience was so great that she turned to this stranger for help.

The man turned his face away drearily, shaded it with his thin hand, conquering the weakness which made speech a trouble, then lifted his grave, earnest eyes to her face.

"Ah, lady, how can one look up from this condition and give counsel that may win direct kindness?"

"But you have experience. I want to help my cousin, but cannot tell how it may be done permanently."

"Experience, yes; but see to what that has brought me; to what depths it has dragged her," answered the man, looking at Ellen as if pleading for her pardon. "I had an ambition to rise above the sphere marked out by honest birth. After one fierce struggle, it has landed me here."

"What was it you wished to accomplish?" questioned Ruth.

The answer came with a low, self-mocking laugh.

"I think it was to rival the reputation of Raphael and Michael Angelo as the first painters of the world. Ellen can tell you that I aspired to nothing less than that. You can judge yourself, lady, how I have succeeded."

"You wished to be a painter, then?"

"He would have been a great painter," said Ellen, with generous enthusiasm, "had your father or mine lived, for then he had a home, and kind friends to help him on in his studies; but with them everything went, health with the rest. Every step was downward, and only ended here because there is nothing worse beyond, not even the grave."

"You don't know that, never having been in the lock-up, or told to move on, when you had nowhere to go, by the perlice," said Swark, joining into the conversation without the least idea that his opinions could be obtrusive. "Being a gentleman as was alers above priggin', how could you?"

"Priggin'," said Ruth, addressing Ellen in a low voice. "What is that?"

Ellen smiled faintly, and shook her head: but Swark had caught the words, and pitying the lady's ignorance, began to explain.

"Priggin', my lady, is a bissnis as is follered here in Lunnion just as paintin' picters is, only in the larning you git what livin' is to be had out of it as you go along. It ain't downright starvin', anyway, 'cause, ye see, in the lock-up, they have ter give ye something to eat, and in the streets you pick up suthing to keep along with. That's what priggin' is, my lady."

Ruth got an idea that there was something in the world very miserable and vague, which she had never heard of; but this was all Swark's speech conveyed to her, while it covered Ellen's face with blushes, and made the sick artist veil his eyes.

"I can understand," she said, "that there must be years of study before an artist can sell his pictures, and that he must have some means of living all that time."

"Worse than that," said Ellen, "the study itself absorbs the whole being, and unfits him for anything else."

Ruth bent her eyes to the table. She was not given to deep reflection, but the sympathy she felt for these people threw her into thought.

"Nothing but great genius could urge any man into a struggle like that," she said, at last, lifting her face, which had lost its anxious expression. "I have been told, by one who knows everything, that great genius will work its way to the light through all difficulties. I hope, sir, that you are far beyond the worst, now."

"Ah, but I have done so little. You cannot tell, lady, how bravely I began. The audacity of my hopes makes me laugh myself to scorn, now."

"Still, you never gave up making pictures of some kind?" questioned Ruth, who, having formed a theory, was anxious to sustain it by evidence. "They are always in your mind, I suppose."

"In his mind!" exclaimed Swark. "I wish you could a seen him making images out of the lamp-smoke on a bit of board, when his eyes was blood shot, and his head was raven. Images that he wanted me to sell, and thought I did. Old

Mother Carter, for one, blowin' me up. I kept that to show the old woman when she got to the top of her speed, and it alers made her blaze out, like a house afire. I don't know nothin' about picters in general, but them there lamp-smoke things had enough grit in 'em to set the old woman off wild. It was one of them that made her take the scrap of a bed from under him."

"It is only the work of a crazed brain he is speaking of," said Welsh. "I do not even remember it."

"But you love this art?" questioned Ruth.

"Love it! Do I love my soul?"

A light came into those large eyes that quenched the look of recent hunger there; a faint color rose to the face. It was a dawn of the ideal over physical want. Ruth's face flushed, in answer to this kindling enthusiasm. She was at soul an artist, though her experience had been in household adornments, and pictures made out of blooming flowers. The feeling of genius was there, but she never could have done the work.

"I will go, now," she said, rising. "All that we have said, gives me an idea of what is to be done, but there must be a little time. Can you endure this place for a few days? It shall not be longer than that."

"Endure it?" said Ellen. "Why, this is Heaven to what we have known, dingy as it is. Yesterday we should have thought it madness to have hoped so much."

"Well, have a little patience, and come to me, if anything goes wrong. I shall be here again."

"You'll find it another place, my lady, quite another. The floor 'll be clean, the hearth chalked like marble, and the walls will be 'stonished with a coatin' of whitewash. It 'll be like a palace when you come the next time, my lady. Swark will make things tidy for ye, never fear."

"Perhaps you will show me the way out," said Ruth, gently. "The passages are so dark."

"Won't I?" answered the lad, following her into the passage, where she paused, and spoke to him under her breath. "Will you sell me that sketch?"

"Sketch, my lady?"

"The picture you spoke of."

"What, old Mother Carter?"

"Yes."

"But it ain't mine. It's his'n."

"Still, you might sell it, and use the money for him."

"So I might. Well, now, how much 'll you give?"

"Will this be enough?"

Ruth took some gold from her portmonnaie, and placed it in his hand. He examined it closely.

"Gold! Genuine guinea gold!" he exclaimed, doubtfully. "If it was shillings, now. But, oh, my lady, you wouldn't come for to impose on a cove as never did you no harm, and git him in trouble with the pelrice, as never was friends to him, alers contrarywise! You wouldn't have the heart to do it, now, would you?"

"Indeed, I would not, my good fellow. It is genuine gold, and you can spend it without fear. If I take the sketch, it is because I wish to help the young gentleman, and get him other pictures to paint."

"Ah, ha!" chuckled Swark, closing both palms over the money, and jingling it, gleefully. "This means suthing to eat, and plenty of it. Oh, my lady, if you only would let me do suthin' for you, carrying of parcels, sweeping out the back yard, shoveling in coal, or sweepin' the next side-walk. There isn't a cove in all Lunnon can do sich things better 'n I can."

"Swark, get the sketch. I want that most of all," said Ruth, laughing at his list of offers.

"Stay here, just a minit," answered Swark, and up the rickety stairs he darted with a speed that made them tremble under him. In a corner of that old den, in the garret, he found the sketch hid away, under the rafters, and brought it down triumphant.

"I smoothed the bit of board off with my own hands," he said, holding it up in the dim light. "He was cryin' out so for suthin' to paint on. Let me carry it down for ye, lady. Besides, the stairs ain't safe for a dainty foot like that. Just you foller me."

Ruth followed him to the street-door, where a cab waited for her, and, taking the sketch from his hand, entered it, and drove away.

CHAPTER X.

RUTH HURST had, indeed, left her home before the family was up. In Europe she had frequently done this, when the weather was fine, and a tempting scenery drew her forth. The habit of early rising, learned in her father's cottage, was strong upon her yet; and to her the early morning was, with its dew and rosy light, worth all the rest of the day. In London, she had hardly ventured forth alone, but independent country habits rendered her fearless. Deep sympathy for her cousin had kept her awake all night, and nothing but action could appease her restlessness after the day dawned.

Stealing softly into her dressing-room, she put on the plainest garments at hand, and went quietly from the house. After walking a block or two, she saw a cab moving slowly homeward from

some railway depot, and beckoned it, feeling herself a little bewildered. With some little difficulty, the man comprehended where she wished to go, but not till his amazement had been expressed by looks and gestures which she, fortunately, did not understand.

When she had made her visit, and come out of that grim old dwelling, followed by Swark, the cabman's curiosity knew no bounds, and he noted in his mind both the number he took her from, and drove her to. Ruth had no idea of wrong or concealment. A servant opened the door for her, and, with the sketch in her hand, she went up to her dressing-room.

No one was moving in the next room. The young wife looked in and saw that her husband was still asleep. So she took off her hat and shawl, changed her dress, and lay down on the couch, glad to think over everything she had seen in the quiet of her room. Yes, this young wife began to see how her newly-found relation—for in that light she held Fletcher Welsh as also Ellen Jessup—would be benefitted without asking aid from her husband, from which she shrunk from more than the sensitive pride of a highly-born lady.

During this hurried self-counsel, Ruth felt all the keen humiliation which the poverty-stricken group she had left might bring upon her husband. In some respects she was a brave little soul, generous and impulsive; but where the pride of her husband was concerned, she shrank back and hesitated with the natural sensitiveness of a person who felt that his very love for her existed at the expense of a constant sacrifice.

How could she help her poor relatives without bringing them in painful contact with her husband? If the squalor of their poverty had shocked her, how much more would it revolt a man of his habits and sensitive pride?

Ruth had no heart even to speak of the destitution she had witnessed that morning. It seemed to cling to her even in the luxurious rest of her own home, as a sting and reproach that grew out of her low birth. Her cheek burned, and her lips curved in self-scorn, as she remembered the dingy room, the seething bacon, and the squalid garments which made up the poverty of that wretched group. For a little time her young heart almost rose up in rebellion against these relatives that had been so strangely forced upon her; but it was only a brief feeling. Directly she was more ashamed of that than of the hapless persons who had inspired it.

"I must help them out of this misery," she thought. "But how? He is good, generous, noble; but I saw the blood come into his face

when he found my poor cousin sitting in our drawing-room. Ah me! if he had only seen her this morning as I did, so pale, so hollow-eyed, her rich hair tangled, her dress soiled with work. Poor girl! It is cruel in me to think of her in this way; but I dare not tell him about it. If the sight disturbed me so, what would it be to him? He would give them money. Oh, yes, he would be sure to give them money; but they need something better than present help—something——"

Here a certain flash of recollection broke up Ruth's train of thought. She started up and began to re-arrange her dress, quite unconscious that she was doing it, quite regardless of the bright, eager face that looked at her from the mirror.

"Who can I ask about it?" she questioned. "Oh, that my dear old godmother were here. She would know. She would tell me how to act. But there is no other way; I must ask him. Their need is so urgent, and I have promised."

Ruth broke off again. A step in the passage was enough to sweep everything else from her mind.

"He is going down. He expects to find me in the breakfast-room," she said, giving a last swift look in the glass. "To think that I have been up so many hours, and he will never dream of it. Oh, what a different breakfast I am going to now!"

It was indeed a different breakfast. Different as frosted silver, crystal-ice clear, and gleaming with cool fruit; Sevres china, on which flowers seemed lightly thrown, and such delicate viands as people get accustomed to on the Continent, could make it, from the other squalid meal of that morning. It was different in this, too. A man whom she dearly loved turned his smiling eyes upon her as she entered the room, spoke of the bright color in her cheek as he kissed it, and taking a seat opposite to hers, watched her lovingly as she performed the dainty duties of the table with a shy grace that betrayed more anxiety regarding each detail than one born to the purple would ever have felt.

"The air of London is like wine to you, Ruth. The bloom it gives is something wonderful," he said, with a smile that was both affectionate and sad; for he felt no such invigorating effects from the atmosphere.

"Yes," she answered, blushing a little. "The rustic bloom clings to me like the old ways. They are hard to fling off."

"I hope you are not trying to do that, Ruth. Such efforts only end in awkwardness."

"Then I must try not to be awkward," answered the young wife, with a laugh.

"That I think you never could be, darling. No bird about the dear old cottage was ever more wildly graceful. I would not have you change in that for the world."

As her husband mentioned the cottage, Ruth gave a little start, and more vivid color came into her face. It was the subject she had uppermost in her mind.

"The cottage? What a pleasant little home it was!" she said. "Is anyone living there now, Walton?"

"Living there? No, child; nothing but the birds. I think it has never been opened since——"

"Since I left it, that terrible night, when I thought the only way to save you was to flee to the other side of the world. Oh, Walton! Walton! what a night that was!"

Ruth was pale enough now, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Forgive me, dear. I did not think to pain you by a mention of the old cottage. With all its sad memories, my heart is always turning to it."

"So is mine. But sometimes I am very foolish. Having known so many years of happiness in the dear old place, I was only wondering if Sir Noel, your father, had given it to any one since we went away."

"He would not do that, Ruth, for the lease covered more than your father's lifetime. It rests in you now."

"In me? I almost thought so. That is why it stands empty, like a last year's bird's nest. I wonder if—if your father would let me put—put some person in. Quiet people, you know, who would do no harm."

"The cottage is within the park itself, you know," answered Hurst, after a moment's thoughtful silence. "Your parents were a part of the family born on the place. The cottage was built for your grandfather, and any one but a Jessup would seem out of place there."

"But I was thinking of a Jessup," answered Ruth. "The last of the name, I think. One that my father loved."

"You mean that young person——"

"That you caught me entertaining in the drawing-room when the Duke came to dine with us? Yes, I was thinking of her, Walton. My father loved her, and she has been very unfortunate, poor girl! Besides——"

Here Ruth hesitated. It was difficult mentioning the step-brother without confessing her escapade of the morning; but she was quick-

witted, and soon managed to frame her speech carefully.

"Besides, she has a half-brother. Not exactly that, but the son of a stepmother, who has been very ill. My father looked upon him as a nephew, and used to help him; but when he died, all that ended. Do you think Sir Noel would mind letting them live in the cottage?"

Hurst did not answer promptly. He had felt the intrusion of Ellen Jessup into his house more sensitively than appeared, and would gladly have escaped all further annoyance from the connection; but circumstances attending the old gardener's death made kindness to his family an absolute duty. Beyond this, he could not resist the pathetic pleading of that young soul, and answered, against his will,

"How are these people to live?"

"The young man is an artist; or will be, if fate gives him a chance."

"But artists are not made in an hour. There must be genius first, then plenty of hard work."

"I know that well enough; but strong genius forces the work. Haven't I heard you say that?"

"But such genius is rare. Only think, child, out of all the millions that people the world, how few great artists exist, or ever have existed."

"But how many artists earn moderate fame and daily bread without being supremely great?" answered Ruth, warming up bravely in defence of her cause. "Besides, it must be a charming life, this eternal search for the beautiful. Sometimes, since we have been abroad, I have yearned to try it."

"You," said Hurst, laughing pleasantly.

Ruth laughed also, and added,

"Only I have been too happy for an earnest wish of any kind; but at times, now, when you are away so much, I begin to pine for something, one scarcely knows what."

"Just now I fancy it is to set up the last of the Jessups in the old nest. Well, suppose that done. How are they to live while this young man is learning to be great?"

Ruth blushed painfully, and spoke with humility, as if she were craving alms.

"Was—was there not a little money somewhere? My father used to speak of it. He said that my grandfather's savings and his made a warm nest-egg."

"I do not know," answered the husband, laughing. "Not knowing that I had married an heiress, it has never entered my mind to look up her fortune."

"You are cruel to laugh at me," cried Ruth, flashing an angry look through the tears of mortification that had gathered in her eyes. "My

father thought it something, and was very proud of keeping it for me."

"Well, I won't laugh, child. It is cruel, as you say. What, crying in earnest! Come here, and let me kiss the tears away."

Hurst left the table as he spoke, threw his arms around his wife, who made a petulant effort to escape his clasp, and led her into the drawing-room.

"Come, now, tell me what you mean to do with this great fortune, if we find it?" he said, kissing her eyelids, under which the tears swelled thick and fast.

"You are laughing at me yet," she answered, with willful petulance, burying her face on his shoulder, and sobbing aloud. "I was so serious, too, and had set my heart on it."

"On what, dear? Tell me. You haven't even hinted at anything yet."

"I—I don't know how much money he left, or if it is mine at all; only I thought that you would not care for so little, and I, having you and everything, did not want it at all; so it might go to support them nicely in the old home till he could make pictures worth selling. That is what I was thinking of; and I'm sure there is money."

"Then it shall support these people, and they shall live at the cottage, and trample down your flowers, as I did so often, just to get a glimpse of you through the lattice-window, before you went to bed. Do you remember those times, Ruth?"

"Do I remember them? I wouldn't let you know how often for the world."

"There, there, I was wrong to tease you. Now, about this fortune?"

"Lawyer Lathrop, he that used to come so often to Norston's Rest, knows all about it. My father always took his savings to him. I recollect that."

"Well, shall I write to Lawyer Lathrop?"

"If you will be so kind. To-day. This morning."

"But if you should be mistaken, and Lathrop has no knowledge of the money, what then?"

"What then? I really don't know. It would be dreadful!"

"Don't look so miserable at the thought. I dare say it will be all right. But should it prove otherwise, have you thought of no other way?"

"No; I can think of nothing else," answered Ruth, shaking her head. "The cottage is there, all furnished, and the garden might help some; but without money, ever so little, it would never do."

"Did it never occur to you that perhaps your husband might be induced to help these people?"

"Would you? Oh, Walton! would you help them? I am so glad, so rich in delight! Not that I would let you do it."

"Why not, Ruth?"

Her arms were around his neck, she dropping kisses on his face, soft as red-ripe leaves shaken from the heart of a rose.

"Why not? Because I am so greedy of your love, and of everything that springs from it, that no ray or gleam shall go beyond myself. I know how much you have sacrificed for me—sometimes more than you dream of yourself. Because I would rather die than force more of my people upon you."

Here Ruth paused to draw breath, and observing the kindness of his look, broke down in her loving vehemence.

"No, I would rather they should be left on the wayside to perish, than that you should blush for me again, as you did that day when you brought the Duke here."

"But I did not blush, Ruth. It was only surprise."

"No, no! And how can I blame you? We did make such a picture, just when you wanted me to appear so well," interrupted the young wife, covering her flushed face with both hands. "I know what a disappointment it must have been. How could I have been brought up within sight of Norston's Rest, and not understand that?"

"But you are mistaken, child. I am not sure that any position in which we could have found you would have won more admiration from my friend."

"Oh, he must have thought me dreadful!" answered Ruth, breaking into a laugh, though her eyes were full of tears. "If I had been an Earl's daughter, it might have seemed like caprice or independence. Your friend saw that it was quite natural in the child of a gardener."

"You are too sensitive, Ruth. Come, now, about this cousin, who seems to have brought such perplexity here. What shall we do for her?"

"We? Nothing. I do not mean to cumber you with her wants. But I have so few relatives, and to every one my poor father's death brought trouble; in this case, absolute destitution. Can you wonder that I forget myself a little?"

"I can wonder at nothing generous and good that my wife does," was the gracious answer. "If misfortune has fallen on anything your good father cared for, Ruth, it was I who brought it on them."

"No, no; I did not mean that. Only I loved my father dearly. There is not an hour of my

life that I do not think of him with mournful sorrow. Not a day in which I do not ask myself if there is one thing on earth that I can do which would have given him pleasure while living."

Hurst's face clouded with sadness as he listened. He, too, was thinking of the weird consequences which his rash and secret marriage had brought upon the humble family of his wife. The tragic death of the old gardener, the bitter evils that had fallen on himself. If her humble roof had been invaded by death, neither had his grand old home escaped. Then he remembered that his father was left alone. From some inexplicable cause, Lady Rose Houston, who had been the very light of the household, abandoned it to a solitude almost as deep as that which brooded over the gardener's cottage. Ruth spoke truly; he had made great sacrifices for her, but he remembered, with shame, that these sacrifices had fallen most heavily upon his father. Ruth saw the cloud on her husband's brow, but did not read it aright.

"You would not blame me for these feelings," she said, with pathetic gentleness, "if you knew how impossible it is for me to escape them. When that poor girl came to the gate and looked in here, with her pitiful eyes, her white face was a reproach to me; her presence startled my memory. It seemed as if I stood in the atmosphere of his death-chamber. She had not told me that her name was Jessup; but I felt it in every nerve of my body. When I held out my arms to her, she shrank away, thinking that her presence gave offence. But I followed her, otherwise she would never have entered here. When she told me her name, and that my father's death had killed all prosperity for her; that it had broken up her home also; what could I do but bring her into this room, and give up the best place in it for her use? This was another fragment of the wreck I had made—another unfulfilled duty, which, in the selfishness of love, I had forgotten.

"When Ellen Jessup told me of the kindness with which my father had helped his kinsfolks, and the misery that his death had brought, my whole being was kindled with a wish to complete the work he had begun. In this girl's poverty and suffering, I saw a demand for expiation—a demand I could not resist. You see, my husband, how natural it was that I should bring this girl, who had my father's honest blood in her veins, under your roof. It would have been hard for me, had she been a stranger, to send her into the streets, starving; but knowing who she was, what could I do?"

"Exactly what you have done, Ruth, no human being will ever think of blaming you."

"But the moment you came in with that young nobleman, I knew that I was wrong in dragging this poor kinswoman across your path so rudely. You were astonished, and she, poor thing, humiliated by it. We both felt and looked like culprits in the presence of your noble guest."

"My dear wife, you give this little event too much importance. If I seemed annoyed, it was but for a moment," said Hurst, who really felt that Ruth was dwelling, unnecessarily, on a subject that had only given him some little passing annoyance.

"But that moment, wrath flashed across your face, like a warning. I knew that the old life in that cottage at Norston's Rest could never be safely united with this to which your love has exalted me. I felt that my kinswoman was not more completely removed from my father by death, than she must henceforth be separated from his child. You were wonderfully kind, and gave no after sign of the offence I had committed; but I did not need that. In some way this girl, whom my father loved, and helped all his lifetime, must be kept from want. All night long I thought of this."

"Foolish, foolish child!" said Hurst, who was greatly astonished by this intense earnestness. "I had no idea that you thought so deeply. Believe me, love, the whole thing should not have given you a moment's uneasiness."

"Ah, but you do not know. You think me child enough to overlook all the evils that may fall on you, because of this unequal marriage; but they haunt me, night and day. The thought that I shall be a clog on your greatness haunts me. Because your father is magnanimous, and you noble beyond all thought of self, am I to fling more of the shadows of my low fortune upon you both, and ask alms for my kinswoman?"

Hurst was deeply touched. He had not dreamed that the young creature he had married possessed so much of the spirit which exalted his own race. His heart warmed toward her, as she stood before him, flushed and eager with feelings that awoke all his sympathy.

"I know it. I know all that you would say," she went on, "but I could not have done it. I think these people must have starved, before I could have come to—to any one for help. But while I was thinking of them, retreating more and more from an appeal to you, I remembered the gold my father took so much pains to hoard for me. Then I was happy. Then I thought what a lovely home the cottage would make. All I

wanted was to be sure that these things were mine to give. Is it, now? Tell me truly?"

"All that your father left is certainly yours, to keep or give, Ruth," answered Hurst, with a tender smile on his lips.

"Then it is all settled. You will write the letter, and that will bring no more annoyance. But there is another thing, Walton."

"Another trouble?" questioned Hurst, smiling.

"One that I may never hope to overcome," answered Ruth, sadly. "We have been in London more than a month now, and our home is so pretty: but no one ever comes to it. I have no friends but yours, Walton. What keeps them away? Before we came here, I was dreadfully afraid of meeting the great ladies with whom you had been such a favorite, but none of them have called. Do you think I do not know why?"

Hurst's face flushed scarlet, and his eyes fell under the troubled glances of hers. Before he could speak, Ruth went on,

"I do understand it. That was why the other thing came so hard upon me. My first visitor, a poor, lone relation from the street, was with me, when you brought home one of the highest and noblest of your set. How did he find your wife?"

"How did he find my wife? Like a bright-winged angel, performing an act of mercy—a sweet, beautiful woman, of whom any man living might be proud; a sensitive, foolish woman, who is making herself miserable for nothing," exclaimed Hurst, reaching out his arms for the young creature, who had covered her face with both hands, and was sobbing aloud.

"No, no! Do not say that. The Duke, being a gentleman, did not seem to notice; but I, half in terror, half because I would not seem ashamed of my kinswoman, would tell about her in his presence. That was like a defiance, you know. I did not mean it as such; but he will never come again."

"You mistake, Ruth. High birth does not take the heart from a man's bosom, or the sense from his brain. St Ormand could have seen nothing here to condemn. Such men are better judges of human nature than you imagine."

"It may be. The Duke seemed very, very nice; but no ladies call—not one out of all you have known. Oh, Walton, I saw Lady Rose in the Park, riding with an old lady. She must know that we live here. She used to be so sweet and good to me, that I thought she would be like a friend for your sake. Then the house is so pretty, that I hoped she might like it, and perhaps stay with us now and then. But she never comes, and never will so long as I am here. If she only knew how my heart leaped when I saw her, I think she would forgive me for being my father's daughter, and come, just as she did to the cottage, if nothing more. I was watching, and watching for her at the window when that poor Ellen came in her place. Now I have given up all hopes of seeing her, and it breaks my heart."

Touched and surprised by the genuine distress of his wife, Hurst arose, and folding her in his arms, kissed her burning forehead, and her little, tremulous hands. Between these soft caresses, he strove to comfort her in words.

"This is folly, Ruth. You must not judge my friends in this fashion. We must have a little patience with society, and everything will come right. Many, many of my friends are above such arrogance as you dread."

"Among them may the grandmother of one true friend, and the lady who has almost a sister's claim, ask a place?" questioned a sweet old voice, so close to the married pair, that they broke apart, in confusion, and stood, blushing like culprits, before the Duchess of St. Ormand and Lady Rose Houston.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY CHATEAU.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

In Summer's sunny zone,
My castle stands alone;
And rare its pictured walls,
While in its stately halls
Soft music's dreamy tone,
In sweetest cadence falls.

Within a pleasant vale;
And here the moonlight pale
Steals on the silent hours,
O'er tree and tender flowers,
And there an evening fall,
And here the vine-clad bowers.

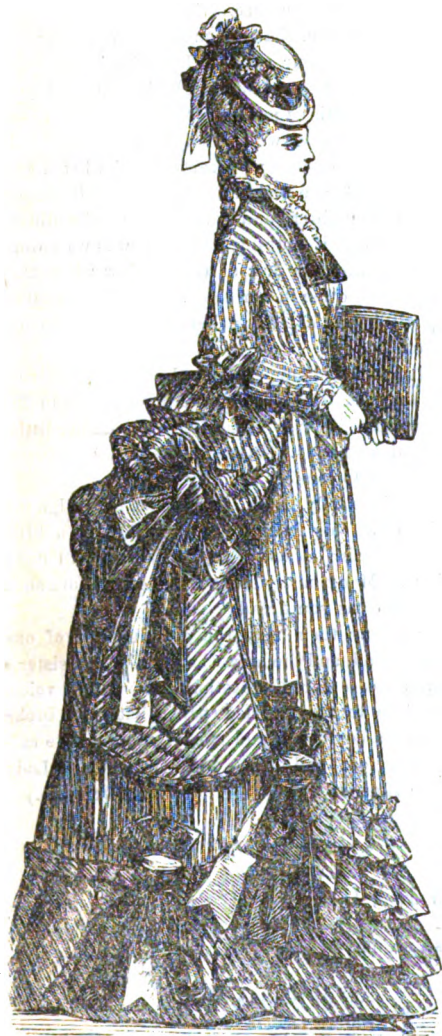
And the beloved are here,
But not a falling tear;
No thoughts of swift decay,
Or this-encumbering clay,
But Heaven seems very near,
And earth so far away.

Then all this gathering grime
I heed not, nor the rime
That chilly airs bestow;
Let bleak winds rudely blow,
I dwell not in this clime,
I live in my chateau.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

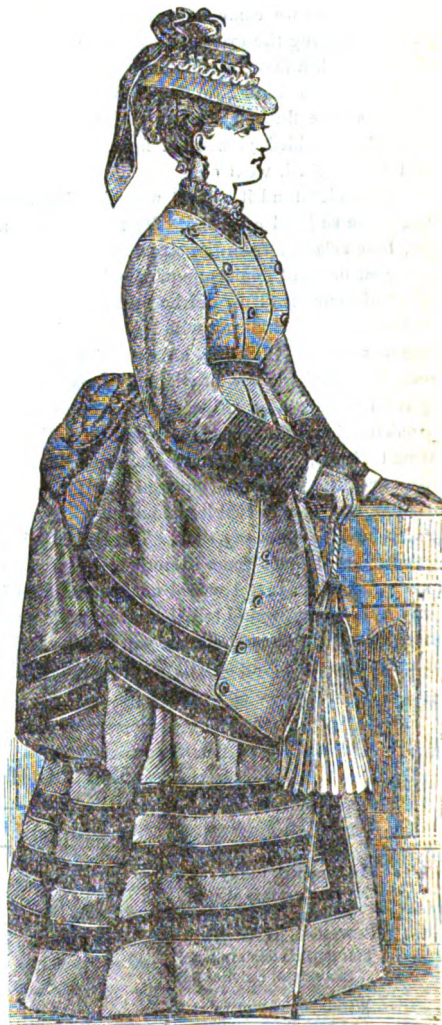
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume of black and white striped material: it may either



be of silk, poplin, or mohair. These fine striped silks are now selling in the stores for seventy-five cents and one dollar; mohairs and poplins, in half wool, at from thirty-seven and a half to seventy-five cents. Our design has but one skirt, made just to touch, and trimmed all round with one flounce, nine inches deep, without the head-

ing; cut on the bias; made very scant in front, where the skirt is additionally ornamented with three smaller flounces each, put on with a heading, each five inches deep. These trim the front breadth, and are finished with a stylish bow. made of black and white taffetas ribbon, as may be seen in the engraving. Another bow of the



same description is placed further around upon the main flounce. The tunic is composed of two widths of the silk, fifty inches in length, finished

with a narrow bias binding, gracefully made into puffs, and looped at the sides, where it is caught up with another bow and ends of the same description as those used upon the bottom of the skirt. A basque bodice, simply bowed, for a finish. Coat-sleeves, with deep cuff, nearly to the elbow, where it also terminates with another bow. The rolling collar is lined with black silk, which turns over on the bodice. Twenty yards of silk, or sixteen yards of mohair, will be required.

On the preceding page is another very service-



able walking-suit of gray alpaca, trimmed with black of the same material, corded with white. It is composed of skirt and Polonaise. The skirt has three bands of black, three inches in width, corded on both sides as mentioned above, and put on at equal distances of two inches apart. This trimming may be continued entirely around the skirt, or finished by the lower band turning up to the waist, as seen in the design. The Polonaise is cut with loose fronts; the fronts are added and turned back, ornamented by buttons. This is belted in to the waist. Collar and cuffs



of black complete this very inexpensive costume. Thirteen yards of gray, three of black, one and a half yards of white alpaca, will be required.

Opposite, we give the back and front views of a street or home costume for a miss of twelve to fourteen years, made of brown serge. Brown, let us add, is the most fashionable color, for children, from two years old up. This is trimmed with a darker shade, which may be of the same



material, or silk, as may be preferred. The front breadth is ornamented with four bias bands, all of which terminate in a point, fastened with a button. Over these bands, on both sides, descends from the waist a strap of the same, graduated, as may be seen. The flounce cut on the bias, with puffs, etc., ornaments the skirt at the back. The tunic is only for the back, with a narrow binding of the dark material for a finish. The jacket-basque is worn over a vest of the darker material, and all the trimmings of it are



the same. Our design is so complete, that any one with a little taste and ingenuity can cut and trim from the engraving. Ten yards, with two of a darker shade for trimming, will be required. Moulds covered with the lighter shade, will make the prettiest button for this dress.

We give, above, back and front views of a break-fast jacket, to be made up of gray, blue, or scarlet flannel, and bound with black velvet, cut and trimmed after the design which we give.

This jacket will be found both useful and comfortable. Three yards of sacque flannel, six yards of velvet ribbon, and one dozen velvet buttons will be required.



and waist, and Knickerbockers. The latter are sewn to the band of the under-waist in front, and buttoned to it at the back. The over-suit is of



We finish with two illustrations of a dress for a little boy of three years, or thereabouts, coat,

fine cloth, poplin, or velveteen. Our model is of plain gray cloth, with bands of diagonal cloth bound with braid.

INFANT'S BOOT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, an infant's boot, with an embroidered front, which any mother, or other lady, may embroider herself. The little boot is shown, made up, opposite, and the front in the full size, with the embroidered pattern above. Cloth, velvet, or kid may be used. The embroidery is in purse silk.

The shoe is bound with ribbon, and is the prettiest affair that has come, out for a very long time, we think.

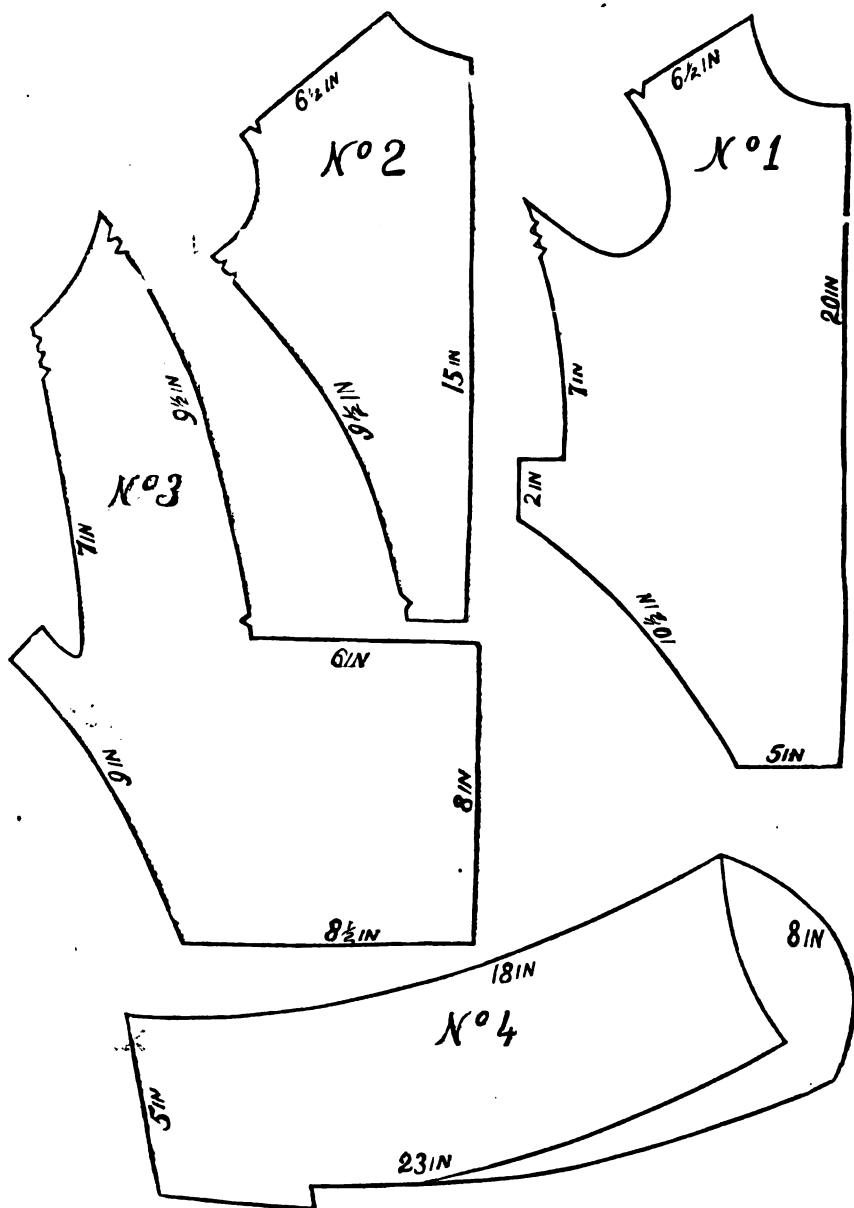
BODICE FOR WALKING-DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a walking-dress, especially suitable for this season of the year, and to be made of any material, not too high-priced for every-day wear. The merit of this particular costume is that it is both stylish and economical. On the next page we give a diagram, from which to cut out the bodice. This bodice is what is called a habit bodice, and consists of four pieces,

one front, half of back, side-piece, and sleeve. The various pieces join with the corresponding notches, all of which are marked on the engraving. The basque projecting from the side-piece is flat, plaited into the bottom of the back, and a button is added at the waist. The basque is extremely short beneath the arms, and it is not joined, but is left open, the joining commencing at the waist.



Several rows of machine-stitching are the only trimmings. The coat-shaped sleeve is joined as far as the projecting cuff, from whence to the wrist it is fastened with three buttons.

DARNED NET, FOR TIDIES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

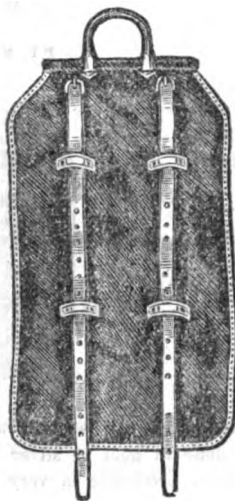
In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, this useful and pretty affair. Use row darned, to produce a heavier effect: the result of the whole is exceedingly pretty.

WRAPPER FOR SHAWLS, WATER-PROOF, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pattern for that indispensable thing to travelers—a wrapper for the shawls, water-proofs, etc., so necessary to those traveling. Our first engraving shows the outside of a wrapper, pockets are attached for various articles, such as books, newspapers, etc., which may be requisite on a journey. The pockets are of Holland, bound with scarlet braid. The mode of fixing the han-



per, made of Holland, and ornamented with stripes of embroidery. The next shows the arrangement of the inside, to which flaps and pockets are attached for various articles, such as books, newspapers, etc., which may be requisite on a journey. The size must be made to suit the wraps which it is required to hold.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Emma

TOWEL, WITH EMBROIDERED ENDS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



One of the latest continental fashions is to have towels of handsome damask, from which the threads are drawn at the ends, and a pattern is worked upon the ends in cross-stitch. Such designs as are used for crochet or darned netting are suitable.

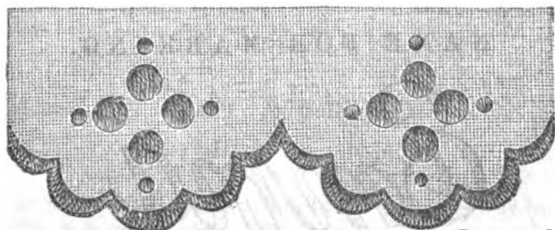
SMOKING-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of the cap is cloth or velvet, and the design done in gold or silver braid, of contrasting colors, producing a very brilliant effect. The lining is of quilted silk. This smoking cap is very easy to make, and is a pattern of unusual beauty.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

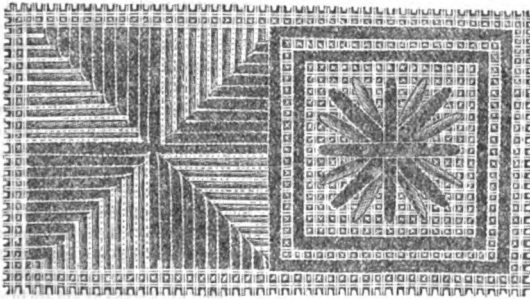


WORK-BAG AND DETAIL OF CANVAS PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

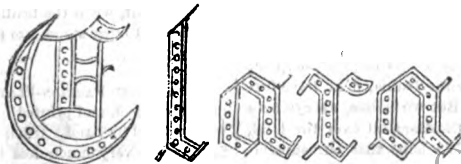


The materials for this pretty affair are silk canvas, silk of any color, chenille and tassels to match, silk cord. shown in the design. Tassels are sewn on the bottom and sides. The cord is run through the top of the bag and drawn. The detail gives the



The bag is made of the silk. The canvas is full size of the squares, which will be a guide for embroidered with the chenille in squares, as cutting the size of the bag.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.—Our readers, we suppose, are aware that a great International Exhibition is to be held, at Philadelphia, next year, to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of American Independence. This city was selected because it was here that the Declaration of Independence was signed. An Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, etc., was decided on, because it was considered that such a display, dedicated to, and showing forth, the arts of Peace, would be in better taste than a display of any other kind. The Exhibition was made International, because an opportunity would thus be afforded to our citizens, not only to see the progress that America had made in industrial pursuits, during the last century, but also to compare that progress with the progress of foreign nations, who might be contributors, in the same direction.

The spot selected for the Exhibition is, perhaps, the finest in the world for the purpose. Neither Hyde Park in London, nor the Champs Elysees in Paris, nor the Prater in Vienna, where the other World's Exhibitions have been held—all of which the writer of this article has visited—is as suitable as the Park of Philadelphia. On this point, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the eminent English author, is, perhaps, even better authority than ourselves, for the charge of local favoritism cannot, possibly, be brought against him. Writing to a Manchester (England) newspaper, he says:—"Containing three thousand five hundred acres of land, lying for the greater part in narrow lines along the Schuylkill river and Wissahickon creek, the Park has nearly forty miles of driving roads; so that, with halts for rest and sight-seeing, two whole days are not too much for even a glimpse. Think of a park in which Hyde Park, with its four hundred acres (the Ring, the Serpentine, and the Ladies' Mile), would be lost. Central Park, New York, is more than double the size of Hyde Park, yet Central Park would lie in a mere corner of Fairmount Park. All the seven London parks thrown into one—Victoria, Greenwich, Finsbury, Battersea, St. James, Hyde, and Regent's—would not make one Fairmount Park."

Of the picturesque beauty of the Park he speaks with equal enthusiasm. "Neither the Prater in Vienna," he says, "nor Los Delicias in Seville, nor the Bois de Boulogne, though bright and varied, can compare in physical beauty with Fairmount. No doubt the drive along the Guadalupe is delicious on a summer evening, and the views of Seville and St. Clouds are always charming; but the Schuylkill is a more picturesque river than either the Guadalquivir near Seville, or the Seine near Paris. The view from George's Hill combines the several beauties of the views from Richmond Hill and Greenwich Hill. There is a richly wooded country rolling backward into space. There is the wide and winding river at your feet; and just beyond the river, camps of spires and steeples, towers and domes; and rising over all, like a new Parthenon, the noble pile called Girard College. Seen on a sunny day in the Indian Summer, when the forest leaves are burning gold and crimson, and the shining marble flashes through the air, the view from George's Hill is one of the things which 'seen, become a part of sight.'"

The people, at large, are just beginning to awake to the importance of this great Exhibition. So far, Philadelphia, first, and then the State of Pennsylvania, next, have furnished nearly all the money. But we notice, everywhere in our exchanges, a growing enthusiasm, all over the land, in regard to this noble work. We hope that our subscribers, one and all, will enter heartily into it. Every one

can do a little. Talk of the matter among yourselves, and such of you as can, come to see this Centennial! The trip will be one to boast of for years and years to come. Old people, half a century hence, will be proud to say, "I, too was there."

THE POSTAGE for the year, remember, is included in the prices, club or otherwise, asked for "Peterson" for 1875. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to subscribers, for, at the first glance, the prices seem higher, whereas, when it is remembered that the prices, heretofore, did not include postage, and that postage was never less than twelve cents a subscriber, and often more, *they are now really cheaper than ever*. Take that very popular club, for example, of five copies for \$8.50, which is at the rate of \$1.70 for each subscriber. Last year, the corresponding club was five for \$8.00, or \$1.60 for each subscriber; but then every subscriber had to pay, at the office of delivery, twelve cents postage; and this, added to the \$1.60, made the real cost \$1.72. So of other clubs. That of 12 for \$18.00, was last year, 12 for \$17 00; but the postage, afterward, made it really amount to \$18.56, or about five cents more for each subscriber. Moreover, there was always more or less trouble, and often disputes, with post-masters, about the postage: now all this is avoided.

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF DRESS has reached a point, in Paris, under the so-called Republic, that was never surpassed under the Empire. The new brocades, that are so much the fashion, and that are made in imitation of those worn during the sixteenth century, and the Genoa velvets, cost twenty dollars a yard. For a train and bodice at least one dozen yards are required; therefore the robe is not a cheap one. But if these splendid materials are only used for the plastron and tablier, about three yards are required. The striped and checked velvets used for Polonoise, tabliers, and cuirass bodices, are also rich fabrics. They consist of alternate stripes of velvet and gros grain, varying from half an inch to nearly two inches in width. They are only used as parts of costumes in conjunction with plain gros grain or velvet of the same color. Of course, it would be absurd to wear such dresses in America; they are fit only for duchesses, princesses, and others of fabulous wealth; but we allude to them in order that our fair readers may see how extravagant some of their European sisters are.

OLD SILVER ORNAMENTS are in such demand, in Paris, that, when they are genuinely ancient, they realize more money than modern gold jewelry. The Parisian ladies have adopted an English fashion, that of wearing silver chatelains and Norwegian belts; they affect the old silver ones, and particularly those made with chains delicately worked in the lozenge pattern which were fabricated in Venice during the Renaissance period.

THE TURQUOISE is the most fashionable stone at present. The small turquoise are inexpensive, if they do not come from the East, when the brilliancy of their blue is unmistakable; but large stones are now almost as costly as rubies and sapphires.

THE COLORED FASHION-PLATES, in this magazine, are engraved on steel, and printed from the steel plates, and afterward colored by hand. Other magazines give lithographed fashions, at very much less expense, but also very much inferior.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. All such additions to clubs, we may as well state here, must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

OLD JEWELRY of the time of Louis XV. is all the rage now in Paris. Large quantities are sold for real, although false. The prices obtained for these imitations, when thus passed off for original, are fabulous. One of the undoubted sets of old jewelry, lately sold in Paris, was of marcasite and aquamarine. The necklet was a garland of the smallest rosebuds of aquamarine set in marcasite. The pendeloque, which was very large, consisted of trellis-work in the centre of garlands of marguerites and rosebuds, a pear-shaped drop of aquamarine terminating it. A pair of long earrings and two small combs terminated this parure, which was a marvel of delicate workmanship.

LACE TRIMMINGS are very much worn at evening parties, by those, at least, who are fortunate enough to have old lace, or can afford to buy new. It is generally sewn as a flat border, without fullness round the tunic, and square ends of a low pink satin ridingote, with a bouilloné skirt of white tulle under the ridingote. Brussels application is one of the few laces never worn flat; it is always gathered.

"I PREFER YOURS."—A lady writes:—"I must tell you how very well pleased we all are with your magazine. I took one last year, at \$3.00; but I very much prefer yours; in fact, I will never do without it again. The pictures alone are worth the price of the magazine."

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, is another of those first-class embellishments, which are to be had only in "Peterson." It is from a picture by a famous German artist.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Young Folks' History of The United States. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a work of very much more than ordinary merit. It gives, within the compass of three hundred and fifty pages, a history of the United States, beginning with the mound builders, who preceded the red Indian, and coming down to the present year. Comparatively less space is devoted to military exploits than usual, the author rightly recognizing the fact that it is the arts of peace which really advance society: thus the story of the War of Independence is told in twenty pages, and that of the late Civil War in less than thirty: the rest of the volume being given up to describing customs and laws, and all that go to make the history of the people as a people. No one, who has not tried it, can understand how difficult it is to seize the salient points of a great nation's career, so as to condense them into a narrative, that shall omit no important point, and yet not be dull reading. Colonel Higginson, however, has achieved this almost impossible feat. His little book is a real triumph in its way. An excellent index accompanies the volume.

Generalship, Or How I Managed My Husband. By George Kay. 1 vol., 16 mo. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—A very pleasant little story, with an excellent moral. The author is apparently a new candidate for public favor.

The Romance of the English Stage. By Percy Fitzgerald, M. A., F. S. A. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A pleasant, gossiping book, which makes us acquainted with many curious phases of theatrical life, at least as it existed from the middle of the last century down to the first decade of the present one. There are amusing stories about Elliston, Tate Wilkinson, George Frederick Cooke, and many others, that can be surpassed nowhere for humor. Besides this, the extracts given from the autobiographies of Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Robinson, successful beauties and actresses of their day, throw a curious light upon the manners of eighty or a hundred years ago. There is little that is new in the book, most of what it contains having already appeared in various Memoirs, etc., etc.; but its merit consists in the skillful way in which the best parts of earlier publications have been selected and condensed. The volume is very neatly printed.

The Island of Fire. Or a Thousand Years of The Old Northman's Home. By Rev. P. C. Headley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Under this rather sensational name, which led us at first to suppose that we were about to read one of Jules Verne's books, we have a very well written account of Iceland, from its first settlement, a thousand years ago, up to the present time. The work was originally intended for young people; but it may be read, with both profit and interest, by older ones. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

The Fortune Seeker; or The Bridal Day. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—No other American romance writer has better sustained her popularity than Mrs. Southworth, for her works are as eagerly sought after, now, as when she first began to address the public. "The Fortune Seeker" is, perhaps, the best of her recent stories. From the first chapter to the last the interest never flags. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Pickwick Papers. By Charles Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the first volume of the "Cheap Edition for the Million" of the works of Charles Dickens. Considering the price, which is only fifty cents, it is a marvel of neatness and cheapness. The entire series can be had at the same price per volume, or for even less where the novels are shorter, as "Hard Times," "The Tales of Two Cities," etc., etc.

A Rambling Story. By Mary Cowden Clarke. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A charming tale, quietly told, but worth dozens of high pressure stories. It will be an excellent thing, not only for true literature, but for the public taste, when such healthy narratives shall altogether replace the strongly flavored ones that a vitiated popular palate requires now. The volume, like all the publications of this house, is printed and bound with unusual elegance.

Guy Mannering. By Sir Walter Scott. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another of the famous "Cheap Edition for the Million" of Sir Walter Scott's novels. How these volumes can be afforded for twenty-five cents each is a problem that we confess we are unable to solve. But this astonishingly low price ought to put an edition of Scott's novels into every household in the land.

Songs of Joy. By J. H. Tenney. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A collection of hymns and tunes, especially adapted for prayer and praise, the music accompanying the words. It will be found equally suitable for private, or for public worship.

The Discarded Wife. By Eliza A. Dupuy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Another story from a very popular writer, the author of "The Clandestine Marriage," "All For Love," etc., etc. This is, perhaps, her best novel.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA, a copy, of any one of the beautiful premium engravings of "Peterson's Magazine" will be sent to any subscriber, mail or otherwise, for the year 1875. These engravings are all large-sized, for framing, and are printed from line and stipple, or mezzotint plates, that cost to engrave from one to two thousand dollars each. As the proprietor of "Peterson" owns these plates, he can afford to furnish copies for the mere cost of paper and printing; but, for obvious reasons, he is not willing to sell copies, at this low price, except to *bona fide* subscribers to his magazine. The list of plates is advertised in the January and March numbers.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE THIRTEENTH YEAR.—A lady writes:—"This is the thirteenth club I have sent you for "Peterson." We have hundreds of such kind friends who have sent us clubs, year after year, some of them for even twenty years.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVESKY, M. D.

No. IV.—SCARLATINA, OR SCARLET FEVER.

Scarlet fever is distinguished from measles by a bright scarlet rash, consisting of minute red points, which, coalescing, soon form a diffused efflorescence. This rash is accompanied with high fever, a hot, burning skin, and very rapid pulse, continuing till the rash subsides. The papillae of the tongue are elongated, or raised, presenting scarlet points, which, projecting through the white fur, or coat, on its surface, constitutes one of the characteristics of the disease.

In scarlatina we do not meet with those catarrhal affections which are generally the precursors of measles. In scarlet fever we further notice that the mucous membrane of the fauces, as well as the tonsils, is inflamed, and generally, but not always, there is an ulcer or slough upon one or both of the tonsils. In measles there is merely a dotted or mottled appearance on these parts, which are of a deeper red than usual. The eruption of scarlet fever is diffused like a series of blushes, is smooth and of a brighter color than that of measles.

Scarlet fever has been divided into four kinds, or forms: scarlatina simplex, the simple or mild variety, unaccompanied with sore throat; a. anginosa, attended with severe sore throat; a. sine exanthemate, having the true scarlatinous affection of the throat, but no eruption upon the body; and a. maligna, or the malignant form, with ulcerous sore throat, and all the symptoms and appearances of a grave character from the very beginning. The writer once saw all these different forms most strikingly manifested in a family of four boys between the ages of two and ten years, all of whom recovered.

The disease is both epidemic and contagious; arising sometimes from atmospheric malaria, at others from animal scarlatinous miasm. It seldom happens that this disease attacks the same person more than once. Some very susceptible individuals, however, will be affected somewhat during every epidemic. In some seasons the epidemic visitation is very mild, and scarcely a death occurs.

Upon these occasions it has been advised by some eminent physicians, as a matter of humanity, and deserving the

attention of mothers, to expose their children to the infection as a mild attack is almost assured, and security is thus afforded.

The mild form of scarlatina is unaccompanied with ulcers in the throat, and the rash, appearing on the second day of the fever, on the face and neck, and then over the whole body, begins to decline on the fifth.

The treatment of this form of the disease is very simple; and the mother, if she be an experienced nurse, can trust the case to her own judgment. The apartment in which the child is confined should be clear and open, of moderate and equitable temperature; the diet should be light and nutritious, without animal food, and with cooling, acidulated drinks; and gentle aperients should be administered, more particularly toward the decline of the eruption, as a preventive to dropsy.

Aconite, alternated with belladonna, constitutes the principal treatment of the homeopaths.

When there is considerable thirst, with much heat of skin and restlessness, which are sometimes present even in the mild form of this fever, the mother may place a saucer of bits of ice within reach of the child, and not only frequently sponge the face, neck, hands, and arms, but the whole body of the child with cold water; thus achieving better results, without the use of medicine, than she could with drug treatment, to the exclusion of sponging. A few drops of aromatic sulphuric acid, thrice daily, the mother may prudently give, to prevent the tendency to fever of a low type, and keep up a proper tone to the stomach and bowels. Further treatment than this, if any more be demanded, must be regulated by the judgment of the family physician.

THE FAMILY.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—We have often had articles on the forbearance which a husband ought to exercise toward a wife, when he comes home and finds her worried and nervous, in consequence of domestic over-work or anxieties. A selfish man makes no allowance in such cases; but a good-hearted one does. We find, in an exchange, an article on the other side of the question, urging the same forbearance on the part of the wife, when a husband comes home worried. Our cotemporary says:—"The old-fashioned theory of mutual obligation in the marriage relation is a good deal lost sight of in these days. Men are too apt to carry their business faces and their business thoughts home with them, and so bring nothing but coldness, hardness, and reserve to the society of wife and children. On the other hand, women are not ready enough to make allowance for the wear and tear of our commercial life upon the nerves and temper of the man who has to bear the brunt of the struggle. It is to a very large extent for their wives' and children's sakes that men are tempted to overtax their energies, and to make themselves prematurely old, in the endeavor to get rich, or to maintain a certain social position. There are many things that cloud a man's brow and sour his temper, about which he cannot take his wife into his confidence. She would probably not understand them if he did, and the attempt to translate these troubles into definite speech is to many men a more acute pain than to simply endure them. Women may have noticed the fact that the boiling kettle continues to bubble for a little after it has been lifted from the fire. In the same way, the active brain of the hardworked professional or business man will, in spite of himself, run on the affairs of his office, after he has come within the precincts of home. A wise wife will make allowance for the occasional gruffness, whose source she cannot understand, and will make it her business to smooth out the hard lines of the troubled face, and gently to allow the soothing influence of a pleasant home to work its gradual but certain cure."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT

POISONOUS HAIR DYES.—The danger of using dyes for the hair is very much greater than is generally supposed. In fact, most of the preparations advertised for this purpose, are more or less poisonous. A Belgian medical journal relates the case of a man, aged fifty-five, who was suffering from muscular rheumatism, affecting chiefly the shoulder; the patient had also lost the use of both arms. The attending physician had the painful parts wrapped up in cotton wadding, and prescribed lime-juice and narcotics. A great improvement was rapidly felt, but it only lasted for a short time, for a month afterward the patient's fingers were struck with paralysis. No blue tinge could be seen on his gums, though he had suffered with severe colics at various times. The water used for drinking purposes was obtained from a brick well, and kept in wooden pails. After long researches as to the cause of such a case, it was at last discovered that, for the fifteen years preceding, the man had been in the habit of using, for blacking his hair, a certain liquid that he prepared himself, by adding to a pint of water two teaspoonfuls of sugar of lead, and three teaspoonfuls of sulphur. This it was his custom to apply to his hair, at least once a week. The physician stopped entirely the use of the mixture, and, under the influence of electricity and the use of iodide of potassium, the colics disappeared, and the patient recovered entirely. Vast quantities of worse mixtures than this are in almost universal use for "dressing" the hair. Many of them are advertised, not as hair dyes, but as hair-restoratives; but they are nearly all equally pernicious.

FLORICULTURE.

A **PRETTY FLORAL DEVICE**, which has a charming effect, especially by gas-light or candle-light, may be made by placing a small bouquet of flowers in a plain glass vase, and over this a little glass case; then the whole is to be plunged into a pail of water, so that the shade is quite full, and before taking it out, a glass plate must be slipped underneath, to keep the water in. The result is that the water in the shade gives a most charming aspect to the flowers, and will preserve them for a very long time, if the air can only be kept out. This is the great secret in preserving flowers. The lovely bouquets which come from florists for weddings, balls, and the like, are all made up on wire, so that the stems cannot touch the water; but we have often succeeded in keeping them fresh for a long time by covering them with a glass shade at once, and excluding the air; and we have also kept them fresh, so as to use them twice, by covering the blooms over with a wet handkerchief, or wadding. Maidenhair fern may be kept fresh a long time by placing it in a basin full of water, so that it is quite covered, till wanted. We have frequently, in this way, known it to be used in the hair three or four nights running, even when it had seemed quite withered.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUP AND FISH.

Spiced Shad.—One large shad, two tablespoonfuls of salt, three teaspoonfuls of Cayenne pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, as much vinegar as will cover it. Split the shad open, rub over it two tablespoonfuls of salt, and let it stand several hours. Have ready a pot with boiling water in it sufficient to cover the shad, allowing a teaspoonful of salt to every quart of water. Boil it twenty minutes. Take it out of the water, drain it, bruise your allspice, just so as to crack the grains. Sprinkle over your shad the allspice and pepper, and cover it with cold vinegar.

Cock-a-Leekie Soup.—Wash well two or three bunches of leeks, if old scald them in boiling water; take off the roots, and part of the heads, and cut them into lengths of about an inch. Put half the quantity into a pot with five quarts of stock, and a fowl trussed for boiling, and allow them to simmer gently. In half an hour add the remaining leeks, and let all simmer for three or four hours longer. It must be carefully skimmed, and seasoned to taste. To serve the fowl, carve neatly, placing the pieces in a tureen, and pouring over them the soup. This receipt is sufficient for ten persons.

Shad Roasted on a Board.—Take a piece of clean oak board, about three inches thick, and two feet square, stand it before the fire till the board is very hot, indeed almost charred. Have your shad split down the back, cleaned, washed, wiped dry, and seasoned with salt; fasten it to the hot board with a few small nails; the skin side should be next the board; place the board before the fire with the head part down. As soon as the juices begin to run, turn it with the tail down; it should be turned frequently, in order to retain the juices. When done, butter it, and serve it hot. Send it to the table on the board.

Spring Soup.—Cut some new carrots and some new turnips in the shape of peas; put them in separate sauce-pans, with enough stock to cover them, and a pinch of sugar; keep them on the fire till the stock has all boiled away, but mind they do not catch or burn. Cook some peas and some asparagus points in the same way. You should have equal quantities of each of these vegetables. Cut out of lettuces and sorrel leaves pieces the size of a sixpence, let them have one boil in some stock. Put all the vegetables so prepared in the soup tureen. Pour over them some well-flavored stock, and serve.

MEATS.

Useful Hints.—Never waste a morsel of fat, and save and boil all the bones. Save all the fat that rises upon soups and gravies, and let it be clarified for use. If this be well done, it will make better pastry and cakes than the cheaper sort of butter that is bought sometimes for that purpose. Allow a good foundation of stock once every three or four weeks: from sixteen to twenty pounds of shin of beef, a cow's heel, an oxtail, and a small piece of liver. If white stock is wanted, veal and mutton bones may be used, and calves' feet, after making a good sweet jelly, can be added. Stock must be boiled up very often, and poured into clean basins. With care it will keep three weeks or more. Add to it all the trimmings of meat and poultry, and every bone, and you will have good rich soups, and excellent gravies every day at a very small expense. The fat from necks of mutton will make good, plain plum-puddings, and beefsteak pudding-crust, and forcemeat for the roast fillet from a leg of mutton. This fillet to be nicely roasted, and served with a rich gravy. The knuckle to be boiled with caper sauce. Cold fillet of mutton makes good salpicon for many little savory dishes. The best end of a neck of mutton cut into delicate fillets may be served with brown gravy or Soubise sauce, or with haricot beans; or it may be fried with eggs and bread-crumbs; or it may be pickled with slices of onion, a clove or two, lemon-peel juice, and a little claret, and slowly simmered in this pickle, with some stock added to it. The scrag will make a pie for the servants, or an Irish stew.

Beef Sanders.—Mince cold beef small with onions, add pepper and salt, and a little gravy; put into a pie-dish, until about three parts full. Then fill up with mashed potatoes. Bake in the oven or before the fire until done a light brown. Mutton may be dressed in the same way.

Loin of Veal.—This is best larded. Have every joint thoroughly cut, and between each one lay a slice of salt pork; roast a fine brown, and so that the upper sides of the pork will be crisp; baste often; season with pepper; the pork will make it sufficiently salt.

To Stew Lamb with Peas.—Cut into pieces of moderate size, and remove the outer skin and superfluous fat. Fry it until slightly colored, then, after carefully draining it from all fat, put it into a sauce-pan with sufficient boiling water to cover it. Add one pint of peas—blue Prussians are best—season with pepper and salt, thicken with a little flour and stew all slowly for half an hour.

Hashed Mutton.—Take two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, and put into a stew-pan to melt, then add half a pint of stock, a few chopped gherkins, and a little Harvey or Worcester sauce, or instead of these last two, a little currant jelly or port wine, to fancy. Put the mutton, previously cut in slices, into the sauce; allow it to simmer for a quarter of an hour; season according to taste.

DESSERTS.

Apple Charlotte.—Put into a well-buttered pie-dish a layer of finely-grated bread-crumbs, then a layer of apples, pared and cut for a tart, and a little sugar; then another layer of bread-crumbs, and so on till the dish is full, taking care to have a layer of crumbs at the top; bake nearly an hour, turn out of the dish, and strew sifted sugar over. The pudding should be covered during part of the time of baking. It is also very nice made with marmalade, or any kind of jam instead of apples. Many other puddings in which bread-crumbs are an ingredient might be mentioned for using up pieces of bread, such as plain currant, ginger, lemon, fig, golden-pudding, etc. Dripping may be used instead of suet, (indeed, is preferable to it) for making the crusts of fruit, preserve, or molasses-puddings, either steamed or baked.

Economical Puddings.—*Lemon-Pudding* is very nice, made without any egg. Take half a pound of bread-crumbs, six ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of finely-chopped suet, finely-grated rind and juice of one large lemon, no other liquid; mix well, and boil four hours. We relish plain ground-rice-pudding made without eggs. Just set the rice over the fire five minutes with the milk, ere putting it in the buttered dish to bake. Any size can be made. A small custard (baked) can be made with two eggs, and is most simple without pastry round it. Preserve is nice to eat with either for a change. Apple and sago, or apple and finely-grated bread-crumbs, make good simple puddings.

Plain Bread-Pudding.—Crumble the bread, and to about half a pound of crumbs add nearly one quarter of a pound of suet, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and a little nutmeg, or other flavoring; an egg is an improvement, but not at all needful. Mix with a little milk, and steam one and a half to two hours; or it may be baked in a pie-dish, and when done, turned out, and sifted sugar strewn over it. Serve with melted butter and sweet sauce.

Siggle Custard Pudding.—Two eggs, yolks and whites beaten up together; add a little powdered loaf sugar, a few drops of the essence of lemon, or bitter almond flavoring, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Bake for a quarter of an hour in a brisk oven. This is a delicious pudding, and very tempting to invalids.

Simple Pudding.—Two eggs, well beaten up, their weight (in the shells) of raw sugar, flour, and butter, beaten to a cream; add two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, and a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Steam for an hour. Wine sauce is a great improvement. The above quantity is sufficient for four or five people.

Pembroke Pudding.—Two ounces each of suet, currants, raisins, one ounce of flour, three ounces of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful of molasses, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Mix well together, and boil in a mould two hours. Serve with brandy or wine sauce.

Another.—Two ounces each of sugar, shred-suet, and bread-crumbs, some spice, a little candied-peel, and one pint of milk; mix all well together. Bake half an hour.

Pudding without Eggs.—Make some light paste, cover the bottom of the pie-dish with it, pour over it some molasses, and a little lemon-juice, then more paste, lemon-juice, etc., until the dish is full. Put on a lid of paste. Bake one hour.

CAKES.

Indian Pone.—Put on one quart of water in a pot, as soon as it boils stir in as much Indian meal as will make a very thin batter. Beat it frequently whilst it is boiling, which will require ten minutes. Then take it off, pour it in a pan, and add one ounce of butter, and salt to the taste. When the batter is lukewarm, stir in as much Indian meal as will make it quite thick. Set it away to rise in the evening; in the morning make it out in small cakes, butter your tins, and bake in a moderate oven. Or the more common way is to butter pans, fill them three parts full, and bake them. This cake requires no yeast.

Spice Nuts.—Take three pounds of fine flour, well dried, one pound of butter, half an ounce of fresh-ground allspice, one quarter of an ounce of cloves, the peel of a lemon, cut very thin, and chopped finely. Warm one pound of molasses with a quarter of a pint of milk, and mix it with the flour and the rest of the ingredients thoroughly; knead well and then roll well; cut into cakes with a wine-glass top. Do not roll too much out at a time.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS FOR DINNER OR EVENING WEAR.—Under-skirt of chocolate-brown silk, made long and plain. Over-dress of white muslin; the short front is trimmed with four gaufered ruffles, which reach higher on the right side than on the left, whilst the long train skirt at the back has but one ruffle. The waist and sleeves are also trimmed with gaufered ruffles. A large bow of brown ribbon gathers the dress up on the left side, and a brown silk Margurito bag is attached to it by a ribbon, which falls from the right shoulder and passes under the belt at the waist.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF YELLOWISH-GRAY MOHAIR, trimmed with three scant ruffles, headed by brown velvet ribbon and clumsy lace, put on flat, and standing up. The basque is rather close fitting, forms a puff at the back, and is trimmed with brown velvet ribbon. A large rosette, with a pearl buckle, is on the left side; on the right the loop of ribbon is attached to a large bow with ends. The basque is deeper in front than at the sides. Straw hat, trimmed with de'sies and brown ribbon.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—Under-skirt of plain blue silk. Over-dress of soft gray camel's-hair, short in front, and trimmed with two rows of cord, which tie at the back, with long tassels under the puff, and fall on the long, narrow skirt. Loose sleeves, trimmed with cord and bands, and embroidered on the edge; embroidery finishes the back. Gray chip hat, trimmed with gray feather and blue ribbon.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT BROWNISH-YELLOW SILK.—The skirt has one deep ruffle at the back. A plaited ruffle trims the dress across the front, and passes up each side in ladder fashion. Basque jacket of heavy black silk, cut slightly open in front, to show the white ruffle. Black lace bonnet, trimmed with tea-roses.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY FOULARD.—A deep flounce trims the skirt. The very deep basque is trimmed with wide English embroidery, and bias bands of blue silk. Straps of this blue silk confine it across the front. Straw hat trimmed with short, white ostrich feathers and blue ribbon.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS.—Black silk skirt. Tunic and bodice of pale blue India cashmere, which are trimmed with bands of white silk, embroidered in Russian stitch with black silk, and edged with fringe. Black silk sash, with

for deep loops. Round basque. Sleeves puffed on the back in a diamond pattern, with blue braid.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.—Skirt and tunic trimmed with black velvet. Black velvet bretelles, with sailor collar and cuffs, and Marguerite bag in black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give the usual variety of hats, bonnets, etc., and wish we had something new or striking to chronicle in the way of fashion. Yet our readers, with small purses, (and, alas, lately most of our purses are small,) will be glad to know that no great change has taken place in the style of dress, mantle, or bonnet. But enough has been done to justify those who are going to make new garments think they have "the latest thing out," various modifications of old fashions. Yet these are almost indescribable. Sometimes we think that plain dresses will be worn, then we are astonished when we see "the last sweet thing from Paris," covered with trimmings. But we really think that the tendency is toward richer materials and simpler ornament. Skirts are made longer than they ought to be for the street, and cling as closely to the figure, in front and at the sides, as possible. Most stuff, or dresses with woolen in them, are made very simply, the under-skirt only being ornamented. Many rows of wide braid, sometimes edged on each side with a row of jet beads, are very often employed to trim both under and upper-skirts; but the diversity of trimming is so great, that it is impossible to describe it all; each lady must be guided by her taste and means. Jet, and jet braid is still much used, though as the warm weather advances, that will, of course, be put aside. Colors are still of those indescribable hues which make all the toilets look like bits of old pictures, but a little more decided in tone. All shades of brown, except the yellow, or Bismark shade, all the grays, with yellow, blue, pink, or green tints, violets, blues, greens, and unbleached linen colors, are all worn.

Plain silks are the most fashionable; but we have many plaids and stripes, which have the advantage of wearing better than the plain ones, but grow out of style sooner. New silks, pongees, and foulards, are seen in the loveliest tints, some plain, others in plaids or small figures, when they are intended to form the upper skirt, jacket, etc., of the costume.

Debege, and other soft, light, woolen materials, are either plain or are in plaids of a different color, or have faint stripes in them. Grenadines are in various tints, but are principally black, some plain, some in blacks or stripes. Jet will be much used for these black grenadines. Shirred, or drawn trimmings, made like those of the old "casing bonnet," are used for putting on founcies, sleeves, and for very slender young girls, for the waist of the dress.

The make of the waists of dresses is as varied as the trimmings of skirts. The *cuirass*, or armor, or corset-waist, as it is indiscriminately called, is very much worn; but it shares popular favor with many other styles, for it, above all other corseges, should fit perfectly to look well. Round points in front, with basques turned up at the back, finished with large bows, are made by Worth; one of the most beautiful dresses we have seen this season was made by him in this style. For house-dresses, either the high, close waist, or the heart-shaped or spun Raffael neck, are all worn, only the trimming still continues very high around the throat, or at the back of the neck.

MANTELS, SACQUES, AND JACKETS vary as much in style as the make of dresses; the half-fitting form is most in favor, however, and with large, loose sleeves, or easy coat sleeves, with an endless variety of cuff is worn.

THE NEW SPRING HATS are decidedly larger than most that were worn last year; but their style is as varied as that of the rest of the costume. Any face can be suited, for there are hats turned up in front, and hats turned up at the back, and hats turned up on one side only, and hats turned up on

both sides, and hats not turned up at all. Some have large, round crowns, some pointed crowns, and some crowns of only a medium size. Ribbons of all the new colors, wreaths of poppies, ivy, roses, field flowers, or just great branches of roses, or bunches of violets, apple-blossoms, etc., etc., are used on these hats. The new bonnets are also larger, and, like the hats, are all shapes; many of them have black or white tulle strings, which soften the face vastly. Thin white crepe, and the gauziest of grenadine veils in soft gray, and masks of white tulle are all worn.

But little change has taken place in the arrangement of the hair; but the latest novelty in Paris is a cascade of ringlets, reaching to the back of the waist. These are called the Louis IV. headdresses, and resemble closely those worn by the Duchesse de Bourgogne and Queen Anne; it was the style that preceded the powder and patches of the Regency. The tuft of curls at the top of the head is placed very high; those that descend immediately from the tuft are short, and are pinned at the nape of the neck; two or three long ringlets then fall to the waist.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—The under-skirt is made of plain dark-blue, and light-gray foulard, striped crosswise; the sleeves are of the dark-blue, trimmed with bands of the gray. Over-dress of dark-blue, and light-gray plaid foulard, looped up high on the right side with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF SOFT SUMMER CAMMEL-HAIR OF DELICATE GRAYISH-GREEN COLOR.—The front of the skirt is laid in kilt plaits from top to bottom. These plaits must have several tapes sewed across on the under side to keep them in place. The back of the skirt is caught up in a loose puff, and is trimmed at the bottom with a narrow ruffle, with three bias bands above, and is finished with buttons where it meets the plaits. Basque cut in points and open at the back over the puff of the skirt; outside of the sleeves trimmed with buttons to the elbow. Straw hat ornamented with roses and pink ribbons.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME OF GRAY CASHMERE.—The plain apron-front of the coat is ornamented with a row of black buttons on either side, and bound with black braid; deep plaits are laid at the side, and in the skirt at the back. The cuffs and the trousers are also trimmed with black buttons and braid. Gray straw hat, with black ribbon.

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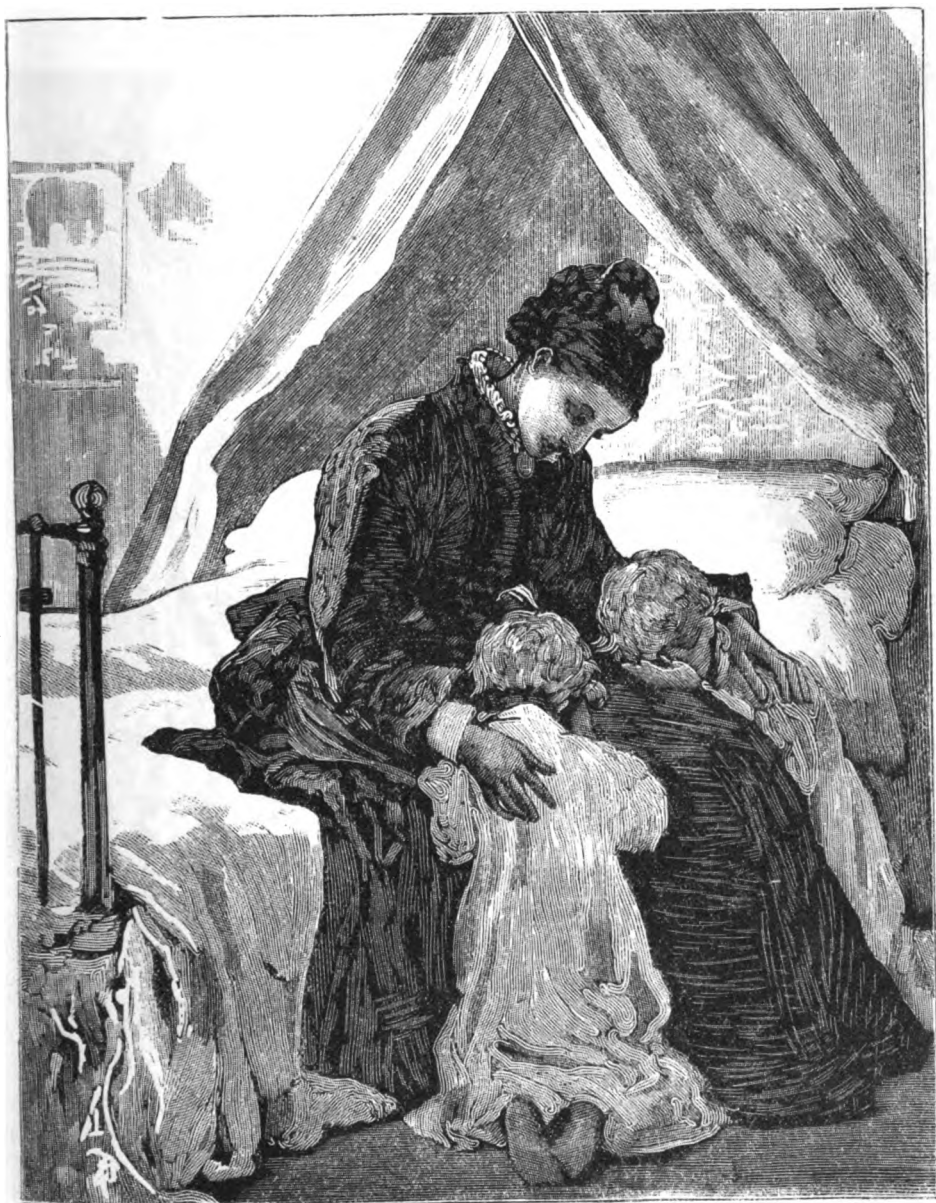
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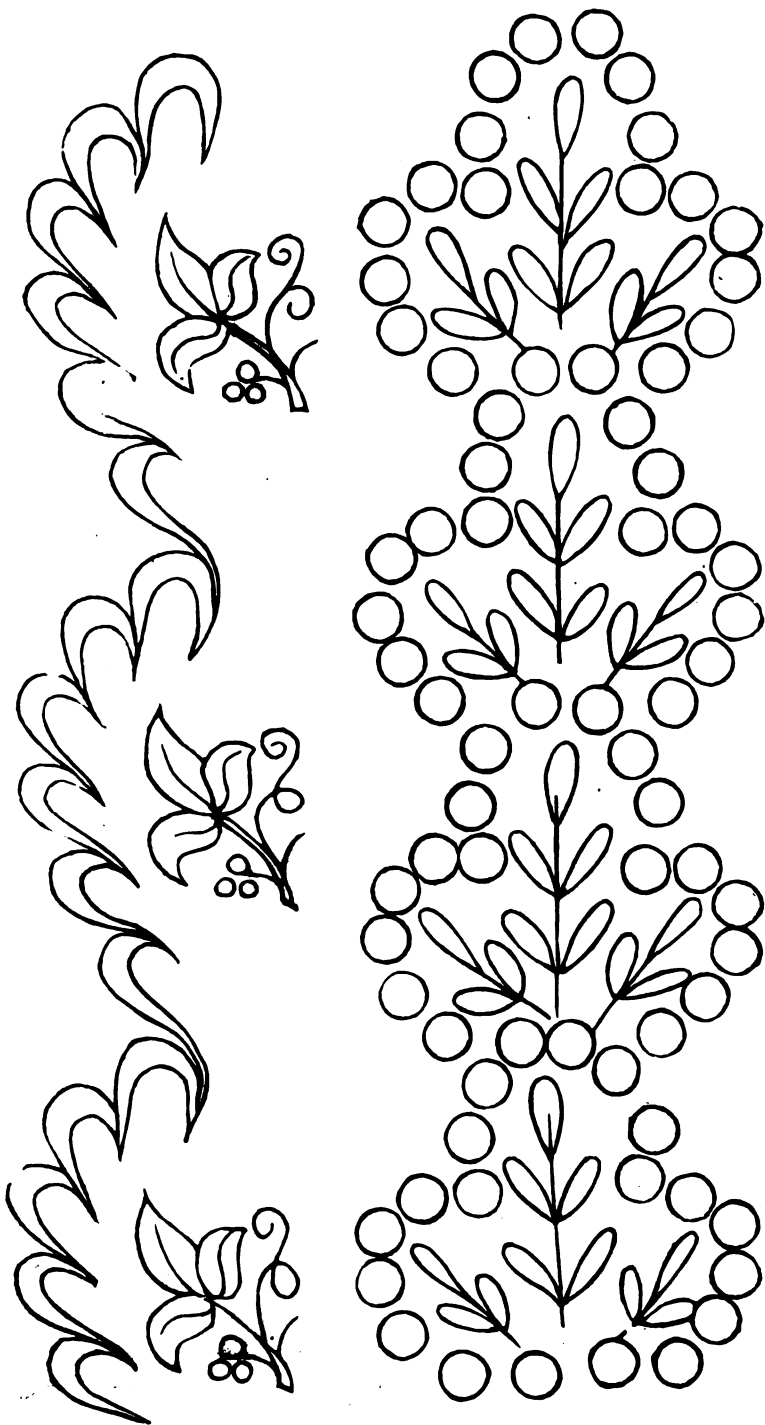
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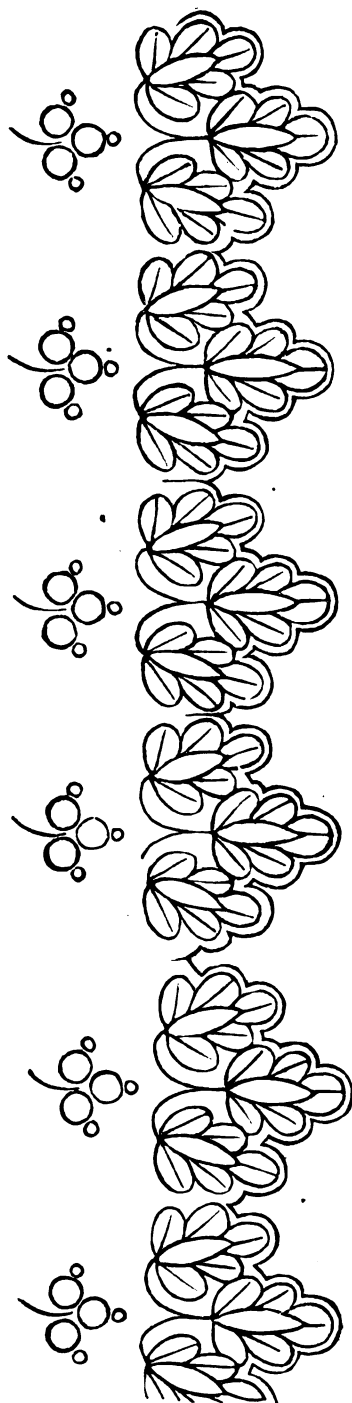
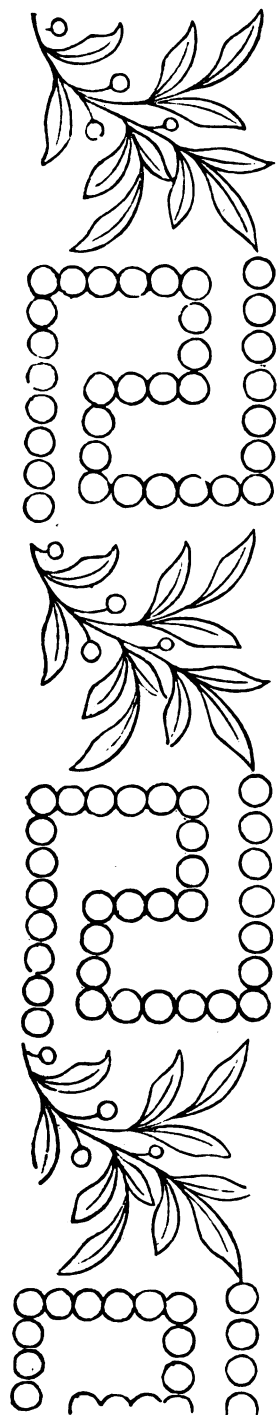
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PIANO.

The first system of musical notation for the piano part. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a fortissimo (*fz*) dynamic marking.

The second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is present at the beginning of the system.

The third system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is present at the beginning of the system.

The fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *cres.* (crescendo) is present at the beginning of the system, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present at the end of the system.

The fifth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with eighth-note patterns, and the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking *fz* (fortissimo) is present at the beginning of the system, and *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present at the end of the system.

KUGEL UND KEGEL.

First system of musical notation. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a first ending bracket labeled '1.'. The left hand (bass clef) provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present in the left hand.

TRIO.

Second system of musical notation, the beginning of the Trio section. The right hand has a melodic line with a second ending bracket labeled '2.'. The left hand features a complex accompaniment with chords and sixteenth notes. Dynamic markings include *fz* (forzando), *p* (piano), and *dolce.* (dolce).

Third system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand maintains the rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand includes first and second endings, labeled '1.' and '2.'. The left hand features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes and a first ending bracket labeled '1.'. The left hand has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes. Dynamic markings include *f* (forte) and *fz* (forzando). The system concludes with the marking 'D. C.' (Da Capo).



NEW STYLES FOR SPRING HATS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1875.

No. 5.

SILVIA SELDEN'S ENGAGEMENT-RING.

BY ELIZABETH HARMAN.

"OH, DEAR! what have I done?"

Silvia Selden had swallowed her beautiful pearl engagement-ring. Yes, actually swallowed it; and this was her exclamation.

There had been a wedding, and there was a bride in town, and everybody had been to call; every one but Silvia, and she, poor thing, had been making desperate efforts, but in vain. Everything seemed to be in the way, and everything to come at the wrong time.

On this eventful evening, however, Silvia made up her mind, that, come what might, she would be laggard in the cause no longer, and that nothing should prevent the procrastinated visit.

So, hurrying through her tea, she rushed up stairs, and began to make her preparations.

The hands had at last arranged the golden locks, and given the final smoothing touch, and the water in the basin stood waiting for the last ripple from the rosy-tipped fingers, and the pearl that had played hide-and-seek among the ringlets, was waiting for removal, somewhere—for pearls and water are touch-me-nots, you know.

Now Silvia, in her haste, did not quietly take her ring from her finger, and lay it on her wash-stand, as she would have done at any other time; but, stooping down, she closed her teeth around her finger, as you and I have done before, and gently drew it off, holding it in the meantime in her mouth, while she placed her fingers in the water.

But, alas for Silvia, and alas for ring! whether in her absent-mindedness (for Silvia had been very absent-minded since her engagement) she forgot the ring was there; or whether, without any effort on her part, the ring quietly went the way that most things go, when in such quarters, she never could tell. All she knew was, that the ring had gone, and she shuddered as she experienced the sensation that proved it past recall.

For an instant she stood aghast. Never had

anybody been in such a predicament! Never before had anybody swallowed an engagement-ring! Claspings her hands, she burst into tears. What else could she do? Then, too, she might die! The last thought was overpowering. So, flying to the bell, she pulled it with all her might, until her mother and the servants came hurrying up.

"Send for a doctor," was all she could say. "Send quick, or I shall die. I have swallowed my engagement-ring."

Dr. Purcell was young and handsome, and had just commenced practice. He had seen more of the inhabitants of the town, consequently, in their parlors, than in his office; for, although his sign had been hanging out for a month, he was still waiting for his first case.

As good fortune would have it, the doctor was just taking his evening walk, which led him past Mr. Selden's door as the servant rushed out to call a physician. He was recognized, and dragged in, breathlessly.

Silvia Selden, in spite of having swallowed her engagement-ring, looked very pretty, as she lay with the golden sunlight just touching her golden hair, making her blue eyes more blue, and the transparency of her complexion more delicate, while the gauze-like fabric of white that floated around her but added to her ethereal expression.

The case was an unusual one, certainly. The doctor looked grave, and delivered his opinion gravely, as all doctors should do. But he said there was nothing to fear, and only recommended a few soothing drops. He thought, however, that there was something else unusual, that, in fact, the unusual loveliness of the patient was the most unusual thing of all. But then the engagement-ring! As he walked down the street, that idea haunted him. Would that he, who had given it, was as surely out of the way as the ring.

Dr. Purcell could not help smiling a little at

the episode, nevertheless; but then Silvia could not know this, and never should, he said to himself.

The next day the doctor called to see his patient. Silvia was down stairs, and looking as charming as ever. She was afraid, however, to look into the doctor's eyes, for fear she might discover a twinkle at the remembrance of yesterday's scene. But, no! the doctor was as gravely polite, and anxious as his position demanded; and after awhile she forgot her fear, and saw the eyes well enough to know that they were very brown, and very gentle and earnest; and then she found herself asking him to come again, when he began to apologize for the length of his visit, which had, indeed, extended far beyond those which physicians generally make.

Harry Wharton was Silvia's betrothed. He had been so for about a month before the loss of the ring; so that it had only added to the beauty of her hand for that length of time. Not that Silvia cared very much for Harry, but he amused her with his merry antics, and witty sayings, and she liked him. He was good-looking, too; and as it was the fashion to be engaged, Silvia had thought she could do no better, when Harry asked her, than to accept him. The wedding-day had not been fixed, but that made no difference. Silvia could wait very well.

She began to wonder now what Harry would think about the loss of the ring, and what he would say; for he would surely be there that morning. Would he laugh? If so, she could never forgive him. She could never marry him; no, never! If a woman knows she has made herself ridiculous in the eyes of any one, her lover especially, she is ready to swear mortal enmity.

"Dr. Purcell did not laugh, he was too polite to say the least; and then his eyes and his voice,"

said Silvia, and she fell into a reverie, of which the said eyes and voice formed the main ingredient."

Harry Wharton's voice startled her, while she was thinking thus. He came into the room, hastily, and exclaimed, in his loud, merry tones,

"I say, Silvia, is this true that I hear? Did you really swallow your engagement-ring? Well, I never! I heard it up town, and I've had lots of fun over it. Ho! Ho!" and he burst into a loud guffaw.

Lots of fun over it! Lots of fun over her! And then that loud, boisterous laugh!

Poor Harry! He could never know the effect of those words; Silvia could never forgive them. She had been very sensitive about her catastrophe, and to have been ridiculed—up town, too; and by the very one who should have shielded her!

She was very quiet on the subject, and after a while, she sobered Harry, too. Though she said nothing positively disagreeable, he began to feel that, somehow, he had made a mistake, and perhaps had better leave, until "the storm had blown over," as he expressed it.

But the storm never did blow over. Silvia soon found out that brown eyes were better than blue, and a low, gentle voice more musical than a loud one, even though the latter was merry. So, when Harry offered another engagement-ring, she declined it. "We have made a mistake," she said, still thinking of the day he had made sport of her.

But, by-and-by, a plain gold ring replaced the pearl one; and the giver was no less a person than Dr. Purcell.

Patients became plentiful, and practice fruitful; and with Silvia's love to smooth what might have been a rough pathway, life was very bright to them both.

MY SOUTHERN ISLE.

BY J. P. DOSH.

And there upon its bosom lay
An isle as green,
As e'er was seen,
To tint the sunny crest of May.

A sunny, laughing, singing isle,
With shelving shore,
Be-pebbled o'er;
That plashed and murmured all the while.

And all the while its perfumes tossed;
And all the while,
About my isle,
Its carols sang and echoes lost.

When mystic moon-spray fills the air,
And dreamily
Bathes tide and tree,
The weird still beauty of the world is there.

Ah! isle of bird, and bloom, and song,
Sing merrily;
Laugh green and free,
And toss your beauties all along.

And all along, in time and tune,
Thy poet sings,
Returning springs,
Nor darker days than sunny June.

"THE QUEEN OF THE MAY."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AGNES MORLEY had returned from a long walk, and just before reaching the gate, which gave admittance to her pretty home, had stopped in the little bit of woodland, carpeted with daisies and long grass, that bounded the domain. She made a very charming picture as she stood there, watching the movements of a bird that had flushed by. Her right hand, which drooped idly at her side, held her hat. Her head was slightly thrown back and elevated, and rested on her left hand, the elbow of which was supported by the low branch of a blossoming tree, against which she leaned. Her tall, lissome figure, draped in the airiest of India muslins, an heir-loom from her great grandmother, was as virginal and pure as her half-rapt, half-pensive face.

Directly she turned, for the bird had disappeared, and looked out toward the distant mountains. Far below her, to the right, glimpses of a picturesque village showed through the trees that crowded the hill-side. A path led from the town up through the grove, and joined the high-road opposite the entrance to the house. When she had first stopped, Agnes had noticed a gentleman coming up the path, but he was too far off to be recognizable; and in the pause that followed, engrossed by watching the gayly-plumaged bird, and her beloved hills, she had forgot all about him.

But he had not forgotten her. He stood, lost in admiration of the beauty of this fair apparition, involuntarily saying to himself, "How lovely! A very 'Queen of the May,' amid her subjects trees and flowers."

She was brought back to reality by the sound of footsteps on the highway. She turned, instinctively, to look at this new comer. It was neither the Rector nor the lawyer, nor any one of the persons she might have expected to see. It was Norton Lansdale, who had not been visible in that part of the world for more than a year and a half.

Although she had not heard of his return, somehow she felt no surprise at the sight of him.

"Miss Agnes!" he called, hurrying forward, with his hand extended. And to himself he said, "So it is Agnes who is my 'Queen of the May.' How wonderfully beautiful she has grown."

She moved on a few steps to meet him, holding out her hand likewise, and uttering his name.

"I had not heard of your return," she said.

"I only reached home to-day," he replied, as they shook hands. "I hope you are not too much surprised to be glad to see me."

"You are welcome back," returned she, with a smile, which lent cordiality to her words. "Only last week the Rector and I were abusing you for neglecting us all so long."

"Very well, I am here now to put a quietus upon your evil tongues," said he, laughing.

"That will depend on how much aid you are prepared to give us in all our wonderful new plans," she answered, gayly.

"Oh, I know. I received a letter from the Rector just before I sailed. I was sure that the idea for the school at Welsh Mountain must be yours, because it was so good a one."

"Ah, don't think to stop my share of evil-talking by such arrant flattery," said she. "But come up to the house, and see the aunty. She will be delighted to welcome you."

"She is tolerably well, I hope."

"Yes, she has been rather better than usual. We went down to New York for awhile, and the trip did her good."

"Dissipated people!" cried he.

"That comes with a very bad grace from a vagrant like you," she retorted, "who have been doing the gay wanderer all over Europe for at least eighteen months."

They both tried to laugh; but both looked a little troubled and constrained, nevertheless. The same thought had started up in their minds simultaneously of how much each had lived through since they parted.

"It seems ages since I went away," Lansdale said, after a pause.

They had both been absently gazing out toward the hills. Both were thinking of the last time they had stood together at this very gate, only a few months before Lansdale went to Europe. Then Agnes had been leaning on the arm of George Hetherington, her betrothed husband, and close by Lansdale had stood her cousin Isabel Warner, to whom he had been engaged.

Now they two stood there alone; Agnes' affianced lover dead and buried; a gulf impassable as the grave between Norton Lansdale and the beautiful girl who had caused him such bitter sorrow.

But neither could express these thoughts which filled their minds, at least not now, though they had been friends from childhood. So the consciousness of them made a slight constraint between the pair, which they tried to put away by falling back on ordinary topics of conversation.

They walked on toward the house. It stood a goodly distance back from the road, half buried in vines and shrubberies; so they required some moments to reach it. Once brought out of their embarrassing silence, they talked as fast as possible about the everyday matters of the neighborhood: the new families who had come, what changes had taken place in the households of the old neighbors, the Rector's cough, the projected school at Welsh Mountain. Then they reached the veranda, entered the house, and Agnes led the way into the pretty drawing-room, where her aunt sat, and astonished that old lady by presenting the returned pilgrim.

Mrs. Trenton lived in a state of mild astonishment, and liked it. She was astonished from morning till night about something. If nothing of importance happened, she could be astonished at sleeping late, or getting up early, or having cauliflower for dinner in the summer, or hearing a thrush sing in May. I am sure the faculty was an enviable one; it made life very pleasant and interesting to her, and it rendered her so amusing to other people, that it really made the little woman's society quite a boon.

She was duly astonished at Lansdale's arrival; overjoyed too, for she was very fond of him; asked a great many questions, and was astonished by his answers, and then by her own questions, and was altogether as chirpy and quaint as an old robin.

"We dine early, you remember," Agnes said to her visitor; "but we can give you some tea."

Mr. Lansdale had dined early too on this particular day, whereat Mrs. Trenton was astonished. As a rule he owned he liked late dinners; the elderly bird was astonished again.

So they had tea; none of your fashionable, nonsensical bringing in of a tray into the parlor, but a sensible, old-fashioned meal, laid out in the prettiest possible dining-room, decorated with autumn flowers, well-lighted, and the table-furniture as dainty as fine linen and delicate china could be, and all sorts of delicious American dishes, hot biscuits, and sweet-cake, and preserves, to tempt the appetite, after one had done justice to the broiled chicken and cold tongue, and—But, really, when I recollect all the thousands of leagues of land and water which sweep between me and the possibility of enjoying just such a treat as Agnes offered her guest, I become too

melancholy to aggravate myself by further descriptions of that table.

They had a charming evening. Both Agnes and Lansdale forgot everything unpleasant, and only remembered how glad they were to meet again. He told about his travels; he produced sundry little presents, which he was an old enough friend to offer. Agnes sang him his favorite songs, and they were as happy as if they had never known a romance or a trouble.

Alone in her room that night, Agnes sat thinking of the past, nothing new in the way of a story, though I must tell it to you.

Norton Lansdale was twenty-eight now, and she was twenty-two. His home, a beautiful old place, was some five miles off, on the other side of the village. Their parents had been intimate friends—the two, in their early days, like brother and sister. Most people expected them to fall in love when they grew up; but nobody supposed there was any disappointment in the heart of either when their paths seemed about to separate for life.

That was Agnes' secret. When she was eighteen, she found she loved Norton, not as a brother, but with the love a girl gives to her first hero. Young as she was, she was strong, firm, self-reliant, and full of common sense. She saw that he only regarded her as a sister. Instead of sitting down to moan over her blighted romance, she set to work to cure it, to live it through. Suffer! Of course, she suffered; but she was trying to do right—determined to behave like a rational being; and the good God helps men and women who act like that.

When Agnes was twenty, her cousin, Isabel Warner, came to spend six months with her and Mrs. Trenton. Lansdale fell madly in love with the girl: his first passion, eager and mad, as such a passion is apt to be. He proposed, and was accepted. Agnes was glad; yes, glad; she rejoiced in their happiness. But life seemed lonely; she wanted to be loved, and the man or woman who does not, is a monster. George Hetherington had always been devoted to her—she had refused him twice. That summer he came up again from New York. He was a young artist, full of talent and promise; but with scarcely one pure feeling in his nature, save his love for Agnes. He did not mean to be coarse or vicious, but he loved pleasure and excitement, and was dazzled by every pretty face he met, and had no firmness to resist temptation of any kind.

He came at the right moment. Agnes was solitary; he employed the plea most sure to touch her; his need of her. She was his guardian-angel—his guiding star; with her to hold his hand, he could tread the road of life steadily,

and go on to fame and fortune. Agnes was too young to know that the man who needs to be held up and supported along that rugged track, is not worth holding, and had better be left to tumble, nine times out of ten.

She accepted him. Norton and Isabel were delighted. The four spent such an autumn as could not easily be found out of a poem. Toward winter Norton and Hetherington went to New York; Isabel returned to her home in Baltimore; Agnes stayed in her quiet house, and dreamed of the future, and tried to deafen herself against sundry warnings from her soul, that she had made that saddest of all mistakes—chosen ill.

Before spring George Hetherington was mixed up in a most disgraceful divorce case, and other facts in regard to his dissolute habits came out. The husband obtained his freedom. George first wrote a penitent letter to Agnes, then married the woman, then blew his brains out—so his earthly career ended.

Just as she was in the midst of her trouble, Agnes learned that Lansdale had gone to Europe, Isabel to some relatives in the South. What the two had quarreled about she did not well know. Each believed the other false. So their dream died in blackness. Two years had gone, and now Lansdale and Agnes were once more thrown together in daily companionship.

It was the latter part of September when Lansdale returned, and he spent the whole autumn at his country-place. Everybody was delighted to have him back. Bassford—that was the name of the village—though quite a distance from New York, was easy of access, on account of two great railways meeting at that centre, and its neighborhood had become a favorite resort for the summer. Numerous hotels had sprung up within the last few years; scores of city people had erected villas or bought houses within a radius of a few miles; so that the township, except in the winter months, was really a gay one. This autumn the weather was unusually lovely, even for America; and the delicious Indian Summer seemed inclined to give no place to winter; so that the hotels and country-houses remained filled much later than was ordinarily the case.

So far as the feminine element was concerned—always an important one anywhere, in our country, thank God—Agnes Morley was one of the leaders throughout the whole county.

She had been early left an orphan, and the utter helplessness of that nice old bird, her aunt and former guardian, had forced Agnes to become a thinking, self-reliant woman, even in the first blossom of her girlhood. She was rich, and had an idea that she ought to make a good

use of the fortune intrusted to her. The Rector of Bassford was a sound, understanding churchman, and he and Agnes went hand-in-hand in their efforts.

But, perhaps, you will not care about all these details, though they are pleasant to me; so, let me get back to the matters which more particularly concern my narrative.

The autumn, I told you, was a gay one. There were daily festivities of one sort or another for weeks and weeks. Excursions and picnics, while it was warm enough; after that, dinners, parties, and balls at the Bassford Lyceum, where there was a jolly great room for dancing.

Agnes was persuaded to take a part in all the gayeties, and was astonished to find what a taste for dissipation she had suddenly developed. Not a party or dance did Norton Lansdale miss either, though he was a traveled man, who might be supposed to be *blasé*, and, what was more, he enjoyed the pleasures hugely, and never once thought of attempting the *nil admirari* line, which traveled people often feel bound to do, and thereby render themselves blatant idiots and public curses, who ought to be shut up in asylums, or else suppressed by Act of Congress.

But even November waned at last, and though the weather was still lovely, there followed a general exodus. People felt it their duty to return to town, though they grumbled at the necessity. Norton Lansdale departed among the others, but he openly declared that if he were not imperatively summoned on account of business—he had a lot of Western lands which were to be sold to some company—he should consider himself worse than a lunatic for going.

Agnes Morley remained in her home. She seldom went down to New York, unless it might be for a short season toward the end of Lent, just to have the enjoyment of daily church-service, and the like. But all winter long, though ostensibly established in town, Lansdale was constantly finding cogent reasons for coming back to his country-place; and what with one thing and another, spent more time at Bassford than he did in New York.

Whenever he was at his country home he proved a daily visitor at Agnes' house. There was always some pretext, either something the Rector wanted done, or the schools at Welsh Mountain, (now started and flourishing,) or when excuses failed, he flung himself boldly on Agnes' mercy, and told her he had come to spend the day or the evening, as it might be, because he could not endure the solitude of his great mansion, the grandest dwelling anywhere to be found in that part of the State.

Well, my dears, (I mean you, my young lady-readers, we have known each other so long that your mothers will not object to my being a bit confidential,) you know what is coming perfectly well, so I may as well make my history brief.

The day came, a bright, golden day, toward the end of February, when Norton Lansdale mounted his horse, and rode over to the Hill Cottage, with a well-defined and thoroughly settled purpose in his soul.

Just as if she had known his errand in advance, and had been properly astonished thereat, good Mrs. Trenton marched out of the house shortly before his appearance, telling Agnes, as she passed the library, where that young lady sat writing letters, arrayed in the prettiest of morning-gowns, and looking as fresh as a spring violet, that she was going to inquire how her friend, Mrs. Waterford, found herself that lovely day.

"For," said the old bird, "if her neuralgia is not better in this beautiful weather, I shall be astonished. My dear, I interrupted you, did I not? You are writing letters—how odd."

"Yes; but you don't interrupt me," said Agnes.

"You astonish me! Good-by," and off she trotted, just like a robin, two hops, a skip, then a pause, till it made one sure she had been a bird in some former stage of existence, and paused from some unrecognized idea of looking for stray crumbs. Then another hop, and she was out of sight. Agnes, being in a vagrant, fanciful, foolish mood, that morning, sat wondering if the old dear had found the crumb.

She was roused from her absurd revery, (I am quite ashamed to have been obliged to chronicle it,) by the opening of the door, and in walked Norton Lansdale, unannounced.

"The servant told me you were here," said he, "so I ventured to find my way without ceremony."

"Oh yes, when visitors are told I am in this room, that means they may come in if they like," said she.

"Then I'd rather you would go with me into another apartment," returned he, coolly.

"So I will," she answered, rising.

"Because I have something to say to you," he added.

"And I to you," she replied. "I should have sent for you if you had not come without."

He looked at her in a little surprise. She was rather pale; but never in his life had he seen such a beautiful smile on her lips, such a heavenly light in her eyes, as he saw now. She met his glance bravely, and added,

"It is a pity to stop in-doors. Come out, and

let me show you my crocuses. I put on a walking-dress expressly. You see I had a premonition of your visit."

"I am glad you had," he replied, with a gravity which did not correspond to her playful words; but she did not appear to notice it.

She gathered up her papers, and laid them away in the table-drawer with an orderliness natural to her, first selecting a letter which she put into her pocket.

They reached the door. He was holding it open for her, looking out at Ponto, the great Spaniel, comfortably established on a mat in the hall, by way of giving himself a countenance.

It was as well he was not looking at her; she had suddenly turned deathly white, and the hand which was fastening her mantle trembled convulsively.

"I have something to do first," she said, in a perfectly firm voice. "Go on to the crocus-bed, down beyond the green-house, and wait for me." He had unexpectedly grown terribly nervous, and was glad of this brief reprieve; so he bowed, and passed on out of doors.

Agnes hurried through the library into a little snugery beyond, and locked the door. Then she took from her pocket the letter, opened, read it again, fell upon her knees, and prayed fervently. As soon as she looked in his face, she had known what errand had this morning brought Norton Lansdale into her presence. Now she was praying to God for strength to resist temptation. If she destroyed this letter she held in her hand she could have Lansdale's love; aye, she could make him utterly forget the old dream. If she could do it! But she could not. The devils had been permitted to tempt her; but never during a single moment of that awful night—oh, what a night of agony it had been—had they been able to obtain the least dominion over her pure soul.

She prayed; not a word escaped her lips, but she prayed with all the passion of her woman's heart, all the strength of her noble spirit. She only remained there a few seconds. God heard, and answered Nehemiah's prayer in less time even than that. Then she rose, and went forth to meet Norton Lansdale.

He was walking up and down by the flower-bed, occasionally touching a leaf or raising a flower, because he knew her hand had touched it. He saw her, and came quickly forward to meet her; not nervous now, not agitated; but with a holy calm in his soul, such as you may in some moment of unusual blessedness have felt when you were entering a church.

"Agnes!" he said, when he was close to her.

"Agnes!" He did not know that he called her name. It was just the cry of his inmost soul uttering without his being aware that one word which held and rounded into perfection all of life's happiness.

She was perfectly calm; glad; too glad; for it had pleased God to accept her sacrifice—to let the restoration of his peace come through her. Could existence have offered a higher boon, to her, a woman?

She held the letter in her hand; she extended it toward him.

"What is it?" he asked, rather impatiently. "I can't read letters just now. I want to tell you something first."

"But I want you to read the letter first," she answered; and again she smiled as her eyes met his, and he was conscious of thinking that, when she went away to be an angel, she would look as she did now. But he wanted her all woman at this moment—no angel; so he cried in his masculine impatience,

"You tease me! I cannot be played with! Agnes, listen!"

"Norton, listen!" she said, so solemnly, in a voice of such unearthly sweetness, that he stood silent with a feeling almost of awe. "Read that letter. It has pleased God to let me be the instrument of letting you know that you have found your happiness again. Read it, and let us thank Him together."

He took the sheet she had opened, and was holding it out; took it with a sudden rush and whirl dizzying his brain; took it, and read with eyes that swam and ached, the truth in regard to what he had believed the perfidy of his former love.

One extract will suffice to make you understand.

"Only last week, Agnes, I was told that it seemed likely Norton Lansdale would marry. I want you to offer him my heartfelt congratulations and hopes for his future happiness. I want, too, that it should be you who tell him that at last I have learned I erred in doubting him. I refused to believe that he had written to me that time I sat at home expecting him, and saw him ride by with Mrs. Morris. Only yesterday his letter was returned to me from the Dead Letter Office. Think of that! I want you to tell him that I never flirted with Hoffman; that I only went to the masked ball because I was so mad. I wanted to do what I thought would enrage him most. I write in great haste, but I love you dearly, and am always your affectionate cousin,

"ISABEL.

"P. S.—I find that, in my hurry, I have for-

gotten to tell you the very thing which personally concerns me the most nearly, which, I am sure, my darling girl will be glad to hear."

Then the sheet ended; the rest of the postscript had been continued on a separate page, which, in her hurry, Isabel had forgotten to put in the envelope along with the letter.

Norton Lansdale read, and stood dumb. He heard Agnes' voice, but could not catch her words through this rush and whirl in his brain. He was ghastly white: his eyes looked dead and cold. She thought him overcome by the sudden news, unable to realize that once more he had his love and his happiness within his grasp.

"It is all true, Norton," she said; "all true! And Isabel loves you; has never ceased to love you, and to be true. You can see that. Oh, my friend, I am thankful."

"What am I to do?" he groaned. "I can't think! Agnes, think for me. Tell me what I must do?"

"Go to her at once."

"Where? Florida?"

"No, no!" she answered. "Isabel is back in Baltimore. Look at the address."

But he only stared dumbly at her instead.

"You have just time to get home, pack a valise, and reach the station. Go—go, at once."

"Go?" he repeated.

"Yes! yes! Go!"

"I must," he muttered. "It is right; I must."

She did not catch his words; she only thought he was dizzy yet, from sudden happiness. She wanted him gone; her strength was ebbing; she must be alone.

"Go!" she repeated. "Take my best wishes and prayers with you. God bless you both. Go!"

She knew that he held her hand for an instant; that his glazed eyes looked into hers; that his lips tried to frame words which they could not utter; still she believed it was all excess of joy. Then he was gone.

You and I may well pray that Heaven in its mercy will keep us from such suffering as Agnes Morley lived through during the next three days and nights. She had exhausted her strength in that work of renunciation—the grandest work God gives to any human being. The weary soul sank down helpless, and the mad human heart cried out in its blind anguish, and struggled and fought till her physical frame was worn and spent as if by a long illness.

During the third day Agnes was too weak to rise from her bed; and poor old Mrs. Trenton so frightened, that, for the first time in her life, she was past astonishment, nearly went out of her

senses with alarm. She would not leave Agnes to herself; she would rush into the room every ten minutes, each time armed with six different remedies, all of which she insisted on the girl's taking at once, and one of which would have been enough to kill a giant. She had her dying of every imaginable disease in turn, from heart-complaint to cancer. She begged that twenty different physicians should be sent for, and danced, and howled, and prayed, till, in self-defence, Agnes left her bed, and declared herself cured.

"It must have been the colchicum, or the drops, else it was the remedy for spasms. No, it may have been the small-pox preventive. I am astonished," sobbed the old bird, so insane, by this time, that she honestly believed Agnes had swallowed, one and all, the horrible doses she had presented.

The fourth day came. Agnes pleaded business-letters to write, and kept her room. A neighbor was mercifully taken ill in the afternoon, and Mrs. Trenton flew off, armed with her medicine-bottles, ready to offer the contents of each, in turn, to the sufferer; and vow that each had cured Agnes when she was at death's-door.

Agnes was waiting for a letter; when one came, from Isabel or Lansdale, telling her that the reconciliation was complete, then her strength would return. It would be a sin, after that, to suffer; so she should be helped to overcome.

Twilight arrived. Some friend, who chanced to meet Mrs. Trenton, unconsciously played the part of Good Samaritan to Agnes, by carrying the robin home to tea. Agnes went down stairs to the library, the last room in which she had stood with Norton Lansdale, and sat down in the gloom.

The evening post was in; a servant had gone to the village; he would come back presently, and bring the letters, the reading of which should help her to rise above this weakness that shocked her conscience like a positive crime.

It was almost dark, but she did not ring for lights—she wanted none. The letter—if the letter would only come!

Suddenly she heard the outer-door open—heard a step in the hall. The man had come back. She tried to rise, and go and meet him, but she could no more move than if her limbs had been made of stone.

The door of the library opened—then a pause. The man was there; he had the letter: he was in search of her. He would go away, thinking she was not in the room, and she could not call out—could not stir.

The gleam of her white dressing-gown shone through the dusk, and made her visible to the

eyes of the person who entered. Another instant, and Norton Lansdale was by her side, and Norton Lansdale was crying in her ear,

"I obeyed you—I went. It was right. Thank God, I did right—thank God!"

In his gratitude, he came to thank her for what was not her due—she realized that. Perhaps her cousin had come, too. Perhaps she wished to be married from there! These thoughts flashed like lightning through Agnes' brain.

"Where is Isabel?" she exclaimed.

"Isabel?" he repeated, in wonder. "Safe at home, of course. Where should she be?"

"I thought—thought you might have brought her. She used to say she would be married from here," Agnes said, in a slow, tired tone.

"Oh, the stepmother has suddenly grown so fond of her, that she would not hear of such a thing. There is to be a grand wedding in May, and you are to go on," he answered, with a joyous laugh.

How could he laugh, like that! She felt as if she were dead and buried, and heard him laughing above her tomb!

"So, I am back," he continued. "You don't even say you are glad to see me. Not that you could see me, because it is as black as a pall here. I could just catch the gleam of your white dress, and was half-inclined to think you a ghost."

Again he laughed, and she shivered, thinking that she was a ghost, doomed to stop on earth, and live over and over the wreck of her mortal happiness.

"Agnes!" he cried, suddenly, in an altered voice, "don't sit so still and silent. You trouble me. You make me fear that you are not glad I have come back."

"I am glad, very glad," she answered, in the same slow, cold tone. "Only I thought Isabel had come, too."

"But she is busy with her preparations: says she has no rest, day or night. Oh, she wants you to be bridesmaid. I have a letter for you; but never mind that, now."

"No, never mind that, now," she repeated, scarcely knowing what she said, only longing to escape more of his happy revelations.

"Are you not well?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes! Oh, yes, to-day. But I think I caught cold——"

"Standing out by that crocus-bed with me," he broke in. "Great heavens! shall I ever forget that morning? Agnes, I thought I should go mad."

"It was too sudden. But, now——"

She would speak—she would not yield.

"Ay, now," he cried. "Oh, Agnes, I came

to you that morning with a question, but you would not listen. I heard you, then. I obeyed you. Hear me, now."

"Yes, you shall tell me. I like to hear. She was glad, glad! She expected you?"

"Not a bit of it! But she was glad. What a nice girl she is! I never knew she was half so good. She's as pretty as ever, and as happy as a queen."

"Thank God," he heard her whisper, and her voice made him pause. "Thank God!"

"So do I, heartily," he answered. "Well, it is all set straight. Thank God that she and I found out our mistake in time."

"Yes, yes."

If he would only spare her a little; if he would go away! But he did not know there was any reason why it should be hard for her to listen; and he must not, he must not! She would rouse herself! Oh, how could she be so weak, so despicable!

"Ring the bell," she said, "let us have lights. I will give you some tea; you shall tell me the whole after."

"I must tell you the whole first," he answered. "Oh, Agnes, I don't know what to make of you. Have I been a vain fool, after all? I thought you cared a little for me, or could be taught to care."

"Don't I tell you I am glad," she broke in, her voice sharp with agony.

"Glad of what?" he cried.

"For you, for Isabel. Glad that I was permitted to be the one to give you the letter——"

"Yes, yes, of course," he interrupted, in his turn. "I am glad to know she was not treacher-

ous and deceitful. Of course, I do her full justice."

"Of course, of course."

"But it is you and me I want to talk of, Agnes. You knew, you must have known, what I came for that morning. Oh, Agnes, I love you. I have loved you all my life, though I did not know it till I had suffered about Isabel. Agnes, Agnes! Can't you give me a little hope?"

She was out of her chair. She was turning to flee. Either he was mad, or she raving. He caught her hand; she wrenched it from his hold.

"Isabel!" The name was all she could utter.

He held her fast. He began to understand.

"Did you not get her other letter? The postscript she forgot to put in the first?"

"No."

"It was to tell you of her engagement to Walter Grosvenor. Such a nice fellow! Oh, Agnes! answer me. Have I hoped in vain? Can't you care? Is there no hope? I went to Isabel. I determined to tell her the whole truth, that I loved you; but there was no need. Agnes, Agnes!"

She did not speak, but both hands fluttered into his like the wings of a tired bird; and, somehow, it needed no further words to make their souls plain to one another.

And thus it was that Lansdale, at last, found happiness. "Oh!" he whispered, after awhile, "I have loved you, for years, and when I little knew it. But it burst on me like a revelation, that sweet May morning, when I came home, and saw you, amid the blossoms and the daisies, the freshest, brightest of all, a very 'QUEEN OF MAY.'"

TIME STEALS AWAY.

BY JAMES C. STANLEY.

AYE! if you mark the sunny ground,
Where now the maypole-shado may fall,
It soon will wheel a span around,
While seeming not to go at all.
I know not how the time is flown
Since you and I met here one May;
A day of rest, a season blest,
For oh! how time will steal away.

While once our evening mirth began,
The candle's glossy stem was tall,
But soon burnt down, a long half-span,
Though seeming not to sink at all.
The time is gone, I know not how,
Since there we gathered, young and gay,
In nights of joys, with merry noise,
For oh! how lifetime steals away.

The winter-bourne, when o'er the dell
The Spring was green, was flowing fast,
And then fell dry; but who can tell
What day and hour it ran its last?
I know not how the time has fled
Since there, with you, I flung the hay
In youth's gay pride, in hope's fair tide,
For oh! how lifetime steals away.

As when the ship goes under sail
Far out before the sounding beach,
And while we hear some friend's new tale
She sinks beyond our eyesight's reach.
So time has gone, I know not how,
Since we had picnics on the bay—
The happy year, the Summer dear,
Of time that softly steals away.

GEORGIA.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Georgia Allston became convinced that Allan Graham was not only false to her, but was a very bad man, she did not die. She did a much worse thing for a woman to do: she married a man she did not love.

But not by her own will. It was to please her Aunt Eleanor, who had cared for her since her motherless youth. In fact, I think that she was so tired out, that she had no strength to resist. Her aunt's long lectures upon the worldly triumph and victory of the match, the appeals to her pride, the unceasing, persuasive arguments, and the tearful pleadings, wore Georgia finally out. And then she was very young; younger at seventeen than many old young ladies are at twelve.

Thorndyce Harding, for the year past, indeed ever since Georgia had come out in society, had been her persistent and patient suitor. But he had met with but little encouragement, for she held the handsome, fascinating face of Allan Graham so near her heart, that it quite hid the rich old banker's money-bags. But Mr. Harding was a man who boasted that he never relinquished an undertaking; that was always successful in the end, however hopeless his cause might seem at first. And Aunt Eleanor was a woman who might have swayed kingdoms, had fate made her a prime minister, instead of the childless guardian of sweet Georgia. Upon her future she expended all her rare powers of diplomacy with success.

Mr. Harding and Aunt Eleanor were both wise, and bided their time. The very day after Allan Graham's engagement to the beautiful Southern heiress was announced, Mr. Harding sent out invitations to a large dinner-party, the first entertainment at his new up-town palace. All the kings and queens of Sheba, and the beautiful young princesses, were bidden to approach, and behold the glory of the house he had builded. And they came, an adoring crowd; and if there were no apes and peacocks in the train, as in the old time, there were those that resembled them sufficiently for all modern purposes. But they found that, as much as they had heard of the marvels of this mansion, the half had not been told them. And his old business friends drooped their bald heads in humiliation of soul; the new mansion so far exceeded the grandeur of their

own costly abodes, that there was indeed no spirit in them. But the dowagers, who had beautiful young daughters, still kept heart. Might not the good fortune be possible, they said to themselves, wagging their ancient heads, that the master of all this grandeur would deign to choose their own loveliest and most charming daughter, and, by so doing, make her the envied of all?

When Georgia, a sweet, pale little vision, in white lace and blossoms, went up into the drawing-room, by the side of her Aunt Eleanor, the bronze knight in armor, at the foot of the broad stair-case, holding aloft his glittering spear, crowned with flame, seemed an impartial knight, courteously lighting all ladies, but not having any particular claim upon any of them. But when she went down again, upon the arm of her host, following Aunt Eleanor's garnet drapery, who swept ahead of them, seemingly making their path straight with her triumphant glances, then this knight watched her, it seemed to Georgia, with stormy, silent eyes, and in them she read, "You may go out now, but you will come back again. I shall wait here for you. I am calm, and cold, and inexorable; you cannot escape me."

For, in the conservatory that night, amidst all the bloom and perfume, the dreamy light, the murmur of fountains, and the delicious music sobbing in the distance, Aunt Eleanor won the victory. The bud she had so faithfully watched and tended, blossomed; and Thorndyce Harding gathered it to wear upon his bosom. It was a marvelously pale and drooping little blossom to reward such vigilant gardening as Aunt Eleanor's; but he seemed content; triumph is as sweet to some men as love. In fact, it was sweeter to him, for he was a man who cared but little for love, having always been in the banking line, and not at all given to sentiment. Indeed, during the years that other men are supposed to see visions, and dream dreams, he had been so engrossed in money-getting, that he had not had time to attend to his heart at all, and it was supposed to suffer in consequence; it had become ossified, people said, and wonderfully contracted.

Years and years back, when he was a poor clerk, Thorndyce Harding had had a heart; and it had seemed to him a large and warm place, large enough to hold a sweet, girlish figure; and

it had been glorified and transfigured into a heaven by it—another Paradise, holding a newly-created Eve. But she he loved was poor, and there had come a time when he had opened the door of the heart she had warmed and brightened so wondrously, and shut out the girlish figure, and took in its place cold-eyed Prudence. And worldly prudence had proven a very profitable guest financially; but oh! how cold and freezing she was. She had quite frozen his heart, as we said. It had grown as cold and hard as the marble, that had for many years risen over the girlish figure.

Yes, it was altogether too late for him to do anything with his heart. But now, when he had arrived at the age of sixty, and the reputation of being the richest man in the city, now he could afford to rest from his labors, and look about him, and set up a splendid establishment.

He could afford the best of everything; the grandest mansion, the swiftest horse, the handsomest wife, and all things on a brilliant scale. He had made arrangements for his mansion, his equipage, and his other personal property, excepting this wife, on the most magnificent scale; and he was looking about him critically for a face lovely enough to do honor to its surroundings; and the first minute that he set his rather cold grey eyes on Georgia's sweet rose of a face, he determined that she, and no other, should be his wife. As we have seen, he conquered in the end, and conquered through the influence of Aunt Eleanor.

Aunt Eleanor had always ruled Georgia since the child-days when she commanded the nurse to braid her abundant hair in two long braids from the perfect brow, when the little maid would have been glad to have had it float in its native, curling masses of spun gold.

Georgia was not strong-minded at all. Indeed, she was not gifted with any remarkable powers of intellect. Only she was very sweet, very affectionate, very loving-hearted, and easily influenced by those she loved. Ah, how needful for such tender natures, that the hand that guides them should be pure and white, as well as strong.

After Georgia had discovered Allan Graham's falseness and baseness, and his utter want of principle, when she found that, like the heathen, she had been worshiping as a God a mass of very vile clay, then, had Aunt Eleanor given her time to recover from the first shock, the keen bitterness of her disappointment and agony, there might, on the ruins of her old, shattered idol, have arisen a fairer structure. Some truer and purer love might have come, to make her life

blessed and beautiful. But Aunt Eleanor pursued the course which she thought was best. Georgia's loving, dependent nature was like clay in her hands, and Aunt Eleanor moulded it to suit herself. But a letter, which Georgia wrote about this time to her best friend, the one to whom she had always revealed her heart's secrets, will show what chance she had for happiness.

This friend, Marion Winslow, had been Georgia's pet room-mate at school, and, though school-girl affection is usually a snow-chain, melting rapidly away in the world's storm and sunshine, their love continued warm and sincere. Georgia left school to be a beauty and a belle, while Marion, losing parents and property, was governess to two motherless little girls. But still, surrounded as she was by flattery, adulation, and gay young companions, who were pleasure-seekers like herself, no one was so near to the warm-hearted Georgia as her "dear old Marion." And to her she continued, as in the old school days, to reveal all her troubles and joys, certain, at least, of Marion's loving sympathy. And to Marion Georgia was, as of old, the sweetest and dearest of girls.

It is not necessary to repeat all of Georgia's letter; but only the part that refers to her marriage.

"You know that statue of Clytie, Marion, darling, that stands on the staircase-landing near my room. You know I always told you it looks just like you. And, last night, when I went up to bed, I kissed it, and cried over it, just as if it had been you; for, dear girl, it is all settled, and I am to be married to Mr. Harding next month. But I said to her, just as I would to you, 'I am going to be happy, after a little time.' But it seemed so strange, that night, to sit and think of it in my room alone. I burned all of Allan's notes that he ever wrote me, and some withered snow-drops that he put in my hair, that night, down by the lake; for I thought it was wrong to wear on my finger the betrothing of another, and keep his letters. But as I watched them turning to ashes, I sobbed aloud, and I couldn't help it. But it was right, wasn't it, Marion? I think it will help me to forget him, and I *must* forget him when I am married. Auntie says I will, for I did as you advised me. I told her all about it. And she said that every girl had her foolish dreams and fancies; that life was real and practical, and must be met practically and wisely. And she said the love of a good, sensible man, who will gratify all my wishes, and be good and kind to me, will make

me forget all this foolishness, and make me contented and happy.

"She talked so much to me, and I was so tired, tired out—and she loves me so well; of course she knows what will be best for me, and so, to please her, I have let it be as she wished. Though, at first, I said I would never consent, and begged of her to give me time, time to forget. For, since I have learned how bad Allan is, I would never dare to trust myself in his hands, would never, never marry him—still I cannot forget him. And I know you would pity me, darling, if you knew how many times I sob myself to sleep, thinking of him. Then, sometimes, I dream that he is with me, close to my side, and I am looking up into his face. Last night I dreamed it. And he laid his hand on my forehead, as he used to, sometimes, and smiled down on me, and I said to him, 'Oh, Allan, I thought you were dead.' I said it aloud, and my voice woke me, and it all came back to me—all the heartache, all the wrong. For I know it is wrong to think of him, now. But auntie says, when I am once married, I will forget him. Of course, auntie knows. And I must, of course; I shall, for I shall be a married woman, and it will be wicked for me to think of him.

"We are going to have a grand wedding, and though you know well how I love you, Marion, I don't want you to come to it, because I can't see you now. After a little while I shall be glad to have you. We are going to Europe at first, and shall stay a year; but after that, after I get strong and happy, then, my dearest girl, you must come to me for always. I am going to have a room in my house on purpose for you. Nobody else shall ever sleep in it. I shall call it your room, and when you come to stay with me, we will be happy, for you must never leave me again. You must never dare to love any man so well as you love your own little girl.

"Your bad little girl,

"GEORGIA."

CHAPTER II.

GEORGIA ALLSTON, and Thorndyce Harding were married in the Church of the Messiah, in the presence of a large and admiring crowd of the *elite*. Indeed, as the fashion papers well said, in their lengthy notices, it was "the largest, and most aristocratic, and most fashionable wedding of the season."

The Church of the Messiah is a grand structure, an imposing pile of snowy marble, carving, gilding, and stained glass. Dedicated, with many loud words, to Him, the tenderest, and

most pitiful heart; it is still far too grand a place for the poor, who were His closest friends upon earth.

Indeed, if the poor enter at all, they slink in like menials, afraid of a repulse, and glad of the lowest place. But the rich and the proud, who once rejected Him, come in boldly, like expected guests, sure of a welcome. Clad in purple and fine linen, they meet often together, and kneel upon the soft cushions, and thank God they are not like others. And when they hear Christ's words read, His denunciations of the pride and pomp of the olden city, they blandly draw comparisons in their own mind, very unfavorable to Jerusalem, and very favorable to New York.

And, above all, do they congratulate themselves upon the purifying of God's temple, that the tables of the money-changers are effectually overthrown, and the seats of those who sold doves. Selling doves in God's temple, indeed! Well might God's vengeance descend! Well might the veil of the temple be rent, that had witnessed such terrible and shameless iniquity. How fortunate, they say to themselves, to be born in this purer age, where money-changers defile not the sacred walls, and doves are not sold in the temple.

The tables where the doves were sold, have, ages ago, crumbled to dust—the wicked money-lovers are long buried in Jewish tombs. The broad aisles of the temple are free. There is nothing to prevent the long train of bridesmaids from passing up to the purer altar. Nothing to hinder the free progress of the satin-robed mother, and the respectable, gray-whiskered father from drawing near, to look blandly and approvingly through their gold glasses, to see youth and beauty wedded to shriveled and tottering millionaires, to behold purity and innocence joined till death parts them, to opulent and titled villany.

Georgia Allston and Thorndyce Harding were married in the Church of the Messiah. Many things might have been read in Georgia's dove-like eyes. But in Aunt Eleanor's there was only triumph and gratified pride. For to herself she very truthfully ascribed all the honor of this glorious victory. Now, the scheming old dowagers might droop their long ostrich feathers, and their dyed locks, in sad despair, and lead off their vanquished daughters, who, in this great matrimonial prize-lottery, had drawn a blank. She had married her adopted daughter to the richest man, the greatest catch in the city. The wretchedness, the uncertainty of life was past. Georgia was safe—Georgia was married.

The year of their bridal tour passed away, and Mr. Harding and his beautiful wife were settled in their brown-stone palace. But not alone. For

the maiden sister of Mr. Harding, who had always lived with him, lived with him still. She had thin lips, and eyes that were never still, but forever roving and restless. She was one of those cat-like women, who can sheathe their claws with velvet upon occasions. She did, when she met her brother's wife, who had come to displace her in her position of mistress of that great mansion. But the strange instinct God gives us, in common with lower intelligences, warning us of danger, taught Georgia that the claws were there.

During the year of their absence abroad, Allan Graham had returned. His engagement to the Southern heiress had been broken off, in some way, most likely by his misconduct. But Miss Harding, who was a sort of leader in society, suddenly formed a very great friendship for him, and spared no pains to throw her sister-in-law in his society. Could it be that she was envious of Georgia's fresh young beauty, jealous of her, and her influence over her brother, and wished to draw her into some indiscretion that would lower her in his estimation? Perhaps she loved to see the frightened, piteous look of the soft, brown eyes, and the pallor that would creep over the sweet face, in spite of all her efforts at self-control, as she listened to the voice once so dear.

Allan Graham's despairing, lover-like glances, and slight words, dropped at just the right moment by Miss Harding, began at last to tell. The poison began to work. And Georgia began to be watched by keen-eyed gossips.

Poor little Georgia! She was an innocent, soft-hearted child, formed for love and happiness, but she had fallen upon evil ways. She avoided Allan Graham, or tried to avoid him. But she was too proud to show that she dared not meet him, and listen to his common remarks. They met constantly in society, and one night, at a party, he managed to tell her that the story of his engagement was utterly false. With what unuttered agony and pleading in his handsome, false eyes, he did it, I know not. He was a most despicable villain, although a very handsome and fascinating one; and he stopped at nothing when he had an end to gain.

Georgia left him, before he had time to add anything to his confession; but that night, after she had lain her throbbing head upon her pillow, she spoke out to herself.

"I don't love him! I don't love him!" she cried. "I am a married woman, and it would be wicked. I don't love him!" she repeated, and great tears rolled down her face silently, and fell upon her pillow. The curtains were drawn from the window, and the moon looked full upon her. Was it the same moon she had walked under

once? Then it seemed to understand her happiness; its white light enwrapped her like a mantle of bliss. Now it seemed far away, and cold, and pitiless. It had no sympathy for her life, so hard, and so hard to understand.

She rose, walked to the window, and looked out. What a great, empty world it was, after all! And she was not nineteen. How many, many years she had got to live. Though, maybe, if her heart ached as it did to-night, she wouldn't have to live so long, after all.

She knew her husband was writing in the library, and so heart-hungry was she, that she thought, perhaps, if she should go to him now, and tell him how lonely, and tired-out she was, how afraid she felt for herself, he might show her some sympathy. If he only looked kindly on her, and spoke to her gently, she could get courage, and would tell him all; yes, all. She would confess the wrong she had done him in marrying him; she would tell him how wretched she was, how weak she felt; she would beg of him to take her somewhere, into the country, anywhere, away from the daily torture of his sister's presence; away from Allan Graham—away from temptation.

So she threw a crimson wrapper over her white, night-dress, and went down. She opened the library-door, with a somewhat fearful face, and went in. Her husband was writing. His back was to her, and he did not notice the opening of the door; and she went up to him timidly, and stood beside him, before he was aware of her presence. He was adding up a hard-looking column of figures; but he turned quickly as he felt the timid touch of her hand on his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harding!" he said, sharply. "Ah! what is the matter?"

"Nothing, Thorndyce, only I was so lonesome, so——"

She stopped, suddenly, and tears began to gather in the great, dark eyes.

He answered, coldly,

"It is very imprudent in you to be up at this hour, and in your delicate health, too—very imprudent. You had better return to your own room immediately. I have a great deal of writing to do, to-night, and must work for several hours yet. If you are afraid, have your maid to stay with you."

"Oh, Thorndyce, mayn't I stay? Let me: I won't hinder you. Let me stay a little while."

"Why, certainly, if you prefer it. But take this easy chair by the register, it is warmer here."

And, with perfect politeness, Mr. Harding rose and drew the velvet-cushioned chair into a more favorable position. He then resumed his writing.

But pretty soon she came to him again.

"Thorndyce, let me sit by you here, on this cushion," she said.

She sat down by the side of his great Cothurn arm-chair, as she spoke, and, clasping her hands over the arms of it, laid her hand down upon them. It was not fire-warmth, but heart-warmth, she was longing for. But she had come in vain, if she expected to find it there. Mr. Harding was polite, but very, very cold. It would be difficult, indeed, to kindle any warm, household blaze in that selfish, frozen soul. He did not take the poor little hands into his own, or draw the pretty brown head nearer to him, saying foolishly fond words, that to such loving natures are better than wisdom. No, he did nothing of this; and neither did he say anything rude, or at all discourteous.

"You will excuse me, if I go on with my writing?" was what he said.

"I don't disturb you, do I?"

"Oh, no, certainly not. Let me see, ninety-seven is, in eleven thousand, how many times—"

She evidently did disturb him, though he was too polite to admit it. So she was still, as might be, with her hands clasped across the cold, slippery leather of the arm-chair, and her face resting upon them. She had no thought, now, of opening her heart to him. No, she could not disturb his cold, mathematical calculation with any story of heart-sorrow or heart-need.

After a while she changed her position slightly, and looked up in his face with her great troubled eyes.

What did she read in his face, that she studied it so intently? Certainly no graybeard in cruelty, nothing of the kind. Cold and inflexible it was, but nothing cruel or malicious. Not bad looking, either; indeed, quite good-looking, for one of his age. So, at least, all the old dowagers had said when speaking to their unmarried daughters, and so Aunt Eleanor had called it.

And all that Aunt Eleanor had prophesied, and planned, and plotted for, had blossomed—and this was the flower. Oh, if Aunt Eleanor had only been there, at that moment, to have beheld its rare beauty.

What was there, in those large, troubled eyes, as she looked up in her husband's face, in the still, midnight hour? What was it?

Was it a thought of the mockery of her splendid surroundings, of the lie she was living daily, of the purity and innocence forever left behind her? Could it be that this fair, sweet young creature, sitting in her silken dressing-gown, in that luxurious, sheltered home, by the side of

her lawful husband—could it be that she felt, in her heart, that her place was not there; that she had sold herself for a price; that she had no right to look on herself as other and loving wives did? Could it be, that, in dreaming of the possible future, of childish lips that should call her mother, of a head that should nestle closer to her heart than any other—could it be that she shrank in spirit from this thought, which other fair young wives delight in, shrank from the pretty image? Strange things might have been read in her eyes, in the silence of that midnight hour. Was there a wild dream of escaping, in some way, from this life of soul-degradation? Was there a fear for herself, a horror of her future?

Ah! God did for her better than she thought! For does not He have us always in His heavenly keeping?

CHAPTER III.

About five months later, Georgia wrote another letter to her faithful Marion.

"DEAR MARION—My own little baby has come to make me a better woman. And you don't know how much love she has brought with her. It is a little girl. I was sorry for that, for the world seems a hard place for a woman. I believe they love more than men do, and I think those who love most are the most sorrowful. Don't you think so, too, darling? I am going to call her Maud Marion, after my mother and you, dear. She is lying here, in her little crib, close by my bed. I will have her all the time where I can see her.

"It seems as if I can never have a bad thought again, with that pure little face looking into mine. How I want to see you, Marion, and show my baby the dearest auntie it will ever have. If it were any one but you, I should think it almost unkind for you to refuse to come to me, when I urged you so earnestly. But just as soon as baby gets to notice things, I am going to show her your picture, and tell her how good you are, and how much I love you. And you will love my baby, won't you, darling?

"Nurse says I musn't write any more. They are all good to me. My husband is as kind to me as can be. He kissed me once, when he came in, and saw baby on my arm for the first time. Somehow, it made me cry. I don't know why it should make my heart ache so, but it did.

"Nurse will make me stop. Oh, Marion, my darling, darling girl, love always

Your own GEORGIA."

When Mrs. Harding appeared in society again,

she looked more like an angel than ever, her admirers said. She was an angel, if ever one was. She went abroad, constantly "doing good." She had always been merciful and charitable; but now, the poor, the despised, the fallen, seemed a sacred legacy given to her. Her face, of old so gay and cheerful, of late so sorrowful, seemed daily to ripen, and grow divine in expression. Sorrowful it still was, but it was the sorrow of those faces that had seen the risen Lord.

On one of her tours of mercy, she found a woman, sick and half-starving, the story of whose life possessed a strange interest for her. The woman had been a pretty, innocent country girl, who from childhood had been a drudge in the family of a relative, and who had never known home or love, in their true sense. To this lonely heart came a gentleman, with all the fascinations of an angel. He had obtained board in her uncle's family for one summer, and he began by covertly expressing his pity to the poor child. She had a beautiful face, but no strength of will. Why dwell on what followed? It was the old, old story; old as sin; old as woman's reckless, blind devotion; old as man's perfidy.

Lately she had half starved by doing sewing for the shops, and her hard toil, her scanty food, her sorrow, all combined, had laid her upon a bed of sickness. And the charity of the city was very cold. It was thus that Georgia found her. "Sick and in prison," indeed, and Georgia "visited her."

Georgia's tears fell like rain upon the woman's wasted face, as she bent low down to hear the faint voice tell the story of her ruined life. And beneath these tender, pitying tears, and the touch of the gentle hand upon the poor, bowed head, the crust of hardness and defiance melted away from the woman's heart, and she wept a flood of remorseful tears.

And Georgia wept with her, as she told her pitiful tale.

"He soon grew tired of me," the woman said. "What had I but my pretty face to win any man's love? And when I gave my girlish freshness and bloom to the little face that lay at last

on my bosom; dear to me, oh, so dear! because I could see his image in it, he grew tired of me; and that was death to me. Though I should live a thousand years, my life, my heart, died then. So I left him, before he turned me away, leaving the money he would have given me. Great God above! Money! to fill the heart he had broken, emptied of all its happiness and peace. For what did I take out into the world with me but despair and shame? And my baby died. I was not fit, God knew, to train a deathless soul. And its death taught me more than its life ever did. I saw my sin—I hated it."

"You wish to leave this old sinful life," said Georgia, with quivering lips. "You would lead a new life, a better life, if you could?"

"How can I?" said the woman. "If a woman sins she is lost forever. What can a woman do, but sink lower and lower into shame. Who will believe in my repentance? Who will encourage me in a better life? Who will trust me? Last night I crept out to beg, beg for enough food to keep me from starving, and I saw him—Allan Graham——"

The woman was so engrossed in this story of her own wrongs and suffering, that she did not notice the sudden pallor that swept over the face of her listener, at the mention of that name, but went on unheeding.

"I saw him going into a brilliantly-lighted mansion to a party. I knew who lived there. It was the member of a Christian church. His sin, his wild, reckless life is known to them. Not through me, for I loved him too well to bring any reproach to him. But they know just what his life has been, and still they, these Christian people, welcome him as an equal, while, to me, they wouldn't give the most menial position in their kitchen. That is the justice of the world. No one will trust me."

"I will trust you—I will help you," said Georgia, bravely. She felt that the woman was sincere. No letter of recommendation could be more plainly written than the true, honest eyes, the expression of remorse and repentance in the woman's face. "God so deal with me as I deal justly with you." (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

BESSIE.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

A WIMMER, wee thing, fair and bright,
At seventeen, bursts on our sight;
For Nature, with a lavish hand,
From stores of wealth at her command,
Selected with unusual care
Her choicest bits, her graces rare;

And forth, from her creative power,
Bloomed out this beauteous human flower!
Love's fondest care, from day to day,
Has shielded her most tenderly;
Has made her life one happy dream,
With joy and sunshine all a-gleam.

A ROSE AND A CAMELLIA

BY MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER.

If any of my readers had chanced to visit Hoversville, on the bright October morning on which my tale opens, they would, I think, have pronounced it one of the prettiest spots which they had ever come across in the whole course of their travels. For Hoversville is celebrated for its avenues of stately elms and graceful horse-chestnuts; and on the especial autumnal morning, of which we write, the frost had touched the trees with its dainty and brilliant pencil. There was just enough of freshness, too, in the air to make it exhilarating—a sort of a necessary tonic after the exhausting fever of the summer heats.

In one of the smallest of the white houses, on a side street, lived the widowed Mrs. Thornton, with her twin daughters, Fannie and Bessie. Mrs. Thornton had once seen better days. Time was, when her husband had been a New York millionaire, and when the Thornton balls and the Thornton equipages had been celebrated even in that splendid city. Fanny and Bessie had taken their first peep at the world from the windows of a Fifth Avenue mansion. They had passed their early days in a sort of bewildering whirl of silk and velvet, and Valenciennes-trimmed frocks; and a little later had learned music, and French, and German, and dancing, from the most renowned professors. They had promenaded Fifth Avenue and Broadway in the prettiest of school-girl toilets, and were looking forward to a grand coming-out ball, and a brilliant debut in fashionable society, when there came a panic—a crisis—a crash. Millionaires went to bed wealthy, and woke up beggars. Mr. Thornton's fortune took wings with the general flight; and he, a nervous, excitable man, with a sensitive and desponding temperament, fairly fled to his bed, and died of his misfortunes, leaving his widow and daughters with about half the sum, per annum, which Mrs. Thornton had been accustomed to spend at her dress-makers.

Women are tougher metal, generally, under the stroke of adversity, than are men. Mrs. Thornton did not die of her troubles. She lived through her husband's death and funeral, the breaking up of her home, the dispersal of her household treasures, and, being of rather a weak nature, and given to much weeping, she managed to cry her woes away in a very healthful manner. It was her young daughters, her sixteen-year old

twin children, who packed and arranged her wardrobe, settled matters, and answered business questions, with an amount of energy and good sense that was beyond their years, while Mrs. Thornton went round the house with a very wet handkerchief in her hand, and a pair of very red eyes surmounting a very red nose, answering all questions addressed to her with a piteous, "Oh, don't ask me!" and a fresh burst of tears.

It was Bessie who suggested sending for Mrs. Thornton's only brother, and, indeed, only near relative, Mr. James Ellis, of Hoversville, who was himself, unfortunately, not any too well to do in the world; but he came at once in response to his sister's appeal, and did what little he could in the way of seeing to her affairs. It was by his advice that the desolate family had betaken themselves to their present abode at Hoversville. The two girls were forced to decide everything about the house, and the removal, while Mrs. Thornton sat around on freshly-packed trunks and boxes, and looked helplessly on, occasionally varying her proceedings by a slight indulgence in her favorite refreshment of tears.

Somebody—I think it is the author of the Country-Parson Papers—has somewhere written an essay on the advantages of being a cantankerous fool; and certainly the position is one with a remarkable number of prerogatives attached to it, particularly if the person who occupies the position happens to be a woman. Selfishness and obstinacy are usually two qualities which accompany brainlessness; and putting the three attributes together, one attains to a condition of affairs wherein reason or necessity are alike powerless to move the possessor of these charming traits. It never occurred to Mrs. Thornton, when the family were finally settled in their new and humble home, that she could, or should, or ought to do anything to assist in keeping household matters in order, or in lightening the burden of their reduced circumstances. She never seemed to imagine that there was anything more for her to do than to lounge about the house with a second-rate novel in her hand, to assort and arrange the few remaining relics of her former finery, and to weep out a string of complaints about her hard fortune to any one who would listen to her. Not that she was naturally a bad, or even an indifferent mother—she was simply a fool.

In the days of her prosperity she had been considered a very nice kind of a person; had never been spiteful, mean, or unkind, and had treated her inferiors, in wealth and social position, with a sort of languid good-nature which had failed to offend, if there was nothing especially attractive about it; and had been a fond and indulgent, if, also, a very weak parent. But, in her adversity, she worried her daughters nearly out of their senses. She could not be brought to understand why she must not wear ruffled petticoats at the rate of four per week; why venison, geese, feed-birds, and the first green peas of the season did not appear upon her table; and why the girls would persist in buying alpaca for their street suits in the spring, when everybody knew that a good black silk—not an expensive one, of course—say at seven dollars a yard, would look and wear so very much better. Then the one servant-girl was a fruitful source of dissension. “Fanny, yes! and Bessie were always spoiling her by doing her work for her, making their own beds, for instance, and helping with the ironing. For her part, she believed in letting people do your work, if you paid them to do it; she could not see the sense in hiring help, and then doing everything yourself. But then her girls had such low tastes. She had never had low tastes; she could not bear to touch a soiled tencup, or a greasy plate. And as to sweeping a room, everybody who knew her delicate health, knew that such a thing was far beyond her strength. As to the sewing, she was willing to help in that as far as she could; though it was very hard that she, who had been the first New York lady who had ever ordered a dress direct from Worth, should have to turn her attention to such details as retrimming a delaine, or making over a calico.

It was hard, poor thing! And, after all, she was very much to be pitied. She could not help her soft, aggravating senselessness any more than a dull November day can restrain the cold, slow drizzle that drives poor out-door travelers nearly out of their wits. So, instead of being a help and a comfort to her children, she was an added weight to them. She was far more unhappy than they; she had not their energy, their activity, their hoard of mental resources; and, above all, she was no longer young. Ah, there's the rub! Youth holds a deed of gift of the future, but the misfortunes of middle age only cloud the past, and embitter the present, and are without remedy in the future, save in the one great refuge from all earthly woes—the grave!

About three years after the Thornton family first arrived at Hoversville, George Ellis, the only son of their uncle, went out to the far West to

seek his fortune. He was a fine, manly young fellow, and had been the intimate friend and constant associate of his cousins, much to the chagrin and dismay of Mrs. Thornton, who looked forward to the brilliant marriage of one or both of her daughters as her only possible escape from the trials and tribulations of her present mode of life. But the cousins had walked, and driven, and gone boating together in the summer months; had joined sleighing-parties, and frequented little dances together in the winter, without any definite result; and the young man had taken his leave of the girls in apparently quite a fraternal fashion. Only Fanny could have told of a swift, close hand-clasp, of a few whispered words, only these, in fact, “I may come back, some day, a rich man, Fanny, and then——”

But what was that broken phrase, after all? Nothing to talk about, evidently; for Fanny never mentioned the circumstance, even to her twin sister and inseparable companion.

At the time our story opens George Ellis had been gone about two years. The two girls sat by the window of their bedroom, ripping up, and looking over their stores of winter clothing, while their mother see-sawed leisurely in her rocking-chair, looking on at their operations, and occasionally favoring them with her advice, with “The Mystery of Maysville Manor,” lying open on her lap, and “Lina St. Leonard, the Burglar's daughter” on the table beside her.

“I don't think these black cashmeres will see us through the winter, Bessie,” remarked Fanny, holding up a threadbare garment to the light. “Perhaps by taking the best of yours and mine, we might piece out one dress from the two, but as for wearing them as they are, that is an impossibility.”

“We may afford one new one, Fan, and you may have that. I'll do up the old one for myself.”

“No, indeed, you dear, good soul! That I'll not listen to. No: we must manage new dresses, or at least new jackets, somehow or other.”

“It is all your fault, Bessie,” remarked Mrs. Thornton, plaintively. “You know you would buy that quality of cashmere; and I told you it would not wear so well as the one at four dollars a yard. And now, if you girls must get new winter cloaks, do take my advice for once, and have them made of velvet—long, black velvet Polonaises, reaching almost to the bottom of your dress skirts, and caught up at the side with a buckle and a bow. They would be so stylish and so useful. And whatever you do, don't get any more calico mourning-dresses. They are my abomination!”

“I should like a black velvet Polonaise very

well, mother," said Bessie, cheerily, "only I can't afford to get one. No, we must manage with the old cloth jackets, this winter; and perhaps we can contrive to get a new black delaine apiece; and if you will let us have some of your narrow, black guipure lace to trim the waists, I think we can get them up very nicely."

"That is always the way. You girls never will take my advice about anything; and yet I think I ought to know something about dress—at least people said I did, when we lived in New York. Do you recollect the last ball-dress Worth sent me, Fanny? Metternich green, with peach-blossom trimmings, and pale-pink roses embroidered all over the front breadth."

"I think you have it on now, mother," answered Fanny, with a glance at her mother's skirt of rusty black silk, whose brownish hue told of the influences of a dyeing establishment.

"And in the same box," pursued Mrs. Thornton, too intent on her reminiscences to notice her daughter's reply, "he sent me a garnet velvet suit, trimmed with Russia sable, and a velvet bonnet to match, with a single tea-rose inside the brim. It was the handsomest walking-dress that was worn in New York, that winter. And I remember Marmaduke Poole coming up to me, at the Tiebault's last reception, and saying——"

"Sugar's all out, mum," said Bridget, the maid-of-all-work, appearing suddenly at the door.

"Do get a barrel of sugar at once, girls, I beg of you. I despise this system of living by dribs—a pound here and a pound there, just as one wants it. And let the next be the very best loaf sugar. I am sure the last you got was of inferior quality. And couldn't Bridget make something nice for dessert, to-day? A lemon-pudding, for instance, with crumbled sponge-cake in it, according to Miss Leslie's receipt. Be sure and have the puff-paste nice and light, Bridget; and, above all things, don't spare the butter. Lemon-pudding is uneatable, unless it is very rich."

Bridget, who was used to these orders, and who had been trained to listen to them in silence, and then to disregard them, said not a word, but took the money and the grocery-book, that Fanny proffered her, and departed.

"There, that is settled," said Mrs. Thornton, throwing herself back in her rocking-chair with an air of satisfaction. "If only she does not forget all about it by dinner-time, for a more forgetful girl I never beheld in all my life. I always feel more contented when I have got through with ordering the dinner. There was that Scotchwoman, Isabel, who lived with us so long, and was such a superb cook, she always saved me all that trouble. To be sure, she drank,

and stole, and told lies; but she was the best cook we ever had; and she suited me perfectly. I never tasted such oyster patties as she used to make; and she understood *bisque* soup to perfection. Do you think we could persuade her to come to Hoversville to live with us, Bessie?"

"I am afraid not," answered Bessie, intent on the intricacies of a seam which she was busied in unpicking. It was the practice of both the girls to let their mother talk as she would, without remonstrance or contradiction. They had found it the shortest way, as well as the most comfortable one, for opposition only aggravated her peculiarities into new and more vehement demonstration.

"I suppose not," she sighed. "I think I'll go lie down for awhile. I wish you would make Bridget sweep my room more thoroughly, Bessie. Twice going over it with a broom, and once with a dust-pan and brush, would make it nice and clean." And Mrs. Thornton gathered up her two novels and glided languidly from the room.

Fanny threw down the cashmere waist at which she was at work, and looked despairingly at her sister.

"How long is this kind of thing to go on, Bess?"

"What kind of thing do you mean, dear?"

"Everything! Our present mode of life; old dresses, hard work, plain fare, and, worst of all, mother keeping on a worry, worry, forever."

"She cannot help it, Fanny. She is not young, and she has been sorely tried."

"And she never had much sense to begin with. Don't look so shocked at me, you pattern of duty and propriety. I'll take that last speech back. Only I do wish that one of the sweet uses of adversity, about which the poets are so fond of singing, was to create a growth of brains where they had never been before."

"Please do not talk so, dear; it pains me more than I care to tell you. Poor, dear mother! She has been a good and kind parent to us; and you know she is always glad to give us anything she has, or to do anything for us that is in her power."

"And I suppose it is beyond her power to—— No, I'll say no more. You are right on this matter, and I am wrong. But I have a great piece of news to tell you. Have you heard that George Ellis has come home?"

"George? Cousin George?"

The slender hand trembled, and the sweet face drooped lower over the refractory seam.

"When did he come?" she asked, directly.

"And are you sure the news is true?"

"He came late last night. Uncle Ellis' old Polly told Bridget, just before breakfast."

"And how has he come home? Is he well? Has he been successful?"

"He has come back sick, penniless, and well nigh despairing, I believe. In fact, the truth is—— Well, I will tell you frankly, Bessie. I ran over to Uncle Ellis's this morning myself, and I have seen George. He has lost nearly everything he possessed in the world, in some unfortunate mining speculations in California; and the only thing he has left is a miserable piece of ground, out there, which, as he bitterly said, wouldn't grow grass enough to feed a rabbit, so sterile and stony is the soil. He was tricked, it seems, into buying it."

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow! And you say he is sick?"

"Yes; he is just getting over a sharp attack of fever."

"And what is he going to do now?"

"Heaven only knows. Get well first, I suppose, and then——"

There seemed to be a hard knot in Fanny's thread, for she tugged at it savagely for a moment, and then ended by breaking it off.

"It's of no use, Bess," she said, desperately, flinging her work to the floor. "I may as well begin and tell you all about myself—make a clean breast of it, as the stories say. Before George went away, there was some talk of our liking each other. I think he did like me; and if he had succeeded, things might have gone straight and smooth enough. Understand now, there never was any engagement, or even an understanding; only this vague preference—for I did prefer him to anybody I had ever seen. But I will not keep on living this narrow, tormented life; and I have not the patience to go on waiting and hoping for years. Or to marry," she added, defiantly, "and exchange one form of grinding poverty for another, and perhaps a worse one."

She paused here. Her beautiful face was very white; but the look she turned on her sister was one of fixed, immutable, almost defiant decision.

"And so," she continued, after a brief silence, "I met Isaac Hall on my way home; he joined me, and—and—— We are engaged. That's all."

"Isaac Hall!" exclaimed Bessie, as a vision of his freckled face, insignificant features, and general stolidity of demeanor arose before her.

"Oh, Fanny——"

"Not another word, sister," said Fanny, quickly, in a tone whose almost fierce decision accorded only too well with her general expression. "Remember, he is to be my husband, and your brother-in-law. And we shall live in New York, and you must come often to see us, for, whatever happens, you must always love me, Bessie."

The hard, set look left her features, tears rose to her eyes, and she fell sobbing into her sister's arms.

Bessie could only fold her to her heart, and weep over her, and murmur incoherent words of love and soothing. Remonstrance or argument, she knew well, would be all in vain. Fanny had chosen her course, and meant to abide by it. The newly inherited wealth of Isaac Hall, and the promptitude with which he had come to lay it at her feet, had proved an irresistible temptation to her restless, fevered spirit, in the first sharp sting of her disappointment, respecting the return of the cousin, whom, as she truly said, she vaguely preferred, and might one day have loved, had circumstances only proved other than they were.

At last, Fanny disengaged herself from her sister's embrace, wiped the tears from her eyes, and said, with a forced smile,

"Come, Bess, congratulate me. I mean you to be the first; and, as I am going to announce my engagement immediately, you have no time to lose."

"I hope you will be happy, and I wish you all happiness, dear. But have you thought of when you will be married?"

"Next December, at the latest. Mr. Hall—Isaac I mean—has to go out West to look after some unsettled business pertaining to his father's estate, and will be absent for some weeks, after which we are to settle the day. And now, Bess, one word more. I want no questions asked, no remarks made about my engagement. What is done, is done, and so no more about it. My mind is made up, and I know I shall be happy."

Her last phrase sounded more like the announcement of a determination, than a simple conviction. But Bessie said no more; she only kissed her sister once or twice very fondly, and then continued her work. She knew the peculiar strength and energy of Fanny's character, and she knew also that adversity had exercised upon her no beneficial effect. It had hardened her nature, instead of softening it, and had dashed all the natural sweetness of her disposition, with an all-pervading, though scarcely perceptible, bitterness.

"You ought to tell mother, Fanny," remarked Bessie, timidly, after she had worked for some moments in silence.

"I mean to do so, in a little while. There is no fear but that she will be pleased; but oh, how she will torment me about my trousseau. One thing is certain," she added, with irony. "I will not order my wedding-dress from Worth, whatever she may say."

Bessie shook her head in remonstrance, and was about to speak, when the door was partly opened, and Bridget protruded a very red face through the chink.

"It's Musther George Ellis, mum; and its the young ladies he's afther seeing."

"We'll be down directly, Bridget. Now, Bess, do you go down and talk to him, while I pick up these things, and put the room to rights." And with a firm, yet gentle hand, Fanny literally put her sister out of the room, and then she sat down among the piles of scattered garments, and cried like a child.

Only for a minute, however: in another moment she was up and alert, the tears wiped from her eyes, and her beautiful features set in a sort of fixed and resolute calmness.

Meanwhile Bessie, with a very pale cheek and a throbbing heart, descended to the parlor. A gaunt, shadowy figure, in a shabbily-worn garb, the very spectre of the broad-shouldered, stalwart youth, who had bade her farewell, some two years before, rose from the sofa, as she entered, and put forth a skeleton-like hand to meet her eager clasp.

"Cousin Bessie, here I am, at last, a poor, miserable object, as you see," said the young man, looking down upon her upturned face, with large hollow eyes, that seemed still glistening with fever.

"I am glad to see you home safe, George, anyway, or anyhow—very, very glad," answered Bessie, rather incoherently, while her pale cheek became suffused with a sudden blush.

"And you are not changed a particle, only prettier than ever," he said, sinking back upon the sofa. "While I—— Well, did you ever see a more miserable piece of six-foot humanity than myself? Worn to a shadow, Bess; and I suppose Fanny has told you all the rest."

"All! But have courage, George. You are young, and the world lies fair before you, if you have but the energy and perseverance wherewith to meet its obstacles. Ah, if I were but a man!"

"What would you do, Bess? Great deeds, doubtless?"

"I don't know. I should do something. But let us talk of yourself. How ill you must have been. And are you really better now—really convalescent?"

Thus encouraged, George launched out into a full account of his illness and his troubles, and he found in Bessie the most sympathizing of listeners. Then there were mutual friends to be inquired after, and pieces of Hoversville news to be told, and so nearly two hours slipped away before George rose to go.

"I shall see you soon again, Bessie," he remarked. "I want to see you often, before I go away again."

"Go away? Oh, George, where, and why?"

"I cannot stay here, burdening my poor father's slender means. No, no! As soon as I am strong enough, I shall start for New York. I have some business there, which must be looked after, and, perhaps, I can find something there to do. And Bessie, I want you to tell Fanny something."

He took his cousin's hand, as he spoke, and pressed it firmly in his own.

"Isaac Hall came to see me, a few hours ago, and told me of his engagement. Hall is a good fellow. Tell Fanny to make him a good wife, and say also that I send her my cousinly congratulations."

With these words he departed; and Bessie, through a mist of blinding tears, watched the stooping figure, clad in threadbare, shabby garments, as it passed slowly out of sight, with feeble steps, behind the trees.

That evening, before retiring to rest, Bessie unlocked a small box, which contained her few ornaments and little treasures: the jewelry, which had not been considered valuable enough to sell in the crisis of the family misfortunes, a lock of her dead father's hair, one or two school-girl keepsakes, a few prized letters, and such like valuables. After long and serious meditation, she selected one article from the collection, put the rest aside, and sat down to write a letter. But the usual fluency of her facile pen seemed to have deserted her, and it was with much meditation, erasing and copying, that she managed to bring to an end the following epistle, which, with a small sealed packet, was placed in George Ellis's hands the following day:

"DEAR COUSIN GEORGE—I want you, before you open the packet which accompanies this letter, to sit down and think of all the kindness that you used to show the two poor, forlorn girls that came to Hoversville so downcast and desolate, five years ago. How you always acted as our escort everywhere, and took us long sleigh-rides and wagon-rides, and kept us supplied with flowers, and chestnuts, and game. And do you remember the three sashes you gave us just before Kate Wilton's wedding, and how charmed we were with them, and how they brightened up our white muslin dresses? I want you to remember all these things as vividly as I do, and to recollect how you have always been like a brother to Fanny and to me. I want you to feel really as if we were your sisters now; and

you must think how glad I shall be, if you will let me help you the very little that I can, in the first steps of your new career. And so, I want you to let me lend you the twenty-dollar gold piece, which I send with this; only *lend* it to you, remember; and it is really my own, for it was my dear father's last Christmas-gift to me. I have kept it ever since. And I could not spend it in a way to give me more pleasure than by putting it in your hands, to do with it as you like. Some day, when you are a very rich man, you can give it back to me, in the shape of a diamond ring, or a set of pink coral. And so, dear cousin, good-by, and do not think of paining me by refusing my little offering.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"BESSIE THORNTON."

George Ellis was weak, and still far from well, and so no wonder that the tears rose to his eyes, as he perused Bessie's note. He kissed the gold piece several times, before he consigned it to the depths of his well-worn pocket-book. And when next he met Bessie alone, it was with real feeling that he thanked her.

"You are a dear, good girl. Bessie, and I'll not refuse your loan. I have not so many friends left, dear, since I came back sick and sorrowful, that I can bring myself to spurn your kindness. People are very ready to give me good advice, but they are very shy about offering me anything else. 'Why don't you go and do something?' they are all very fond of saying, but not one of them will bestir himself a hand's-breadth to find me that something to do. There is nothing like misfortune, Bess, for teaching a man some hard lessons in human nature; but I have found *one* good, true heart in the world, and that is yours, my good, little cousin. Only, you must not talk to me about looking upon me as a brother, because——"

But just then the door opened, and Mrs. Thornton entered; so the blushing Bessie failed to learn why she was not to consider herself the sister of George Ellis any more.

The engagement of Fanny to the rich Isaac Hall, created the usual amount of gossip and wonderment in the community. Fanny was the very model of an engaged young lady, during the whole period that elapsed between the declaration of her engagement and the departure of her lover on his Western tour, so quietly devoted, so prettily deferential to his wishes, so eager to please and gratify him in every way. No pretty caprices, no playful absurdities marked her conduct toward her betrothed. She was always *empressé*, courteous; and, after his departure,

she never failed to send him, every other day, a pleasant, gossiping epistle, filling exactly the four sides of a sheet of note-paper, with her signature, "Yours affectionately, F. Thornton," duly inscribed at the foot of the fourth page. There were no crossed-lines, no outpourings of overflowing affection, no little absurdities of pet names and tender epithets; but Mr. Hall was practical and business-like, and found his lady-love's agreeable and intelligent letters precisely to his taste. Nor did Fanny pine and mourn, during the absence of her betrothed, after the fashion of some foolish girls, but busied herself about her trossseau, and her future plans with perfect composure. She did not avoid George, when he came to pay his almost daily visits; but she usually left the task of entertaining him to her sister, or her mother, generally excusing herself on the plea of letters which must be written, or sewing which must be accomplished.

Under the gleam of this dawn of coming prosperity of one of her daughters, Mrs. Thornton brightened visibly. Fanny had always been her favorite child, perhaps on account of the vigorous snubbings which she occasionally received from that young lady, when her peculiarities became more rampant than usual. All her stock of yellow lace and old-fashioned jewelry was produced, to aid in getting up a wardrobe fit for the future Mrs. Hall; and one of her few remaining ornaments of any value, a set of stone cameos, mounted with pearls, was unhesitatingly sacrificed by her, in order to procure the necessary materials. A first cousin of her own, a wealthy widow, who had never noticed the family in their days of actual adversity, wrote Fanny a very pretty note, and sent her a check for a respectable amount as a wedding-present, as she neatly put it, but in reality the purchase-money of a ticket of admission to the possible future parties of the wealthy Mrs. Hall.

"Jane Thornton used to entertain superbly," remarked Mrs. Exford, to one of her daughters, as she sealed her letter, "and I hear that Mr. Hall intends living in New York, so, after all, one may as well be on the safe side."

Meanwhile, George Ellis regained his health and strength, by slow degrees, and finally started off on a trip to New York, to see, as he said, if he could not find something to do down there. He came back, looking very much better, and wearing a new and well-cut suit of clothes, which improved his appearance amazingly. He was, as ever, a constant visitor at his aunt's house, but it was not till after he had taken a second trip to New York, that he unfolded all his plans and hopes to Bessie.

"I think I have a fair prospect now of making a career for myself in the world, dear Bessie. I have got an engagement in a dry-goods store, and can see my way clear to paying my expenses, and something over, too. Will you come and help me to make that way smoother and pleasanter, Bessie? Can you begin life in a quiet way, darling? Do you love me well enough to try? For I love you, Bessie, so dearly—so very dearly; and I'll try to make your life happy, even if we do have to live in two rooms, in a boarding-house, at first."

And Bessie, all tears, and smiles, and blushes, could only make reply, "I can be happy there, George, I know. Anywhere——"

And she stopped short, and blushed a prettier and deeper rose-tint than before.

"Anywhere! What, darling? I must hear the rest of that sentence. I mean to be a very tyrannical husband, and I am going to begin right now, so finish it, Bessie—finish it!"

And with her face hidden on her lover's shoulder, she whispered, at last, "anywhere with you."

The indignation of Mrs. Thornton, on being told of the engagement of her daughter to George Ellis, can better be imagined than described. "Consent? Of course, she would have to consent; that is, if her undutiful child really cared for any such formality; but, for her part, she washed her hands of all responsibility connected with such a marriage. To be sure, Brother James had been very kind, and it would not do to quarrel with him; so she supposed Bessie must have her own way; but, after all, his kindness was nothing more than his duty as a brother. And Bessie's prospects were just brightening, too. Look how well dear Fanny had done, and Mr. Hall was going to buy a house in New York, and Bessie might have visited her sister; and who knows what a wonderfully good match she might have made there. But she supposed she was born to be unhappy, for now one of her children was a disappointment to her, just as she thought everything was coming straight."

"Do not mind her, Bessie," said Fanny, to her tenderer-hearted sister, one day, as the latter was shedding a few uncontrollable tears after one of these tirades. "After you are once married, and she is settled in her room at Madame Tellier's boarding-house on Twenty Third street, she will be perfectly satisfied. Her income, when we are off her hands, will be quite sufficient to pay her board and other expenses, and you may trust to me to see that she wants for nothing, in the way of dress and luxuries. As to taking her to live with me, that is out of the question, as you well

know; and if you are wise, you will imitate my caution in that respect. I want you to be perfectly happy, dear—as happy as you deserve; and, believe me, neither your home nor mine would be the pleasanter for having our poor, dear mother—for I do love her in spite of all her worries—for an inmate."

And Bessie, with a sigh, acquiesced in her sister's verdict.

The ensuing weeks were very busy ones to both the sisters, so deeply were they absorbed in the task of preparing their respective trousseaux. Mrs. Thornton, as Fanny had predicted, soon regained her good-humor, and actually ended by persuading herself that Bessie was going to do very well. So she brought out all her hoards of lace and well-saved dresses, and India shawls, and insisted upon dividing the greater part of her small stock of treasures between her daughters. She could not help them in their sewing, however, being, as she said, afflicted with weak eyes, which malady, strange to say, never interfered, in the least, with her perusal of her favorite novels; but totally incapacitated her from using her needle. So she sat and rocked herself complacently in her own favorite chair, and watched her daughters as they sat at work, favoring them with much advice respecting housekeeping, dress, and other matters, to all of which they listened in dutiful silence.

Meanwhile, George Ellis absented himself a great deal from home, looking after, as he said, the details of his new situation, on the duties of which he was to enter upon the first day of the New Year.

"I have sold my Western farm, dearest," he wrote to Bessie, during one of these absences, "so that we shall have a stock of ready money on hand to start with. I have engaged two rooms at a very good boarding-house, not far from Madison Square, and I think you will like the situation. The house is on the corner of a street, and is nice and airy, and is not too extravagant for our means. The tables and chairs, and other furniture in the rooms, are all right, I believe; but if you do not like your quarters, we will change, after awhile."

At last, the eventful day came—the morning of the wedding—and the two sisters, dressed alike, in simple, yet pretty toilets of white muslin, with white ribbons, and flowing tulle veils, confined by a few sprays of real orange blossoms, were pronounced to be the prettiest pair of brides that Hoversville had seen for many a day. There was the usual amount of kissing, and congratulating, and crying—Mrs. Thornton doing most of the latter—more than the usual amount of presents

for Mrs. Hall; and quite a respectable show of gifts, even for Mrs. Ellis. George had brought his bride no present; he said, merrily, that it was waiting for her in her room in New York. The cake was cut and distributed; the guests shook hands and departed; and, with a last clinging, tender embrace, the two sisters parted, the one to go on the regulation bridal trip to Niagara Falls, and the other to take immediate possession of her quarters at the boarding-house in New York.

It was with mixed feelings of pleasure and of pain that Bessie found herself once more in the city of her birth, which she had quitted under such melancholy auspices five years before, then scarcely more than a child, though burdened with more than a woman's cares and responsibilities. Now, with hope and happiness for her dower, she was about to begin a new life; and yet that life was one whose possible trials she fully estimated at their true value. Bessie was no dreaming, sentimental girl, to think that the world was to be all sunshine, and life merely one long holiday, because she had married a man whom she loved, and who loved her. Adversity had taught her more than one of its sad, sharp lessons, and she was more ready to brace herself to endurance, than to look forward to impossible bliss. As she gazed out of the window of the hack, which George had engaged to convey his bride and himself to their new abode, the very places, strangely familiar, yet oddly novel, which they passed, seemed to preach to her a sermon on the transitory nature of human joys. Broadway itself, with its long lines of glittering thops, its noisy omnibusses, its hurrying throngs, where she had so often promenaded a merry, laughing school-girl, indulged, and petted, and without a care in the world, her future seemingly secure as the granite foundations of the edifices around her; Stewart's, lifting its marble walls to the wintry sunshine, and with the usual throng passing in and out of those doors, before which she had sat in her mother's luxurious carriage so often, waiting for that mother to conclude her purchases of velvets, and silks, and laces, and solacing the dullness of the hours with a handful of Maillard's bonbons, or a new story-book; Grace Church, where she had once attended a grand wedding, at which her mother's point lace shawl had created something of a sensation; these and other buildings that she passed seemed fraught with its own little store of memories of past prosperity. But she looked round at the handsome, manly face that smiled down upon her, with such an expression of tenderness and affection; and nestling her little hand into his broad palm, she answered his glance with a re-

sponsive smile. "I am perfectly happy," she said, softly; and she looked so sweet and so charming, as she spoke, that George very improperly bent over and kissed her then and there, without even so much as drawing down the blind. For this deed, Bessie very properly reproved him, and her little lecture was scarcely concluded, when the carriage drew up with a clatter at the ladies' entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Jump out, Bessie, I have to see some one here, for a moment," said George, getting nimbly out of the carriage, and handing out his bride.

Bessie acquiesced, quietly, though she was cold, and tired, and dusty, and would have preferred an immediate installation in her own quarters.

Her husband conducted her to the waiting-room, and went away for a few moments, but speedily returned, followed by a waiter; and Bessie was then conducted through a very labyrinth of passages to the open door of a handsome parlor, where a chambermaid was waiting to take her bonnet and cloak, and to ask if she wanted anything.

A bright fire was burning in the grate, the sofa was piled with parcels, and on the table stood a basket of exquisite hot-house flowers, whose perfume seemed to breathe forth sweetest welcome. With a word George dismissed the servants; he closed the door, and then turned to Bessie, his eyes sparkling with the very intensity of his delight.

"Well, Bessie, darling, how do you like your two rooms; bright, and cheerful, and airy, are they not? But if you do not like them, they shall be changed right away. And here," he continued, pouncing on the parcels that lay on the sofa, and displaying a very rainbow of silks, "here are some dresses that I've bought for you. Mrs. Lennox, the wife of my new partner, went out shopping with me, and helped me to choose them. She would make me buy you this black one," (and here he unfolded a "bonnet" silk, stiff as a board with very excess of richness.) "But I liked this pale-blue one better, or this pink one, or this soft, silvery gray. And here is an India shawl, which, she said, was about the right thing; anyway, it was the handsomest one we could find in all Stewart's store; and that you must put on at once, and let me see how you look in it. And here," pulling several velvet cases out of his pocket, "is your set of pink coral, and your diamond ring, in exchange, you know, for your twenty-dollar gold piece. And here is a diamond breastpin, and a pair of earrings to match, to wear with the ring—just single stones, you see,

dear, nothing flashy or gay; but exactly suited to your taste. Mrs. Lennox is going to send you her own dressmaker, to-morrow morning, early; and, after she has got through with you, I want you to go with me up to Thirty-Second street, to look at a house that I would not buy till I had you here to help me choose it."

By this time Bessie had recovered from her first stupor of astonishment, and was able to gasp out, falteringly,

"George, what does all this mean?"

He pushed aside the silks and shawls, and came and caught her in his arms.

"It means, darling, that you thought you had married a poor man, but you married a rich one instead. It means, that three weeks after I left California, sick, and dispirited, and miserable, my sterile farm was found to contain what they call out there a 'pocket' of gold, and I've sold it for three hundred thousand dollars to the King Midas Mining Company of San Francisco. And I am going into the dry-goods business here in New York, with the old firm of Halford and Lennox, now Halford, Lennox & Co.; and that is about all, I think. Only, Bessie, look at this."

He drew from an inner pocket, within his waistcoat, a coin attached to a slender chain.

She looked up, and recognized her twenty-dollar gold piece.

"I shall never part with it, Bessie—never, while I live. It has brought me more than the wealth of Astor could have given me, for it showed

me your good, gentle, unselfish heart. Darling, darling! I have led you out of the chill darkness of adversity into the sunshine of prosperity again; and, hereafter, if wealth can buy the fulfillment of your lightest wish, whatever it may be, it shall not go ungratified."

And Bessie, sensible, intelligent girl as she was, fairly burst into tears of astonishment and joy—tears which George kissed away, whispering, as he did so,

"May these tears, dearest, be the saddest you shall ever shed."

The house in Thirty Second street was purchased, and is to-day one of the brightest and most cheerful homes, to be found in all the wide city of New York.

Mrs. Thornton is quite rejuvenated by her delight in the prosperity of her two daughters, with each of whom she spends one day in every week, and her peculiarities are no longer aggravating, or, rather, the cares and duties of a grandmother have swallowed up all her usual absurdities.

Mrs. Hall is still, however, her favorite daughter, she having become a very brilliant and shining light in New York society, while the tastes and habits of Mrs. Ellis are too exclusively domestic to suit her mother's ideas.

As some one once said, criticizing the two sisters, "They are both beautiful, and wonderfully alike; but one has all the sweetness, the other all the style—one is a Rose, and the other a CAMELLIA."

LOVE'S PLEA.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

Oh, love me, sweet! for, loyal still,
I wait the coming of your feet;
And all the air is rare and sweet,
With odors wafted from the hill

Where waxen lily-bells are hung,
And snow-white daisies lift their eyes,
And song-birds, in the branches swung,
Make woodlands vocal with replies.

Oh, love me, sweet! for sad and lone
The gray dove mourns her absent mate;
And touched at heart by such a fate,
Her plaint seems blended with my own,
Which calls in pitying tones for thee,
In lonesome hours, by grove and burn,
And listening then, there come to me
But idle echoes in return.

Oh, love me, sweet! deny no more
That "Love hath swifter wings than death."
The Prophet, with impassioned breath,
Transcends your stock of human lore;

And looking with divining eyes,
He reads what you would fain conceal;
And while your logic limps and dies,
Proclaims the very truth you feel.

Oh, love me, sweet! and let me prove
Love's changeless circuit through the years,
As planets in celestial spheres
Around their common centres move;
And men shall see two lives in one,
United firm, and half divine;
But thou shalt see true life begun,
And all the conquest shall be thine.

Oh, love me, sweet! and love me true,
For time is fleeting, day by day,
And love can never brook delay,
When years, at most, are all too few
For hearts to yield to base distrust;
And though you think it strange caprice,
I come, and kneeling in the dust,
Bring thee this olive-branch of peace.

"OUR HIRED GIRL."

BY LUCY LEDYARD.

A TENDER mist lay over hill and valley, softening the gold and purple of an October sunset, as, leaning over the garden-fence, and looking dreamily toward the western sky, I sought inspiration from the clouds, and a way out of one of those domestic entanglements, in which the "best of housekeepers," of the "best regulated families" often find themselves. It did seem to me that I could not stand it any longer. Four weeks I had been without a girl; eight-and-twenty mornings I had risen at five (as my husband had to be away bright and early at his work,) to make the fires, and get the breakfast; three times twenty-eight meals had I prepared; and, after those meals, had washed the dishes, three times eight-and-twenty times. Baby had had the whooping cough, Flora the measles, my husband had lost three of the fingers of his right hand by an accident, and now, last of all, as if to prove beyond a doubt, that "misfortunes never come singly," Johnnie, my oldest boy, had broken his leg. Not a soul could I get, for love or money, to do a day's work, or even wash for me. My husband, in spite of his disabled hand, (though knowing the pain and difficulty with which he used it, I would not allow him to do anything for me about the house) was busy from morning till night with the farm-work, the husking corn, and all that follows the busy harvest season. Poor John! He needed rest himself, and yet I was betrayed into saying, that very day, "I wished I had never been born, married, or come out West!" Arriving at this last doleful climax, with a sob, that startled him into a look of such distress, that I repented at once my hasty speech, and used all my woman's tact to make my faithful, kind husband and friend forget it—he, in his honest simplicity, taking all my impulsive words as literal truth. What was I, to complain, when he, for years, had not uttered one murmur against the hardships of a life as new and distasteful to him as to me! And now that we were beginning to prosper a little, should I, at this late hour, on account of a little drawback, that might happen to any one, give way, while I still had my strength and comparative youth, just because my feet ached, my hands were rough, and I could not find the leisure to recall any of my past accomplishments and graces? I had prepared our early tea, and had done all I could for Johnnie's com-

fort. Little Flora and the baby were fast asleep, and while I was waiting for my elder John to come in from the fields, I stole out to catch a breath of the fresh autumn air. The soft October sunset shed a soothing influence over my ruffled spirit, that seemed to say, "Peace, be still," and, quieted by the gentle spell, I was just turning to go into the house, when the rumble of wheels arrested my attention, and, looking around, I saw the old-fashioned stage-coach, that connected us with the outer world, approaching our door.

"What visitor is coming now?" I thought, as I involuntarily smoothed the wrinkles out of my apron, and put a touch to my hair.

A dainty creature, in a neat traveling-dress, stepped from the coach, timidly approached the gate, and inquired if Mrs. Hathaway lived within. I answered in the affirmative, adding that I was Mrs. Hathaway, and inwardly wondering who was the pretty questioner, with the shy, brown eyes. I was not long kept in doubt, for the young girl informed me, that having heard, through an acquaintance of mine, in a neighboring town, and from whom she had brought a letter, that I was in search of a "girl;" she had come from A—to live with me, if I would take her on my friend's recommendation. The mistress of the family in which she had lived previously, had died; the family was scattered; and while waiting for a permanent place, she had been staying with my friend, who could not afford the luxury of a domestic permanently.

I looked with surprise at the delicate, white, dimpled hands; the pretty, slight figure; the lovely, earnest face, lighted by a pair of orbs, as soft as they were dark and lustrous; and at the curve of a mouth that would have excited any artist's admiration. Involuntarily, I exclaimed,

"You, do my work! What do you know about work? Impossible!" Yet, while I spoke, I grasped at this straw of comfort, and said, "But come into the house and rest; you must be tired after your long ride. What kind of work can you do?"

"General housework," was the reply, given in a diffident manner, which was as new as pleasing, in my Western experience. "But please read the letter, Mrs. Hathaway, and you will see that Mrs. Arkwright considers me competent to do the work of a family, that is, where the mistress has

a general oversight, and takes some part in it herself."

Immediately there came before me a vision of this fair creature, down on her knees scrubbing the floor, or at the wash-tub: her pretty hands covered with suds, or, her head tied up in a towel, wielding the broom aloft in search of cobwebs; it seemed too absurd; and I laughed aloud at the thought, with a bad habit I had acquired, from being so much alone. "Still," I said to myself, "she will save me some steps. I can be no worse off than I am."

I must digress, for a moment. One standing subject of discussion between my husband and myself, was, that I held that inherited qualities would tell; in other words, that race would finally make itself felt; there was great power in the accumulated culture of successive generations; that therefore there was something in what is called a "good family." He as stoutly declared that it was "all bosh!" Education and circumstance, he said, made the great difference between people. But now, since he had injured his hand, and could not do as many things for me about the house as had been his wont, such as bringing in the wood, making the fires, and the like, we did not fight our old good-natured battles. Both his spirits and mine were subdued; his especially: for he was so proud and sensitive, and his not being able to do his part to lighten my burden, was a mortification to him that weighed upon his health, and often made him moody and irritable of late.

In the short walk from the garden-gate to the house, I furtively studied the face and general air of my companion; and influenced by my opinions about blood, I constructed quite a romance, of which she was the heroine. She was the descendant of an ancient race, I said to myself; I knew it by her aristocratic face and carriage.

John came in almost immediately after we entered the house, and on being told of the new arrival, and catching a glimpse of her in her stylish traveling-dress, gave a sort of sniff, with his head up in the air, showing that he thought she would not do. Still he seemed more cheerful than of late, at the tea-table, more like his usual self, and quite inclined to see the ludicrous side of things.

Whether it was the charm of that October sunset, or the advent of the stranger, I know not, but a weight seemed to have rolled from my own spirits. I had never allowed my servants to eat at the same table with us, and Margaret, for that, I learned, was the name of my new "help," had been waiting. I now told her to sit down and eat her supper.

Late in the evening, when I returned to the kitchen, there was Maggie, with a pretty, white apron on, the dishes all washed, the room in order, and she herself studying the cook-book, which she had found on the shelf. I longed in my heart to ask her into the parlor, but thought it would not do; but somehow I felt strangely attracted toward this girl, whose looks were so at variance with her position. I now proceeded formally to business, and engaged her at two dollars a week to do my work, including washing and ironing, adding that I myself expected to ease off the burden when it was too heavy for her, and saying that in house-cleaning times, and other emergencies, I expected to hire extra help, if it were possible to secure it.

"But you hardly look strong enough to do what I require," I said, in conclusion.

"Oh, yes, I am stronger than I look, and my health is perfect," she answered. "I expect to be very happy here; it is so quiet and lovely in the country."

She then put some intelligent questions as to her duties, and said that she was just studying up some dish for breakfast, when I came into the room.

"What a delightful creature!" I mentally exclaimed, and began to roll up my sleeves, preparatory to mixing bread. But, lo, and behold! there was the pan neatly covered in a warm place, and the bread so sweetly encouraged, all ready to rise as fast as any bread could, and my work done without my lifting a finger.

It was charming to find all care taken from my shoulders by this slight young girl, who did not look as though she had been accustomed to make her own bed, even. I did want to ask her what she had done *before* "lately," but somehow felt as if it would appear like an impertinent curiosity on my part. I experienced an irresistible desire to put my arms about her neck and kiss her, but didn't; and tried to qualify my rapturous meditations on her excellent beginning by saying to myself, "a new broom always sweeps clean." But that night I went to bed with a light heart, and slept soundly, excepting when I had to attend to the baby, or to Johnnie's calls for some cooling drink, or medicine. My husband's cheerful tea-time mood also seemed to continue, for in his sleep he laughed a pleasant laugh, as though he had lain down to pleasant dreams; a good omen, I hoped, of the new reign in the kitchen.

Conversation, at the breakfast-table, next morning, was after this fashion: "Well, wife, I always did think, before we had so much sickness in the family, that you had the faculty of getting

up the best breakfasts I ever knew; but certainly this outdoes them all. Such an early breakfast, too! These biscuits are delicious; and this coffee reminds me of the days when we had a French cook."

"Oh, John, I only wish that I could take the credit of it; if you had not been out attending to the horse, you would have noticed that, as far as the kitchen goes, I have been a lady of leisure this blessed morning."

"And so it was. When I opened my sleepy eyes, on the stroke of five, I heard the coffee-mill merrily going, and light feet stirring about the kitchen. When I dressed and went down, there was Maggie, fresh and rosy, and the breakfast well under way, with a savory steam issuing from the coffee-pot."

The days fled by, marked by snow-flake biscuits in the morning, and delicate muffins at night, with generous and well-served dinners between, and the most appetizing tit-bits for Johnnie, who was now regaining strength and appetite. This was not all. Mondays and Tuesdays, my former dread in the household calendar, had now become the anniversaries of sweet, well-washed, well-ironed, and well-dried clothes, that were a delight to see hanging on the horse, in the well-ordered kitchen; while Maggie, the moving-spring of it all, seemed to have plenty of leisure, and went about the house a perfect spirit of sunshine.

The days were long to Johnnie, while he was obliged to lie on the sofa to ease his limb, and yet was not sick enough to submit quietly to being an invalid, and I had to tax all my ingenuity to amuse him. He was very anxious not to fall behind his classes in school; and one afternoon, while I was too busy with my sewing and the baby to give him much attention, Maggie, who had done up the work for the day, excepting the tea, which would not take long, came to the rescue, and said, just as Johnnie, with an impatient "pshaw!" had thrown down his arithmetic, "let me help you, Johnnie," and soon, with her clear head, set him right about the knotty examples that had puzzled him, and ended off, by telling him stories from Scott's novels, evidently adapted by herself. I listened attentively, though not seeming to, and said, mentally complimenting myself on my own sagacity, "I thought so—what next?" The "next" came next day, when Johnnie begged me to ask Maggie to sing and play something. "She has such a singing face, I know she can sing," added my hopeful; and, full of curiosity myself, setting at defiance all my long-established ideas of "servants keeping their place," I then and there invited *mine* into the parlor, and requested her to favor us with some music.

Not at all embarrassed, she sat down at the piano, and with a modest grace ran her fingers over the keys, in a light, tripping prelude to the song that followed. The moment she touched the instrument, and her full voice rang out, sweet and clear, I detected, not only natural genius, but the careful training of both voice and fingers, usually acquired only under the best masters.

"Who, and what can she be?" I asked myself, and silently resolved I would win her confidence. Another resolve, too, I made, and that was, to treat her no longer as our "hired girl," for, not by word, tone, or look, had she stepped out of her self-appointed place of servant, since she had been with us.

By-and-by it came out that she knew French, Latin, and German, and was conversant with general literature. I might have regarded my pretty maid's accomplishments in a less favorable light, had it not been that I was constantly receiving proofs of her practical turn of mind. For instance, one night there came a violent storm. The rain poured in torrents. Recollecting that a window had been left open, down stairs, I was hastening to close it, when I found Maggie had been before me, and had also put tubs and pails, to catch the welcome rain, "to have soft-water ready," she said, "for Monday's wash," for we had no cistern. Indeed, she seemed to be on the alert, night and day, to provide for our interests, with a forethought that was wonderful in one so young. No cask, tub, or pail was allowed to go to "rack and ruin," for want of moisture to swell the shrinking wood. No preserves ever dared to ferment under her watchful eye.

"Why, the girl thinks of, and sees everything," John would sometimes say, while I got into a fixed habit of wondering "what next?"

Another instance. Western cows have a way of roaming where they list, and coming home at hours that suit their own sweet will, so that it is quite a fine art to entice them to their proper stables at regular milking times. John was obliged to be absent for a few days, on business, and had left the milking and its accompanying cares in charge of a reliable man, who, unfortunately, was taken sick, and we had no one to fall back upon. But unflinching Maggie bravely came to the rescue, volunteering to do most of the milking, if Johnnie and I could help *some*. We did not succeed in coaxing from the cows the noble stream that Maggie did, but still the "kine came home," and were milked, and we felt ourselves covered with glory, that we, with Maggie at the front, had accomplished so much.

My husband basked in the comfort of these

sunny days, and began, in spite of his masculine want of observation, to note that there was something unusual in Maggie's position in our household; and, although a man of few words, presently gave utterance to my own thoughts, by saying, "Nellie, we ought not to keep that lovely girl so much by herself. Let her come to the table, and make one of us. I am sure she is a superior person," ("person," indeed, thought I.) "and we ought, by this time, to have had enough of life's discipline to part with a little of our troublesome pride."

I had only been waiting for my husband to give this opinion, to carry out my own views, and I eagerly availed myself of his sanction. But before speaking on this subject to Maggie, I said to her,

"You are the most wonderful girl I ever saw! Who taught you to do all these things, without soiling or spoiling your hands? You are like those heroines of old-fashioned novels, who are always sitting down on mossy banks, to write sonnets, when the dew is on the grass, and never get their feet wet or their skirts drabbled, only you never do anything so silly. How comes it, you can play so well on the piano, sing like a nightingale, read Shakespeare, cook and scrub, all in a breath? Did you step out of a fairy story-book? You do all the rough work of my family, and yet there you stand, looking as dainty and fresh as though you had never seen a cooking-stove in your life. What does it mean? Dear Maggie, tell me your story, and be my friend."

I threw my arm around her neck, and kissed her, impulsively, adding, "Forgive me that I have treated you so like a common servant. But if you could know my many experiences with 'help,' and the impertinence with which I have been treated, in my own house, and in return for kindness, you would forgive me, I know. I felt attracted to you from the first; but resisted the charm, resolving, this time, to be on the safe side. There, dear Maggie, tell me your story, and we will be fast friends, that is, if you consent to overlook my deficiencies."

For the first time since I had known her, I saw her cry. Her head fell on my shoulder, while the tears came like rain. But in a moment she lifted her face, all smiling like the sun through an April shower, and said,

"Dear Mrs. Hathaway, let us go up stairs, and I will tell you all; I did not mean to deceive you, but I am not what I seem."

"Yes, you are," I said, hotly, "just what you seem, and that is, a lady by refinement, culture, and looks, every inch. Only you mustn't Mrs. Hathaway me again. You are to be my friend, and call be Nellie."

Seated by Flora's cradle, in my own room, Maggie gave me a sketch of her simple history. She was born, she said, and bred, at the East, in the midst of wealth and luxury. She had had every advantage that money could command, until her father's sudden death disclosed the fact that his affairs were very much involved. Her mother had already died, and now Maggie was penniless. "I was proud, and could not receive alms, as if a beggar," she said, "so I declined numerous offers of homes, and resolved to support myself by teaching in one of the city schools. But I came in contact there with so much that was disagreeable, and I felt the confinement to be so irksome, that I decided to go to Chicago, as governess in a family recommended by some friends. But here I was so unfortunate,"—Maggie, blushing, passed over this part of her story as lightly as possible—"as to excite the admiration and regard of a younger brother of my patroness. The end was," said Maggie, "that she gave me a polite dismissal, under the excuse that her children required the stricter discipline of a school. This was while her brother was absent, and I have, of course, never seen him since."

Discouraged in her efforts at teaching, and having been trained by her sensible mother in the mysteries of housekeeping, Maggie, after this dismissal, took a resolution to go out to service, in some family farther West, where she was not known, and where she would not give any shock to the pride of her former friends. She employed the week Mrs. Allen allowed her, after having given her warning, in looking for a place, and learned, at a respectable intelligence office, that she could find a safe and comfortable home in A——, with the family in which she had lived previous to going to my friend. To them, she told me, she owed much. They had trained her in all domestic duties, and treated her with such unvarying kindness, that she should never forget it.

"And now my story's done," she added playfully. "for you know the rest. How, after the death of my kind mistress, I found a temporary home with Mrs. A——, and finally drifted to this pleasant place, child of fortune that I am."

Maggie, after this confidence, was regarded and treated as a favorite sister. But she performed what she considered her duties with, if possible, more exactness than ever. I felt as if she were the good angel of the house, for everything seemed to prosper with us from the moment she entered it.

One day it occurred to me to ask Maggie, what the middle initial of her name represented. "Hathaway," she said. "There!" exclaimed I. "I know now. That explains that tantalizing

ing expression that comes into your face, sometimes—it is my husband's, of which it reminds me; and you must be one of the family, by blood as well as by affection."

Impatiently, I waited John's return, to tell him this new and astounding fact. John was always laughing at my jumping at conclusions; but here I was sure I was logically correct: for was not the family likeness between him and Maggie very striking?

He had scarcely entered the house, before I threw the genealogical tree at him (we really had one, though we lived out West, and not on Fifth Avenue or Walnut street) with a volubility that made him open wide his handsome blue eyes, in a manner that said as plainly as words, "Is the woman mad?"

"No, I am not mad," I said, in reply to his saucy thought. "Just look over the Hathaway pedigree with me, and you will see." He was soon as much interested as I; and sure enough, there we found, to a certainty, that Maggie was John's cousin, "fourth removed."

"There, John!" I said, triumphantly. "Haven't I always declared that blood would tell! Our Maggie is a Hathaway, and that accounts for her perfections! But Maggie," I said, as she now entered the room, "you sly little puss, why did you never let on about that middle initial of yours? Did you never think of the coincidence?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes; but I fancied, it would seem like trying to push myself into your favor, by claiming a relationship, that might, after all, exist only in name."

"Well, never mind, we are sure of it now, and you are Cousin Maggie with us to the end of the chapter. To think of you and John coming out West, each to find a new cousin!"

Two years after Maggie had come to us, she was in the kitchen, preserving plums, and, as usual, after her provoking fashion, looking "prettier than a pink," spite of fire-heat and homely occupation. I was up stairs sweeping, (not pretty

as a pink with the exercise,) when, chancing to go to the window, I espied a stalwart, handsome stranger approaching the house. Soon I heard a firm rap on the door, followed quickly by the sound of Maggie's light foot in the entry. The stranger entered, and then I heard buzz, buzz, buzz. After that there was a pause. Then buzz, buzz, buzz again. Another pause. All this time I was dying of curiosity; but not for worlds would I intrude, where I was not wanted. Finally, there was a step on the stairs, and Maggie came to my room, her cheek all aglow like a rose-leaf. Walking straight up to me, she said,

"He has come, Cousin Nellie!"

"He!" I exclaimed, fiercely. "Who is he? And how dare he come to rob us of our Maggie? But if he is as good as he is handsome," I added, repenting, "we will give you up, not else."

He was as good as he was handsome. But we did not give Maggie up entirely, for her lover was rich as well as good and handsome, and could go where, and do what he liked. He liked to live at the East; but he liked also to invest some of his money in Western lands; so he bought our farm, left it in the hands of a farmer, and we all went East together, where, side by side, and like people in fairy stories, we have lived virtuous and happy lives ever since.

Who was the prince that had thus come to our Cinderella? That I had almost forgotten. Mr. Henry Brookes, brother of the Mrs. Allen, with whom Maggie had lived as governess. It seems that, after his return to his sister's, he had sought Maggie far and wide, with the determination to offer her his hand and fortune. But, until lately, he could find no clue to her whereabouts, for the proud girl, though she loved him, had carefully concealed her residence. Now, knowing her antecedents, his family were glad to welcome her. Was she not a Hathaway?

I again threw this matter of family in my husband's face, the other day, and he impertinently said, "What is the use of arguing with a woman? She always will have the last word!"

E V A.

BY EMMA SANBORN.

THE May-moon lights the river's flow;

The green fringed willows kiss the stream;

The path along its bank I know,

But move as one in silent dream.

Ah! many, many moons ago,

I wandered here—but not alone.

Close lay a little hand in mine,

And sweet her face beside me shone.

Swift years have rolled, and I again,

A stranger to my native land,

Have come from o'er the distant main,

To greet that smile, to clasp that hand.

The stirring leaf, the whispering breeze,

To-night will hear no lover's vow.

I see the same sweet moonlight gleam,

But Eva, Eva, where art thou?

Behind me burns the village light,

The world I left, 'tis naught to me;

Beyond, I see a world more bright,

Where, dearest, thou dost wait for me.

THE STORY OF THEIR LIVES.

BY EMMA J. M. WHITCOMB.

PERPETUAL LANGLEY had, at seventeen, a face that once seen haunted the memory forever. So remarkable were her features, that positively the last thing one observed of her was the fact that she was cross-eyed. At forty, her face was unchanged in expression, but the lines were deepened.

It seemed impossible, to one not gifted with creative imagination, that the faded eyes, which had striven all these years to look at each other across her nose, and which gave me a bewildered feeling of being seen without being looked at, could ever have softened and brightened with tenderness. Yet once they had done so; and even yet there was a deep, unsatisfied longing for love in her heart.

Aunt Perpetual, as she was familiarly called, lived alone, and, of course, there was a reason for it. Her father and mother were dead, and in an old stocking-foot, in a box, in a drawer, in a closet, one might have found an old daguerreotype, which faded year by year. Sometimes, when she took it out to look at it for a moment, she would be startled to see, instead of the face she had loved, the fresh, handsome face of a young man, her own wrinkled and forbidding self instead, reflected in the glass. But, holding it in another light, the resemblance of that other face would flash out at her, stirring her heart with its never-lost power.

Aunt Perpetual's home was cozy, and in good repair. It would have been pleasant, had it not been so lonely. She had a small property, which, judiciously managed, supported her, and left her time to help others. She watched with the sick, and did all the little odds and ends of duties which fall to the lot of one whose time and means are ample. Outwardly, her life was prosperous, and not unlike that of many other women. But, as she approached her forty-second birthday, she realized anew her loneliness. The winter had been a severe one, but the warmer sun of February was beginning to melt the great banks of snow, upon which she had looked all winter.

It was the evening of the fourteenth of February, and Aunt Perpetual was alone in her sitting-corner. She had laid aside her work, and sat recalling the past. The fancy struck her, suddenly, that everything which had been bright in her life had come with the fourteenth of Feb-

ruary, except, indeed, the sunshine, and the bloom of her daffy-down-dillies, and, she added, slowly, "and, I suppose, the grace of God."

As she mused in an unwonted mood of longing, she heard a faint rap at her front-door. She glanced at the clock. It was fifteen minutes of nine, too late for a neighbor's visit; perhaps some one was sick, perhaps—. She wasn't a coward, but she brought out the hickory cane, which she always placed at the head of her bed, on dismal nights, when the wind blew. Then she went to the door, and unbolted it. A gust of wind swept in, and a shivering fancy made her feel as though it encircled her like mighty, unseen arms. It almost put out the light. Guarding that with her hand, she peered into the night, "darkness there, and nothing more." "What an old fool I am," she said to herself; but taking a step forward, to be certain no one was on the lower walk, she stumbled over something, and a faint, child's cry startled her. Stooping, she found a covered basket. She brought it in, and, after carefully locking the door, she took the cover off, and looked upon her baby; for in that one moment she had taken it into her life with something which lives in every woman's heart.

It was surprising to see the motherliness which had been undeveloped in her nature, now blessing the little waif. One was astonished to see it, just as one would be were it not so common a thing to see gnarled old trees throwing out little pink tufts of bloom.

Still Aunt Perpetual should have lived in Paritan days; if she had put her creed into words, instead of acts, it would have sounded harshly to a child; she sincerely believed that all natural impulses were given for the express purpose of being crushed out, and that the promptings of the natural heart "are never to be listened to." She spent the long night, on which the child came, in prayer, and—if the truth must be told—in making catnip tea.

He was a strange boy in appearance, and in all hints of character. His black eyes were large and dreamy, but wonderfully quick and scrutinizing; his head was irregular in form; yet, phrenologically speaking, it promised much, though sometimes his adopted mother almost despaired of his ever "amounting to anything;" and when he crawled on her cellar-door, and on

window-sills and chairs, with bits of burnt rat-tan; and when the teacher of the district school, to which he went, complained that instead of learning the multiplication-table, he drew pictures on his slate, and on the leaves of his books, she took his slate and pencil away, and told him he was "totally depraved," "graceless by nature;" then, softened by his despairing face, she said, "You know, Valentine, that a child must be brought up in the way he should go, so that when he is old he will not depart from it; and I'm trying to make a good old man of you." He went to his little room then, which was as empty of anything simply pretty and graceful as a monk's cell, and sat down to learn the Catechism she had given him for that day's lesson. After trying for some time to "commit" "what are the benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification?" he gave it up, and cried till he couldn't even see the answer: then brightened by a thought, he went out and picked all her tiger-lilies for the sake of the dainty petals.

The boy's talent was wonderful; but nobody knew or appreciated it. Like one of the little flowers that live for God, away down in the deep, cool woods, where nobody goes, this life, with its reaching out for the beautiful, touched no human heart.

When Valentine was twelve years old, there came to teach the village-school, a young girl, whose home in a distant city had, at the sudden death of her father, been lost to her, and so she bravely undertook to care for herself. Then came a change for Valentine. The cultured eye of his teacher found in the little sketches which the boy would make, hints of a peculiar gift. She took him home with her from school one day, and showed him a portfolio of drawings and engravings. Such pictures he had seen sometimes in dim dreams, when he lay, on summer nights, with wide-open eyes, trying to mind his mother, and go to sleep. When his teacher told him that she would teach him to draw pictures like these, if his mother would consent, his face, which had been beautifully radiant, became suddenly overcast. "She will never consent," he said, despondently, "she thinks it is wicked." "That cannot be," and Alice Transome smiled. "I will see her, and ask her for you" Valentine was hopeless. He went home by a round-about way, and stopped at a shady place in the swamp, which he had chosen for his own, and in a great, hollow log he kept his treasures. He drew aside the curtain of moss, and taking out all the little pictures he had made and hidden there, without looking at them, he tore them into fragments.

After school, on Friday afternoon, Alice Transome walked home with Valentine. They made a queer picture, as they stood for a moment on Aunt Perpetual's door-step. But Aunt Perpetual, who had no eyes for pictures, did not notice anything unusual in the district school-teacher walking home with one of her pupils. She didn't once think that it was hope-cheering friends on her old, stone door-step.

"The school-ma'am, I suppose?" she said, in her abrupt, but not unkind way. "Come in. Valentine thinks a sight of you"

"He is a good boy, and is learning finely."

"Taking hold of his arithmetic now, I suppose?" asked Aunt Perpetual, looking over her spectacles at the young girl's face, with another question in her look.

"Yes; and it is about him that I wish to speak to you. I think I have not mistaken the boy. God has given him a great and solemn gift."

"What do you mean?"

"A talent for making pictures," and Alice smiled a little half-smile, that made her face very lovely.

Aunt Perpetual made an almost impatient movement, but did not reply. The silence was broken by a robin, perched on a lilac-tree, close to the window. The song was a burst of perfect rapture, as though he had brought the whole summer in his throat.

"We wouldn't silence the birds, if we could," said Alice, partly to herself.

"You mean that God puts a song into Valentine's fingers, just as He does into the robin's throat."

Alice did not laugh at the quaint remark. She felt that it was earnest.

"Yes, I do," she said, softly.

"And you think I ought to buy him pencils and paper, and give him a chance?"

"If I tell my real thought, I do."

"He is a queer child, and came to me in a queer way—in a basket, on a gusty night in February. That accounts for his name. He is the child of the man I loved. He, the father, left me for love of pictures, and a wild hope of fame, and a life in Italy. He talked of its skies, as my father used to of the new Jerusalem. He went there, and married a girl, not like me, but beautiful, and who knew about pictures. She died. He came back to his home to die, and he sent the child to me. I have tried to do what I could for him; but when I saw him making pictures, I felt hard and cruel. He shall not grow up and break some poor girl's heart, as his father did, I said. It was strange that he cared for me; and when, with a faith which faltered some times,

I asked 'what, with this face?' he said, 'but I have the artist's soul, the artist's insight; I can see beneath the surface.'"

Even as she spoke, there came a strange, illuminating look to her face, which made Alice feel that it might have been almost beautiful to one who loved it.

"Why, I even used to laugh with him about my name," she went on. "He said, 'To me it shall stand for perpetual tenderness!' To me," she said slowly, "to me it has stood for perpetual loneliness."

"But he gave you his child; he trusted you to the last;" and the young girl put her arms around the sad old woman, and smoothed back her hair with a soft touch, which soothed her more than words could have done.

Twilight found them sitting so; and the twilight wondered to see it. And when, at length, Alice left her, it was with a promise to come again soon.

Now she thought over the story she had just been told, for she, too, had her dream.

The next week, Valentine commenced his lessons, and not many months passed before he went beyond his teacher. Alice's dream came true then, and she left the village for a new home.

Many years from the day on which Alice Transome stood on Miss Perpetual's door-step, smiling down at a gloomy sad-eyed child, a sweet-faced woman and a young girl, who looked like a diamond edition of her mother, were lingering among art treasures in a dusky room in Venice. The young girl, whose face was like a wild-flower in guilelessness and purity, stood thoughtfully looking at that stray leaf from Leonardo da Vinci's portfolio, the leaf dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose.

"Oh, mother," she said, "somehow it makes me think of your little artist. What has become of him, do you think? He is my dream, you know. I will never give up, and think, as you and papa do, that he was a fire-fly, and not a star. I'm always looking for him."

The mother did not notice a young man who had been watching them, who had, indeed, followed them into the room; but the younger Alice blushed as she passed him on the way out. She met him again in the morning, and for many mornings after that: in picture galleries, in old palaces; and they passed each other in gondolas; and at last he ventured to lift his hat to the fair Americans.

He knew perfectly well who the two women whom he watched and followed were; but he dared not approach them. He felt that if they knew all his life, they would shrink from him.

But at length he was introduced by a mutual acquaintance. He had never been known in Venice by his real name, so that no recognition followed. The Lauderdales received him cordially, and when, after a few weeks, they went to Rome, he accompanied them.

Mrs. Lauderdale—the first Alice—realized his ideal of womanhood; and the young girl, who believed in him thoroughly, who gave him more faith than her mother had ever given, why he sought her constantly.

One morning they were resting in the Coliseum, after a long walk. They had visited it many times before, but now seemed affected more deeply than ever by its profound quiet. Valentine hardly broke the silence, when he whispered, drawing her closely to him, as though he knew her whole heart, "Darling, I love you." Then, "Can you care for me, Alice? Are you brave enough to care for a man without a name—with nothing but his life to offer you?"

"I love you—I love you!" Alice cried, impulsively. "Were you the greatest artist in all the world, do you think I could love you more?"

And as they sat holding each other's hands, and looking into each other's eyes, she felt as though somebody had put them into a picture, or that it were all a part of some old ballad, so far away and unreal did it seem.

Then came days in that old city of hills, which seemed dropped out of the loves of the angels, so full of deep content were they.

Into this restfulness there came, in a few weeks, a remembrance Valentine did not like to face. At first, it met him only when he entered his room at night; but soon it came between him and the pure-eyed girl who loved him.

It was the old story of the two paths and the halting traveler; one led to his goal; to walk in the other, he must turn his back on Italy, art, and Alice.

There hung before his bed, one night, in a dream, a picture that was never painted. An angel, with drooping wings, stood sad and still, apart from all others; and to the appealing figure, whose name—Renunciation—he seemed to know, he cried out in an agony of grief and longing, "I will be true." As he spoke, she turned and smiled, and he saw Alice's face. When he woke, the sunlight was streaming in, reaching with its golden pencil out toward the blank space on the wall. He tried to shake off the weight that lay upon him. He took up a volume of Göethe; but the first sentence he saw was, "everything cries out to us that we must renounce." He threw the book down impatiently, and, in doing so, a little German Testament, which Alice had given

him, fell on the floor. He took it up gently. It seemed to open of itself at the words of Jesus: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal."

"What is this life, after all?" he thought, standing with Alice's book in his hand. "Why, even in his daily toil, he must continually remember that life is short, while art is long."

He did not go to see Alice that day. He shut himself in with the Tempter, and conquered. The next morning he went to see Mrs. Lauderdale, and to her told his story and his resolve.

Her surprise was unbounded, when he said, "I am Valentine, your protégé; but how unworthy of you. My mother sent me to college, after I was thoroughly prepared. There I made an enemy of one of the boys, and one night before a room full of my class mates, he flung in my face my mother's and my disgrace. I had never remembered till that moment that I had no father; that my mother was Miss Perpetual to everybody. I was maddened. I was wild with wounded pride. I hated my mother!"

Valentine paused for a moment, and struggled to overcome his emotion. "I never wished to see her face again. I took the money she had given me to pay my bills, and started for New York. I soon fell in with artists, and came here. She only knows that I disappeared from college. For five years, I have worked without a thought of returning. But since you came, since I learned to know Alice, I have found my love for my mother, and I am going to her.

"I know you cannot trust me now," he went on. "I know that the child of shame cannot—dare not, claim the hand of your daughter; but, oh, madam! believe me, I am more nearly true to my best self now, than during these weeks when you have seemed to care for me, and to give me respect and confidence!"

The tears stood in Mrs. Lauderdale's eyes. "My dear boy," she said, affectionately, "you prove yourself my own true little pupil. Do not call yourself the child of shame, for you are not. Your mother was not, as you think, Miss Langley." And then followed the true story of his parentage. "You shall talk with my husband. I will tell Alice," she added. They both felt an unconfessed fear that the young girl's faith in her lover would not stand the test this revelation of his must be to it.

Mrs. Lauderdale found her sitting before an easel Valentine had given her. It held one of his own exquisite studies. So delicate and pure the girl looked that her mother remembered a picture she had somewhere seen of Elaine gazing

at the shield of Lancelot. She disliked to disturb her reverie.

"Mother, dear," said Alice, "what have you to tell me? Something unpleasant, I know, by your face. Won't the stain come out of my white Polonaise? Or didn't my father kiss you good-by, this morning?"

"Yes, I have something to tell you. Listen, Alice."

With wide-open eyes and parted lips, and color that came and went, Alice listened. When her mother concluded,

"Mother, mother," she cried, "is he not noble and true? He asked me if I am brave enough to care for a man without a name! I thought he meant without a famous one. Mother, do you not love him better for it? I must go to him. Come with me, mother."

Alice had not doubted, for a moment, that her mother would agree with her.

"My own true-hearted girl," cried the latter, "then you do not give him up; you do not lose your faith in him?"

"Give him up?" repeated Alice, with an indescribable accent. "I hear his step," she said, and went out to meet him. "Oh, Valentine," she whispered, "may I go with you? I will be a daughter to her. We will make a new world for her."

"Alice!" he said, reverently and simply, "God is good."

A week later, Alice and Valentine were married in Rome, and the same day left Italy forever.

Many hopes and many fears filled their hearts. Should they find her alive? Would she forgive, and welcome?

Late in the evening of a dreary, cloudy day, Valentine and Alice arrived at the village, which had been his home.

"I will walk out to the house," said Valentine, "and see how all appears. I dare not ask. I must go alone."

He left her, as he spoke.

Alice sat waiting in the gloomy little tavern. After an hour, her husband came back. There was a look on his face such as she had never seen there.

She cried eagerly.

"What is it, Valentine? Is she alive? Have you seen her?"

"I have seen a saint, Alice. I walked up to the little house. The curtain of her sitting-room window was drawn. I saw her, but grown old, white-haired, and feeble. She was reading aloud, from the same big Bible I used to look at on Sundays; then she knelt and prayed for me. I

could hear the words distinctly; and, Alice, I fell on my knees, out there in the rain, and I vowed to the Lord to give up every purpose dear to me, if need be, but to devote my life to her, that faithful soul, deserted by both her father and her son."

In the morning, Valentine and Alice went up to the old house, and their dream of making a

warm, cheery heartsome home for the lonely woman was realized; and she lived to bless them both.

As for Valentine's pictures, they are becoming better known and liked every year. And when you see them, you will think of those of Fra Angelica, which were also results of earnest labor and of prayer.

MEMORATUM.

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

We sat alone, dear Maud and I,
One radiant Summer day,
While time unheeded glided by
On golden wings away,
Talking of all we knew, and more,
Of days to come, and days of yore.

Around us flowers were blooming gay,
Beside us flowed the rill,
Commingleing with the birdling's song
Its sweet, low-dripping trill,
While echo caught each dulcet strain,
And murmured back the song again.

Above us, in the deep dark blue,
Of heaven's eternal arch,
Soft, fleecy clouds were moving on,
With slow and silent march;
Lo, all the world was wondrous bright,
Bathed in a flood of golden light!

Oh, never fairer bloomed the flowers,
By soft winds gently stirred;
More tranquil never flowed the rill,

Nor sweeter sang the bird!
No'er half so grand a regal throne,
As our low seat, with moss o'ergrown!

I gathered sweet forget-me-nots,
That grew in beauty there;
With loving hand wove them among
Her braids of dark-brown hair;
The while she whispered, "to the end
I'll be to thee life's dearest friend."

Long years have passed since that glad day,
When true she vowed to be;
My Maud, the fairest flower of all,
Has broken faith with me,
And we together talk no more
Of days to come, or days of yore.

But while dear memory kindly shodds
O'er me her faithful light,
I'll not forget, through good or ill,
That day grown into night;
In fancy ever fondly dream,
That life the real, and this the dream.

GOOD ANGELS.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M. D.

Good angels sometimes visit me,
In lonely hours at night;
They fill the mystic realm of dreams,
With forms divinely bright;
They steal into my silent room,
With soft, unechoing tread,
And bend, with glances full of love,
Above my weary bed.

I see the friends of earlier days,
Who once were near my side;
Who whispered words of hope and praise,
And loved me till they died.
I hear again those thrilling words,
And every gentle tone
Beguiles the flight of weary hours,
When I am all alone.

I see my sisters in the throng—
I see my mother there;
And many a half-forgotten song
Floats on the dreamy air;

Their forms and words are real to me;
Whatever may be said,
I know they are not far away—
I cannot make them dead.

And often, near me, lingers one
The idol of my youth;
I loved her for her purity,
She loved me for my truth.
We parted at the darkened tide,
Long, lonesome years ago;
But, now, she lingers near my side,
With shining garments on.

Come ever, angel visitors,
And to my spirit bear,
A sweet foretaste of Paradise,
A balm for woe and care.
The fragrance of the Aiden bowers,
The brightness of the streams,
Shall soothe my soul, until I meet
The angels of my dreams.

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE old Duchess of St. Ormand was not a person to attempt anything by halves. With a fine intellect, and great goodness of heart, as a natural inheritance, she had attained much available shrewdness during a long intercourse with the best society, in which her high rank had given her supremacy. To the self-poise of assured position, she added the softening influence of gently-falling old age, which made her kind as she was powerful.

Affection, admiration, and gentle pity, had influenced her in behalf of Lady Rose. She understood the blight that had fallen upon her young existence, and gave it the sympathy of her own experience, for, in the extreme winter of life, a woman's heart is apt to wander back in memory to its first-love experience, and cleaves to that which most surely awakes the feelings of her youth.

A less experienced woman might have thought it wisest to keep the cousins apart; but the Duchess knew human nature better than that. Thrown into the commonplaces of life the imagination loses its vivid power on the feelings, and many a grief has been lost in the realities of every-day experience, that might have grown to a mania if dwelt upon in solitude.

When the Duchess resolved to call upon Walton Hurst's wife, she was actuated by a double motive: one which connected all these young people with the memories of her own youth; the other arose from genuine kindness; for the dainty old patrician loved to make every one happy that came within her influence. Thus it happened that the brief call, which brought a cheerful breeze of outdoor life into Hurst's pretty dwelling, was but preliminary to the hospitalities of her own mansion.

The old lady had been cheerful and pleasantly talkative during the call; but Lady Rose, had she been less taken up with her own feelings, might have observed that she observed young Hurst with strange interest; that more than once she gave a little start if he spoke suddenly, and that unusual shades of sadness crept over her face, when the general conversation left her for a few

minutes in silence. Once or twice the old yellow lace upon her bosom rose and fell softly, as if a sigh had faintly lifted it.

But all these signs of disturbance escaped the young lady, who had given up her best faculties to an effort at self-control. A young creature wrestling bravely with her own heart was not likely to observe the actions of her friend. The scene she had witnessed on her entrance embarrassed and excited her into a sort of nervous gayety quite at variance with her usual calm high-bred manner. She met Ruth with an ardor that astonished the young wife—seeming to forget utterly the social gulf that had been cleared at a single leap by the gardener's daughter, and to receive her with open arms on the other side. But all this was done feverishly, and with inward protest. The scene was irksome to her. She longed to rush out of the house, and walk miles and miles away, where no eyes could read her face, and no action of hers could expose the tumult in her heart.

Still she bore up bravely, spoke of things that had been, with careless lightness, inquired about people at Norton's Rest, without waiting to be answered, accepted some flowers that Ruth gathered from the window-plants, and followed the Duchess out to the carriage with a laugh on her lips, gayer and brighter than either of the persons left behind had ever seen there before.

Whatever the feelings of the old Duchess were, she held them in better control than the younger lady could hope to do. Falling back among the cushions of her carriage, she was soon in a condition to observe the feverish excitement which still held possession of Lady Rose, who was that moment looking down upon the flowers Ruth Hurst had given her, with unconscious loathing.

"The perfume of that hyacinth in the centre is overpowering," said the old lady, reading in the girl's face an impulse to fling the blossoms from her.

"Sickening!" answered Lady Rose. "They make one faint;" and, with a sense of infinite relief, she tossed the loose flowers into the street. The heavy hoofs of a dray-horse, passing at the moment, crushed them into the mud, at which

she drew a deep, deep breath, as if she had got rid of something poisonous, and was glad to see it trodden out of existence.

On its way home, the carriage turned into the Park, which was thronged with equipages, and brilliant with sunshine.

"Ah, we can breathe here!" said Lady Rose.

The Duchess smiled.

"Yes, the air has been oppressive," she said, and again that scarcely perceptible sigh stirred the lace on her bosom; but it passed in an instant, and her face brightened wonderfully.

"Oh, here comes St. Ormand," she said, as a gentleman on horseback rode up to the carriage.

"Am I never to find your grace at home?" he said, lifting his hat, and bowing low. "Am I always to waylay you in the Park, to save myself from the ignominy of being turned from your door?"

The young man spoke laughingly, but with an undertone of reproach.

The old lady smiled in her sweet, pleasant way, and touched his hand, which rested on the side of the carriage, with the coral tip of her parasol.

"Well, well! do not scold, and you shall be let in. We are meditating a dinner."

The young duke shrugged his shoulders, and glanced at Lady Rose with a smile that seemed to demand her sympathy.

"A heavy family dinner. Oh, your grace, is this to be an atonement for all my long-suffering?"

"It is not to be a family dinner, unless your presence makes it one; but a pleasant little party, in honor of your friend's marriage."

"My friend?"

"Yes; young Hurst, of Norston's Rest. And his piquant little wife. Oh, there is some promise in that. She is as pretty a wild bird as ever escaped from a forest."

Lady Rose turned her eyes upon the Duke as he made this light speech. There was a flash of fire in their blue depths that puzzled him.

"You know her, Lady Rose, I fancy. Did not Hurst find her somewhere in the neighborhood of Norston's Rest?"

"She was born on the estate," answered Lady Rose, generously, "and is by no means wild or uninformed. Sir Noel, a very fastidious man, is proud of her, I think."

"And well he may be. I quite sympathize with Sir Noel; so take my acceptance at once. Your grace, I should be delighted to meet Hurst anywhere, but of all places at your house. He is one of the finest fellows about town. I am more than glad that his wife has secured your

good opinion. She struck me as the most charmingly naive little creature in the world."

The old lady did not seem particularly pleased with these ardent encomiums, for, notwithstanding her kindly intentions, the prejudices of her class were strong as ever.

"Well, now," she said, with a little wave of her parasol, "we will not keep your horse prancing to our slow pace any longer."

"But if I prefer it?" said the Duke, with a mischievous smile.

"Why, then, I should think your horse the most sensible of the two, for he knows the value of liberty," answered the old lady.

CHAPTER XII.

If there is any place in social life at which a highly-bred woman can be distinguished from one of less culture, it is at an English dinner-party in the higher circles. No chance is offered there of concealing your imperfections, in the noise of a crowd, or of assuming accomplishments that you never possessed. The only resource for any short-coming of intelligence or manner, in such cases, is entire and truthful simplicity. That is in itself a gentle passport to all persons of thorough breeding.

The Duchess could not have put the young wife she proposed to honor to a test that would have seemed more severe than this. In her own elegant self-poise she had not given the fact a thought; but the very dread of this dinner-party made Ruth Hurst shrink and shiver. In vain her husband told her that she had but to act naturally, and be known as her own bright self, to pass through that, or any other social ordeal with credit. She was frightened, and so nervous, that it was impossible to act naturally; therefore the very idea of this dinner became a source of terror to her.

Lady Rose, too, had tried her strength by that one visit, but had come away with such a sense of failure that she, too, shrunk from meeting in close social relations, two persons who had broken so cruelly into the happiness of her youth. But the young Duke accepted his invitation with a sense of triumph. He was determined that it should establish a foothold in his grandmother's house; for, since his first glance at the fair girl she was matronizing, his desire to bestow all the dutiful attentions of a near relative on the old lady, had kindled up with wonderful vividness, at which a quiet smile sometimes crept over the dowager's lips; for she understood all this, and found considerable enjoyment in the knowledge.

That day the old lady descended to her recep-

tion-room in good time, that no guest might be waiting, for, with her, punctuality was an essential of good-breeding. She would have made a lovely picture, could that figure have been taken just as she stood in the richly-lighted crimson of that room, with the soft silk of her delicate gray dress sweeping the carpet, and great diamonds twinkling, like a constellation of stars, in the gossamer yellowness of old lace on her bosom. A white rose, in whose heart a huge diamond quivered, seemed to have fallen, by accident, among the puffs and waves of her snow-white hair. The old lady did, indeed, look like something more vivid and lovely than any picture of sweet winter years that was ever painted. But, after all, she lacked a touch of color, and was supplying it with a cluster of green leaves and burning carnations, which she was carefully selecting from a vase on one of the consoles, when Lady Rose came toward her, rustling in creamy white silk, over which Brussels point fell in bright ripples, enveloping her with the silvery light of a cloud. Here and there white roses gathered up the misty woof, and a rope of great, luminous pearls circled her neck, and fell almost to her waist, now and then losing themselves in the lace.

There was little need of any contrast to the purity of the dress, for no damask rose was ever smoother, or more exquisitely tinted than those cheeks, and even a half-open bud would have marred the golden richness of her hair.

The old lady looked up from the flowers she was grouping, and smilingly scanned the fair girl from head to foot.

"My dear child, you are beautiful," she said, fastening the flowers to the lace in her bosom. "The atmosphere of London certainly does agree with you. I did not think any cheeks could ever have such a color. You might have stolen it from a sea-shell."

Lady Rose blushed, and her eyes drooped under this sweet praise, which she appreciated at its truthful value; for, though a woman of the world in experience, the old lady was far too proud for an approach to flattery, even with one she loved so dearly.

Before Lady Rose could answer, the first guest was announced, followed by another, and another, until the reception-saloon was all aglow with rich colors and smiling countenances.

Among the latest that joined this superb little crowd, came Walton Hurst and his wife, who kept close to her husband, flushed and trembling, really like a frightened bird, longing to return to its nest. Her dress of black lace, looped up with steely red cactus flowers, was in rich har-

mony with the peculiar beauty of her face; but in its voluminous gracefulness was lost all the quaint piquancy of her girlhood. Under the trees of Norston's Rest she had been beautiful as a wood-nymph, but in St. Ormand saloons she was only a shy, pretty woman, without the grace of habitual position, or of native freedom. Nothing could be more cordially graceful than her reception; but even that failed to stay her limbs from trembling, or her heart from beating with tumultuous unrest.

In a few minutes the guests were all assembled. Then the pleasant hum of greetings was hushed, and the whole party passed into the dining-room, which opened before them like some picture of still life, gorgeous and dazzling. The table, with its blooming array of flowers, through which bright gleams of gold, silver, and Venetian glass stole up, meeting the sunshine of gas and waxen candles that poured a flood of light over the frescoed walls; the tall buffet, laden down with ancient golden plate, and the draperies of damask silk that swept down the high windows, certainly was a picture of still life; for, though a dozen servants, with silken hose, powdered hair, and gorgeous liveries of silver gray and crimson velvet, stood in a line against the walls, no statues could have been more immovable.

In an instant all this changed; a flood of life was poured into the picture. The perfumed atmosphere was stirred by a movement of chairs, the rustle of silken garments, and a stir of white hands divesting themselves of gloves. Then low, sweet tones of conversation stole in as the courses followed each other, until silver and gold plate gave place to Sevres china, on which was painted fruit and flowers that fairly rivaled the blossoms and hot-house fruit that glowed with them in mocking companionship.

Hurst sat next to Lady Rose: but a strange sadness seemed to possess him. More than once he leaned back between the courses, and, seemingly unconscious of the act, lifted one hand to his breast. He spoke with her very quietly of old times at Norston's Rest, pausing now and then to draw a deep breath, as if some pain or memory checked his speech.

Opposite them sat the young wife, distraught and anxious. She, too, had her memories, and, looking across at Lady Rose, wondered at her own audacity in daring to be the wife of a man who might have been so grandly mated. To the noble who sat next her she gave vague answers, and talked at random; for her large, black eyes were fixed on her husband with something like apprehension.

Lady Rose saw the look, and shrunk from it in angry misapprehension. Why had this girl, with her bright, dark beauty, been thrown in her way again? Had she not suffered enough, given up everything that was valuable in life? Was she to be watched, and have every motion scrutinized by those great black eyes, that seemed so full of apprehension, as if some danger lay in the brief companionship of a dinner-table?

These thoughts fired the proud heart of Lady Rose with resentment. The delicate color grew deep and rich in her cheeks. Her blue eyes took the dark, purplish tinge of violets in the shade—a haughty, half-defiant smile gave the faintest glimmer of her teeth to view. She turned to Hurst with all the sweet frankness of old days, challenging him to more sprightly conversation by her own gayety.

He answered this change with a smile, drank off a glass of wine, and dashed aside the pain of thought or body that had kept his spirit in abeyance. His eyes were turned upon the wonderful beauty of her face, fired by an expression she had never seen there before in all her life.

Was that gardener's daughter opposite watching him then? Those large black eyes, were they still scanning her across the table? Jealous, was she? Well, Lady Rose understood what that meant; but the women of her race knew how to conceal such feelings. She had endured, certainly, and buried the humiliating anguish deep in her heart.

The nobleman who sat next Mrs. Hurst was mildly surprised by her singular preoccupation. He was not in the habit of bestowing unappreciated attentions, and her brief, sometimes vague answers to his genial commonplaces astonished him.

"You seem to admire the lady opposite as much as I do?" he said, observing the earnest look with which Ruth regarded Lady Rose. "She is, indeed, lovely."

"As an angel," responded Ruth. "Every day she becomes more beautiful, and good beyond all that."

"You know her well, then?"

"What! I? There was not a person, high or low, within ten miles of Norston's Rest, who did not know, and almost worship, the Lady Rose."

The nobleman smiled. He had found a way of arousing that young creature to animation. Her face lighted up; her eyes, now uplifted to his, flashed with loving intelligence.

"You have always been friends then?" he questioned, smiling at her suddenly aroused attention.

"Friends? Yes——"

Here Ruth faltered, and a look of distress swept her face; but it passed away, and she continued with quiet truthfulness,

"Friends; but not perhaps as you think. She was the young lady of the Rest—I the gardener's daughter."

Nothing seems to astonish a thorough-bred Englishman; but a look of amazement did come into this man's eyes, as he turned them upon that honest, blushing face.

"Of course," she said. "Everything is changed now; and I suppose I may call her the best friend I have in the world."

"Such friendship is an honor to both parties, I am sure," was the softly-spoken answer. "We should never have violets in our gardens, if they had not been transplanted there."

Ruth blushed, and gave him one of those bright, grateful smiles that sometimes lent startling beauty to her face.

"You are kind," she said. "Mr. Hurst would be pleased to hear any one but himself say that. He is looking this way, as if the words had reached him. Oh, my Lord, tell me, is there not something strange about his face?"

The young wife spoke under her breath. She was growing pale with apprehension.

"The young gentleman certainly does not look well, or strong," was the thoughtful reply.

"You see it, then, my lord. No one else seems to observe how much he has changed. But I am so easily frightened."

"That is not strange," answered her companion, casting another searching glance across the table.

"Of course, it is all nonsense; but sometimes the brightness of his face makes my heart sick."

"Well it may," thought the nobleman, looking down upon the young wife with quickened sympathy.

"There is something fearful to me about that redness in his cheeks. It seems like fire."

Her companion knew that it was fire slowly consuming the frame in which it burned, and attempted to change the subject.

It was the eager, restless glances that accompanied this conversation, that Lady Rose had remarked with so much suspicion, and resented by increased gayety. For the time, a spirit of rebellion had seized upon her, and she felt a wild pleasure in flinging back pain for pain.

Hurst, in arousing himself to meet this bright change, had drained more than one glass of wine, and was holding another to his lips, when an iron band seemed to tighten and break across his chest. The glass dropped, with a crash, to the table, and, instead of wine, his lips were red with blood.

Lady Rose started up with a cry of pain, which was answered, in a sharp shriek from Ruth, who rushed around the table, pushed aside the servants that stood in her way, and received the fainting man in her arms, before any one had time to reach him.

"Bring water, wine, anything that will stop this blood," cried Lady Rose, turning her face, all white with terror, on the gentlemen who crowded around her, as she wiped those half-open lips with the gossamer-lace of her handkerchief. "Will no one do something for him?"

"He must be carried up stairs, my love," said the old dowager, subduing the general agitation with her calm voice, gently putting Lady Rose aside as she spoke. "Give him up to St. Ormand, Mrs. Hurst," she added, to the young wife, who trembled like a reed under the pallid head on her bosom. "We will go up first, and have things in readiness. St. Ormand has already sent for a doctor."

Thus calming the general agitation with her mild suggestions, the old Duchess led her lady guests out of the room with something like order, but turned to Lady Rose at the drawing-room door,

"Take Mrs. Hurst to your room," she said. "No one here can comfort her so well."

Lady Rose attempted to make some reply, but her white lips refused to move, and with a pitiful effort to smile, she turned and mounted the stairs, followed by the poor young wife.

When quite alone, these two young women stood face to face in the dim light, each reading the agony of the other with infinite compassion.

"Oh, my lady, will he die? Will he die?" questioned Ruth, holding out her arms.

Lady Rose could not answer, but stood there, in the cloudy whiteness of her dress, like some statue of grief that the snow had fallen on.

"Oh, speak to me, Lady Rose, speak, or my heart will break."

Lady Rose took the trembling creature in her arms, and folded her close to her own aching heart.

"What can I say to you, Ruth?"

"Oh, say that this is not serious; that he will not die of it. Say that you will not leave us again, as you have done, dear lady! When you left the old home, it drove him away. Norston's Rest never seemed like the old place after."

"No, no. It could not have been that. No one need have missed me," said the lady. "I left every one happy there."

"Happy! How could we think of happiness? Indeed, my lady, he has never been really happy."

Poor Ruth! Brave young wife! She had known the secret which had caused Lady Rose to flee from her home, and the knowledge had, indeed, rendered entire happiness in her married life impossible. Even in her present distress, she was ready to thrust the broken joy she had known out of sight, rather than wound the pride of that fair girl, who next to one, had been almost an object of worship ever since she could remember.

"It was only a year—only one little year," she continued, piteously. "He was ill from the first. I tried to take care of him; tried to blind myself, and think it was nothing, and now he lies up yonder dying, perhaps."

"No, no! It is not so sudden as that. Indeed, he may yet be saved."

Ruth started, and looked with pleading earnestness into the lady's face as she said this.

"Oh, you are not saying that without good reason. You never could be so cruel!"

"Perhaps the blood on his lips has frightened us without cause," said the lady.

Ruth shuddered, and closed her eyes.

"Oh, it was terrible. I had been watching him. Something in his face frightened me!"

Lady Rose remembered her own unworthy thoughts, and a faint flush stole over the pallor of her face.

"The doctor told me that wine was not good for him, and he drank so much, it made me anxious," sobbed Ruth.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" cried Lady Rose, covering her face with both hands. "It was I who encouraged it."

"You! Oh, no, no! I did not mean that!"

"But I was reckless—dangerous in my wild spirits!"

"Hark! Some one is knocking!" cried Ruth. "The doctor has arrived. It may be some one with news."

"Come in," said Lady Rose, hoarse with apprehension.

The door opened, and the old Duchess stole into the room. She looked troubled and anxious.

"Is he dying? Is he dead?"

Ruth asked these questions in whispers, as the old lady drew near; but they seemed loud and shrill to her.

"Neither dead nor dying," answered the old lady, with great tenderness. "The fainting fit has gone off, and the physician is with him. Already the flow of blood is checked."

Ruth fell down upon her knees, and gathering the old lady's robe between her shaking hands, kissed it in her passionate reverence.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! It seems as if

an angel had come to comfort us," she exclaimed, turning her eyes upon Lady Rose, and brightening through all her tears.

The Duchess drew her robe softly from the young wife's grasp.

"You must have been in great distress," she said; "but there is no immediate cause. I have seen him myself."

Here Ruth, who still knelt, leaned forward, and kissed the little hand that was lifted caressingly to her head, in gentle response to so much feeling.

"Can we go to him now, dear lady?"

"Yes, I think the physician is going out now. See him, if you like, but only in company of Lady Rose, who must be responsible that you neither talk much, nor go in with tears in your voice."

Lady Rose did not lift her eyes, or attempt to speak, but her heart swelled, and a smile parted her lips.

When Ruth had wiped the tears from her eyes, and taught her breath to come without a great burden of sobs, she followed Lady Rose into the room where her husband was lying. Here the old Duchess left her, and went down to her guests, with bland smiles upon her face, but disturbed by more excitement than she had known in many a day.

"How like—how wonderfully like!" she thought, pausing upon the stairs, and pressing one hand unconsciously to her bosom. "No wonder those young things love him so. I cannot find it in my heart which to pity most."

Meantime Lady Rose and Ruth had entered the great chamber where Hurst was lying upon a couch, very still, and with his eyes closed.

Ruth stole softly across the room, knelt down by the couch, and took his hand in hers. He opened his eyes, turned a little on the cushions, and gave her a faint smile.

"Walton! Oh, Walton! are you better?"

"It is nothing!" he answered, and his voice was faint as the smile had been. "There is nothing to be alarmed about. Why do you tremble so?"

"Tremble! Oh, that is nothing, either," answered Ruth, remembering that she was to appear cheerful. "But you do not see Lady Rose."

"Lady Rose!"

Hurst struggled up from the cushion, whose deep rich color gave a glow to his face that concealed its pallor, and held out his hot hand.

"Ah, Rose, it seems like old times to have you here."

Old times! How vividly they all came back

upon her. She felt a rush of tears coming up from her heart, but choked them back, and would not even permit them to shake her voice, as she answered him.

Hurst sank back upon the cushions, still holding her hand.

"The physician they would send for, orders me to leave town at once," he said.

How cold her hand was; but that might come from the burning fever in his, to which things of moderate heat seemed like ice.

"You have let this poor child frighten you," he said, turning a fond look on Ruth.

There was no sting in that look now for the Lady Rose. The exaltation of a grand resolve inspired her; and she, too, looked down upon the young wife, smiling.

"But where shall we go?" questioned Ruth.

"They talk of my native air," answered Hurst.

"Norston's Rest!" exclaimed Ruth. "But that would not be like home, without the Lady Rose."

Hurst lifted his eyes to the fair girl, eyes so full of yearning entreaty that her own filled with tears.

"Perhaps she will go with us," he said.

Lady Rose could not speak, but turned away.

Hurst understood the movement as a refusal, and the expectation in his face darkened gloomily.

"It has never been like home since you left it, Rose. Could you not endure it for the little time——"

She knew what he was about to say, and for a moment the very breath forsook her bosom. Then she turned, with a faint, pathetic smile on her lip, and knelt down by Ruth.

"Yes, Walton, I will go to Norston's Rest, and the old days shall come back again."

"For a little time," murmured the young man, closing his eyes. "For a little time."

Neither of the listeners heard these half-uttered words, but the faint quiver of his features, and a glimmer of tears on his eyelashes gave a mournful explanation that went to their hearts. Directly he turned upon the cushions and attempted to smile away the impression his despondency had made; but this attempt at hopefulness was more depressing than complaint or moans could have been; and unable to control herself, Lady Rose left the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

"So you are determined on this strange visit, spite of all my protests. You will run away in

the very height of the season, and when you know that I am dying to keep you here."

"To keep me," answered the old Duchess. "How long is it, St. Ormand, since you have become so intensely interested in my society?"

The young Duke cast a laughing glance on the demure face of the old lady.

"What if I should say, ever since a certain blessed old lady has been so intent on keeping Lady Rose Houston out of my sight. Did she wish to repel me, or is it a quiet way that she has of saving a man's feelings from a direct rebuff? I am quite at a loss. Perhaps your grace might enlighten me."

"If my grace has kept you from making a fool of yourself, you should be grateful," answered the old lady, who was exceptionally busy with her embroidery; for St. Ormand had surprised her by an early call, and had quietly forced himself into the little apartment, that would have been a bower-room in mediæval times.

"But I am not grateful. No man ever is when his wishes are interfered with," he said. "Here you have been in town, I don't know many weeks, and I have no more access to you than a stranger."

"Well?" questioned the provoking old lady, who loved the handsome nobleman before her better than any human being that lived.

"Well, grandmother?"

Here the Duchess gave a perceptible jerk to the skein of worsted in her hand, breaking some of the threads. The young man laughed under his breath.

"That will arouse her, or she is immortal," he thought. "If there is a word in the language that she hates, I have uttered it."

"St. Ormand," said the old lady, with a mischievous gleam in her eyes. "Being my own darling grandson, and very inexperienced, I will explain a little. While I have a young lady under my sole protection, no gentleman of an age to make a goose of himself, can give relationship as an excuse for claiming the run of my house."

"There, now. You are angry with me," said the young Duke, approaching the lady with the caressing air that had won many a privilege from her in his boyhood.

"Angry! No!"

"Ah, if you only knew how dearer than all others that one word is to me, you never would prohibit it," said the young man, with real feeling.

A mist came into the eyes of that fine old lady. Following the impulse of the moment, she held out her little hand. Then ashamed of the gentle emotion, she sat down, and became very busy with her worsteds.

St. Ormand dropped on one knee, stretched the tangled skein upon his hands, and held it toward her, as he had done a hundred times when a school-boy.

She took a thread of the worsted, which broke to her touch; gave him a dainty little box on the ear; then leaned forward, and kissed him on the forehead.

"St. Ormand, you never will be anything but a boy."

"Lady mine, I never mean to be anything else to you."

It is a very pleasant thing for a nice old lady who keeps a young heart in her bosom, to hear soft speeches from the lips she loves best, even when there may be some transparent object in view. There was not a shrewder brain, or a more loving nature in all England than that of the old Duchess; but it was the easiest thing in the world to baffle all her worldly wisdom by one appeal to her affections.

While the young man knelt before her, moving the scarlet web to and fro with his hands, he said,

"Now, that we are good friends again, tell me why it is that you insist on keeping the Lady Rose like a bird of Paradise, in a golden cage, which I am never to approach?"

The old lady looked into his smiling eyes with all the innocence of a white rabbit.

"You accuse me of making the young lady a prisoner," she said, "as if I interfered with her movements."

"Of course you do, or we should have been the best friends in the world by this time. Seriously, now, your grace has been too hard upon me."

"Because I will not make myself a party to some romantic flirtation that you have set your fancy upon."

The young Duke colored with displeasure.

"Can you connect such an idea with the Lady Rose, or dream that I could do so?" he said, dropping the worsted on his knee, and looking at the dowager with unusual gravity. "I thought you had given me credit for more respect to a guest of yours."

"And so I do, St. Ormand," answered the old lady, throwing off her shrewd, bantering air.

"But just now I would rather have that than anything more serious."

"But why? You have always wished me to marry."

"To marry? Yes. The St. Ormands are of a race that must not be permitted to die out, or choose their wives rashly. The woman you make my successor must have noble qualities."

"To match mine, or my ancestors?" questioned the Duke, smiling.

"To match all that you are, and your ancestors have been," was the proud but gentle answer. "There must be no boyish impulses when a new Duchess of St. Ormand is chosen."

"Can your grace point out any qualification which the Lady Rose does not possess?"

"I am not speaking of the Lady Rose in that connection at all," said the dowager, demurely.

"Has she not birth?"

"Yes, an earl's daughter may be said to have that."

"High breeding?"

"Good breeding comes, of course, with high birth, and with the social advantages and education that accompany it."

"Perfect grace?"

"Yes," replied the Duchess, drawing out the word with seeming reservation.

"In short, is she not beautiful as an angel?"

The old lady shook her head gently before she answered. "People differ so much in their opinions of angels."

"Is she not everything that goes to make a proud, sensitive, good woman?"

"Well, I do not dispute that."

"What is lacking, then? Why will your grace persist in looking coldly on me when I speak of her?"

"Because, my son, there is one thing more important than any quality you have yet mentioned."

"What is that, your grace?"

"Love!"

A flash of crimson swept the Duke's face, his eyes grew soft and earnest.

"Without that, lady mine, there will be no future Duchess of St. Ormand."

The old lady nearly broke down in the course she was pursuing; her hand fell caressingly on the young man's shoulder. The smile she forbade to her lips shone through a tender mist in her eyes. After all her experience, the Duchess was a bad dissembler.

"Grant me permission to say as much to the Lady Rose," pleaded the Duke.

"That she may open her blue eyes in wonder at the haste you have made."

"I think she will not be so very much surprised."

"Who can measure the arrogant vanity of youth?" exclaimed the lady, holding up her hands in mock astonishment.

"Now, you know I don't mean that. I am no conceited fool."

The Duchess shook her head, and said,

"I tell you, boy, there must be ages of devo-

tion before this wild fancy can find acceptance from my fair guest, if she ever does think of you."

All the brightness went out of the Duke's face. He arose from his knees, and began to pace the floor, excitedly.

"You think there is no hope then?"

The old lady shook her head again.

"You are aware? You know, perhaps, of some engagement?"

"Nothing of the kind. Lady Rose has but just come out, remember."

The young man's face kindled.

"In spite of yourself you give me hope," he said.

"It is in spite of myself if I do anything of the kind," was the answer. "Now, take an old woman's advice, and curb this impetuosity. A man of seven-and-twenty can afford to wait. Don't ruin your chances—if you have any—by being in too great a hurry."

"I cannot wait in suspense like this. I can bear anything but that."

The old lady looked up, and smiled at this impetuosity. It was the very spirit she hoped to inspire; but she was determined to check it, in order that it might grow into a deeper and more persistent feeling.

"Sit down here, St. Ormand," she said, sweeping a litter of floss silks and worsteds aside to give him a place on the couch beside her. "Sit down, and I will tell you of a mistake I made once when I was younger, and more foolish than you are."

The Duke seated himself, and the old lady went on with the demure gentleness of a kitten, not even looking up at him.

"Children are fond of flowers, you know. At any rate, I loved them with a passion. One of my fancies, and I had many as a child, was to have the old gardener set aside especially fine roses as my own, for which I had all the pride of ownership, and all the fondness of an absorbing taste. One day the old man brought to me a rose-bush, full of mossy buds, some of them ripe for blooming. I placed the bush in the window of my own room, where the bright June sunshine fell upon it, kindling up buds and leaves into ravishing beauty.

She paused now, and fixed her eyes full on St. Ormand.

"This was not enough. I wanted something better. It seemed to me forever before the finest blossom would open. The sunshine did its work too slowly for my impatience. In the audacity of my ignorance I was tempted to help Nature, and tore open the bud with my own hands."

"Well?" cried the Duke, impatiently.

"One delicious draught of fragrance, a look

into the torn heart of the bud, was all I got in exchange for the rose I had ruined."

The old lady took up her embroidery as she finished speaking, and went diligently to work making other rose-buds on the canvas.

"But human hearts are not roses," said the Duke, willful in his passion as she had been.

"They are very like them."

St. Ormand was pacing the room, restlessly. He approached the window, and, looking out, cried,

"There is your guest mounting her horse for a ride in the Park, with no one but a groom in attendance. Good-morning. I shall certainly join her, and remember your pretty lesson, if I can."

The next minute, St. Ormand was on his horse, that stood waiting at the door; and the old Duchess thrust her needle through the heart of a mock rose-bud, and, folding both hands in her lap, sent a low, pleasant laugh after him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ROSE OF DEATH.—A LEGEND.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Above lone mountains resting,
A verdant summit cresting.
Rose an ivied abbey in the days of yore;
Near where billows breaking,
Mournful music making,
Woke unceasing echoes along the rocky shore.

Wise men here, and holy,
Found a refuge lowly,
From the hate of tyrants, cruel, fierce, and strong;
And while strife was raging,
In peaceful arts engaging,
Lived serene and tranquil, apart from scenes of wrong.

God's holy angels wandering,
O'er earth, men's evil pondering,
With pitying hearts and sorrowing, loved here to fold their wings.

Those lonely lives defending
From Satan's wiles, and lending
Their peaceful hearts the rapture that from such converse springs.

Thus lives of peace and purity,
Were passed in calm security,
While the busy world was shaken with violence and wrong,
E'en Death put off his terrors,
Sad fruit of human errors,
When for the quiet abbey he quit the jarring throng.

While all the abbey slumbered,
To him, whose days were numbered,
He stole and laid a snow-white rose upon the sleeper's breast,
Then vanished from the portal,
And left a glad immortal,
Released from earthly fetters to seek a heavenly rest.

Years passed, on history's pages
Marked as her darkest ages,
And still the world lay shrouded in more than midnight gloom.
And art and science only,
Abode in cloisters lonely,
From the wide world secluded, as in a living tomb.

When worldly fetters breaking,
A brilliant court forsaking,
A young and noble stranger the abbey's shelter prayed;
But not as recluse lowly,
With aspirations holy,
Sought he, a titled chief, the silent cloister's shade.

Art's devotee, here only,
He sought the cloister lonely,
Because the muse he worshiped had chosen there her seat;
And 'neath that sacred portal,
No wile of tempter mortal
Might lure him from the homage, that bound him at her feet.

Time sped, and seasons ending,
Still found the votary bending,
Above the glowing canvas, whereon his soul was laid,
In many a glorious vision,
Fair form, and scene elysian,
By his poet soul created, and artist hand portrayed.

'Till once from slumber waking,
His drowsy senses shaking,
From the bewildering fancies his sleeping thoughts that fed,
He saw, or was he dreaming,
A radiant figure seeming
To bend with loving aspect above his lowly bed?

Eyes full of wonder raising,
Absorbed in silent gazing,
He lay until the vision had faded quite away;
Then shrank before its power,
For lo! death's snowy flower,
In fresh and dewy fragrance upon his bosom lay.

Oh, not for me this token!
He sighed in whisper broken,
Death could not mean to summon me from my work, I know.

He surely sought some other,
Some worn and weary brother,
My dearest task's unfinished—I cannot, will not go.

And with swift footsteps creeping,
To where serenely sleeping,
An aged man lay folded in deep and dreamless rest;
And though each sense was filling,
With some strange influence chilling,
He laid Death's floral signal upon the sleeper's breast.

Next morn a band of weepers,
Were gathered round two sleepers:
Pale forms, whose deathless spirits since yesternight had gone;

One wrinkled, bent, and hoary,
One in young manhood's glory,
Each in the silent midnight had passed from life alone.

One lay with meek hands clasping
An ivory cross, one grasping
A pencil, with cold fingers locked in unending rest
One head with dark locks crested,
Upon his easel rested;
One on a snowy pillow, death's flower upon his breast.

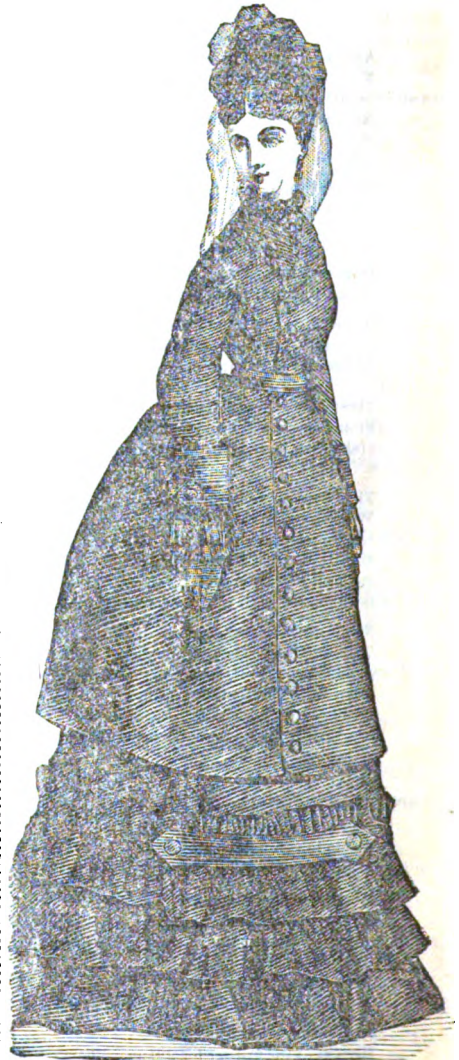
And much the good men wondered,
Why that young life was sundered,
And why the white-haired brother alone death's flower wore,
But when life's thread was severed,
Death's fragrant white rose never
Was found on pulseless bosom within that abbey more.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a morning-dress for a middle-aged lady, and the material may be either

the centre. The bodice is plain, with a deep ruffle collarlet, cut on the bias. The robe buttons the entire length of the front, in the centre of a wide band, which is added on to the breadth. The material of our model is a striped percale,



a striped mohair, cambric, percale, or calico. The form is *Princesse*. The skirt terminates with a deep gathered flounce, cut on the bias, and headed by a cross-band, put on with the machine-stitching. The flounce is a part of the dress, there being no skirt under it. The pockets have a cross-band at each end of them, and a button in

in chocolate-brown and white. Twelve yards will be required. Percales can be bought at from eighteen to twenty-five cents.

On the opposite page we give a mourning costume, made of black tamis, trimmed with English crêpe. The under-skirt has three flounces, five inches deep, the upper one finished with a heading to stand-up. These flounces are simply hemmed across the front breadth. There is a band of crêpe, pointed at each end; these lap exactly in front, where they are fastened by a button; a button is also added at either end. The Polonaise is cut double-breasted. The revers and cuffs of the sleeves are of crêpe, also the bands on the sleeves and the waistband. The only trimming on the bottom of the Polonaise is a thick cord of crêpe. One yard of English crêpe, and sixteen yards of tamis will be required. The latter material can be bought from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents, double width. Crêpe is expensive; but a good one wears well, and is the cheapest in the end.



Above, we give a striped percale for a Miss of twelve or fourteen years of age. The under-skirt is perfectly plain; the over-skirt is very short in front, and the back puffed. The peculiar loop-

ing of the back breadth is done by leaving one width quite long, and catching it up to the waist on the left side. The basque is round and plain, finished with a binding of the percale. The sleeves are slightly full into a narrow band, from which there is a narrow frill. Both simple and pretty for a young girl. Ten yards of percale will be required.

Next we give a suit for a boy of six, of which we engrave the back and front. This suit is made of tweed, trimmed with black braid. The



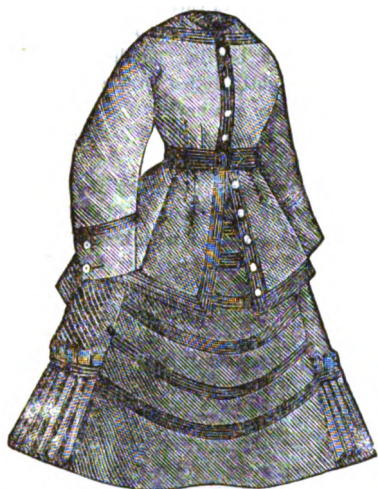
jacket has a sailor collar, and is confined round the waist with a band, to match the loose trou-



sers at the knee. These can be made of white pique, trimmed with either black or white braid.

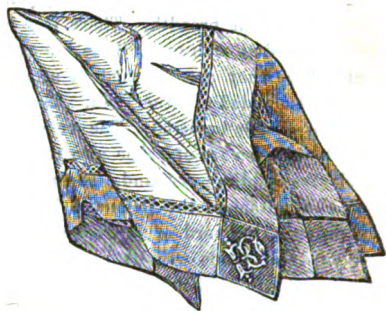
Next is a costume of brown Holland, for a girl of eight years. It will look very well trimmed with fine black worsted braid, put on in groups, as seen in the design. There is a plaited flounce, four inches deep, across the back, sewed down with several rows of the braid to match. The front breadth is trimmed "en tablier," as may be seen. The loose blouse is belted on at the waist, with a sash tied at the left side. A sailor

collar and deep cuffs, all trimmed with the black



braid. Smoke pearl buttons are most used for these costumes.

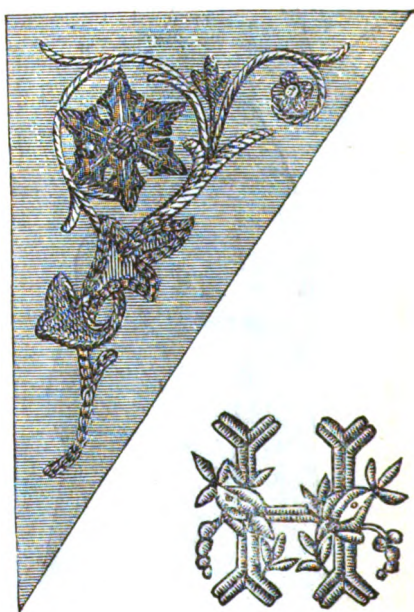
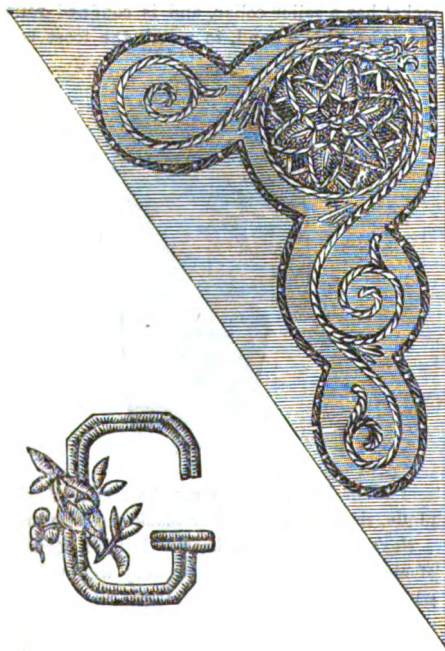
Handkerchiefs, in the style of the accompanying cut, are now very fashionable. The border is of plain or striped linen, (colored,) and is fastened down with hem-stitch, the threads being



drawn on the white centre. Work the initial, or monogram, on the extreme edge of the corner, if the border is of a solid color; if striped, work above the border, in colored cotton to correspond.

EMBROIDERED CORNERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, two embroidered corners: also two initial letters. The first of the corners is embroidered in satin, overcast, and chain-stitch, with three shades of brown purse-silk on a ground of brown cloth, the star outlined with black silk cord.

The second of the corners has an applique of dark-gray cloth on a pale-gray ground, the figures being outlined with black silk cord, sewn on with white silk; the tendrils and the contour of the star being outlined with gold cord.

PATTERN FOR VALANCE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a pattern for a Valance, which may be used for a Bracket, etc., etc. It is of scarlet, or red cloth, with appliques of white; or the cloth may be black, with appliques of scarlet cloth, the fancy stitches being put in with embroidery silks of various colors. The soutache in this case should be gold, barred across with black silk.

GIRL'S CROSS-OVER FICHU, WITH APRON-FRONT.

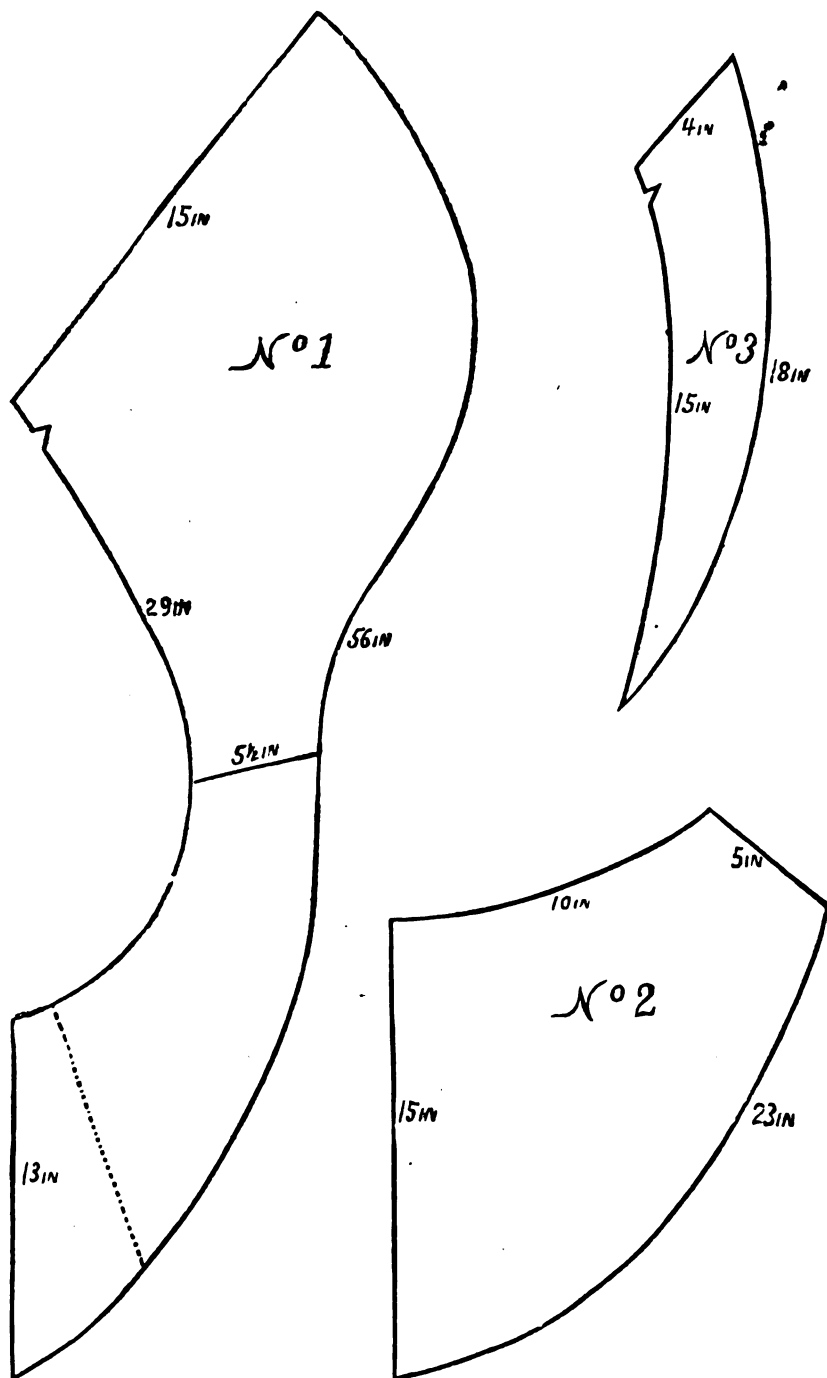
BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an illustration of one of the pretty fichues, now so much worn; and also a diagram by which to cut it out. This fichu is a cross-over one, for a girl, with an apron-front.

No. 1. Half of fichu crossing over and forming the back; the dotted line shows where it turns over at the back.

No. 2. Half of apron-front, put on a waist-band, fastening at the back.



No. 3. Half of collar. The notch in collar and { cashmere, and trim with fringe. We give the
fichu correspond. Make of blue, brown, or black front and back views of the fichu.

BABY'S BOTTINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

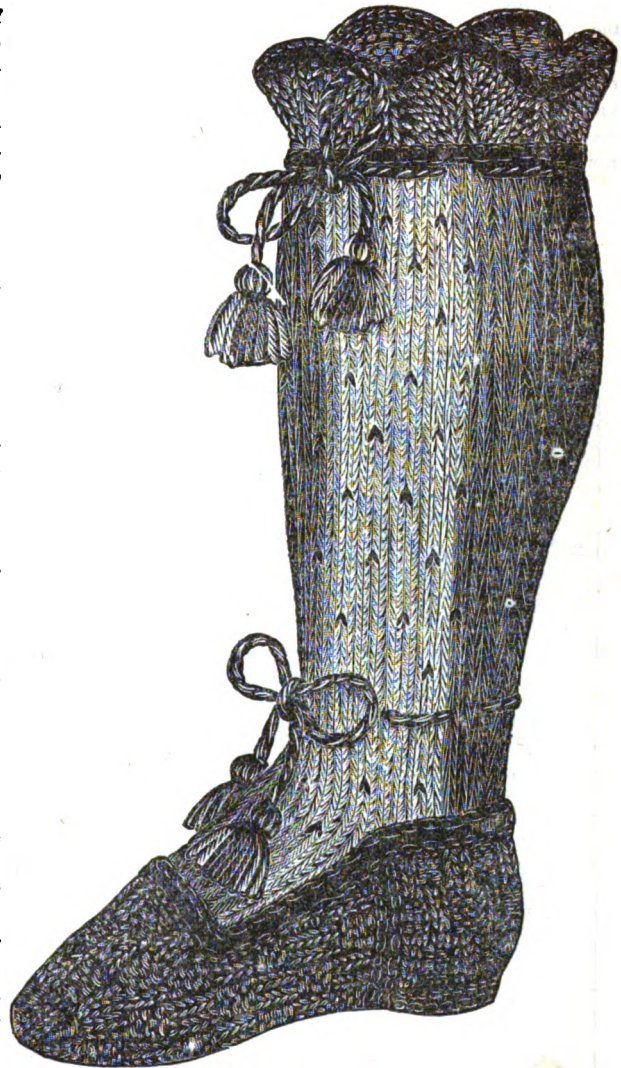
MATERIALS.—One ounce of white Berlin wool, half an ounce of colored, four knitting-pins, No. 16 bell gauge.

Cast on fifty-five stitches with colored wool, divided between three of the knitting-pins; close in a round, and purl two rows.

3rd round with white wool. Knit two together, knit three, wool forward; knit one, wool forward; knit three, knit two together. Repeat four times more.

4th row : Plain knitting.

Repeat these two pattern rows three times alternately, so that the decreased as well as the separate stitches between two stitches made by the thread, being put round the needle, may be always exactly over each other. Then work with colored wool again one row plain, then two rows purled; then work with white wool the leg of the sock, and continue to knit plain. The little single colored stitches are knitted in at intervals of five plain white rows, and at the regular distances of three stitches. The rest is worked as a common stocking. Make a seam; for that knit one plain and one purl alternately; and decrease after the first twenty rows both sides of the seam in regular distances of six rows, so that the number will be diminished, and forty-three will remain. When the leg is sufficiently long, work with the eighteen middle stitches of the row the front of the shoe part. Work with these eighteen stitches twenty rows straight up, where, of course, the little pattern stitches will be knitted in going backward and forward, thus—one row plain, the next purled. After the last row the eighteen stitches remain upon the needle until afterward. The twenty-one remaining stitches—the middle



of which is the same stitch—are used next for the heel of the shoe part in colored wool. Begin the heel with the little edge which inclose the shoe part all round. Cast on upon three knitting-needles sixty-nine stitches of colored wool, and knit four round plain, so that the purl side appears; then take the first row of the heel, knitting twenty-one stitches in with this little roll part, and finish the heel in squares of knit

three, purl three, which, when you have knitted three rows, must be reversed; knit twenty-one rows in this manner, and then three more rows to appear all purled; then halve the stitches, place the two needles together, and cast off, taking a stitch from each needle, which forms the heel. Then knit the little toecap in the same manner, taking the centre stitches of the roll, and leaving thirteen stitches on each side; knit six rows, which forms two squares; then decrease one stitch at each and every alternate row, till only twelve remain, which cast off. To

finish the underpart of the shoe—still in colored wool—pick up the stitches along the bottom part of it, and knit the squares as before, taking one stitch of the roll and the white sock together, turn back and decrease one stitch to keep the number even; continue in like manner every row until you have knitted to the toecap, then knit three more rows, and decrease every alternate row to correspond with the front; cast off and sew the parts together, stitch by stitch, on the wrong side; crochet a chain, tie some little tassels, and place them in the bottine.

BORDER FOR TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

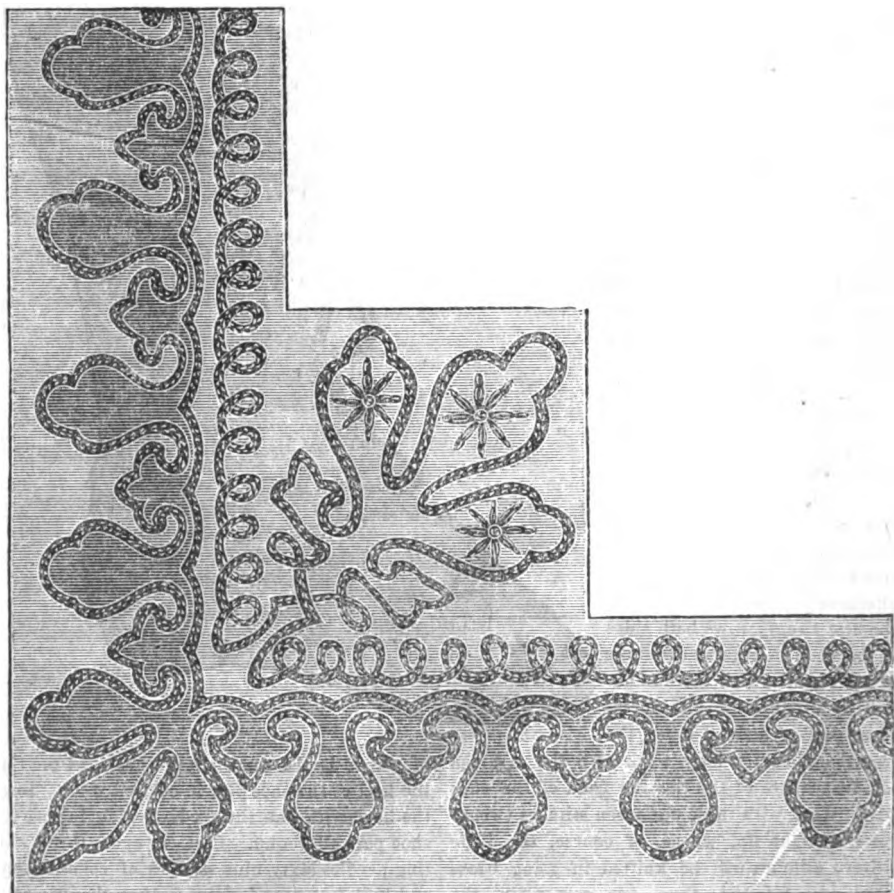


Table-cloths, in colors, are now quite fashionable. We give one, which is to be worked in applique and embroidery, as seen in the pattern engraved above. The color of the cloth, of the embroidery, etc., should be in harmony with the room where the centre-table is to be placed.

EMBROIDERED MATCH-BOX.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The box is made of cardboard, covered with various colors. We add the pattern for the embroidery, full size below. The design is an underery, worked on black satin, with purse silk of usually handsome one, it will be seen.

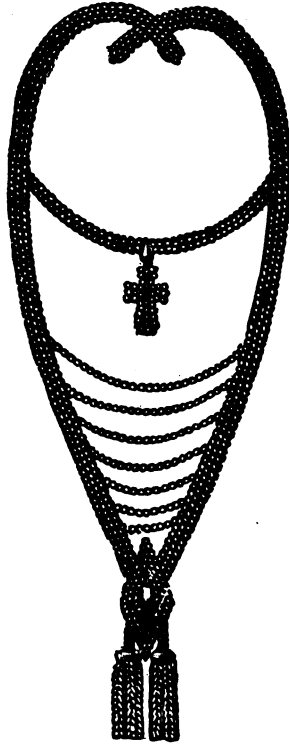


INITIAL LETTER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



JET NECKLET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, an illustration of a very pretty jet necklet. The outside contour is composed of several rows of small jet beads stitched together. In the inside the seven rows, which mount as a ladder upon the bodice, consist of single rows of beads, increasing in length as they ascend; while the double row, from which the cross is suspended, encircles the throat. The necklet terminates with tassels of jet beads. These necklets are very fashionable just now.

NAME FOR MARKING.

I d a

THE NEW-FASHIONED THROATLETS.

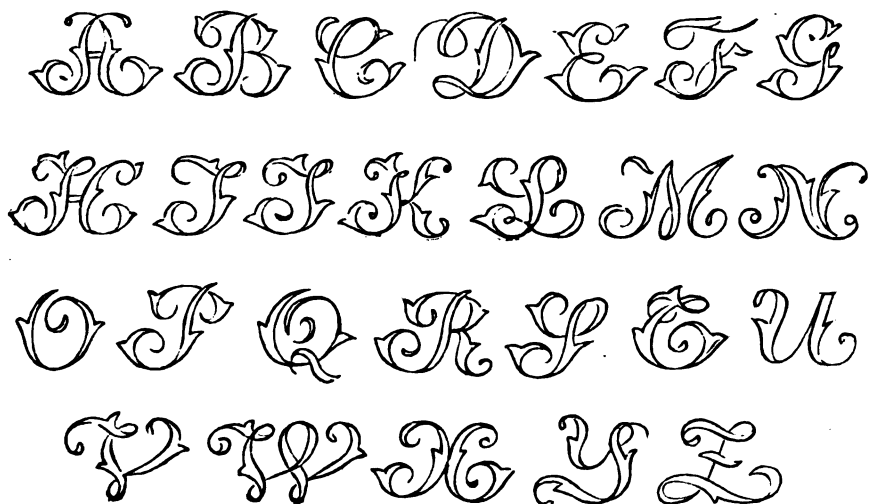
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We here give an engraving of a throatlet to be made of blue velvet and pearls. The velvet encircling the throat is lined with white satin, and worked with tiny pearls. The ornament depending from the front consists of pearls of various sizes. Roman pearls, of course, are used.

Also a throatlet of black velvet, gilt, and enamel. The black velvet encircling the throat is lined with white satin and studded with gold and enamel stars. A single end of velvet falls in front, and terminates with a gold and enamel ornament.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT

THE LATE HOURS kept up at Evening Parties are greatly to be reprehended. It is quite customary, at least in our large cities, for dancing to be maintained until long after midnight. Considering that gentlemen have to be at their business, at, or before, nine o'clock in the morning, it is evident that, if they remain up at a ball, or party, until three or four, they are too fatigued to go freshly to work, as they ought to do. Young girls can lie a-bed, until they have rested, that is, if their mothers choose to do their work for them, or are rich enough to have servants to do it. But the young lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or clerk, must be at his store, or office, punctually, or else others will get his customers. It is eminently true, at least in business, that "the early bird catches the worm." We say nothing, in all this, as to the injury which is given to health. Yet it is easily demonstrable that to go to bed long after midnight; to rise after insufficient sleep; to work all day in a half-awake condition, is slowly, but surely to undermine the health. Only the strongest constitutions can stand it, and even they must, in the end, become more or less impaired. These late hours at parties "burn the candle," as the old adage has it, "at both ends."

The truth is, we are attempting, in a republican country, where all, except a very few, have to work for a living, to copy the social customs of courts, where all are rich, and idle, and take to amusements, therefore, for something to do. Wealthy as many families are, at least in our great cities, the sons have to look forward, as a rule, to some occupation, since the fortune of the father, when divided at his death, is not sufficient to keep them in the style in which they have been brought up. You can count on your fingers, at the most aristocratic parties in Walnut Street, Fifth Avenue, or Beacon Street, the very few young men who have large incomes independent of some profession. All the rest are either lawyers, bankers, or merchants. None of them, therefore, ought to stay up, dancing, until two or three o'clock in the morning. Do young ladies, who desire to dance the German, and keep these late hours, think of this? Or do they forget that men cannot lie a-bed until noon, or afterward, and then dawdle about, on sofas, all day subsequently, resting? Let us be sensible. Let us give up imitating the idle aristocracies of Europe, in the character of our entertainments, especially these late hours. Let us return to the more sensible examples set by our grandfathers, who went to bed comparatively early, and were always, in consequence, fresh for work the next day. We are not long-descended nobles, with fabulous rent-rolls. Do not let us, therefore, be such shams as to live as if we were.

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR is the title of a new collection of engravings, twenty-five in number, which we offer, for 1875, as a premium to persons getting up clubs, instead of the "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," if they prefer it. "The Pictorial Souvenir" is a companion to "The Gems of Art," which has been so popular. This is a rare chance to obtain twenty-five first-class steel plates.

TWENTY YEARS.—A lady writes:—"I have taken your magazine for twenty years, and I hope to take it as long as I live."

CHEERFULNESS is often better than beauty. A handsome face, with a bad temper, is not the most comfortable thing to have in a house.

CRETONNE APPLIQUE WORK is one of the newest and prettiest of the several kinds of fancy work now so fashionable. It requires a good deal of taste and skill, however, on the part of the worker. Neatness in cutting out the birds and flowers from the cretonne is particularly desirable. Still we must have thousands, perhaps tens of thousands of subscribers, who are sufficiently tasteful, skillful, and neat for this kind of work, and therefore it may not be amiss, perhaps, to give a description of the method. The best plan is to select the cretonnes yourself according to the styles you wish to make. A friend of ours is working a table-cover border in this work on pale-blue silk. She chose half a yard of several different cretonnes, on which were birds, flowers, butterflies, and dragon-flies in many shades of gray, crimson, and rose. These were all cut out with a sharp pair of scissors, laid on the silk (which was first lined with soft linen) and sewed over in silk of the color of the bird or flower. Thus if you are working over a gray bird with scarlet feathers, you work it over with shades of gray and scarlet. If you are working over a pink rose, you work in shades of pink silk, dark toward the centre of the flower, and light at the extremity of the leaves, where they are supposed to catch the light. The more highly finished the details are in cretonne the fewer are the stitches required in sewing over; but if a coarse, badly-finished cretonne is used, the filling-in with colored silks is troublesome, and requires much artistic taste to be effective. Borders on this work look best in flower-sprays, with a brilliant-winged butterfly resting here and there on one of the blossoms. The great art is in arranging the objects so that each shall be seen to the best advantage—placed neither too closely together nor too far apart. The lower border, if the work be meant for a table-cover border, is finished with buttonhole-stitch. For a cushion this is not necessary. It is most interesting work to those who have a good eye for color, and is less fatiguing than Berlin wool-work.

"THE LEAD OF ALL."—The *Maroa* (Ill.) News says of this periodical:—"It seems to be taking the lead of all in its line, at present. And not without good reason, as all will admit on examining it. It contains nearly as much matter as some of the \$4.00 magazines, and yet it only costs \$2.00 a year, postage paid by the publisher."

THE NEW FASHION of wearing no trimming on the skirt, and making the skirt itself very narrow, is becoming to but very few. We do not think, therefore, it will last long. Do not follow it, too strictly, unless you are sure you will look well in it.

"SADLY MISSED."—A lady, writing from Texas, says:—"My subscription, this year, comes in rather late; but circumstances prevented my sending sooner: 'dear old Peterson' was sadly missed in my prairie home."

GO ABOUT DOING GOOD is a Scriptural injunction. Do you do it? Nothing will make your own heart more tender, or render yourself more lovable, than to help others.

BED-TIME: PRAYER.—This is an engraving which needs no illustration. It tells its own story of mother-love, and of the influence of early training.

HAS YOUR WIFE, OR SWEETHEART, a copy of "Peterson" for 1875? If she has not, subscribe for her.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. All such additions to clubs, we may as well state here, must begin, like the rest of the club, with the January number. Go on making additions to your clubs.

THE POSTAGE for the year, remember, is included in the prices, club or otherwise, asked for "Peterson" for 1875. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to subscribers. When it is remembered that the prices, heretofore, did not include postage (which the subscriber had afterward to pay at his or her post-office) and when it is remembered also that the postage was never less than twelve cents a subscriber, and often more, it will be seen that the club prices for "Peterson" are now really cheaper than ever.

PERSONS TRYING THE MAGAZINE, regularly, of agents, can have "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," or any other of our premium engravings, by sending fifty cents to us. In other words, the offer is to all subscribers, whether they are on our mail-book, or get "Peterson" of News Agents. We make this statement in answer to numerous inquiries.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Personal Reminiscences by Moore and Jerdan. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—We have here another volume of that "Brick-a-Bac" series, which has become so deservedly popular. The principal part is devoted to the Diary of Moore, the poet, which Mr. Stoddard has very skillfully condensed. In this Diary we have pleasant, gossiping anecdotes about Byron, Scott, Sheridan, Coleridge, Lamb, Irving, Madame de Genlis, in fact everybody of note in the literary world of London, for more than fifty years. "There is," as the editor well remarks, "a freshness and sparkling" about this Diary, which is not often found in Moore's much more landed poetry. The remaining portion of the volume is made up of selections from the "Autobiography" of William Jerdan, a noted journalist, author, and wit of the earlier years of this century: and these selections also give us pleasant stories of remarkable men and women, such as Wordsworth, Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, etc., etc. In this volume the publishers have introduced a new feature, which we cannot but think will add greatly to the popularity of the series: it is a selection from the celebrated "Fraser Portraits," which made so much noise, many years ago: and among those given are those of Moore, Scott and Jerdan.

The Soldier's Orphan. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Of the many popular novels by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens—and no living female writer has so long held her supremacy in America—this is, we think, one of the very best. We had a new edition of it, therefore, with great pleasure. The publishers issue it in the same style as the rest of her works, in a neat cloth binding, and printed in good, legible type. The whole twenty-one volumes of her works may be had, all bound alike, if desired; and certainly no better addition could be made to a lady's library, than these novels. A new fiction from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, is in the press, we believe, and will soon be added to the series.

Hands and Hearts. By Christian Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—It always gives us pleasure to notice the advent of any new author of merit in the field of American letters. Among our younger novelists, the writer of this story takes high rank. This is not, however, her first appearance. She is the author of nearly a dozen earlier fictions, such as "Valerie Aylmer," "The Daughter of Bohemia," etc., etc. But "Hands and Hearts" seems to us to be her best book. The scene is laid, principally, at the Virginia Springs. The entire action of the story is confined to a few weeks, and the interest turns altogether on the fortunes of a young country girl, who makes her first appearance in society at the White Sulphur, and who, beset by three lovers at a time, hardly knows what to do with such an affluence of suitors. There are not many characters, in the novels of the day, that can be set against this of Sybil. The heroine is earnest and vivacious, sensible and impulsive, consistent and contradictory; and all in one breath. She is a fresh, bright American girl; who is as pretty as she is sympathetic; a bit of a coquette, perhaps; undeniably fond of admiration; tempted for awhile by a splendid match; but who is true at heart, and therefore chooses at last the poorest of her lovers, but the one with whom she could clearly be happiest, and to whom she will make a good wife, we doubt not, to the end.

Far From The Madding Crowd. By Thomas Hardy. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—This novel first appeared anonymously, and as a serial, in an English periodical, where it attracted an unusual degree of attention, principally because some critic suggested that it was a new fiction from the pen of George Eliot. A little knowledge of verbal style, however, would have saved the critic from his blunder. It was only necessary to read the first page to see that the author was not George Eliot. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of ability in the book, especially in the delineation of the rustics; there is some sharp analysis, too, of characters of a higher kind; and the plot is full of interest. The work is now acknowledged by Mr. Hardy, the author of "Under The Greenwood-Tree," a prose idyl recently published. On the whole, however, the story does not show the advance we had expected.

In the Camargue. By Emily Dowles. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—The scene of this story is laid in Southern France, in that desolate region, the delta of the Rhone; and as one reads the book, the local color, the Provencal atmosphere, rise vividly before one. The characteristics of the region are so well described, indeed, that, but for its vigorous English, we should think the book a translation.

Peterson's Household Directory, or Things Every One Should Know. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The character of this book is sufficiently indicated in its title. It is a complete Family Encyclopedia for daily reference, containing nearly five thousand receipts on all subjects, useful, ornamental, etc., etc. An excellent index adds greatly to the value of the work.

The Steward. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of a once very popular novel. The author, twenty years ago, carried the literary world by storm, with that initimally comic tale, "Valentine Vox, The Ventriloquist." The present story, though not quite so humorous, is still an amusing fiction.

A Life's Secret. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The merit of this writer is that her plots are always more or less skillfully constructed. Her description of character, however, is not so good. But she is very popular, and this is one of her best stories.

Three Hundred And Fifty A Year. By J. W. Pughen. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—This little book sets forth how the author makes three hundred and fifty dollars a year by his bees, and shows how others may soon do the same, that is, we suppose, with equal luck, and industry.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NEVER AGAIN.—We are continually receiving letters like the following: in fact no other magazine, so far as we know, has such friends. "Let me tell you about an experiment I lately tried," writes a lady, "and its result! Mother and I have taken your magazine since 1861; but at the beginning of '75, we thought we would try some of the newer publications, which we accordingly did. But we were not satisfied with them; they only served to confirm us in our belief that there were none like unto 'Peterson.' So, the January number was immediately ordered, and, as I opened it, and beheld its beautiful steel engraving, lovely colored patterns, and glanced at the stories by familiar contributors, 'Peterson' resumed its sway once more. To say nothing of its beautiful patterns, from which I have made fancy and useful articles innumerable, its elegant fashion-plates, pleasant stories, fine poetry, and last, but not least, its useful receipts. Besides all these, its music alone is worth double the price of its yearly subscription. I have two musical Scrap-Books, filled with music, which I have selected from 'Peterson,' sixty-two songs, and fifty-four instrumental pieces; all of them pretty and popular, and many of them of recent publication, which could not be purchased in sheet form for less than from forty to seventy-five cents each. But once only have I proved faithless, and *never again* will I waver in my allegiance to dear old 'Peterson'—the 'Incomparable.'"

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA. a copy of any one of the beautiful premium engravings of "Peterson's Magazine" will be sent to any subscriber, mail or otherwise, for the year 1875. These engravings are all large-sized, for framing, and are printed from line and stipple, or mezzotint plates, that cost to engrave from one to two thousand dollars each. As the proprietor of "Peterson" owns these plates, he can afford to furnish copies for the mere cost of paper and printing; but, for obvious reasons, he is not willing to sell copies, at this low price, except to *bona fide* subscribers to his magazine. The list of plates is advertised in the January and March numbers.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING for 1875 continues to receive the highest praise from editors and subscribers. It is universally pronounced *the finest ever issued by any periodical*. We give it, as will be seen by our Prospectus, to persons getting up clubs. We also send it to subscribers, but to them alone, for *fifty cents extra*, a price that represents only the cost of the paper and printing. It is a match picture, in size, as well as in character, to "Washington Taking Leave of His Generals." We will send both of these to subscribers, for one dollar. Each of them, at a retail store, would cost five dollars.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 360 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LEEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—SCARLATINA—CONTINUED.

SCARLATINA AEGINOSA is distinguished from the simple, or mild form of the disease, by the presence of ulcerations on the tonsils, with a sensation of stiffness and tightness of the throat. The rash is rather more tardy in its appearance, but when it has established itself fully, the heat on the surface is greater than in any other fever, rising oftentimes to 112°. When the slough in the throat comes away, deep, ragged

ulcers follow, with much viscid mucus, and sometimes a considerable portion of each tonsil is destroyed. The fever is frequently attended with delirium at the commencement; and the desquamation, or peeling off of the cuticle, is proportionate to the intensity of the preceding heat, and not unfrequently the epidermis, or outer layer of the skin of the hands and feet, separate in large patches.

This form of the disease is liable to be followed by inflammation of the eyes, running of the ears, abscesses, and general droopy.

In reference to the treatment, there are some indications to be fulfilled which peculiarly belonged to the mother, and which she cannot safely trust to others: for instance, sponging with cold water must be sedulously attended to; and, if possible, cold effusion should be practiced as often as the intense heat of the skin should return, or indicate its use. Dr. Currie, of England, and Dr. Corson, of Pennsylvania, have actually demonstrated the superiority of the cold water, even iced water, spongings over all dry treatment in this disease, where heat of the surface is steadily intense. The ulcers on the tonsils should be touched twice daily with a lotion of two grains of bichloride of mercury, dissolved in one ounce and a half of water, by means of a little lint or sponge, probing or swab. When there is a disposition to the formation of matter in the tonsils, quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid in camphor water, or mixture, will rapidly abate the inflammation, or if too far gone to arrest, it will cause a more energetic formation of the abscess and termination of the disease. The fullness and great enlargement of the tonsils, frequently sudden, may be speedily reduced by the mother applying a linseed meal poultice, as hot as can be borne, around the throat. The difficulty of breathing, produced by the enlargement of the tonsils, will generally soon yield, though sometimes it requires the further aid of some stimulating embrocation. In this form of disease there is always a tendency to rapid exhaustion and debility, after the first excitement occasioned by the inflammatory fever has subsided; and in slight cases, a return of the disease is frequently threatened, especially if too active treatment has been resorted to.

Now the medicine most suitable to control this disease, is quinine and aromatic sulphuric acid, in small doses, at least every morning, or better, after two or three days, thrice daily.

The writer learned the value of this kind of tonic medication in throat affections, which, to appearance are of the most inflammatory kind, twenty years ago, from Surgeon Hood, of England. He says, "The knowledge of the beneficial consequences of this mode of treatment of the ordinary affections of the tonsils, has been to me of the highest value in treating the severe affections of these organs incidental to scarlet fever. The success, indeed, which has attended it, has, in my mind, deprived the disease of half its terrors." Let mothers call the attention of their family physician to this fact.

When the tongue has parted with its heavy coat of whitish yellow, and become dry, red, fissured, turpentine, in muckage of acacia, with supercarbonate of soda, should be advised by the attendant physician, as in typhoid fever, which heals the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, stimulates the kidneys, and prevents the subsequent tendency to droopy. At the decline of the rash and fever, further precatious means against dropsical effusions are moderate draughts of infusion of senna and salts.

Concluding remarks in next number.

HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWERS IN FLOWER GARDENS.—In England, where flowers are cultivated to a degree quite unknown here, the taste is setting in favor of the old-fashioned flowers that we used

to see in our grandmothers' gardens. Lilies, larkspur, phlox, carnations, hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, columbines, and all hardy and sweet-scented shrubs, are fast driving out the calceolarias, the more delicate varieties of geraneums, etc., etc. People are beginning to realize that these are only fit for out-of-door gardens which thrive easily and naturally.

Moreover, the ribbon-borders and oil-cloth patterns, which, for nearly twenty years, have been all the rage, are now being abandoned, as in bad taste. This is a reform we are glad to chronicle. The style was always a bad one, and introduced by professional gardeners, who called it, in their ignorance, "Italian." Now, real Italian gardens are simply terraces, with the plants suitable to the climate growing in magnificent profusion. There may be a few rare kinds in pots sunk in the ground; some vases may stand on each side of the steps; there may possibly be a large fountain plashing in the centre; but beds cut out of grass, and filled with masses of rare color, would, in Italy, be impossible. Italians would have too much taste to submit to them. These beds must ever be inharmonious, because each plant has its own particular foliage to accord with its flowers, and the green of grass round spots of brighter color takes the place of foliage, and, as it is never the natural color, must always offend the educated eye. As for the gardens, which in our crowded suburbs, are supposed to be Italian, because they have a small plaster fountain, and a little bit of rock-work in the corner, with some vases almost as big as the house, our time would fail to tell of them, and our patience would desert us in the description.

Of course, professional gardeners advocated such flower-beds, because they brought money. The flowers would not, as a rule, thrive of themselves: but had to be renewed, continually; and the gardener was there to sell them. Every spring, too, new flowers had to be bought of the gardener, or else started, at considerable expense, involving hot-beds, if not a hot-house. One of the best of the English journals, noticing the reform, says:—"The disappointed gardeners see the border which they had destined for the last new and most hideous pattern of ribbon bordering turned into a lovely plantation of lilies and larkspur, pentstemon and phlox, all allowed to grow at their own sweet will amongst hardy and sweet-scented shrubs. The beds which they had intended to imitate as nearly as possible an oil-cloth pattern are, to their horror, filled with pearl-powdered auriculas, and daphne cneorum, while many a rose carnation feeds with summer spice the humming air, and blue salvias and tree peonies mingle with honeysuckles and poppies. Thank goodness, the days of ribbon-borderings and oil-cloth patterns are numbered. For once fashion has done something to encourage true art."

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

ACIDS AND ALKALIES FOR HEADACHE.—Dr. Lauder Brunton, in a paper published in "The Practitioner," states that the administration of a brisk purgative, or small doses of Epsom salts, thrice a day, is a most effectual remedy for frontal headache when combined with constipation; but if the bowels be regular, the morbid processes on which it depends seem to be checked, and the headache removed even more effectually by nitro-hydrochloric acid, or by alkalies, given before meals. If the headache be immediately above the eyebrows, the acid is best; but if it be a little higher up, just where the hair begins, the alkalies appear to be the more serviceable. At the same time that the headache is removed, the feelings of sleepiness and weariness, which frequently lead the patients to complain that they rise up more tired than when they lie down, generally disappear. Dr. Brunton's long and careful investigations in this direction, render the results of his researches of peculiar interest.

EFFECT OF NERVOUS INFLUENCE ON THE HEART.—Experiments made with much care and precision, show that the circulation of the blood is accelerated or retarded by nervous influences in a manner which before was only vaguely suspected. More recently, the investigations of this subject made by M. Marcey, in relation to the beating of the heart, and its connection with muscular exercise, fever, and the violent emotions of anger, fear, joy, etc., all of which, he says, exercise a direct action on the peripheric circulation, have excited peculiar interest. M. Marcey does not consider variations in the beating of the heart to be due to any change in the activity of the heart itself, but says it is certain that the changes in the general circulation take place under the influence of moral emotions, the face becoming red, or pale, etc. These well-known changes must entail variations in the frequency of the beatings of the heart, so that the power which moderates or accelerates the contractions of the heart, he thinks, can be no other than the contractility of the vessels of the whole body by nervous agency.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

A Cherry Pudding.—Peel and core four or five apples, according to their size, cut them in slices, and lay them in a pie-dish; sprinkle them with sugar, pounded, then put a thin layer of apricot or other jam. Take two ounces of arrow-root, mix it with a pint of milk, a little sugar, and a small piece of butter; stir it over the fire until it boils, then pour it into the pie-dish, with the apples and jam, and bake it until done.

Potato-Pudding.—Roast sufficient potatoes to produce half a pound of flour, melt a quarter of a pound of butter with very little water, mix the potato flour and butter well together, rub them with a spoon through a sieve, beat the whole of four eggs, add to them one quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, some nutmeg, then mix all together. Seven drops of essence of lemon will improve it. Line the dish, and put a few pieces of citron at the top.

Spanish Puffs.—Put a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a pint of water into a sauce-pan. Stir it till it boils, and mix in four tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir it well together, and add six yolks and four whites of eggs, two at a time. Let it cool, and, with a dessert-spoon, drop it into boiling clarified dripping or lard.

Cocoa-nut-Pudding.—Grate a small cocoa-nut fine, mix with it one quarter of a pound of butter, one quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, three eggs, and the milk of the cocoa-nut. Bake one hour with paste round the dish. The butter must be warmed so as to mix with the other ingredients.

Quick Pudding.—Scald a quart of milk; take three tablespoonfuls of cold milk, three of flour, and three eggs; rub well together, and pour the batter in while the milk is hot. Then bake half an hour. Butter and sugar, beat to a cream, for dressing; flavor with nutmeg.

Iceing Tarts.—Beat the white of an egg till stiff, and when your tart is half-baked take it from the oven, brush it over with the egg, and sift white sugar (not very fine) thickly over it, as you put it again into the oven to complete the baking process.

CAKES.

Ground Rice Cake.—Half a pound of ground rice, four eggs, and enough loaf sugar to sweeten; beat the whole together for twenty minutes; bake in a slow oven.

Bread with Home-made Yeast.—Take seven pounds of flour two quarts of warm water, a large tablespoonful of salt, and half a gill of yeast. Knead the dough well for half an hour, as much kneading makes the bread finer and whiter. In the winter, set the bread in a warm place all night, and in the morning it will be ready to bake. In the summer five or six hours, or even less, will suffice to rise the bread; but in the winter it takes, say from twelve to fourteen hours. If the bread is baked before it has properly risen, the bread will be quite uneatable. The baker will easily know when the dough is fit to bake, by its sounding hollow, and being very spongy.

Scotch Oatmeal Cakes.—Put one pound of oatmeal in a basin. Take one pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter or lard melted in it. Pour this, boiling, over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough, and then turning it out upon a board, upon which roll it until it is as thin as it will allow to hold together. Then stamp it out into the shape of round cakes. Place these first upon a griddle, to make them firm, and afterward toast them before the fire, alternately on each side, till they are quite dry and crisp.

To Make Unfermented Cakes.—Soak one pound of oatmeal for ten or twelve hours in one pint of sour buttermilk. Then rub one quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda, and a little salt into one pound of flour, and mix with the oatmeal. Roll it out to any thickness required, and bake in a moderate oven.

Jumbles.—Take three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, broken in pieces in the flour, half a pound of grated loaf sugar, and two eggs, beaten; mix all together; divide into small portions; roll them out rather thicker than a pipe, and turn into the figure 8; dust them with a little sifted sugar, and bake.

SANITARY AND TOILET.

Aromatic Vinegar.—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves, for seven days; then express the liquid, and filter it through paper. Another aromatic vinegar, for sprinkling through apartments, during the prevalence of fevers or any contagious complaints, is made thus:—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk with it to destroy the acidity; let it subside, and, pouring off the liquid, dry the white powder in the sun, or by the fire. When perfectly dry, put it into a stone vessel, and pour upon it sulphuric acid, as long as white fumes continue to ascend.

To Cure Burns.—By laying a piece of charcoal on a burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions. The remedy is cheap and simple, and certainly deserves a trial.

To Remove Orange Spots or Mud Stains from Black Cloves or any Black Goods.—Wet the spots with pure spirits of hartshorn, and lay in the sun. Continue the process till the object is accomplished.

To Cure a Wart.—Scrape a carrot fine, and mix with salt, and apply it as a poultice five or six nights.

HOUSEHOLD.

Whitening Smoked Walls.—A method of cleaning and whitening smoked walls consists, in the first place, of rubbing off all the black, loose dirt upon them, by means of a broom, and then washing them down with a strong soda lye, which is to be afterward removed by means of water, to which a little hydrochloric acid has been added. When the walls are dry, a thin coating of lime, with the addition of a solution of alum, is to be applied. After this has become perfectly dry, the walls are to be coated with a solution of glue and chalk.

Danger in the Use of Benzine.—We beg to caution our readers against using the liquid called benzine, which is employed so freely for removing grease and stains from clothing, in proximity with flame. A very small quantity is capable of doing irreparable mischief. The contents of a four-ounce phial, if overturned and vaporized, would render the air of a moderate-sized room explosive; and, if ignited, a whole family might be seriously burned, or lose their lives from it. It should never be used in the vicinity of flame; and it is important to remember, that through the medium of the escaping vapor, flame will leap to it through a space of several feet. Benzine is often sold under various fanciful names; and, therefore, any article procured from druggists for removing oil or grease from fabrics, should be handled with the utmost care, and employed only in the daylight, and at a distance from the fire.

To Get Rid of Flies.—The following receipt will get rid of flies:—Mix together one part of black pepper, two of brown sugar, and four of cream; set it where the flies mostly congregate.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN SILK.—The apron-front is much wrinkled, and is edged with two plain ruffles; below this are four other scant ruffles, bound with velvet of a darker shade of brown. A bias band of velvet attaches the front to the back of the skirt, which is also trimmed with two ruffles like those that edge the apron. A square tunic, trimmed with bias velvet and chenille fringe, falls to these ruffles. The basque is much deeper in front than at the back, is open at the sides, and is trimmed with velvet and chenille fringe. Bonnet of brown crepe lisse, trimmed with a white feather and brown ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The front is trimmed with one deep ruffle, a narrow and a wide flounce of black lace, and bias bands of the silk. The train at the back is in the Directory style, has a puff at the back, and is ornamented with large buttons. The waist is rounded at the back, pointed in front, and open heart-shaped; that with the sleeves is trimmed with black lace.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF PALE STONE-COLORED MOHAIR.—The skirt is cut, and has a flounce sewn on the lower part, much deeper and fuller at the back than in front, and is headed by a full, wide ruch of violet-colored silk; a second and upper ruch of the violet silk comes quite high on the tournure at the back. The cuirass waist fits over the front and hips, where it is tied back by a broad violet silk sash. Silk of the same color trims the waist and sleeves.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is plain, and of dark blue silk. The over-dress is of bluish-gray de lège, and has a collar, waistband, pockets, and cuffs of the blue silk, and is trimmed down the front with two rows of pearl buttons. Gray felt hat.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of pink and gray-striped foulard, made without any trimming. The over-dress is of plain gray foulard, cut in points, bound with pink, and finished with a deep fringe. It is made deep in front and at the back, and is draped high up on the right side at the back, and lower down on the left side, with bows and ends of pink ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give a beautiful variety this month of novelties: a black-silk tunic and cuirass basque, richly embroidered in jet; a jet silk jacket of the cuirass shape, which is striped with jet galoon, and trimmed with a heavy jet fringe. We also give a beautiful open-worked tunic and jacket of écu muslin, heavy with English embroidery, to be worn either over a black or brown silk skirt. The jabot is of white lace, trimmed with pink ribbons and mother-of-pearl buckles; this is to be worn over a high-necked dress. The two hats are of the very latest styles—

the first is of English straw, trimmed with black velvet and pink plumes, and the second is a broad Leghorn flat, trimmed with a black velvet band and clusters of yellow roses. A veil of the thinnest gauze is fastened at the side, and is sufficiently long to draw over the face if needed.

SPRING TOILETS are now occupying the attention of our leading modistes, and many new materials are on view in their show-rooms. Among these, *Armure de Lyon*, and a thick make of foulard, take first rank; and there is no doubt but that all over-dresses, such as *Polonaises*, *redingotes*, *tabliers*, and *basque bodices*, will be *quadrille*, as the French term it. In plain English, they will be checks or plaids, for squares have evidently taken the place of stripes. Some few of the newest costumes are made entirely of the plaid material; but, for the most part, it is judiciously mixed with plain faille. The plaids are not regular; they do not look like even checks; on the contrary, they are broken and crossed with lines, more like the plaid patterns on tartan scarfs than plain checks. There is great variety in the designs, and, as a rule, the checks are somewhat large; they are either a very dark color with white, or else some shade of lège. A few contain three colors, such as brown and gray, with a prune stripe; pale-blue and navy-blue, with a still darker blue stripe; while others are navy-blue and white uneven plaid, with plain blue silk for sleeves and skirt. The *quadrille* silks begin with pin-head checks, and, to suit all tastes, they are manufactured in all sizes up to inch blocks. Some of the new plaid materials too closely resemble the patterns on Madras cotton handkerchiefs to be pretty, consequently, care should be taken in selecting. When plaid and plain silks are both used in the composition of a costume, the skirt is of the plain silk. The tunic, which is cut as a square *tablier*, is plaid, and the sleeves of the bodice are plaid.

But it is impossible to describe all the fascinating goods, and all the beautiful colors that make the shop-windows so enticing. Common calicoes, chintzes, percales, lawns, organdies, debrages, camel's-hair, mohair, pongees, spun silks, grenadines, gauzes, silks of the most bewildering hues, distract one by turns. All tastes, and all purses must be suited. Plaids will be most popular. They are novel at least, but we would caution all but tall, slender persons against their use, except it be plaids of the very smallest dimensions; and only short or medium-sized persons should wear stripes.

MANY LATE PARIS DRESSES are made with but little or no trimming on the skirt; a deep *basque* or *cuirass* waist, much trimmed serving for the ornament. But the ruffled and plaited over-skirts have taken such hold of the fancy of many of our fashionables, that they will be retained, though in a somewhat modified form during the summer.

ALL THE SPRING DRESSES, as we have said, show a tendency to less trimming, though the inevitable over-skirt is mostly worn in some shape, but very clinging to the figure. For the house, some dresses with long, narrow trains, have been made. The waist has wide revers, is rather short waisted, and, in fact, looks very much like fashions that were worn just after the French Revolution, and before the Empire style, with its mongrel classic fashion, was in vogue.

A quantity of silver and gilt ornament is to be worn. This looks well, if woven in rich materials; but when silver and gilt braids or beads are used very plentifully, they give a tawdry, theatrical appearance to the toilet.

MAXILLAS of various tasty shapes are being gradually revived, and many black ones are seen over colored dresses, a fashion which has been long extinct. The new *casques* fit the figure closely, and have a very long, pointed *basque* in front, which *basque* also encases the hips where it is shorter. These *casques* are made of the same material as the dresses, and are trimmed with fancy braid and fringe. We have seen a very successful spring costume made in this style, as

follows: The skirt was navy-blue faille, and trimmed at the back with flounces to the waist; the tunic was long and pointed in the centre, bordered with blue fringe, and with silver and blue plaited braid. The *Sciennien* *casaque* was ornamented with a similar braid. The form of *casaque* that fits the hips very closely is extremely graceful. Another style of make that is most popular consists of a black faille dress with long train, the plait in the centre of the back being very wide and studded with black faille bows; the front is pale-gray *matelassé*, surrounded with a band of black *marabout* feathers, and fastened down in front. The bodice entirely of gray *matelassé*, with black sleeves.

BONNETS AND HATS are of such varied shapes that it is quite impossible to describe them. Gilt and silver buckles, beads, and leaves, are seen on some of these, but want the freshness that the sweet spring flowers impart to the bonnets.

LINGERIE.—There is very little, if any, change in lingerie. Linen collars, with large points, are worn during the day, and plaitings of *crêpe lisse* for evening. Lace neck-tyes, arranged *en cascade*, white gauze neck-tyes, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and foulard neck-tyes, likewise edged with lace all round, are all to be seen. China *crêpe ficus* are extremely popular; and the newest petticoats for evening wear are overlaid with trimmings—plaitings, embroidery, and lace. It is reported that Byron collars and cuffs will be worn; and that the fashion of wearing linen cuffs outside the sleeve is about to be revived. An effort will be made to bring in colored cambric collars and cuffs, such as blue, brown, and gray, with a flower embroidered at the corners. For the present, the forms that collars take are endless; they are made with small revers, with large revers, with ruffles of nainsook or muslin inside; while the diversity in cravats is quite as bewildering. Handkerchiefs, with quaint, odd borders, are sought after for morning wear; but lace handkerchiefs are now almost one solid piece of lace, the cambric centre being reduced to infinitesimal proportions. Valenciennes lace is still the favorite, although Mechlin competes with it for popularity.

JEWELRY.—Fashion is very capricious at present in jewelry. Large lockets are no longer to be seen in full evening dress; diamond and pearl necklaces have taken their place, and above the necklet a ribbon, the color of the dress, is tied in front with a small bow. The favorite earrings are large single pearls. Many bracelets are worn at a time, and always two *porte-bonheur* ones in either plain gold, diamond, or turquoises. Lastly, a butterfly, or humming-bird, inscribed in precious stones, is always worn on the bouquet that adorns one side or other of the bodice.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF FIFTEEN.—The skirt is of Swiss muslin, and has seven ruffles, simply hemmed. The over-dress is of the apron shape, hemmed on the edge. *Cuirass* waist of white silk, striped with white jet galoon. Lace may be employed in place of the jet. The sleeves are short, and the neck square in front, but high on the shoulders.

FIG. II.—BOY'S DRESS OF GRAY DE BEGE.—The skirt is laid in deep plaits all around, except in front, which is of a square apron style. The deep jacket and vest are also of the gray de beige. Gray felt hat.

FIG. III.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS OF DARK-BLUE CAMBRIC, edged with white embroidery, above which is a line of white braid. The waist crosses from the right to the left, and is edged with the embroidery.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S COSTUME OF FAWN-COLORED KERSEYMERE.—The trousers reach to just below the knee; and the short blouse is belted loosely with a band of the kersye-mere.

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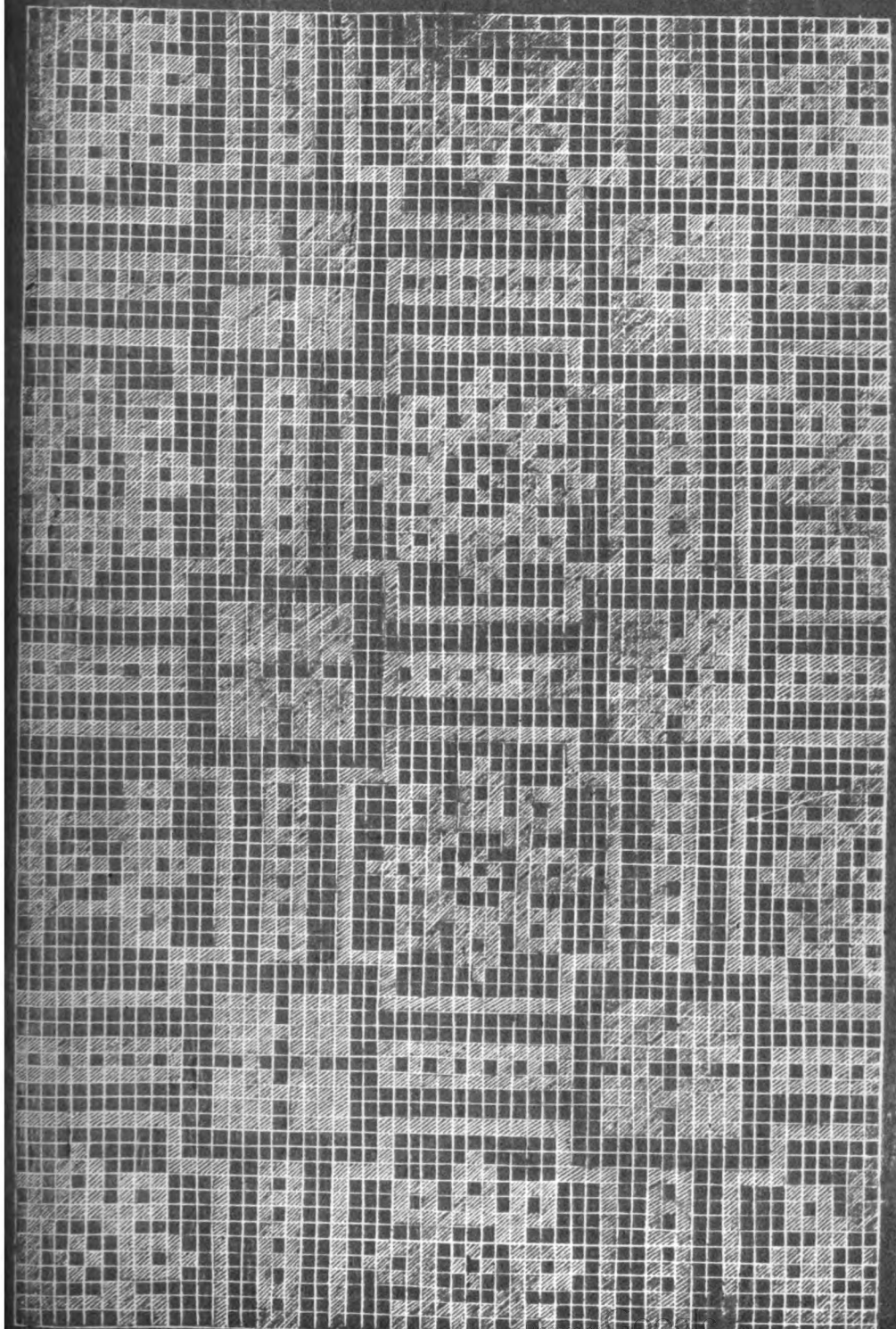
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[See the Story.]



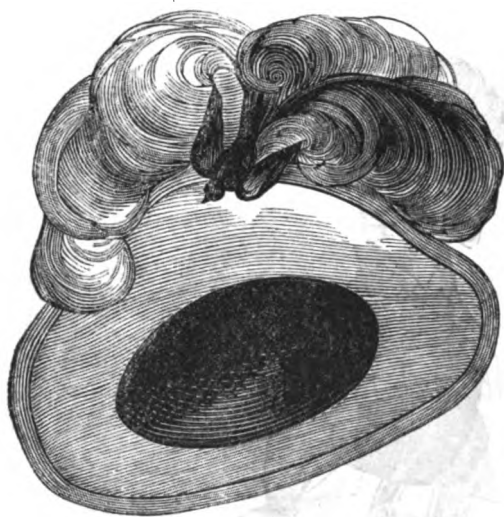
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.



LATEST STYLE FOR RIDING-DRESS.



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FALL HEAD-DRESS-BACK. NEW STYLE FOR BONNET.



BALL HEAD-DRESS—FRONT. NEW STYLE FOR BONNET.

Eugénie



Christina

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HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER. INITIALS.

SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

Words by J. H. PLANCHE.

Music by J. RIVIERE.

PIANO.



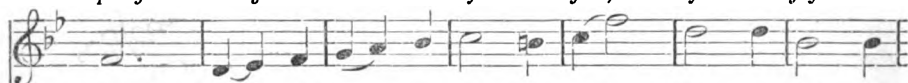
Chorus. Spring! Spring! gen - tle



1 Spring!	Spring!	gen - tle
2 Spring!	Spring!	gen - tle
3 Spring!	Spring!	gen - tle



Spring! Young - est sea - son of the year, Life and joy to



Spring!	Young - est sea - son of the year,	Hith - er haste and
Spring!	Gus - ty March be - fore thee flies,	Gloom - y win - ter
Spring!	'Neath thy balm - y ver - nal show'rs	Flow' - rets blow, and



Na - ture bring, Na - ture's dar - ling, haste thee, love! Fine.



with thee bring	A - pril with her smile and tear;
ban - ish - ing,	Clear - ing for thy path the skies.
bir - dies sing	Car - ols to thy length' - ning hours.



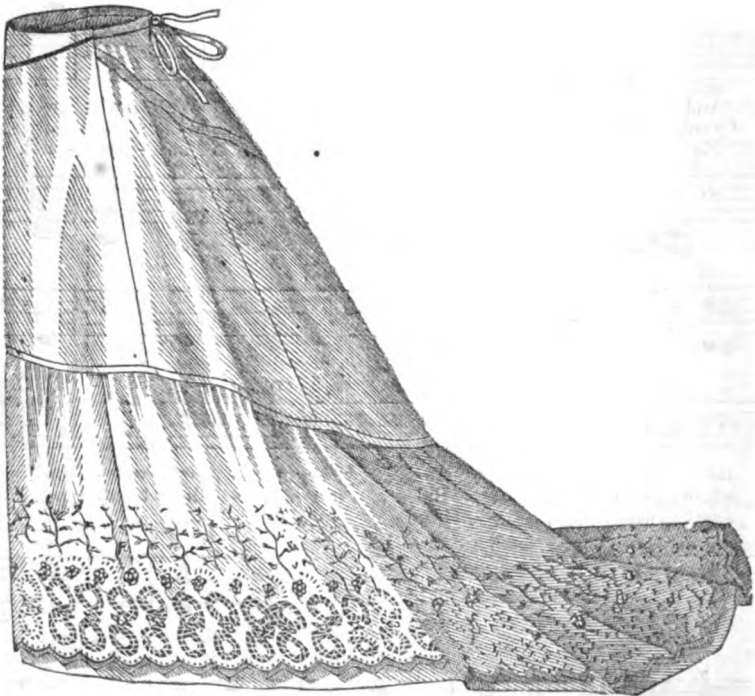
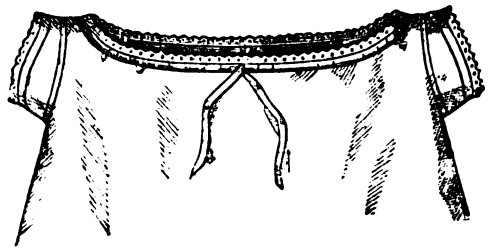
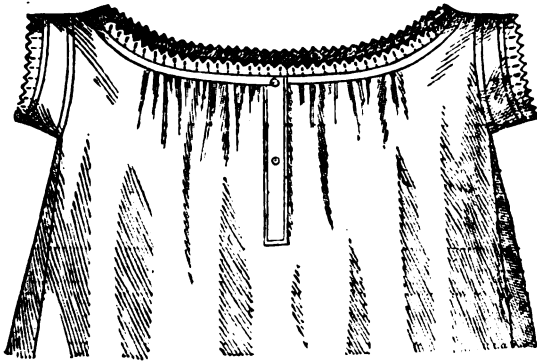
SPRING! GENTLE SPRING!

Hand in hand with jo - cund May, Bent on keep - ing
Flocks, and herds, and meads, and bow'rs For thy gra - cious
Daf - fo - dil and vio - let blue, Cy - cla - nien and

hol - i - day. With thy dai - sy di - a - dem,
pres - ence long! Come, and fill the fields and flow'rs,
Eg - lan - tine, For - get - me - not with a - zure blue,

And thy robe of bright - est green, We will wel - come
Come, and fill the groves with song; Make the or - chard
Ro - ses that with wood - bine twine, Pin - per - nel, and

cres. - - - *D. C. Chorus.*
thee and then, As ye've ev - er wel - com'd been.
white with bloom, Bid the haw - thorn breathe per - fume.
sweet wild thyme, Haste to greet thy gift sub - lime.
cres. - - -



PETTICOAT FOR TRAIN DRESS. CHEMISES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1875.

No. 6.

ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"DEAR ME, Mrs. Mason! you are the envy of the neighborhood," said Mrs. Sharpe, as she seated herself in an easy chair, in her friend's cozy sitting-room.

"How so, Mrs. Sharpe? Is every one coveting my splendid baby?" And young Mrs. Mason caught up the little one, who crept to her feet at the entrance of a stranger, cuddling him close in her arms.

"No; it is another member of your household. We covet your laundress. Here you and Minnie and baby, are always in the freshest of muslins, or cambrics, or percales, while the rest of us are forced to wear these hot, unwashable, summer goods, just because of the trouble we have in getting your kind done up. Our Hannah can iron Charley's linen well enough; but let me put a white suit in the wash for myself, and I never wish to see it again. It is sure to be twice as stiff as it should be, and all pulled out of shape in the ironing. I sometimes think she takes particular pains to do it badly, so I shall not be encouraged in wearing such clothes. But where did you find such a jewel of a laundress as you have? I should think she would not condescend to peel potatoes, when she understands this fine art so perfectly."

"I try to keep the laundress I employ in as good order as I can. She never grumbles nor puts on airs to me; and I have employed her these three years."

Mrs. Sharpe looked a little puzzled. She was sure Bridget had not been over six months in her friend's employ.

"Oh! I see. You put your washing out of the house. I would gladly do that if I could afford it."

"No, not at all. I do up the fine pieces myself, Mrs. Sharpe."

Her friend looked incredulous.

"Is it possible that all this dainty, clear-starch-

ing, and ironing, and fluting, is your handiwork? Do you really work over the ironing-table, these hot days? And, worse still, over the wash-tub, beforehand, to bring the articles to such a perfection of whiteness?"

"I do not work over them much, in the heat of the day, Lillian; but I do in the cool of the morning. Bridget washes all the coarser articles, and I never meddle with the business on her day. I don't think it would be for the profit of either of us. When her washing and ironing is done, I gather up my basket of fine clothes—my own, and Minnie's, and baby's, I mean, for Bridget irons the shirts very well—and go about my washing by sunrise. I have reduced the thing to ascience: have a steam washer, and wringer, the finest white soap, which does not injure the hands at all, and with my stationary tubs in the kitchen, the work is as pleasant as play-washing used to be, when I was a child. Bridget, of course, waits upon me, and hangs out the clothes, which are fluttering on the line by six o'clock. No great hardship, I think, when I have the rest of the day to myself. That evening I sprinkle and fold them down, and the next morning, bright and early, am ready for my ironing. That is a longer task, but I enjoy it. It is such a pleasure to see the clothes'—horse filled with the freshly-ironed pieces, which add so much to the comfort of all my family."

"How did you ever find out that you could do it, Mary? Did it come to you all at once?"

"I guess not. I had as hard a time as any one, until Minnie was four years old. I used to choose her little dresses, with an eye to economy in washing, until she looked like a little old woman. I hated it, and so did Mr. Mason, for he has a passion for white clothing in the summer. 'Any color, so it is white,' he says, when I consult him about a new dress. White, I find, with him, means anything which gives you the

general impression of white, and embraces a very wide range of light goods. One day, in a great emergency, I undertook to do up a dress of Minnie's, and succeeded so well that I tried it again. I ventured on a piece or two of my own, and they looked so much better than the girl's work, that I was encouraged to go on."

"Well, really," said her friend. "You surprise me."

Mrs. Mason laughed, lightly, as she replied,

"I find it a great deal neater and pleasanter work than making wax flowers and fruit; and it gives much better returns of satisfaction. I reasoned that if I could learn fancy work so readily, I could certainly take up this very womanly fine art, and perfect myself in it. My husband had not much faith in the movement, but consented to get me such conveniences as I thought would be an advantage, and I keep on adding to them, as I came across them."

"But is it not lowering yourself before the servant?"

"Oh, no! It gives you, really, a feeling of independence of these autocratic Bridgets. If you can wash and iron, you can indulge in as many fresh suits as you like without consulting their pleasure in the least. If there is any lesson I will teach my daughter, it is to wash and iron elegantly. I know it is not common, but I put it a long way ahead of oil painting, penciling, or even music. A woman can get along very comfortably through life without a knowledge of these; but without skill in doing up her muslins, she must often wear them soiled, or be obliged to have instead, unseasonable, uncomfortable garments. Of course, I speak of those who cannot afford to send out of the house articles which they wish to have done up in a superior manner. Even then, unless one lives in a city, they cannot be sure of getting work done well. There is only one person here who can iron Mrs. Baker's baby's robes to suit her. They are embroidered so profusely, that it would not be safe to trust one of the expensive things with a common washerwoman. She found out that Jane was offended at something, and would not wash for her any more. She went to her old cabin, with tears in her eyes, and begged her to come back, and take the washing again. But Jane is stubborn, and would not do it. So the clothes are sent by express to and from Philadelphia every week. If I was obliged to earn my living again, I should certainly apply for Mrs. Bates' washing, in preference to teaching, as I used to do."

"It sounds rather shocking to hear you go on so," said Mrs. Sharpe; "but you have cer-

tainly made a fine art of about the last thing one would ever have thought of refining. I should not be surprised to see you take up scrubbing next, and find that a very poetical occupation."

"I do a great deal of that on my washing days. The suds is so nice and white, after I am through, I gather up baby's cart and wheelbarrow, and drop them into the tub, and give them a good scrubbing. Then comes the kitchen chairs, as likely as not, and perhaps a window-sill, or door-step. It gives one such a feeling of comfort afterward. I really do enjoy it wonderfully."

"But—I ask again—don't you find it a disadvantage, to invade Bridget's domain so much? Excuse me, but does it not tend to make her less civil and useful?"

"Quite the reverse. You should see the look of respect with which she stands by the table, and watches my fluting of an over-skirt. I often say, afterward, 'I land over your ruffles, Bridget, if you want to have them crimped.' She steps about quick, and is sure to have them in some cupboard handy. I ironed her white dress to wear to her sister's wedding; and it was a satisfaction to her that her ruffling was the 'most illigant at the party,' as she said. They excelled even those of the bride herself."

"I have never yet found that it lowers you in the esteem of servants to have them discover that you know more about their business than they do. The fine arts of housewifery invariably command their respect."

"Your theories sound well, Mary, and your practice is certainly beautiful. I mean to make a small venture in your ironing line to-morrow, and see what luck I have with a boxful of soiled ruffles. I will report on my success afterward. If I get along to white waists for myself, I mean to have indemnity for my past destitution. I will indulge in a fresh one, every day, if they are not too much trouble to iron."

"Not half the trouble it is to do without them, when you wish for them. Nothing seems so cool and comfortable these hot days. I wish you the best success, and will lend you my fluting-iron, any day, and show you how to use it."

"Thank you for the offer. I shall be sure to accept it, as fluting is my great admiration. I don't know that I ever had a yard of it on anything, except now and then a new ruche, which I always wore as long as my sense of propriety would allow, knowing that was the last of its beauty, when sent to the wash-tub."

"Good-by, Mrs. Mason! Look to see me ruffled like a pigeon, next time you come to see me. I am determined to cast off these stiff, summer

mohairs, and all that sort of goods; if once I succeed, that is."

"You can't fail, Lillian, if you only go about the work with determination. A girl with your skill at the piano, and such a hand at coconut cake——"

Lillian ran laughing down the steps, and wended her way homeward, determined to add another to the various fine arts in which she was most accomplished. She was a girl with considerable Yankee blood in her veins; and she

was not likely to give up an enterprise like that, in which her heart was so set, for one or two difficulties. A month later she bade fair to surpass her good friend and instructor; and never to this day has she regretted the lessons of those pleasant summer mornings.

I know two or three other young ladies, and young mothers, in comfortable circumstances, who have leisure and talent enough to acquire what would add so greatly to their convenience and independence, this ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE OBELISK AT ST. PETER'S,

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

High o'er the Square, St. Peter's bell is tolling,
With quick'ning peals and fast.
Then all is hushed! save one last carriage rolling,
Or late priest hurrying past.

I stand beneath the Obelisk. Half dreaming,
I hear the fountains play;
And vaguely watch them shooting up, and gleaming,
And drifting off in spray.

And then they vanish; and there stretch before me
The sand-hills and the Nile.
The awful Sphinx, the Pyramids rise o'er me.
Far glitters Philae's isle.

From out the sedge the startled ibis fitting,
With harsh cry soars away.
The sunset burns on hoary Memnon, sitting,
Watching the centuries gray.

I see long trains of camels coming, going;
The palm-trees rustle—— No!
The dream has fled: it is the fountains flowing,
And plashing as they flow.

And lo! of all that marvellous vision, only
The Obelisk remains;

And carved there, sentry of the ages lonely,
"Christ lives, Christ rules, Christ reigns."

Yes! Isis and Osiris, vain immortals,
Like shrieking ghosts have fled;
The desert sand silts up their temple portals,
And all their gods are dead.

He lives. Olympus at His coming thundered.
In vain! Men stood aghast.
When mighty Jove, with crash of continents Sundered,
Went down in chaos vast.

He rules. Here, where the martyrs died undaunted,
'Mid shouts of heathen rage,
Yon dome aspires, and holy psalms are chaunted,
And shall be, age on age.

He reigns. Where'er his Sacred Word is spoken,
His earnest life began,
Wrong writhes and dies; th' oppressor's chain is broken;
The god-like comes to man.

And when these worlds, these systems, wrecked are lying;
When Time itself is spent;
Still shall He live, and rule, and reign, undying,
LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT!

A QUESTION.

BY MRS. ATWOOD.

UNDER the willow,
Down by the gate,
Katie is waiting,
Some one is late;
Footsteps are coming,
Can it be he?
No, they have stopped
At the butternut tree.
Nine o'clock strikes,
It is too late,
Katie no longer
Will wait at the gate;
She tosses her head,
Heart full of scorn,
Why should I care?
I shall not mourn.

Men are so false,
He must be taught,
There are fish in the sea
Good as ever were caught."
So she runs up the steps
With a smile and a song,
That no one may dream
There is anything wrong.
Not so fast, Katie,
I hear the gate,
Some one is coming,
Although it is late.
Men may be false,
While women are true;
But I think Jack is faithful
Katie, don't you?

TOO AMIABLE BY HALF.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THERE was one point concerning which I never attempted to deceive myself, or get up the slightest momentary delusion. I was a stupid girl, and I knew it. I do not mean to write Best Anderson down a fool, by any means. I never was that, even in my slowest days; and nobody called me silly. I think I have used the correct word without noticing it. I was *slow*. I had comprehension enough, but it did not act quickly. It took me three times as long, when a child, to learn my lessons as it did the others; but there was one thing, a fact, at length stowed away in my memory, remained there. This consoled me somewhat. I always liked a joke. I do now; but, as a rule, it puzzles me at first, and I only begin to laugh just as other people have finished. At least I used to, of course, unless taken by surprise. I have gained wisdom sufficient to laugh first, and wait till I am quiet again to understand the matter.

I was the youngest of a rather large family, with several years between me and the son who was nearest my age. I was really and truly christened Best; it was a fancy of my poor mother's. They said it came about in this way. Before my birth, my father was involved in business-difficulties, which threatened to ruin him utterly; and the dear mother was quite nervous, and anxious at the thought of a sixth baby coming into the world at a moment so inauspicious. But it seems I insisted upon being born all the same. I think I must have exhausted my obstinacy in that struggle, for nobody has ever accused me of being stubborn, or at least inconsiderate of others. My father happened to be absent that day, and did not return until I was eight-and-forty hours old, and—my old nurse told me afterward—the reddest thing she ever saw, short of a boiled lobster. It appears that the mother was quite apologetic for my being there at all. I really must remark, in passing, that I have often noticed such trouble on the part of wives, and it has always immensely tickled my slow sense of humor, that idea of being apologetic to one's lord and master for the intrusion of his own baby! It strikes me as letting the masculine privilege of grumbling go rather far; and I have occasionally wondered that some adventurous feminine spirit has never set the example of claiming it, where such matters are concerned.

However, it seems that my father was very tender of her, and absolutely kissed me, which, I am told, is a greeting fathers do not always bestow on their sixth children, professing to be delighted, and when the mother murmured something about "the last," (whatever she meant,) he added, cheerfully,

"And the best;" and mamma was so charmed, that she gave me that for a name.

Poor mother! She died when I was a little over two years old. I think I remember her—I like to think so, at least. My father remained a widower until after I was five; then the two oldest girls married—one at eighteen, the other almost a year younger; and, as they had been good, womanly creatures, who had taken care of matters very nicely, papa was quite at a loss, for there were three growing boys and useless me to be thought of. Before this time he was richer than ever; but money, as many a widower has learned, will not always make a comfortable home.

So, everybody said papa ought to marry, and he rather groaned at the prospect. He had loved his dead wife very dearly; and, besides that, had a horror of step-mothers from the recollection of his own. Moreover, papa began to think of himself as elderly (he was only forty-two) and there is still a good deal of life, often full of odd experiences yet, before one at that age.

What should happen to papa but to fall in love again. Yes, indeed, and with a dear, good woman as ever lived. Aunt Mary (she never would let us be forced to call her mother,) was about twenty-seven; a handsome girl—gay, fond of society, and all that. But she married my father, and did it because she loved him; and they were happy together.

In the winter, they went to New York, or Washington; in the summer, we lived at a lovely country place near West Point.

When I was about fourteen, poor Aunt Mary was thrown from her horse, and injured her spine so terribly that it was doubtful if she could ever walk again.

I was ready to do all I could: and many a woman, even an own mother, would have let me become a regular slave, either by her sofa, or in the charge of the house. Aunt Mary would hear of nothing of the sort. Nurse Waters was appointed to devote herself solely to the invalid,

and Aunt Mary managed to have the household go more comfortably on, and was still its director.

I wish I could tell you what patience she showed in her sufferings—and she suffered martyrdom. I cannot think of them without tears. But, after awhile, there used to come intervals of repose from pain; and, in spite of all, I think Aunt Mary never regarded herself as a woman especially to be pitied. My father fairly spent his life in her rooms. Her friends came to visit her. She was wonderfully cultivated, and had no end of resources in herself; and so the days went by, and Aunt Mary, by dint of never being an hour in advance to take its trouble twice over, still made existence tolerable to herself, and was like a sunbeam to everybody else.

So I got to be eighteen.

An hour has passed since I wrote that last paragraph. I wanted to remember how I looked at that age; so I laid down my pen and went off into the morning-room to study a portrait, which was painted of me that summer. I stood examining the picture, until I forgot my errand in the absorbing recollections which lie so far back, (for I am thirty-five now,) that they seem absolutely to belong to another life.

But the portrait.

It is not a beautiful face; but I think it worth looking at all the same. The eyes are too sad; the mouth has a weary, patient expression, which does not belong to that age; the rose-tints in the cheeks are too faint; but the whole countenance is brightened by a great cloud of auburn hair (my one real beauty) and which I always wore in those days—to please Aunt Mary, who was very proud of my *chevelure*—in heavy, waving masses down my back. I was not sad by temperament; as a rule, I was cheerful, if not gay, though subject to moods of an almost morbid melancholy, which I fought against with all my might and main.

Nurse always said I got that wistful, troubled expression of countenance from the poor dead mother—the melancholy too; for all the dark months before my birth she suffered great physical pain, added to the heavy mental burdens caused by the trouble which menaced my father, and threatened to wreck the fortune of her children. I was pretty well educated, thanks to Aunt Mary, who never lost patience with my slowness, and always superintended my studies. I had no marked talents. I was a conscientious musician, and an understanding one; but it was always work, not inspiration. I could not draw, and I was only a moderate linguist; but I think in everything I tried to do my best; and Aunt

Mary seldom let a day go by without encouraging me by saying that I was “twice Best, once by name, and once by nature.” And papa loved me, and so did my brother, though, of course, they teased me a great deal; and, altogether, I was very happy.

Then Cousin Tom went away to Europe. Of course, I missed him terribly; but I could not let that make me unhappy, because it was right he should travel, and see foreign countries, before settling down to the duties of his profession. He had got to be twenty-two then.

I perceive that I am a very clumsy story-teller, for I have flung Cousin Tom abruptly at your heads, forgetting I had not previously mentioned him. But you must have patience with me, for I told you in the beginning that I was slow.

Cousin Tom was not my cousin in the least. He was a distant relative of Aunt Mary, who had been left his guardian soon after her marriage; so that Tom had been as much at home in the house as my brothers themselves. We grew up together. Tom was always my defender. Tom was my child-lover and my boy husband; and when I first knew that he was to be my real one, when we became man and woman, I am sure I cannot tell.

Oddly enough the matter seemed to be as completely settled in the minds of our elders as in our own. Aunt Mary told me this, when, after he came back from college, Tom and I were regularly engaged. We were to be married when I should reach twenty.

My dear old Tom! how fond everybody was of him. No human being could help it. Handsome Tom Harcourt he was usually called, greatly to Aunt Mary's displeasure. Indeed, though she loved him truly, she was the one stern judge Tom found; and the only times in my life that I ever felt a grievance against her, (I could not feel angry) were on Tom's account.

My father indulged him much more than he did his own boys, feeling, I suppose, that he had less responsibility: and my brothers, though two of them were older than he, yielded to Tom's wishes and Tom's opinions, as if he had been Mentor, instead of the wildest young fellow that lived, with a capability of getting into scrapes which I never saw equalled.

He was as clever as he was handsome; too clever, Aunt Mary vowed. His talents were so versatile, that she said the fact of being able to do so many things well without trouble, would, unless he took great heed, prevent his attaining real excellence in any one line. But none of the rest of us believed this, and Tom no more than we.

He was a brilliant student; but he lacked ap-

plication, and, instead of graduating at nineteen, as my brothers did, he was past twenty-one when he left college, and rather in disgrace with Aunt Mary; for he had once been rusticated, and once narrowly escaped expulsion, just from tricks which his inordinate love of fun led him into. But when Tom told his own side of the story, he did it in so droll a fashion that, though Aunt Mary would not laugh, (the rest of us were almost in fits; I never heard papa laugh so) she was too wise to be other than gentle and considerate.

But Tom got a long lecture from her before he went to Europe; he told me of it himself, adding,

"I shall never forget it. I mean to begin to be steady now."

She reminded him his fortune was so moderate that he needed to work hard in his profession; that he had taken a solemn vow upon himself; that my future happiness lay in his hands.

"You have a good heart, Tom," she said; "but you are fickle, carried away by impulses, always meaning to do right, but never beginning. Tom, Tom, take care that the Bible saying does not come true in your case, 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.' Tom, if any trouble should come to my Best through you, I think I never could forgive you. I know that I never could forgive myself."

She said a great deal more, too; and I was shocked and grieved that she could even imagine such horrible possibilities, which I knew could not be possible. But Tom laughed gayly, and said she was a dear old thing, and I a dear little goose, and he a bad boy, who meant to do better. Better, indeed! As if Tom's worst was not far beyond than anybody else's highest excellence.

So Tom sailed for Europe, and the months went on. He traveled far and wide. There came such good accounts of him from friends who met him; his letters were so frequent (my private ones did not count) that even Aunt Mary was as loud almost as the others in her praise, and her belief for his future.

He sailed in the end of February. That summer Pauline Ford came to visit us. She was my cousin, though I had never seen her before; that is to say, she was the daughter of a half-sister of my father. The Fords had lived for years in Italy. Pauline was born there, and I had scarcely ever heard their names mentioned. Mrs. Ford had made a fierce quarrel with my father about property, and after that Mr. Ford, I believe, did not behave well in regard to some other money matters; but papa never talked of those things.

Well, suddenly, there reached us a letter from Pauline. Her parents were both dead. She had come to England, and meant to return to America.

Her mother, on her death-bed, had bidden her write to her uncle, regretting that she herself could not write, to say how sorry she was that she had ever misjudged him. Pauline's letter was a beautiful one. She wanted, not help, but advice. She was left poor. She wished to earn her own living; but she desired to feel that, in coming to her native land, which she had never seen, there would be a welcome for the orphan from her mother's relatives. She appeared to know all about us. Some friends of ours had told her; and if she had lived half her life with papa and Aunt Mary, she could not have known better how to make her appeal so as to touch their warmest feelings; aye, and their weaknesses; for they were only human, like the rest of us.

Papa wrote to her; Aunt Mary wrote; I wrote (I am afraid mine was a shy, stiff, stupid letter) and they promised her a warm welcome, and much love. We got news that she was to sail by a certain steamer. When the vessel was telegraphed, papa went down to New York to meet her.

My father had counted up the years, and found that Pauline must be about twenty-five; so I expected to see almost an old maid. Twenty-five looks old to eighteen.

Well, she came—the most fascinating girl I ever beheld; not regularly handsome, but with such wonderful eyes, such teeth, such smiles, such power of conversation, such witcheries in every way, that I could no more describe them than I could paint her portrait.

Now, when I tell you that in a month Pauline Ford was the ruling spirit, not only in our house, but among all our circle of friends, and the neighborhood was a large one, I do not exaggerate.

Her avowed intention had been to go out as governess. She believed that she had no right to waste her life—to be dependent on others. How it came about heaven and Pauline may know, I do not; but before the summer ended, she was definitely established in our home. My father had become convinced that Aunt Mary wanted a companion. Aunt Mary had become convinced that papa wished for an older person than I as head of the house; Both were convinced that I needed Pauline "to finish me." She spoke French and Italian like a native; she sang like an angel; she painted like an artist. She was willing to stay if she could be of more use there than elsewhere; it would be a plain duty. There was no nonsense about her; she accepted a fixed salary, and it was a very large one, as it ought to have been, considering what she undertook. The housekeeper, after being supposed faithful for years, was discovered to have been "feather-

ing her nest" beautifully. Pauline found it out in going over accounts for Aunt Mary. The case was plain, though the housekeeper swore the figures in the books had been altered.

So Pauline took the charge of matters herself. She gave me lessons. Altogether, the sum made up by the relinquishing the masters and all, reached twelve hundred dollars a year.

The house went on by clock-work. We had more company than usual—papa found it would be good for Aunt Mary—and Pauline was like the mistress, and a charming one she made. Nobody but I had a shadow of fault to find with her, and I only one so vague that I was ashamed to speak of it. She was too amiable by half. Somehow, I could not believe in her sincerity; it was so easy for her to be "all things to all men." As I look back, I feel sure that I was never either envious or jealous of her. She petted me immensely; did her best with my poor talents; invented pretty dresses for me; praised me incessantly; but, somehow, she made me feel a mere child; and papa, and even Aunt Mary, who had begun to treat me like a woman, seemed to get the same idea; and never did I feel my shyness and awkwardness so keenly, though Pauline said they would pass. Somehow, Aunt Mary rather felt them, too, though she was as loving and tender as ever. Only Pauline was so much more a companion for her than I, that I was more thrown on my own society than ever in my life.

Of course, Pauline knew all about my engagement from the first. The very day after her arrival she discovered me copying a portrait of Tom in crayons. She came upon me suddenly. When I looked up she was studying the picture with an odd smile. The whole story came out naturally. There was no reason for secrecy with her, though the engagement was still considered private.

That autumn there were great changes. We had never gone to town to live since Aunt Mary's invalid days began; but this year we went. The doctor had an idea Aunt Mary had set her heart on it. Aunt Mary had an idea that papa thought she was worse, and must have variety. Papa had an idea that he had been keeping his wife stationary longer than was necessary or pleasant to her; and I had an idea that all the alterations were for my sake, and felt horribly guilty, though I did not venture to speak for fear of distressing my pastors and masters, after their good-nature in sacrificing themselves for me.

Papa's town-house was leased; but, fortunately, the man wished to give it up; so we got it again. There were to be some new carpets bought. Papa and I decided that when we went over the house

with Pauline. Those new carpets resulted in refurnishing the place from top to bottom. Who was the means of it, not one of us could have told! Papa thought it an extravagance of his, Aunt Mary and I thought it ours. It was a pleasant winter. Aunt Mary was still nailed to her sofa; but she could be wheeled into the drawing-rooms; and, to my unsophisticated mind, we passed a very gay season.

Pauline had been now a year and a half in mourning. Papa suddenly discovered that she ought to put it aside, and so did I; and Aunt Mary joined us. And Pauline yielded, "because we wished it." She was much admired, and a great favorite; but she had to be told it was "her duty," in order to persuade her to go out; and then she only went to play elder sister for my benefit. But what between my being stupid and somebody—of course, one of our country neighbors—spreading the report that I was already engaged, I did not create sensation enough to turn my head, though, if people had time to know me, they were good enough to think I was tolerably nice; and I had a pleasant winter.

Aunt Mary gave me a coming-out party; and I was horrified to find that I had made her think I expected it—I could not imagine how. Papa insisted on musical evenings, because Mary enjoyed them, and Mary insisted on jolly late suppers to an intimate circle of agreeable people, because papa liked them.

I think each of us three was privately astonished to find how many whims he or she had developed; but we believed they *were* ours, and were content.

Pauline was the life of the house, and helped each of us in our caprices to her full ability, and that was limitless. She had personally a charming position in society: and everybody knew that she only entered the world to please us. She had several offers, not fortunes; but she said she never meant to marry. She was a predestined old maid, who had already found her mission, about which she used to talk in the most amusing way, and put on papa's eye-glasses, and wrinkle her face, to show us how she would look when she got elderly and strong-minded.

Before spring came, I was dreadfully perplexed; with one side of me I adored Pauline, with the other I doubted her. Papa and Aunt Mary had only one side where she was concerned, and they considered her an angel of goodness and mercy. I could not reconcile matters; but I had always known I was slow. Pauline a saint, Pauline going to daily service, attentive to Aunt Mary, taking me out, sacrificing herself for us, was one thing. Yet I knew that Sophy Moore

was engaged to John Henderson, and Sophy got so jealous of Pauline that she broke off the match. I knew that Mr. James was not to be invited to the house, because he had a bad reputation, yet Pauline was on good terms with him. I knew—but, bless me, my knowing changed nothing; and I was so confused that I could not be certain what I knew, except that I must be making mistakes if I believed ill of Pauline.

But I did. How ashamed I was! I did mistrust her, and set it down to envy and jealousy, and adored her all the more, to make up for my wickedness; and she told me my faults, and forgave them, and left me more conscience-stricken than ever. What completed my humiliation was the fact that papa, who had the reputation of being rather cynical and suspicious, and Aunt Mary, who, if she had a fault, was too clear-sighted as to people's motives, believed wholly in Pauline.

The winter went by. Spring came. It was the middle of May before we returned to our country-home. By this time, I think, if I had considered that Pauline was employed entirely on my account, I should have found courage to tell papa or Aunt Mary that I thought myself quite old enough to be done with lessons, and, indeed, where other matters were concerned, to get on by myself. But I knew, now, that whatever they might think, Pauline was essential to their comfort, and I could not speak. Besides, Pauline needed a home; and however courageous she might be, however determined not to remain anywhere, unless "her poor services, when used to the utmost, were absolutely a necessity," she ought not lightly to be told that there was no longer a need thereof.

But, indeed, as spring approached, Pauline rather took the thing into her own hands, and left me a great deal to myself.

"You don't need me," she said, "and Aunt Mary does. Amuse yourself, little one, and leave the commonplace, shady side of life to me; I am used to it."

And, after that day, somehow, Aunt Mary insisted on sparing me more and more from attendance on her; was always inventing excuses for me, and sending me away from her room. I was too young to be tied there; my health would suffer; and I submitted, without a word, because I believed she preferred Pauline's society to mine. Yet, during many hours of each day almost, Pauline was making visits, or going out somewhere; and I had to go, too; and the things always seemed done for my benefit, or else because Aunt Mary appeared so certain that I desired the amusement, that I dared not say a word.

Spring came, and we went back to Sunny Hill. Summer came, and brought Tom with it. Tom, grown older, and handsomer, and more delightful in every way; only, from the first, not quite the Tom of old times. But, of course, everybody, except a "slow" person, would have expected travel to make changes. He was quite an elegant, dashing man now, with a long, curling, brown mustache, and could talk about every place in Europe, and the East. And as Pauline was the only person of the household who had visited all those famous haunts, naturally they had a great deal to converse about, which was Greek to poor me, familiar as books and photographs had made me with scenes, and pictures, and famous statues.

It was a gay summer, too. The neighboring country-houses were filled with guests. A new hotel had been opened down at the lake; that was full, too. We went out a great deal—we three young people—and had many parties at home. Pauline gained numerous new admirers, and papa was always laughing at her about them, especially old Mr. Venable, who was sixty-eight, and walked with a stick, on account of rheumatic gout. Pauline was very kind and attentive to him; just another proof of her good heart, people said. Time went on, and a cloud rose between Tom and me. It had been decided that he need not go seriously to work till autumn; so he spent the summer with us.

If I were to say I was jealous, I should not express my meaning. Had I really believed that anything had come between Tom's heart and his love for me, I should have had courage enough to act; but I did not really think this. I only thought he had grown so much older and manlier, that my unformed girlishness—I seemed so young and childish—disturbed him a little.

I tried to appear older, and one day did my hair into a chignon, to seem more womanly; and hideous I looked, and everybody laughed except Tom, who rather pouted me for several hours.

Pauline did fearful execution among the men; but, somehow, nobody called her a flirt, or, if they did, Aunt Mary, confined to her house, and papabland as a bat, never saw anything for themselves; and neither were of the order of persons to whom the boldest gossip would have ventured to whisper a syllable.

I have almost reached the limits I had set myself in the matter of space, so I must skip details and the record of my own feelings, and reach the *denouement*. It was not very long coming, though it seems to me that I suffered in advance enough to have filled up an ordinary lifetime. The worst of all was to be forced to despise myself, and I

did, for I was jealous. Yes, I was jealous. I had never thought such weakness possible. I had said, the moment I could reach that pass, love would be dead, and so jealousy out of the question. Theories are very fine, and mine were as fine as those of other people: but I end where I began—I was jealous. I did not know it. I did not give that name to the sentiment. But I was; and, God help me, I had reason. Yes, I had. Oh, my poor Tom! My foolish, weak, capricious Tom, whose heart (I really believe now) was mine all the while, only his fancy was so wayward and so strong, that when it chose to assert itself, he believed it actually the voice of his soul, and only found out his mistake when it was too late.

The end was about like this; and it is only the consummation you will care for. I had been for a long walk. Tom had not come to accompany me as he promised, so I set off alone; and I suppose, just because I was vexed, I walked much further than I ought; for I had not been very strong that summer, and good old Dr. Butler had warned me against fatiguing myself.

But I walked as far as the Dell; a beautiful nook in a wood nearly four miles from the house. Suddenly I found that I was dreadfully tired, and sat down to rest. It was a lovely day at the end of August. There had been a great deal of rain the week before, and the weather was cool and pleasant. I sat down, and before I knew it I was fast asleep. How long I slept I do not know; but I was awakened by the sound of voices, and without being conscious what I was doing, I listened, for a little, half believing myself still asleep.

What I heard was Pauline Ford crying bitterly, and telling Tom how unhappy she was in our home. Then I heard Tom Harcourt avow his love for her. More than that, they had met in England for three days, and he said he had loved her from the first moment he set eyes on her.

The next I recollect, I was running away through the woods like a mad creature; and the first thing clear to my mind was Pauline's smile, when she looked at Tom's portrait the day after she reached our house. After that I was in my room, and the door locked. How I got there I cannot tell. It was all like a dream; but locking the door somehow roused me.

It was three o'clock when I entered my chamber. At six we dined, and there were guests invited. I appeared, and I must have looked tolerably like my ordinary self, for nobody remarked me particularly. Of course, Aunt Mary was not at table. As usual Pauline occupied the seat, which ought to have been hers. I remem-

ber gouty old Venables was there, and led Pauline into dinner; and I wondered dreamily how she could let his bleared, wicked eyes look at her as they did. Once she spoke to me.

"Best," she said, "Mr. Harcourt and I missed you, and went as far as the Dell, thinking you must be there, but we did not see you."

I laughed, and made some idle answer. Tom was not at dinner; he had received a telegram, which called him to New York.

Margaret Winslow was there, a nice old maid whom I loved. She was going the next day to her place on Long Island. I called her up to my room, and asked her to insist on my going. She went to Aunt Mary, and made such a point of it, there was no possibility of refusal. She came back to my chamber, and said I was to go. She asked me no questions; gave me no reason to think she fancied there was anything amiss. It was years before she told me that she knew what had happened, as well as if I had put it into words. God bless her!

We left the next day for New York. Once in town, giving no explanation, I told her I had an errand to do. I left her at the Clarendon Hotel, and drove to Tom's lodgings. He was at home. I was shown up to his room. He sat writing. I knew it was a letter to me.

"Tom," said I, for I was close by him before he perceived me, "you need not finish that letter."

He sprang to his feet with a sort of groan, and turned white as a ghost.

"Sit down," said I, and I took a seat opposite him; then I went on. "Tom, I came to tell you that I cannot marry you. I have made up my mind——" I could get no further. I had meant to tell him that I was changed, to spare him, but the lie would not be uttered. Presently I heard myself saying (it sounded in my ears like a stranger's voice,) "Tom, I was in the Dell yesterday. I heard what you said to Pauline. I did not mean to listen—you know that. Good-by, Tom—be happy! Don't have any scruples; be you sure that I would not marry you if you begged till doomsday! I don't love you! I know now that I never did."

It was not stately or dignified, but it was the best I could do. I had set him free, and I knew that my face and my voice must have convinced him I was in earnest.

Then I turned, and ran away—ran down the stairs as if life depended on my speed. I think he called after me. I think he followed; but I sprang into the carriage, and was driven away. By the time I reached the hotel I was sane enough to recollect that I ought not to have gone

to his house; but I could not be sorry. It was time for the train. Off Margaret and I drove across the ferry, down to the station. Three hours after we were at her house. I was very ill for a week, but she did not let papa or Aunt Mary know anything about it.

When I got able, I wrote to Aunt Mary, and told her that I never meant to marry Tom; she and papa must consider the matter settled, for I never would do it.

A fortnight later I went home. The first news to greet me was that Pauline had engaged herself to Mr. Venables. Aunt Mary was disgusted; but Pauline listened to her objections without a word, and went her own way. Mary had her eyes opened by now. (I shall always believe Margaret Winslow wrote to her, but I do not know.) She tried to make me own that Pauline had caused the trouble between Tom and me, but I kept my own counsel.

Pauline herself endeavored to make me feel she was not to blame. She called me into her room that first night. For once in her life she got dreadfully nervous. She gave me letters to read to prove her innocence, and gave me a wrong one—a letter to a friend in Europe—in which she owned that she had just led Tom on—a weak beast she called him—in order to bring Mr. Venables to the point. I read that letter deliberately through—it was the one mean thing I have ever

done in my life. I handed it back, open; she glanced at the page, saw what she had done, and said, coolly,

"Well, go and tell Aunt Mary, if you choose."

"I shall tell nobody," I said, and took myself off.

She was married in less than a month, and the first news of the business Tom received—he had not been back—was an invitation to her wedding.

These things happened long, long years ago. Six months after, Tom asked me to forgive him. I did, but I could not marry him. He has asked me regularly, ever since, once each year. I am thirty-five now. Papa and Aunt Mary are both alive—papa hale and vigorous, Mary able to get about by the aid of a helping arm. We live at the old house still, and are very happy. The Venables went to Europe directly after the wedding. Mr. Venables lived till two years ago, and Pauline made a model wife. Last month she married an Italian duke, and no doubt will make him a model wife, too. She writes us beautiful letters, which I answer. Aunt Mary will not.

P. S.—Tom has just come back from South America. He is in poor health. He has grown very old. I may as well tell you one thing more. Last night he asked me over again to marry him, and this time I said—yes.

THREE HEAVENLY BLOSSOMS.

BY FRANK W. FARWELL.

I found them by the river,
Where living waters flow;
Three blossoms blooming ever,
On the tree of life below.

I plucked them by the river,
From off one parent stem;
I wove them there together,
For me a diadem.

They crowned my soul with glory;
They filled my heart with love;
They tell a wondrous story,
Of blissful worlds above.

Go down to the mystic river,
Seek more for you and me;
Three blossoms blooming ever—
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THEN AND NOW.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

THE same tall elms, but older grown;
The same sweet minstrel-birds about;
And merry rivulet, as then,
In green, Spring meadows, calling out;
The same blue, placid sky above,
With clouds as softly fair as ever;
But thy meek eyes and tender voice,
Ah, these are gone! alas, forever!

I ramble in the sunny grove,
And over sprouting glade and glen;
But violet here, and moss-crowned rocks,
And there the caroling, lonely wren,
And frost-white pebbles in the stream,
Wood-haunted images of thine,
Tell of a soul sublimed in heaven,
Heart-haunted memories of mine.

GEORGIA.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 335.

CHAPTER IV.

In a quiet, inland village, some fifty miles away, was a lonely old Christian woman, a childless widow, poor in this world's goods, but rich in God's own love, and charity, and peace.

She was Georgia's own aunt, her mother's sister, and it was with her Georgia had lived until her Aunt Eleanor, her father's sister, had adopted her. After she went to live with her Aunt Eleanor, the latter had forbidden Georgia to visit this old friend; but as soon as she was married, Georgia had written to her, and visited her.

It was now in Georgia's power, too, to help her; for, just after Georgia's marriage, a rich bachelor brother of her father had died, leaving his entire property to Georgia. And one of the first uses Georgia made of this wealth was to settle a liberal amount on her aunt, this kind friend, whose love had brightened her own desolate childhood.

It was to the quiet, sheltered home of this sweet, old Christian woman, that Georgia now requested permission to send Margaret, for that was the woman's name; and as soon as her health was sufficiently improved for her to take the journey, she set forth. Dear old Aunt Mary readily undertook to take the poor outcast in. Indeed, Georgia could hardly have asked her anything she would not have granted. But this request she granted the more readily as obeying the command of a Higher Master.

"I am sure I am right," said Georgia. "Is there never to be any return, never even any hope of it, for a woman who has once gone astray? Was that what Christ meant, when he wrote on the sand, and bade those who were without sin to cast the first stone? Is that what the parable means, when it says that there is more rejoicing in heaven, over the salvation of one sinner, than over ninety and nine who had not gone astray? Did not He declare that He came expressly for the lost sheep of the house of Israel? Who was most acceptable in His sight, the self-righteous Pharisee, who drew aside lest the garments of the Publican should stain him, or the Publican himself, who stood beating his breast, humbled in the very dust with remorse?"

"You are right, my dear," was the reply.

"Together we will see if we cannot bring back the lost one to pardon and peace."

It was here that Margaret first learned what a Christian home was. Led by Aunt Mary's gentle influence, by the silent, constant teachings of her beautiful life, she became, in time, a good woman, and a happy one. She had left her sin behind her; she hated it, she had abandoned it. Aunt Mary believed that if a person was repentant, and honestly desirous of leading a new life, it was her duty to bury that past utterly; trust them, prove to them that she had faith in them. She believed in the sunshine of that trust and love, the possibilities of good in them might blossom beautifully.

"Poor Margaret," wrote this good Christian woman, after awhile, "is gradually regaining health and composure. She is no longer like what she was when she first came here. God has been very good to us and to her. Ah! my dear child, when I think of what you have done for this heart-broken one, I say to myself, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these.'"

She was right. If a rare plant, that has been nearly destroyed, gives signs, even the faintest, of putting forth new buds and leaves, what would we say to a gardener, who, to nourish this faint life, should place it in a darkened room, and then retire and pray for its luxurious growth? Not more blind are we when we expect the germs of good to expand in the atmosphere of constant suspicion and reproach. He, the Tenderest Heart, the True Reformer, did not stand apart from the wretched, the sorrowful, the sinful. He did not draw back His garment from possible contact with them; no, He drew near to them; He laid His hand upon them. "Neither do I condemn thee," he said, "go, and sin no more." Did not the love and tender pity of His first words make the last possible?

The rescuing this woman from her life of shame and want was but one of Georgia's many merciful acts. It seemed as if she were constantly trying, with the constant anguish of patience, to follow the example of one of old, and go about doing good. But what was she to do with her own life? What was her duty? She asked this

question of her own soul constantly, with tears often, with prayers often.

God permitted the Witch of Endor to answer Saul. Miss Harding seemed to answer this question that Georgia had pondered so long and earnestly; for Georgia could not hold so lightly, as some seem to do, those solemn words, "till death parts us."

CHAPTER V.

MR. HARDING was obliged to be absent upon business for a time. And it was the day after his departure that Georgia chanced to find a letter that he had accidentally dropped upon the carpet in his dressing-room.

She opened it, carelessly, thinking it was some business note; but as she read it, she drew up her little figure proudly, while a red spot burned brightly on either cheek. For, in spite of this great sin that her Aunt Eleanor had drawn her into, in marrying a man she did not love, she was very innocent and pure-hearted, and had but little knowledge of the wickedness of the world. And on this wretchedly-written scrawl, she read the knowledge that her husband was untrue to her; that what little heart he had was in the possession of a very fascinating ballet-dancer, who was quite the rage at the time. Mr. Harding's gold could buy very large diamonds; in this letter the writer spoke of the splendid set he had just given her.

Georgia crumpled the letter in her little, cold hands, and threw it into the blazing coals, as if she might throw from her, at the same time, this new knowledge of sin, this new sense of humiliation and shame that had come to her. After a time, she went to the nursery, and laid her white cheek down upon baby Maud's dimpled face, as if the Heaven that still looked out at the little one's eyes, might comfort the wretched mother.

But poor Georgia, poor child, she had indeed fallen upon evil days! Allan Graham, encouraged by Miss Harding, haunted Georgia's steps. The seven evil spirits that inhabited Miss Harding's body, rioted, and drove her to and fro, and as the velvet dropped from her claws, and she openly reviled Georgia, she said to her, among other things more cruel than the grave, that, "Her brother had better have died before he had seen her pretty, baby face, for she had made him wretched."

"Do you think so?" said Georgia with her childlike lips quivering, and her piteous frightened eyes.

"Think so? I know so. You have made him, and you are making him now perfectly wretched."

That night, a slight figure, enveloped in a water-proof, crept out of the hall-door of Mr. Harding's mansion. A pair of restless eyes watched her, and scintillated like a serpent's, with malice and triumph. As the slight figure in the water-proof vanished in the shadows, the owner of those restless eyes went into the nursery. The child was gone.

But in Mr. Harding's room, a letter lay upon the table, a letter Mr. Harding was never to see, for his sister opened it at once, and read as follows:

"MR. HARDING.—In leaving you, to-night, forever, as I am doing, going out into a world that seems less terrible to me than the home I am fleeing from, I do not ask you to forgive me, for my leaving you now is less a sin and wrong than what I have done to you before, led on and controlled by my aunt. I did you a great wrong when I married you, and for that I ask you to forgive me. I shall not reproach you for any wrong you may have done me, for any sin you may have committed; but if my presence made you wretched, it will make you so no longer. If I have been very unhappy, I do not think it is your fault alone. But I leave you with the less regret, now I know that you do not love me. I leave all the clothing and jewels you have given the woman you called your wife. I take only what belonged to Georgia Allston. My wedding gifts you will find with your presents. I have drawn my own money from the bank; it gives me, as you know, ample means for comfort. I speak of this that you may know our child will not suffer, and also that you may know that all search for us will be in vain.

GEORGIA."

While Miss Harding read this letter, the slight figure stole on. It went past public halls, where wise men made wise laws for the purifying of the nation; past churches, whose tall spires pointed heavenward. The moon was in the west, nearly at its setting, and wild clouds were drifting across it, and as Georgia passed the Church of the Messiah, it almost blocked up her pathway with its dark shadow; and so she vanished into that shadow—into the night and the darkness.

That night the parlor of Allan Graham's boarding place admitted a lady closely veiled. He and she held a long conference; and in the morning two events took place, one that the great world was to know, one that was too small for the great world to notice. Allan Graham disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, leaving as mourners sundry creditors, whose period of mourning never

expired. The other event, which was too trivial to create any remark, was, that Miss Harding drew from the bank five thousand dollars, her only property. She did not purchase any new articles with this money; perhaps she gave it away; if so, it is probable that she expected large loaves in return for these crumbs she cast upon the water, for she was a keen calculator.

Eminent doctors had told Mr. Harding that any sudden excitement might prove fatal to him; not immediately; but it would be almost certain to aggravate a disease they had long held in check fatally. Miss Harding knew this; but his young wife did not, for, being rather more than three times her age, he had naturally wished to appear at his best before her, and so had sedulously kept the knowledge of his many infirmities hidden from her.

Before Mr. Harding reached home, the news reached him. He heard it talked of in the cars, and on the street corners. The beautiful Mrs. Harding, so ran the tale, had eloped with Allan Graham. When he reached home, his sister met him in tears, with a letter. She was an excellent penwoman; the writing in the letter was exceedingly like Georgia's; and the letter avowed her guilt—his shame.

Just one week later, a funeral cortege drove away from that same hall-door; there were slowly-stepping horses, funeral carriages, nodding plumes. And in the place of honor was a still figure, that the pall-bearers called not "him," but "it." Where should they put "it?" Strange to hear that stern, inflexible, cold-eyed man called "it." But death, the leveler, had laid his hand on the iron-gray head.

Miss Harding was a good prophet. The shock of the great excitement, the great shame, hastened the decease, shook the few golden sands that were remaining in the hour-glass—shook them from time into eternity.

But in one thing she failed. She was an excellent calculator. Yet human beings, however deeply they lay the foundations of their plans, and however firmly they build their hopes upon them, are liable to have their stratagems overturned and their hopes blasted.

"He was going to make his will?" she asked, one day, eagerly.

"Certainly," he said. The will, bequeathing all his vast property to his wife and child, that guilty wife, should be destroyed. His sister, "that pattern of all womanly virtue, and love, and faithfulness," he said, "should be rewarded. But there was time enough." He would not make it to-day. He must think how to draw it up. There was time enough.

So three days ran along. Still there was time enough. Perhaps his physician thought differently. Perhaps his clergyman, who attended him faithfully, thought differently. But they were both men who were unused to giving their opinions, unless asked to do so. I think they were neither of them in love with Miss Harding. But she, bending over him at all hours, in tenderness and despair, did not fail to give him a hint of the danger of delay, though it was accompanied by a burst of irrepressible sorrow.

"Yes, he would make it to-morrow," he answered.

"Should she," she ventured to ask, "send for a lawyer, to come in the morning?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"Oh! how could she, how could she send for him, for such a purpose? And still she would, though it broke her heart: she would do her duty; she would send for him."

"Yes, to-morrow."

But to-morrow, Mr. Harding was in a land where wealth is not reckoned like ours. At midnight, a messenger came to him, one that even Miss Harding could not intercept or delay. Led by this messenger, calm, cold, and inexorable, Mr. Harding passed into the endless to-morrow, where there are no stocks and lands, no wealth that one can possibly will to another.

She, of the restless eyes and thin lips. The lips were more compressed than ever. And the eyes rivaled a serpent's in their evasive and shifting glances. She countermanded the heavy orders for mourning she had already given, that the brother she so much bemoaned might have due honor from her, and that speedily. It was said by certain revilers and scorers, that she even removed the heaviest folds of crape from her mourning-dress already completed. However that may be, she drew the first instalment of her very slender annuity, and obtaining a place as governess, she sunk out of the brilliant circle she had helped to queen it over, by right of wealth and social position, sunk out of it forever.

She, who had been so overbearing and imperious to her equals, so insulting and cruel to her inferiors, became an inferior. And those she slighted and insulted, delighted to slight her, to torture her in every possible way, for there was nothing lovable about her. She had never done a generous, unselfish act in her life; she had lived for self alone, and this was her reward. And I think her worst enemy would have been satisfied with the bitterness of her humiliation and unhappiness.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the news spread abroad that the lovely Mrs. Harding had fled from her pure and happy home with Allan Graham, many were the stones cast upon her. Whether these stoners could cast stones scripturally or not, I fancy they never stopped to think, so intent were they in this eminently virtuous and womanly pastime.

As for Aunt Eleanor, she wept bitter tears. She was a proud woman, and the disgrace that her adopted daughter had brought upon her was worse than any other trouble could possibly be. She passed sleepless nights and wretched days. And, though she would not admit it to her nearest friend, though she would not admit it to herself, I think she felt remorse for her own share in this wretched life-drama. And, as if to drown and silence the upbraiding voices in her own heart, she would raise her voice in loud blame of Georgia. And many dowagers would comfort her with many consoling words and remembrances. They assured her that "she could not blame herself for the conduct of her misguided niece, when she had done so much for her."

"Yes," Aunt Eleanor sobbed to her bosom friend. "After I had married her to the richest man in the city, when she was looked up to, and envied by all, had the best establishment, and could dress better than any other woman in the city. And then to think she should be so ungrateful, and should bring such a disgrace and wretchedness on me."

"Yes," said the old lady, feelingly, for she had four unmarried daughters herself, "you couldn't have done any more for her if she was your own daughter."

Aunt Eleanor said she knew this, but still she wept. But I very much fear that these tears flowed more for the disgrace Georgia had brought upon her, than for the magnitude of the sin she had committed.

And it was noticeable, also, after Georgia's flight, how many women, and they were those who had professed most admiration and friendship for her, recollected having "known all the time how it would be." They remembered having told their husbands, in the sanctity of domestic privacy, that "they never had liked her looks; they had always mistrusted there was something back of that innocent baby-look in her face. They had known, all the time, just how it would be." And, in the satisfaction and triumph they experienced in having their prophecies fulfilled, they very naturally forgot to be sorry for the poor wanderer, or to pray for her repentance. For one's mind cannot be intently occupied at one time with two widely-diverse

subjects. The hands engaged in stoning a sinner, cannot, at the same time, be stretched out toward them, as was His over Jerusalem. And eyes that are intent in taking a good aim, so that each block may hit the heart of a victim, cannot weep over them, as did He over that sinful city.

The first hint that Georgia's old friend, Marion Winslow, received of this terrible story, was through the newspapers. But she would not believe that her dear girl could be thus guilty. The more proof there was accumulated against her, the more she clung to a belief in her innocence. She knew her true, innocent darling could never, by any means, be led into sin and shame. Never! Never! would she believe it. Where she had gone she knew not. Why Allan Graham had disappeared at the same time she knew not. But, though the mystery might never be cleared up in life, still she should have faith in her. This is what she said to herself constantly.

Unhappy Georgia might be, and Marion believed she was, or she would never have left her home in this way. But degraded by so vile a sin, never!

But no clue could be obtained of Georgia. She disappeared as entirely as if she had died, that dark, autumn night; and Marion wept over her memory, the sorrowful tears she would have shed on her grave, not the bitter tears she would have wept over her shame.

So, one—two—three years passed away. Near the close of the third year, news came that Allan Graham was dead, stabbed in an affray in a gambling-saloon, in a Southern city. He had deserted Georgia most likely; so said the world, for his death revived the scandal. But Marion's faith wavered not.

It was about this time that Marion married her little pupil's father. There was no romance in their marriage. But a very true, earnest respect and love gave promise of a happy future. Marion's husband was rich, and he proposed that they should cross the Atlantic on their wedding-journey. Marion had dreamed so of the marvels of those old countries, that when she was actually beholding them, in company with one she loved so entirely, she thought she was perfectly happy.

They had been abroad two years, had visited Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, and were now traveling leisurely through England, setting their faces homeward.

They had gone out of the usual route of tourists, to see some friend of theirs, and were passing through a still more remote part of the coun-

try, in order to take the shortest route to the sea-coast, to catch the next steamer for home. One day, as it was nearing sundown, they came in sight of a perfect gem of a village, nestling down at the foot of a green mountain, on which gleamed the white ruins of a monastery. As they were crossing the bridge, that spanned the willow-shaded stream, Marion bade the postillion to stop his horses, "that she might enjoy the sweetest and serenest spot she had ever seen; it was like a dream of peace," she said.

The houses were small, but cozy and vine-sheltered. But near them, just across the bridge, stood an old, picturesque Elizabethan mansion, sitting back in a wilderness of bloom and verdure.

A child, dressed in white, was running down a garden-path, a lovely-faced old lady following her more slowly. And there was the gleam of statues and the glimmer of fountains through the green foliage.

They stopped at the clean, quaint-looking inn, to obtain supper. And the fresh-faced, pleasant old landlady gossiped to the friendly American lady about the small affairs of their village.

"It was the healthiest spot in all England," she said, "the pleasantest and most peaceful, for their good old clergyman and his wife were such peacemakers, such a fine, old Christian couple."

"Did they live in that beautiful old mansion near the bridge?"

"No, but one of God's own angels lived there, a widow lady, with one child; she was almost worshiped by the whole village, for her whole life was spent in doing good to others. There she is now," said the good landlady, as the low tones of an organ came to them, borne on the sweet evening breeze. "She loves to gather the village children about her, and play to them for hours on the old church organ, as the night-fall is nearing. She plays the organ in church, and she has trained the children's voices till they sound more like birds singing, than like human voices. And they so love her that there is not a child of them but would die for the sweet lady."

After supper, as the horses must rest for another hour, Marion and her husband walked out, to admire still more the peaceful beauty of the village.

As they passed the old mansion, they looked into the grounds. A lady was walking slowly down toward the gate, as if lost in musing. The sunset glory fell full upon her face—a face that looked spiritualized, made perfect by suffering—

it was the face of one who through tears has seen the glory of the Lord.

For one wild instant Marion looked incredulously; then she cried out through the iron gateway.

"Georgia! My darling! My darling!"

The lady gave a start, recognized Marion, flew to the gate, and in a moment, they were in each other's arms.

That night, Georgia told all. How her child-heart, half-numbed by pain and humiliation, had been guided by her Aunt Eleonor into what she afterward realized was a crime, both against the man she married and her own soul. How she had suffered; how the daily lie she was living had tortured her; how at last the knowledge that her husband was false to her, and his sister's assurance that she was making his life wretched, had seemed to make her duty plain to her. She had gone to her Aunt Mary; and Aunt Mary and Margaret had gladly shared her exile; she confided in no one but them, fearing discovery. And she had since found peace and happiness, in living for others, in persistent trying to do good.

"But are you happy here, Georgia, alone?"

"Alone! You forget my baby, Marion, my little girl; she is such a blessing to me. And dear Aunt Mary and Margaret; they spoil me with their petting. Margaret is more of a companion than a servant; she is a good woman now, and I believe she would almost die for us."

Georgia had heard, some time before, of her husband's death. "When my little girl comes of age," she said, "she will have her father's property. But, as for myself, I shall never take any of it. I have enough for all my wants."

Marion never told Georgia how the world had wronged her, by coupling her name with Allan Graham, and they were never either of them to know of Miss Harding's unfortunate investment of her five thousand dollars, upon that dark night of Georgia's flight. Not unfortunate, in regard to the injury she did the reputation of her beautiful young sister-in-law; but unfortunate, as regarded herself in a financial point of view.

But Marion told her that Allan Graham was dead. Not a change passed over the sweet, calm face, as she replied.

"He has been dead to me a long, long time. Long before my flight I despised him, more than I ever loved him; that old dream faded away, as utterly as if it had never been."

When Marion left, they all came out to the gate to see her off. Gentle-faced Aunt Mary was first. The woman whom Georgia had saved from a life of shame and ruin, stood behind her, plea-

sant and happy-faced. Her little one stood leaning against Georgia, clinging to mamma's white hand.

The glitter and glory of the sunlight had all disappeared. But the full moon had risen in the east, and its purer, softer light shone down on the lovely home, making it seem, in its shadowy beauty, indeed like the "abode of peace."

At parting, Georgia clung to Marion like the Georgia of old time, with kisses and tears. But the driver was impatient, and Marion's husband hurried their leave-taking.

As Marion looked back through her tears, she saw Georgia, sweet and fair, with the white moonlight enwrapping her in its pure glory.

THE BALUSTRADE.

BY J. H. CHAUNCEY.

FRONTING the sunset shore, we stood
Leaning against the balustrade,
Whose urns of blossom were ranged above,
Within the wavering cypress shade.
The headland's cliffs were rosed and bright;
The fountain shook—a sheaf of light;
As your hand in mine was clasped, and Love
Held both, faint odors blew around.
The space of glory on the flood
May chance it was that dazzled so
Your eyes; they rested on the ground
Not even a whisper in the glow
Blent with the sighing waves below.

Upon the sunset shore I stand,
Looking upon the bleak, gray sea;
The sky is blank with cloud and haze,
And a cold wind blows incessantly
From the drear inland's shadowy breath
Of wintering wood and searing heath;
While bursts and sinks the wat'ry blaze,
Scattering the o'erblown blossoms on
The lonely marble steps nearhand;
And in my heart, so light of yore,
A sad pain settles, as the sun
Sinks, and along the desolate shore
The darkened seas begin to roar.

WRITTEN AT TWILIGHT,

BY MERLE W. CURRIE.

Oh, stars, so faint, and yet so bright!
Oh, chalice of silver light!
Oh, weird and solemn, solemn stars,
No wand'ring mist your splendor mars.
Oh, human eyes! look up and see
Those lights of wond'rous brilliancy,
Those miracles of witchery;
Which ever murmur as they speed,
"Our Maker helps in sorest need"
Can stars know aught of "sorest need?"

Ay, none but God that page can read.
They shine, and still obedient are
To Him who makes the stars His care.
Oh! much-tried, suff'ring human heart!
What joy the knowledge can impart,
That He who decked the crown of Night
With lovely gems of trembling light,
Upholds the heavens by His might;
That His kind care to earth extends,
And proves to man the Friend of friends.

A SONG OF JUNE.

BY FRANK MAYFIELD.

THIS is Love's special season, Kate,
When each sweet songster has its mate.
The lark and linnet, thrush and dove,
All whisper low, "how dear to love."
Up in the tree-tops see, the jay
His sweet-heart woos the live-long day.
The robin, too, with crimson breast,
His love-song sings and builds his nest.
The little wavelets on the lake

Romp round the shore and clasp the brake,
The coyest flowers bud and blow
Beneath the sunshine's amorous glow.
The softly-scented southern breeze
Kisses the buds, toys with the trees.
And everywhere the earth and skies
Are languid with love's looks and sighs.
Oh! darling Kate, I ask of thee
When all else loves, why may not we?

THE STORY OF A JUNE ROSE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

LAST night, when I was sitting at the window with Davie on my knee, watching the sunset, mother read me a little poem she had found somewhere, that she thought would please me. And I don't know when I have heard anything that touched me as that simple little thing did. I have read it over since, till I can repeat every word of it. I think I shall never forget it. I shall keep it with my memory of my June Rose, who is beautiful to-day in the gardens of God; and the June roses that have blossomed and faded through fifty summers of my life, not more sweet and pure than was she who was the sweetest flower of them all. Let me repeat the poem to you. I am sure you will like it. I wish I had known it in the time of June roses. If I had, I would have said it over to them; and I am sure they would have understood me. I'm a queer, odd sort of a fellow, you see. I have all sorts of strange fancies. But I was going to repeat you the poem. Listen:

There's a gleam of red in the garden,
And a breath of balm on the breeze,
And I know that the sweet June roses
Are blossoming under the trees;
Of all the flowers of the Summer
None are so sweet as these.

But there comes a pain with the fragrance
Out of the heart of the rose,
And a memory tender with sorrow,
Of one who no sorrow knows,
Who came, in a vanished Summer,
And gave me a red June rose.

And she gave me her heart with the flower;
Oh! never a blossom that blows
Is sweet as the heart of my darling,
That she gave me with a rose.
Darling, the blossom has faded,
But your love no fading knows.

I bend o'er these royal blossoms,
A-swing by the garden-wall,
And my heart is astir in my bosom,
As if it heard you call.
Where are you, oh, my darling!
Sweetest June rose of all?

Oh, my love! like a Summer blossom
You died, as these roses will;
Died! but the heart you gave me
I hold in my keeping still.
I shall keep it for ever and ever,
Mine through all good and ill.

Blossom, oh, roses of June-time!
Turn your red hearts to the sun;
You were born to bloom and to perish,
When the Summer is just begun;

So died the hopes of my June-time,
Like the roses, one by one.

But I fancy each fallen blossom
Will some day blossom again,
And the hopes that died with the roses,
Like the hopes of so many men,
Will come back in the June of Heaven,
And then, oh, my darling—then!

Oh! I believe it as much as I believe that there is a Heaven! The beautiful, sweet hopes which died like roses here, will blossom out into fulfillment there; and I shall have my June Rose again, mine only, and mine evermore.

Sitting in the garden in long summer days, with Davie playing at my side, I can shut my eyes, and fancy she is there as I used to see her, with her face the fairest flower in all the garden. Such a sweet, pure face. Have you never seen faces that were like flowers? She had one, with the pink of June roses flushing her cheeks, and the scarlet color of their hearts staining her lips, and it was because her face always made me think of them, that I called her June Rose. She had the fairest, sweetest face I ever knew. When I think of a saint, some way it always has her face; and when I dream of an angel, eyes such as hers were, blue as those violets down in the corner of the garden, look at me, with silky, yellow hair all a-flutter over neck and breast. Well, why should it not be so? She is an angel now, and, perhaps, she is the only angel I dream of.

I always loved her. She used to come to see me when she was a wee bit of a thing, and I was growing up to boyhood, and ask for flowers from my garden; and always I gave her the loveliest ones there. I never could do that for any one else. I loved my flowers too well for that; but I loved her better than my flowers. It seemed to me that there was nothing in the world too good for her. To me she was the one woman in the world.

We never used to talk of love together. But we talked of other things almost as sweet, and found in the companionship of each other a happiness that was pleasant as a dream. I think through all those years, I was dreaming. She was the child of wealthy and aristocratic parents, and I was a poor crippled fellow, with only enough of this world's goods to keep me comfortable; but with my June Rose and my flowers, I was as rich a man as ever lived. I never thought of

losing her; I had grown to think that she was mine, and was content. And, dreaming thus, I let the days drift by, happy in the present, and thinking nothing, caring nothing for the future.

I must have been wild to think that one with a face as fair as hers was, would keep out of sight of envious eyes. I might have known, if I had stopped to think about it at all, that, sooner or later, some one would come along and spy my sweet, little June Rose blowing in the country-ways, and seek to wear it for his own. But I was so happy that I never thought of such a thing as that. Perhaps I did not dare to let myself look earnestly into the future.

One day she came down to get some flowers for the parlors.

"My cousin Ralph is coming to-morrow," she said, "and our garden is such a poor, little thing that it can't afford enough flowers for us. Besides, I like your flowers best, Davie. I wonder why? I guess it's because I like you so well. Don't you?"

"I hope so, little June Rose," I answered, softly, and broke off a cluster of pansy blossoms, and put them in her yellow hair.

"I don't know what I should do if it were not for you, Davie," she said, while I gathered the flowers she wanted.

"I was thinking, while I was coming down here, what a lonesome place this would be, if you were to go away. I think you are the best friend I ever had, Davie, except my mother." And then she looked away toward the little church-yard, where the pansies were blossoming among the daisies on her mother's grave; and I fancied that there was a little shade of trouble in her face. "If I were to go away, Davie, would you miss me?"

"Miss you?" That was all I said; but I know it was enough to tell her that if she were to go out of my little world, all the sunshine would go with her. I know I grew pale at the very thought of losing her. It was something I had not thought of before. It stunned me like a blow.

"I hope I shall never go away," she said, by-and-by. "I want to always stay here, Davie. You are a better friend than I should find any where else."

When she was gone, I sat down and thought. Was there a shadow coming over the sky? Was I going to lose my June Rose—the only woman in the world I cared for, except my mother? I don't know how long I sat there in the twilight, thinking, but I knew how it was going to be before I got up, and went in. This cousin was coming to steal my June Rose away from me.

"Why, Davie," mother cried, "what ails you?"

You are pale as any ghost. You look as if something had frightened you."

"Something has," I answered. "Oh, mother, mother, I am going to lose my little June Rose;" and then I hid my face in my hands, and could not speak again for a long time, because tears choked me.

Next day her cousin came. I saw them riding by. He had a handsome, southern face, dark, and haughty; but there was something cruel and sinister in it that made me shiver when I thought of trusting the happiness of my June Rose to his keeping.

She came down with him one day to see my flowers. He had a sneering, half-contemptuous smile for me, and but few words. A man who was weak enough to love flowers, was too weak a man for his friendship, he thought, probably; and I was sure his friendship was the last one in the world I would ever care for. He was robbing my life of its beauty and brightness, and I could not clasp hands with him for that reason, if no other. So, when she introduced us to each other, we merely bowed, and then there was a little silence, which seemed to me like that silence which always comes when a dear friend's life has gone out into the unknown world, and we stand beside that which was he, but is he no longer, awed and tearful. Oh, my sweet, sweet hopes, that were lying there before me, dead that moment! They could not see them, but I could.

When she came again, I knew well enough before she told me a word what it was she had come to tell. Her face was full of unrest, and her eyes looked like violets that had been wet with rain.

"I want you to go down to the church with me," she said. "I am in one of my restless moods to-day, and listening to your playing always quiets me."

For the last time we walked down the old path together, and we were nearly there before either of us spoke.

Then—

"Oh, Davie, I am going away," she cried; and the violet eyes were hidden in a shower of tears.

Going away! I wonder if there are any words that are sadder than those are? I could not speak. I tried to, but my voice was all broken up, and I turned my face away to hide my pain. She came up to me, and slipped her hand in mine; and so hand-in-hand we walked down the road together, as we often had done, but never would again, and all the while she was weeping softly.

"Oh, Davie," she cried, as we reached the steps, "I do not want to go away. I shall never

be so happy anywhere else as I have been here. You will not forget me, will you?"

"Forget you?" I cried. "Do you think a man, suddenly stricken blind, would ever forget the sunshine? Oh, my little June Rose, I love you, I love you! How can I let you go?"

I had meant to keep my love hidden out of sight, for I knew that the knowledge of how much I was suffering would only add to her own troubles; but my heart got the better of me, and spoke out before I could stop it.

"Oh, Davie, I didn't know you loved me in that way," she said. "I thought you were like a brother to me. Oh, I am so sorry for you. So sorry, for it will make it all the harder for you to let me go; and I knew you would miss me more than any one else. Oh, it's a strange world, Davie, I can't understand it. It's got to be a lonesome one all at once; and I used to think it was all sunshine and gladness. I don't want to go away. I don't love Ralph. But father has promised him that I shall be his wife, and I have got to leave you, Davie. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" And then she laid her head down on the steps, as if her heart was breaking.

"It is a strange world, little June Rose," I said, tenderly. "I oughtn't to have told you what I have, but I couldn't keep it. I might have known better than to let myself think of you in that way, for you were never meant for such as me. But I love you just the same for all that; and it is a sorrowful thing to give you up. God bless you, darling; and, remember, come what will, that there is one who will never forget you."

"Oh, I will, I will!" she cried, lifting her eyes to me trustingly. "I shall remember your love, Davie, as something sweet and sacred; and I know it will help me to be braver and stronger."

When I began playing that afternoon, I could find nothing but the very saddest of minor chords, for nothing else was suited to the thoughts that filled my brain. They told of love and loss; of dead hopes, and wild, passionate longing for that which was out of reach. But, as I played, I thought that God understood it all, and that in His own good time it would all come right; and that it was our part to take up the work of life, no matter how lonely and wearisome it might be, with brave hearts, and do it as nobly and faithfully as we could; and something told me that, by-and-by, there would come a time when I should have my own again; and then the music grew grander in its harmony, and died away in one long, sweet chord, that was full of rest and peace.

"Oh, Davie, if life could be sweet, at the last,

as your music was, one could bear a great deal, for the sake of the rest at the end," she said, softly. "For your sake, for my own sake, I will try to do my duty bravely, and the rest I trust to God."

And then we walked back home together for the last, last time. Oh, those last times! How sorrowful everything connected with them is! We can never forget them. But under all the pain of loss and loneliness was the thought that sometime, somewhere, this side of Heaven, my June Rose would come back to me, and I should have my own again. And thinking that, I could bear my sorrow better.

I only saw her once after that, and that was on her wedding-day. Her father came to me, and wanted me to play the Wedding March, and trim the church with flowers. And for her sake I robbed my garden of its treasures. I wanted to make everything as bright and beautiful for her as I could; and though I loved my flowers with a friendship that was strong and tender, I was willing to sacrifice them, if by so doing, I could give her one thought of pleasure. I made her a wreath for her bridal, pure, white valley-lilies, with one pink June rose-bud nestling between; and a purple pansy to hide its dusky splendor in the gold of her hair, and bid her remember me. And I know well enough that she understood.

I played the Wedding March, and in spite of myself my fingers would search out sad minor notes, and an undertone of that was full of longings and regrets, and sorrows, for that which had come and gone like the sunshine of a beautiful day, kept running through the music, which should have been glad and jubilant.

When the ceremony was over, I went up to her, and took her hand in mine for a moment, saying, simply, "God bless and keep you, my little June Rose!" and that was all. I could not trust myself to say more. She lifted her violet-blue eyes to mine, and the rain of tears that was on them made them dim. The sight of them made my own grow misty and blind; and saying once more, "God bless you!" I turned away to hide the sorrow in my face. And I saw my June Rose no more for years.

Oh, life was so lonely and sad without her. I thought of her always. My pansies made me think of her eyes, and the roses of her cheeks, and the daffodils of her yellow hair; and the lilies were like her pure, sweet soul. Every spot spoke of her. Every hour of the day something told me in its own way of what had gone out of my little world. But I knew it would come again, and I waited.

The years went by, and they brought many changes. The father of my June Rose died, and the property was sold, going to her husband. I heard from her once or twice, in a roundabout way. They said she was not happy; that her husband was cruel and dissipated; and I yearned to open my arms, and take my June Rose under their shelter.

And, as the years went by, I waited for what I knew was coming; for I knew all the time that she would come back to me this side of the other world.

It was a wild and bitter night when she came back. The snow was falling in blinding whiteness over meadow and hill, and the wind was fierce and high. A lonesome, dreary night for any one to be out in, and I shivered as I thought of wanderers who might be facing its fury.

We were sitting by the fire, mother and I, and we had been silent a long time. Suddenly, above the shrieking of the storm, I heard something that sounded like a child's voice at the door.

"What was that?" mother said, and I got up to see.

I opened the door, and a woman fell across the threshold, holding a child in her arms.

"Oh, Davie, I have come back again," cried the woman, lifting a white, haggard face to mine. "Pity me! pity me!"

That voice! I should have known it anywhere, even beyond the heavenly gates. And that face! Oh, it was the face of my June Rose, changed from its old bright beauty, but still the loveliest face in the wide world to me.

"Oh, my darling," I cried, and caught her to my breast. "You have come back to me, and I have waited so long, so long!" and for a moment I could see nothing through my tears.

"Are you Uncle Davie?" piped a wee voice at my side, and the child tugged at my coat. "Mamma told me I was goin' to see Uncle Davie. She makes me pray for him every night. If you're Uncle Davie, I want to kiss you. Mayn't I?"

I bent down, and gathered the child—my June Rose's child—to my breast, and he kissed me over and over again.

"My name's Davie, too," he said, stroking my face.

Davie! She had given him my name. I bent and kissed her tenderly, and her face was full of rest.

"Dear child!" cried mother, taking her away from me gently, and rubbing her dear old eyes to hide the tears that would blind them, "don't you see how wet her clothes are? And she's just tired out, poor thing. Go into the wood-shed,

and get some wood to kindle up the fire, while I change her clothes for dry ones."

I went out, and stood there by the window for many moments; and the night seemed suddenly changed into one of wonderful beauty. The star at Bethlehem had not wrought a greater change to the eyes of the watching shepherds, than the sight of the face I loved had made for me. The world and the night was transfigured.

When I went in, she was sitting in mother's great rocking-chair, before the fire, looking, oh! so pale, so wan, that the tears came to my eyes at sight of her. She turned her face toward me, and a smile of great, unutterable peace came over it.

"I can rest now," she said, and put her hand in mine; and as I sat and held it, the waxen lids drooped over the violets of my darling's eyes, and she slept.

Davie had nestled confidingly in mother's arms, and I saw that he had quite won her kind old heart. Dear mother! A better woman never lived than you; and your heart was quite large enough to take us all in—an old-fashioned heart, that had room for all who chose to come in, and always room for one more.

When morning came, she told her story over to mother and me. Her husband had been cruel to her from the first. He was a drunkard and a gambler, and he spent his own fortune and that which came to him from her. He had moved about from place to place, getting lower and lower in the world all the time. Her life had been a wretched, bitter one. At last, when it had begun to seem to her that she must lie down and die for despair and shame of the life he was leading, he got into a drunken quarrel, and received a blow from which he never recovered. When he was dead, she had no one to cling to, no home to go to, and then—"Then I yearned so for your friendship, Davie; for rest and peace, after such weary years, that I came back; and oh! I think this must be Heaven."

It was heaven to me, for I had my own again.

But I knew, from the first, that I could not keep her with me long. There was something in her face that told me that her life was fading like a snowdrift in spring-time.

I used to sit for hours, and watch her face; not so much like a June rose now, as it was like a lily, white and fragile, and too frail to last. The shadows had all faded out of it, leaving nothing but rest there. The thought of losing her was one of keenest pain; but to lose her in this way was not like the old loss: for now she was mine, and, after death, she would be mine still. She would go on before me, and wait my coming, and the parting would not be for long.

"When I am gone," she said, one day, "I want you to keep Davie. I give him to you, the only gift I have to give to the best and truest heart I ever knew."

"The only gift, except your love," I said, softly.

"Oh, that I gave you long ago," she answered. "You have had that all along."

Can you know how sweet those words were to me? My June Rose loves me, and, knowing that, I could even bear to let her go. For I knew it would not be for long.

And as the days of winter merged into those of spring, she grew weaker and weaker, and I saw that the end was not far off.

"I want to live to see the June roses," she said, one day. "I wonder how long it will be before they will blossom? I loved to sit for hours and smell them, and dream; and there was something in their fragrance that made me forget everything else. And your love, Davie, is like them. It is so sweet that it has charmed me into forgetfulness of the trouble that came to me in those weary, weary years. So sweet, so very sweet, Davie."

April days came, and the willows by the river put on a misty greenness that held in it a hint of summer. The meadows brightened into their old beauty, and all the world was waking up from its winter dream.

And my June Rose faded like a flower. She got nearer and nearer to the other land every day. When the May had brought its blossoms, and the summer-time was just outside the door, she was so near the gates that she could see beyond them.

It was a June evening when she died. The sun had gone down in golden pomp, and the hills seemed crested with fire. A glory, which made me think of "That light which never was on land or sea," made the world strangely fair,

as the day died, and we waited for the going out of the soul of my June Rose.

"Oh, Davie, I have been so happy, here," she said. "So happy. God bless you, dear!"

By-and-by she wanted us to lift Davie up for her to kiss. She held him on her breast for a long time, kissing him now and then, softly, until he fell asleep.

"It is almost night, isn't it?" she asked. The sunset was flushing the hill-tops still with gold and purple splendor. I fancied that the gates were swung wide open, waiting for her going through.

"Are the June-roses blossomed yet?" she asked. "I wish I could hold one in my hand. It would make me think of your love, Davie, because it is so sweet. I should take it into Heaven with me, and it would never fade."

Pretty soon she closed her eyes.

"I am sleepy and tired. I think I'll try to rest. Kiss me good-night, Davie."

I bent and kissed her, knowing that good morning would be said *over there*!

And then my June Rose slept, and the sleep was that God giveth his beloved. Oh, she was mine, now—mine evermore. My June Rose was beautiful in the garden of God!

I leaned out of the window, while mother folded the hands upon the silent breast. Looking up, I saw the Evening Star trembling whitely in a sea of azure. Looking down, I saw that one June rose had burst into fragrant bloom, and I broke it from its stem, and put it in her hands. How peaceful she looked! She had gone on ahead to wait for my coming, and I bent, and whispered to her softly, and I know she understood. "Yes, darling, I will be with you by-and-by." And I know that the hopes and dreams of my lifetime will all come back to me in the June of Heaven, and then—oh, my June Rose, *then*!

WAITING.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

I know it is Summer, but down in my heart,
The frosts of the Winter-time do not depart.
I know that the flowers are a-bloom on the plain,
That the dear, blue-eyed violets are with us again;
That the birds have returned from the tropical land,
And in the green meadows the zephyrs are bland.
But I heed not the chorus of winds or of birds,
I cannot interpret their beautiful words.
My heart only questions: why is it my sweet,
That Summer should find me my joy incomplete?

Are you sleeping, my darling, and sleeping so long;
Your heart has forgotten love's beautiful song?
Are you dreaming, my dearest, and never of me,
And ne'er of our hopes of the sweet yet-to-be?
Has another one wooed you with rapturous song,
That your feet, oh, beloved! have tarried so long?
Do other eyes, lovingly, look in your own,
And other lips whisper "my beautiful one!"
That Summer should come, in her bonnet of blue,
And find me still watching and waiting for you?

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY ALICE GRAY.

"My fate is coming over the sea. I sit here and watch for it."

"Are you crazy, Cora?"

"No, no more than other people. Every one is more or less so, they say. I believe in impressions, and this one is a steadfast companion of mine. It's coming, and look, now!"

Out of the mist, hanging low on the horizon, into the brightness streaming from a rift in the western clouds, came a little schooner, standing into the bay swiftly and silently.

They watched her, the girl with grave, awe-struck face. They rose, and strolled down toward the wharf, with its few weather-beaten store-houses.

"Do you really think that shabby old thing brings your fate, Cora?" asked the young man.

"Don't laugh at me!" she answered, uneasily.

There seemed but one passenger. He was now coming up the road, a lithe, keen man, who, as he approached, touched his hat, and asked the way to the village.

"The village is just ahead. You can see it," answered Morton, gruffly, jealous of any one who even looked at his companion.

The young man laughed lightly. "Are all the natives of your coast so inhospitable?" he said. Then taking off his hat, he bowed gracefully to Cora, and passed on.

Walking slowly home, Cora picked up an Indian-rubber case, seemingly water-proof and air-tight. What made her conceal it from Morton?

That night, in her own room at the hotel, she opened it. Within lay, on a bed of night-black velvet, a pearl set in a necklace of quite wonderful size and beauty. It lit the whole room with its soft, snowy, lustrous glory. Surely this was the pearl of great price, which the merchant hearing of, sold all that he had, and gladly bought. Whence came it, this tenderness dissolved, and floating calmly in a sea of milk! This thrill of love caught and dimpled into a lucent sphere! It was the dream, quiet and gracious, of a beautiful woman. It was the thought of the youngest of God's cherubs, who do always behold the face of the Father. It was music, bound for a time, but murmuring "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" Nay, it was the very note of the angel Isrefil, the sweetest-voiced of any creature of God—solidified.

Its charming beams floated round Cora as she turned it this way and that, almost awe-struck at the pale, precious loveliness. She held it against her forehead, looking at herself in the glass, remembering that the ladies of the Orient allow no other gem to touch their soft skins. Diamonds? Why, a diamond would be vulgar, blatant, flaunting, self-asserting, beside this calm, regal shining, like the effortless richness of a calla-cup.

Entranced, she hung over the dreamy foam-bells of lustre for a long hour. She was a firm believer in subtle, unknown influences and talismans, as well as many old beliefs that science is now picking up from the mire of contempt, and setting as fixed stars in the firmament of fact; and as the filmy-eyed thing looked up at her, she felt, or thought she felt, a singular fascination, a pulling at some bond. Its life was partly animal; through sympathy had it become charged with the electric passion, thrilling the warm, white, heaving bosoms whereon it had lain, and knotting the, perhaps, crowned brows its sunny splendor had lit? No cold, pitiless mineral secretion this; no dazzling, gorgeous diamond from Brazilian stepes, or glittering snaky emerald; its very birth into the world of light had been amid the throes and the eagerness of human passion, as the wretched, half-starved Indian, rose panting and quivering from the depths, and flung it on Ceylon's rock, reddened with his life-blood. Human sympathies! human magnetism! Yes! Cora shivered, and, rising, put it determinedly away.

On the broad piazza of the hotel, next day, Cora Parks encountered the stranger.

"I am so glad to meet you!" she exclaimed. "Did you know you lost something, down near the landing, yesterday?"

His eye dwelt on her with a smile. "I am afraid I did. Did you find it?"

"Yes!"

"And will you keep it safely?"

"Keep it! No, indeed. It is too valuable."

"Thanks! I thought it but a poor offering."

"What can you mean? Such a jewel as that must be of immense value."

"You are too kind! You are too kind!"

"I don't understand you. Of what are you speaking?" said Miss Parks, haughtily.

"Of what I lost yesterday. Its vacant place is here," laying his hand on his breast.

His manner was earnest, even grave; and Cora was provoked to find her blushes rising at those idle compliments. Meanwhile, Morton Way, leaning against a pillar, saw the stranger's hand on his breast, and grew more jealous than ever.

"I am talking," Cora resumed, "of what I found yesterday;" and she described the superb ornament with enthusiasm, heightened by the tinge of superstition she felt.

"And did you think I dropped that?" asked the other.

"Didn't you? Didn't you drop it?" exclaimed Cora. "I thought, of course, you did."

He laughed, as if the idea was too absurd. "I am sorry to say, my dear lady, I must disclaim all title to it."

"It is very strange," said Cora. "It could have been lost only from this house, if you did not drop it. No one in the village owns it, I know."

She was walking by his side now, this man, whose name even she did not know; and confidence and sympathy seemed to come naturally as possible. They stopped at the end of the piazza, leaning against the balustrade, he looking over her head. Suddenly, he said, "There is a beautiful effect on yonder cloud! A little this way, and you'll catch it." But he turned her, not toward it, but so that any one, at the other end of the piazza, could see the long and fervent pressure he gave her hand as he left off. And Morton Way saw it, and his jealousy grew tenfold more intense.

In less than a week Augustus Du Pré, for that was the stranger's name, had become a success, to use the Bostonian expression, at the Piscataqua House. He waltzed like a dream, led the German unerringly, and sent a boat through the water like a Harvard stroke-oar. He had so great versatility that all declared he could go down in the kitchen and cook the dinner exquisitely. "Billiard-maker or thimble-rigger, I am not certain which," sneered Morton Way, jealous of Du Pré's attentions to Cora. Mrs. Starkie, the reigning lady of the house, declared, "I know all his people well—the Du Pré's of Carolina. A good stock. Huguenots." About these Huguenot ancestors Du Pré himself used to tell a story, with an inconsistent gleam on his usually gay, good-natured face. His great, great grandfather, Des Adrots, had appeared before a French fortress, in the time of Henry III., parched for revenge. The castle surrendered, but he ran out a plank from the battlements, and the garrison, man by man, was driven out upon it, and over it, Des Adrots, sitting below, watching the ghastly heap as it rose, and, shouting to the victims to make haste, as they shivered at the hide-

ous leap. This pleasant story Du Pré would tell, as if quite entering into the personality of the Huguenot captain. Though one would have deemed him more at home helping the widowed Tolandès, and the fatherless Aimès to raise amid their tears one of Marot's psalms.

"Don't make a hero of him, girls," Mrs. Starkie repeated, in vain. But he had something misty and mysterious about him, and what young girl but acknowledges the spell of the mysterious. Even Cora, though at heart true to Morton Way, felt something of this strange attraction.

"If I wait here, will you show me your treasure?" he said, one night, to Cora Parks.

She went and brought the pearl.

"It is treasure-trove," he said. "You have the rights of the lady of the house. You have never succeeded in discovering its origin, its owner?"

"Never; and I've tried every way."

"Very beautiful is it. You will always keep it?"

The girl paused a moment; then she said, almost solemnly, "I will. There is a glamour about it to me. I always knew my fate would come over the sea."

A week or two afterward, Augustus Du Pré was arranging some private theatricals. He offered one of the best parts to Morton Way, who refused it. Du Pré urged him. "No," he said, "these things are not in my way," and then, raising his voice, repeated, "Not in my way; I, for one, am not a strolling player."

There was no mistaking the intended insult. A smile ran round the circle of young men often eclipsed by the stranger. Augustus never opened his lips, but that night he went to Cora Parks and begged her, as a particular favor, to wear her necklace at the hop the next night.

How resplendent she looked with it! Du Pré met her with a deep bow of thanks, and a tender smile. Morton Way started forward, and gazed. He saw the look of intelligence; *his* gift, he doubted not; and accepted and worn? Ay, Cora Parks, the sea has brought you your fate!

Morton Way turned, and went out. "She is false to me," he cried. "She loves this stranger. Shall I stop to be made a mock of by her and him? Never."

The glowing windows of the ball-room flared out, on the sands, their far-stretching parallelograms of light; the long, shooting rays pursued him; it was long before he could get out of reach of them and the music. "Those deuced vulgar waltzes!" he murmured. But, at last, he walked alone, breathing the east wind. In these moments of mad jealousy, he cast the old life behind him.

"Do you know that Mr. Way has gone?" said Mr. Seaver, the next day. "Something he said last night, made me renew an offer I made to him to go to China. Our house has a branch there, you know. He left before daybreak, and will be on his road in a week."

Augustus Du Pré cast down his eyes with a gleam in them which might have set well on his Huguenot ancestor. But Cora, who stood by, thought she should faint.

"Come this way, my dear," said Mrs. Starkie to her. "My crochet needs your righting," and she led the girl down the beach.

Mrs. Starkie was a bright old lady of sixty, a watering-place veteran, who, since she had married her three daughters and four nieces, had given up Saratoga, Cape May, and the Virginia Springs, and affected smaller resorts. "They call it trifling in an old woman," she said, "but it is a study to me. At a watering-place is all life compressed. It is like breathing oxygen—people have to live fast."

She was a romantic old lady, in spite of her being wise and keen. People came to her about everything, because she had kept her power of sympathy.

This morning she put her hand on Cora's shoulder, questioning whether she should lead her to relieve her overcharged heart by tears and confidence, or avoid clothing the vague with definite shape, and hue, and sting. Cora saw that the secret was betrayed, and answered,

"It is better not to talk of it," she said.

"Well, my dear, you can judge best," said her friend, very gently.

Cora sat still, looking off over the ocean. The tide was running out, the moan of the groundswell beat the ear with added distinctness, and each treacherous wave, as it burst and hurried back farther from her feet than the last, seemed to wash all hope farther off, and leave the bare, vivid fact glaring alone.

All at once she turned and said, hopelessly, "He is gone!"

Then the old eyes overflowed, and Mrs. Starkie drew her young friend's head down on her bosom, and pressed her in her arms.

But Cora struggled free.

"No, no," said she, "we had best not talk about it."

Suddenly she grasped Mrs. Starkie's arm.

"There is one more chance. Look there!"

Mrs. Starkie looked, and saw a well-known figure stepping stately along the beach, taking his morning walk. It was Mr. Seaver.

"What do you mean, child?"

"He—he," stammered Cora, in her excitement,

"could let him know that—that I found that pearl thing I had on; that it was no lover's gift. There is—there is another chance," and she sprung up and stood on the sparkling sands, her whole life in her eyes and panting chest. "Augustus Du Pré could tell him! He knows!"

"Then it was not his gift?"

"No. Did you think it was? But tell me, shall I ask them? Which?"

"Don't ask Augustus Du Pré. As for Mr. Seaver, I don't know him well, but I believe him to be an honorable gentleman. It would be better if he were forty-five, instead of thirty-five; but——" She paused, and scrutinized the handsome form, in perfect sea-side costume, whose lofty carriage bore him toward them, while he surveyed the solemn, limitless ocean, as if it were a good institution, very proper to be patronized in the season. Cora also watched, open-mouthed and breathless, that measured tread. It seemed the tread of fate.

At length Mrs. Starkie said,

"Go! I would, for you; but you can do it better."

Like an arrow from the bow Cora shot away. Mr. Seaver was startled from his cigar and self-possession, by her flying up to him, her scarlet shawl streaming behind her like a flame.

"Good gracious! What is the matter?" he cried.

"I—I only wanted to ask you something——" and then Cora stopped, and flushed a deeper red, and put her hand wildly to her forehead. How could she—how could she do it? Oh, if the incoming wave would snatch her away on its green bosom!

"What can I do for you, Miss Park?" came from the wondering Mr. Seaver.

She looked round then, and spoke harshly and quickly.

"You—you know where Mr. Way has gone?"

"I do."

"Will you let him know that the pearl necklace I wore last night was found, not given to me? You must give him this message, if you do give it, as from yourself. I cannot send it to him. He never told me he cared what I wore. But, oh! pardon me, and pity me!" and she covered her burning face with both her hands.

"Pardon you, my dear Miss Parks," returned Mr. Seaver, repressing, in the most well-bred manner, all show of surprise. "I can only feel flattered by this proof of confidence;" but he did not look at all flattered. "I perfectly understand you. I will do what you wish, and I think you may trust me to do it, so as not to compromise your delicacy."

Cora turned without uncovering her face, and fled straight back to Mrs. Starkie, while Mr. Seaver pursued his stroll.

It was done, the unmaidenly, immodest thing, as Cora called it long before she reached Mrs. Starkie. Was this Cora Parks, the quiet, conventional New York girl! Some blast had taken her off her feet.

Mr. Seaver was an honorable gentleman. Yes, to his own sex. Toward women, the code is different; and yet that, after all, is the test of the true metal. Before he reached the limit of his excursion, he had about decided it was not worth while to give in to such nonsense! He had set his own eye on Miss Parks.

He repassed the friends, raising his hat, without ever looking toward them. They appreciated his delicacy. If they had only known his thought!

Ah, pallid pearl! did Cora hurry thee indignantly out of sight? No, she wondered she did not hate it, as the days and weeks passed, and brought no tidings; but it seemed nearer to her than ever. Itself was a trophy of patience, for it owed existence to a wound so covered and so cured. It was the tangible poetry of pain, the glory born from suffering; that mystery which nature is ever enacting through her myriad circles up to its culmination on the Judean hill. Oh, beautiful, meek type! Oh, lustrous beacon!

As for Du Pre, he left the hotel, soon after Morton Way. He had become hateful to Cora; for she regarded him as the cause of her lover's departure, and she could not conceal her dislike. In a few weeks Cora also left. A year passed. Its silent, fessiless fingers pressed and shaped Cora's spirit. Was her calm born of self-control, or of a nature not tense and strong enough to meet and vibrate to such smiting?

At the end of the year, Mr. Seaver offered himself. She hesitated awhile, and then accepted, murmuring, "It might as well be him as any one now!"

A perfect afternoon was waiting to be clothed in its royal garments of purple, just over the gleaming maples of Mr. Seaver's stately residence, when he came suddenly out of the grove behind his wife. That afternoon she had put on the necklace; why, she did not know.

"My dear," he said, "you have been sitting motionless for an hour. May I beg to know what you have been thinking of?"

Mrs. Seaver started, and put her hand over her breast, as if guarding something. She said, confusedly, "I don't know. One's thoughts are their own."

Said Mr. Seaver, "I beg your pardon! They are mine. I do not often assert my rights, but

there is such thing as loyalty of spirit and imagination. A true wife sets up no image but her husband."

Cora sent an instinctive glance around, as if for an opening of escape from slavery.

No, there was no escape. Mr. Seaver had become passionately fond of his wife; and these reserved, smothered, volcanic natures are so tinglingly conscious of the flood of tenderness they hide so tightly, that they feel savagely injured if they don't get full return, and therefore are very unpleasant pieces of house furniture. I know, from having lived with one many years.

From this day—Cora remembered afterward that she had on the necklace—she was made to feel the full weight of her chain, until Mr. Seaver's death.

Our story goes off to China. It is difficult for a woman to realize or describe how one really and truly wounded, struck to the heart in the love which is the most intimate part of his being, the very life of his life, can yet eagerly and ardently pursue and capture other interests. But men will not need my description to understand how Morton Way threw himself heartily into the race for wealth, and was stirred greatly by the new objects of sight and thought around. It was a busy existence he lived among the Celestials, with their subtlety, their fawning, their provoking patience, their mindless industry, with its petty objects and incompleteness. No Caucasian ever gets into sympathy with them. In missionary circles he thought to meet the converted on common ground; but they made him think of the Fiji, to whom a missionary once spoke of his predecessor, calling him "a good and tender man." "Yes," replied the convert, reflectively, "he was very good, and very tender, I ate a piece of him."

Six years had passed, when Morton lay, one afternoon, on a bamboo lounge, maturing his calculations with knit brows, fan in hand, and the inevitable cup of tea within reach. Success threw aside the curtains of her shrine, and stepped out on his path; but, as he gazed through the oleanthers, out on the tiresome, never-ending rice-fields, an infinite weariness took possession of him. He seemed to form part of an absurd phantasm. It grew dark; and he lay and watched the enormous fire-flies, circling among the white champic-flowers, and heard the booming of the huge cicadas, and the fantastic gongs and drums from the junks on the river, and the endless sputtering of the people in the streets, till he rose, with an eastward gaze and purpose fixed. His partner lifted hands, and eyes, and voice, but nothing could alter him. In a fortnight, he

was on his way home. *Home!* What had it for him?

A pale, beautiful widow, in half-mourning, sat on the beach of her old resort, the Piscatqua House. It was Mrs. Seaver. "Why so grave?" asked her friends. "I am superstitious," she replied. "Never have I put on this necklace without something of importance happening to me; without its turning a leaf in the book of my fate. I found it many years ago."

"You found it?" almost shouted Morton Way, darting out from behind a rock. He stood over her for a moment, his eyes drinking hers up, then he shot back again. The circle noticed with surprise that Mrs. Seaver showed no astonishment, but the loveliest, freshest blush lit her whole face.

"Come," said one, "it's getting damp."

"I'll finish my chapter first," Mrs. Seaver said, taking up the book on her lap.

There was another chapter to be finished.

"Wear the necklace! wear the pearl necklace!" pleaded Morton Way, the next day.

"I am too pale now," said Mrs. Seaver; but she fingered it tenderly as she put it on. It, too, had caught its pallor from long hearkening in a dark prison-house, for the words "let there be light!" and how gratefully now its happy shining gave back the gift, dimpling into charming wavelets of radiance. Its purity was not unconscious or untried, but rather like that of a soul which has come, through much tribulation, to make its robe "white so as no fuller on earth can white them." Oh, was not this the pearl which, with its essence expanded and perfected, will form a gate of the crystal city.

Had not Mrs. Seaver cause for superstition, when, as she sat that day at the extremity of a ledge of rocks, a step behind her made her turn, and behold her old acquaintance, Augustus Du Pré? He had not the frank, exacting manner of old; but a worried, contracted look, as he gazed absently down on the tawny sands, on the wet sides of the fishing-boats, flashing back the sun as brightly as ever boat on Venetian lagoon, and on the old dock, little rustier or shabbier than ten years before.

He treated the affair as if fulfilling an appointment at an interval of ten years—much as ghosts on the stage rise, as if doing an every-day thing, and scarcely noting the astonishment and dismay they create. Why should she feel any astonishment, Mrs. Seaver asked herself. There was nothing so very odd about meeting him again; and this time he had come in no mysterious way, but simply by the ordinary train, and at the customary hour. Yet she could not help the feeling that

his life and hers had been for ten years rounding into this occurrence with a fatal certainty, drawn by the pearls, by a magnetism making the failure in an unknown and unconscious trust impossible? She put up her hands, and lifted them, for they felt cold and heavy on her neck; and while her fingers pressed them, she learned that Augustus Du Pré had come for them. How long they had seemed hers, peculiarly hers, most tenderly hers now, bound to her by both loss and gain; but in an instant her spirit's hold on them relaxed, all sense of ownership melted away like snow, though she thought it right to ask some proof.

"It was absolutely necessary," said Du Pré, "to cut all connection between me and the necklace at that time. It is a long story. I cannot go over it. But if I can show you something about it you have never discovered, show you a secret spring, and tell you what is underneath, will you believe me?"

"Yes, I will believe you. You know I thought you dropped it."

He placed his finger on a spring. "Under this is a lock of gray hair, and the monogram and the motto."

It was as he had said.

"But, ha! What, what is this?" he exclaimed.

On the pearl a bluish, sickly tint was perceptible. Du Pré examined it carefully. Drops stood on his forehead. He turned pale with that sort of green pallor olive complexions sometimes exhibit.

"What is it? What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Seaver.

Du Pré stood perfectly still, looking at it, his face rigid, his lips presently drawing away from his teeth with a very sinister expression. Then he raised his head, and looked off to sea, and said, grimly, "So, that's past!"

"What is it? Tell me?" urged Mrs. Seaver.

"Do you see that blue, livid tinge?" It is the beginning of decay. In a short time the pearl will crumble to powder. It is worthless."

"Can nothing be done to help it?"

"Nothing! It is doomed. Science has proved that. The Empress Eugenie had an ornament which showed these symptoms—you may have seen the account—to which chemists, and lapidarians, and jewelers the most eminent, were summoned in vain. The animal fibres of which the pearl is partly composed follow the law of nature. There is the livid hue of death! So!" and he drew a long, hoarse breath.

The two stood long silent and grave on that black rock, with the scream of the sea-gull in their ear, and above them torn, lurid clouds sweeping

along, and imaging their fiery flying in the leaping waves below.

"Well," said Augustus Du Pré, "it grappled itself to humanity, and so must share the fate of humanity. I'll tell you its history—part of it;" and he sat down on a heap of stones, took the dying thing in his hands, and began its monody in a dogged tone.

"Yes; everywhere it has been married to human passion. They say it belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, who wore it when she sat by Darnley's bed an hour before he lay dead beneath the stars; wore it till, in the honest shadow of death, she gave it to one of her own women, who carried it back to France; and, somehow, Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle, Madame de Sevigne's Mademoiselle, got it, and presented it to her handsome lover, Lauzun. It was set in a ring then, and saw many a gay scene, I warrant you. Then it drifted to Germany, and was sent to a fair Baroness, to summon her to a scaffold, where her high-hearted lord died for a crime of hers; and again, it acted as a token to bring a mother to the cradle, where her first-born, supposed to be dead, smiled up in her face, and stretched out his baby hands for the gem. Once it was picked out of the mire and gore, after a scarlet flame of cavalry had streamed up a green English hill-side, and the leader had fallen to dust and darkness. A rejoicing father hung it as a thank-offering round the neck of an image of the Virgin, whence my Huguenot ancestors— But, no matter. In everything: battle, worship, love, grief, and death, it has mingled, so they say. Silly fancies, half of them. I could add another of its

magical powers; couldn't you? My magnetism is keen enough to tell me that when I touch it."

"I'll forgive it all the rest for the last thing it did for me," said Cora.

Du Pré looked up at her darkly. "Well! there were two of them once. One found its fate in Sir Thomas Gresham's cup of sack, when he drank the health of his maiden queen. That was a fifteen thousand pound drink. This one, as I say, came over here with my great-grandfather, and was buried with his plate at the Revolution. My old grandfather used to tell how it beamed out when the ground was re-opened, like the moon coming out of an eclipse. And, lately, it has— No! Let that stay a secret, forever," and he ground his teeth. "This blue water is fathomless here, beside the rock. Look!" And he opened the hand which held the pearl. "The deep has its own again!"

A moment more, and Du Pré was gone.

Another moment, and Morton Way had joined Cora from the cliff above. Perhaps he had not liked the looks of that confidential tableau. As they stood there, the sunlight, which had lain in the trough of the sea, between two swell-lifted ridges, with that dusky, powerful splendor that "burns like gold, and bathes like blood," suddenly melted into soft, sweet rose-color, lighting up their faces, the rough stones around, the dank swirls of sea-weed, and the yellow foam frothing at their feet. They turned, and far in the green, eastern horizon streamed tender crimson banners, prophets and harbingers of the morrow's glad uprising; and in that glorified light they walked up the path together.

BOTH SWEET HANDS IN MINE.

BY JAMES H. HARDY.

I know where there is a dell;
So does Jennie;
Where the crystal waters well,
Bright as any.

Ever gurgling from the earth,
Ever laughing in its birth.
At the foot of mimic hills,
Ever does the jet arise,
And the rock-begirted pool,
Ever fresh and sweetly cool,
Shadows back unclouded skies.

Up the slope a cottage stands,
Sweetly shaded;
Beautified by loving hands,
Trellis braided.
A dewy twilight fills the bow'rs,

Ever in the sultry hours.
Birds of plumage and of song,
Sport and sing among the vines.
Walks with mossy carpets spread,
Nature's vintage overhead,
That carnage forth the richest wines.

There, upon a plat of green,
'Neath a willow;
Graceful as a fairy queen,
Tresses yellow,
Stood the darling of my heart,
In picture of the highest art;
Fervently her gentle hands
I held, and, smiling called them mine.
Her struggling spirit, sweet and true,
Spoke in her silent eyes of blue:
"Yes, they, and all myself are thine."

THE BIG-BUG PARTY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"Ow, you horrid thing!" I exclaimed, as I frantically tore something from my hair, and flung it as far as possible.

My companion gazed at me in mild-eyed astonishment. We sat on the broad piazza of the — Springs Hotel, and I had thus unceremoniously interrupted him in his recitation of "Maud." I really believed he knew all Tennyson by heart; and he bored me half to death.

It was a lovely June evening, and the cause of my excitement was one of those abominations known as "snapping-bugs." Such creatures, by a sort of unerring instinct, always made directly for my hair; and my life had been haunted by an imaginary bat, which, I was firmly persuaded, only bided its time to run riot in my superabundant locks.

"What a pity, my dear, that you don't like insects," observed Mrs. Matthews, serenely. "If you were first to study them a little now, you would find them very companionable."

Fancy a "companionable" caterpillar, or a "sociable" wasp. Ugh! the very thought made my flesh creep. But Mrs. Matthews was my particular aversion. She seemed to have nothing to do but to fold her fat hands, out there on the piazza, and amiably reprove the follies of others.

Having dislodged the reptile, and finished my Indian war-dance, I turned to encounter my especial favorites, Mr. and Mrs. Bartleford. They were young, and bright, and clever; and, delighted with each other, without being in the least silly. It was a pleasure just to look at them. Our acquaintance was not of long standing, only the few weeks we had been together in this summer resort; but we seemed to know each other very well, and I smiled in answer to the two smiles that now greeted me.

"Couldn't you do that again, Mabel?" said Mrs. Bartleford, while the smile deepened into a laugh.

"Do what, again?" I asked, coloring at the thought of the undignified antics I must have perpetrated.

"Please forgive us," pleaded Mr. B., also laughing, "but your struggles with that 'insect,' as Mrs. Matthews would call it, brought vividly before us a most eventful chapter in our own lives. The first words ever addressed to me by the present Mrs. Bartleford were, 'Do please tell

me if there is anything on my head!' uttered in the most beseeching of tones."

"Now, Phil!" remonstrated his wife, "that is too bad of you! But sit down here, Mabel, if you are not too indignant, and let me tell you about 'the Big-Bug Party.'"

I cheerfully acquiesced, for nothing prosy ever came from that quarter; and, laughing merrily over the recollection, and frequently interrupted by her husband, Bessie gave me the following account:

"'Born of poor, but honest parents,' like most of the other girls with whom I associated, life, in our quiet village, appeared to me to be made up of three meals a day, with the necessary preparation and clearing away, and extra working-days, sprinkled through the week. We did indulge in occasional dissipations, though—parties, picnics, and sewing-societies; but these gatherings were the reverse of formal, for every one knew every one else, and no one attempted to 'put on airs.' We all lived in about the same kind of houses, and did about the same things, with one exception.

"'This exception was the Trenton's.

"They lived in a 'mansion' that was set up high on a hill, overlooking the village. Their domicile was a huge, wooden structure, painted brown, with bay-windows, a cupola, and a long, graveled walk, leading up to it from the gate. Rumor said that the *pater familias* came from, no one knew where, and had made his money in no very reputable manner; but money he certainly had; and Mrs. Trenton was very consequential, and the girls were sent away to boarding-school, and mixed very little with the villagers. But, by-and-by, they came home for good; the house seemed to be undergoing a sort of renovation, and lots of beautiful things were sent from town.

"One day, to our great astonishment, some of us no-bodies were invited to a party at the Trenton's. A serious-looking man-servant went about delivering the notes of invitation, which he did in such a solemn way that it seemed more like a summons to a funeral. Every one immediately 'ran in' to see every one else, and consult about this stupendous occasion. You can imagine just how we felt. No one wanted to go, and no one wanted to stay at home. We assured each other that it would be a dreadfully stiff affair, and that

not a bit of fun need be expected; but it would also be grand, and give us something to talk about for the next month.

"With many misgivings, we proceeded, on the eventful evening, to array ourselves in festive attire, which, in my case, as in that of many others, was a white Swiss muslin, quite innocent of jewelry."

"I saw jewels," interpolated 'Phil,' but was immediately extinguished by his better half.

"Fortunately, it was June, and there were plenty of roses. Some of those village girls were lovely in their simple toilets. But how to get there—how to enter the room—what we were expected to do when we had entered, were conundrums none of us could answer.

"On approaching the house, the blaze of light, that seemed to permeate it from attic to cellar, was not re-assuring to neophytes. This was our first grand party; and it seemed as though every piece of awkwardness would be made so fearfully prominent, without any shaded corners to hide in. When I reached the parlors, I could not help admiring their size and handsome arrangement; and, presently, Nannie and Sadie Trenton (who began life as Nancy and Sarah) were standing beside me, and talking to me from a sort of height. I had never thought them pretty; but they were wonderfully dressed, and acted as though they considered themselves quite irresistible.

"You wouldn't be bad-looking, Bessie, if you had any style," said Nannie, as she scanned me from head to foot. 'I think that you and Phil Bartleford would be congenial spirits, and I'll introduce you presently. He is one of our city beaux.'

"I do not wish to be introduced to him, then," said I, perversely. 'I like country beaux better.'

"You wouldn't, dear, if you had ever been in the city," replied Sadie, provokingly. 'The country youths about here appear to us quite intolerable—not a bit of style, you know. How can you live in this place all the year round?'

"My tormentor smiled sweetly, as she made these pleasing remarks, so that a looker-on might have supposed she was saying the most delightful things; and before I could get a chance to vent the indignation that I felt, she had floated off, with the same smile on her face, to welcome a very *distingué* city group, who had just arrived; while her sister, with the paragonizing wish, that 'she hoped I'd enjoy myself,' deserted me on the other side to go to the relief of a white-eyed young man, who appeared to be so over-burdened with 'style,' that he could not stand up without supporting himself by the mantel-piece.

"A knot of us gathered in one corner, and surveyed the scene. The city people were collected at one end of the long room, and gazed about them somewhat superciliously. Mrs. Trenton was fussy—the girls nervous. Trenton *père* looked very much like a man walking in his sleep. Two or three Irish girls were giggling at the doors; and a colored waiter from the city was gliding about in the distance, with that ineffable air of superiority, which appears to be the birthright of such high and mighty functionaries.

"Lively evening, isn't it?" remarked one of our own set, 'and what privileged beings we are to be permitted to contemplate so many 'ornaments to society!'

"I should like to introduce a good-sized hoptoad into that party," said Sue Morrison, as she surveyed the city exquisites, with a somewhat vicious look.

"Or a pack of fire-crackers," added her particular friend and follower.

"This masterly inactivity is getting to be oppressive," said somebody else. 'If we could only get up a good, old-fashioned game, or dance, or anything. How do you suppose they mean to entertain us?'

"Look, look!" exclaimed Sue Morrison, gleefully, clapping her hands like a demented child. 'The party has begun! But what does it mean? Don't they act strangely?'

"They did indeed.

"The ball was opened by an affected-looking young lady, in a blue silk dress, and long, tow-colored curls, tied behind with cerulean ribbon, who appeared to be spinning around, and shaking her skirts violently. The white-eyed young man made ineffectual dashes at her with his cambric handkerchief. Some one else seized the young man's hair. There was some laughter, and a few shrill screams. Then people began dodging as though cannon-balls were flying about; they ran here and there as though playing 'puss in the corner;' and I found myself suddenly roused from a dreamy contemplation of this strange state of things by a buzzing and snapping in my eyes and ears.

"I started nervously, and, glancing at a white, marble-topped table near, saw that it was fairly covered with a black, crawling community of some kind. White dresses were spangled with duplicates of the creatures. I looked down to find three on my own skirt, and, with a dreadful feeling of some demon clawing and scratching in my hair, I made a frantic bound to the other end of the room. Why I thought it necessary to go so far, I cannot to this day imagine; but rushing wildly at the first person I encountered, I greeted

him with the pathetic adjuration, 'Do see if there is anything on my head!'

"I had been wanting the party to begin, too," parenthesised Mr. Bartleford, "and had just made up my mind to cross the boundary line that seemed to divide city from country, and try some method of approach to the piquant-looking young lady whom I had overheard declining to be introduced to me, when she obligingly saved me the trouble by such a headlong and excited onset, that nothing short of an Indian in full pursuit, with scalping-knife in hand, could have justified the proceeding. 'Do—do tell me,' she gasped, 'if there is anything on my head?' 'A crown,' I replied, with an admiring gaze at the sunny brown hair. 'But I am afraid,' I added, as she continued to glare wildly at me, 'that you are really frightened, and I do not see any cause for alarm.' She glanced at me somewhat contemptuously. 'Of course, you are not troubled; there is nothing to take hold of. But do tell me if some of those dreadful June-bugs haven't got into my hair?' Thus adjured, I made careful search; and actually did dislodge one struggling wretch from a curl, to which he was clinging with an expression of the most wicked determination.

"'Oh, thank you,' murmured the fair unknown, as though I had saved her life. 'Do pray excuse me.' 'My name is Philip Bartleford,' said I, with my best bow: 'May I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?' 'It is of no consequence,' replied the lady, with Toots-like simplicity, as she suddenly moved away. This change of base was a little surprising, as, under the circumstances, I had looked forward to a pleasant *tele-a-tete*, but I waited quietly in the hope that fortune would favor me again."

"He looked so provoking," laughed Mrs. B., "I knew from his eyes that he had heard what Minnie Trenton had said, and what I had said; and I felt that I couldn't stay there another minute. But those bugs! You should have seen them. They stood, not on the order of their coming, but came by thousands. They flew in at the windows: they poured through the doors; they seemed to rise from the carpet; they blackened the walls; they rushed at the lights, but always with an exasperating luck in not getting killed. They tried to dash their brains out against anything and everything; they buzzed, they banged, they snapped, they swarmed; they fell down on their backs, and got up again; they turned double summersaults on convenient heads, and were, in one word, perfectly diabolical. No one seemed to know what to make of them; and the city people, especially, were aghast with horror and amazement.

"The pleasantest sight of the evening to me, was the praiseworthy industry of a cat in the hall, which latter was a complete bug-pasture; and the regular snap, snap of puss's jaws, as she benevolently endeavored to clear a path to the front door, was music in my ears. But no earthly force is able to cope with these hard-shelled powers of the air; the more they are killed, the more lively they are; and their fearful ingenuity in tormenting, and putting themselves in twenty different places at once, savors strongly of the supernatural.

"They vanquished us all, that evening, and were evidently bent on making us understand that it was their party, and not ours. Refreshments were brought in, and with them a fresh relay of snapping-bugs. A professor in eye-glasses pointed to a floundering intruder in his saucer of ice-cream, and wondered if freezing might not have rather a softening, than a hardening effect on such an iron-clad pest.

"At last, brooms and dust-pans were introduced, and a grand shoveling match¹ began among the household force. It really seemed as though wheelbarrows full were swept up and carted away, and yet the skies continued to rain them down like black snow-flakes. The elevated situation of the house, and the unwonted blaze of light were irresistible attractions; and if ever June-bugs reveled and snapped to their perfect satisfaction, they did it on that night.

"I really pitied the Trentons.

"'So mortifying!' said Minnie to me, almost with a sob. 'What does possess the horrid things to fly in so? They have spoiled nearly all the eatables, and no one will ever want to come here again.'

"'Never mind,' I replied, soothingly, 'every one knows that it cannot be helped.'

"'Bessie,' exclaimed my companion, with a compunction of conscience for having neglected me, 'you must let me introduce Mr. Bartleford; he is just dying to know you.'

"'I do not wish to hear his name again,' I replied, hastily.

"Then I jumped, for three snapping-bugs had just alighted on my bare arm.

"'Allow me,' said a voice in very close proximity, as the marauders were dislodged with a handkerchief, 'I quite agree with Miss Polton, that an introduction is unnecessary,' continued the speaker, with beautiful serenity. 'We are quite old friends, thanks to your winged guests.'

"Minnie looked comically at us, and departed; and I felt like doing the same; but my new acquaintance had such a happy knack of keeping my unscrupulous tormentors at bay, that it

was decidedly safer to remain in his neighborhood."

Here the narrator stopped.

"I think, said the gentleman, taking up the narrative, "that, on the whole, people really enjoyed themselves. I know that I did; and the unwelcome snapping-bugs undoubtedly saved the Trenton domicil, that evening, from the chill frost of decorum that was rapidly settling down upon it. Such playful antics were never before indulged in by grown-up, civilized people; and it is quite impossible to be stiff and distant with companions whom you are constantly imploring to protect you against monsters a full inch in length. So many rescued damsels have never been seen at once, before or since, in the given space; and some were grateful enough to round their adventures properly by marrying their pre-

servers. Several matches are said to have been made at the Trenton's party; the white-eyed young man and the tow-headed young lady have been for some time engaged in the task of making each other miserable; and the young person who so resolutely declined an introduction to my distinguished self——"

But the wife interrupted.

"That will do, Phil. Having had the beginning and the end, Mabel's imagination can fill up the intervening spaces, and, as the cookery-books say, 'season to taste.' The Trentons were not nearly so exclusive after this experience, and did not attempt anything so grand again in the way of party-giving. One of the uninvited took some comfort in dubbing the entertainment 'The Big-Bug Party,' and the name clung to it from that time forth."

MY WIFE'S SWEET LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I'd rather own my wife's sweet love,
Than all the world could give beside;
There is no love can equal prove,
With that of love's devoted bride.
The maiden love may be withdrawn,
As shining meteors pass away;
But wifely love comes like the dawn,
The whole of life's long day to stay!

I'd rather own thy love, sweet wife,
Than princely smiles, and gems so fair;
With thee I spend the whole of life,
And need that thou my all shouldst share.
Go, tell the flowers they need no rain,
And need no sun with warmth and glow;
Yea, tell them that, and just as vain,
Persuade my heart from thee to grow.

Oh, wife! I need thy love for e'er,
Not now so dark and hid in cloud,
And then a moment sun-like fair,
But ever free from speck and shroud;
Thy love was sworn; are oaths for nought;
And vows to be of no regard!
Thy love, my wife, my heart has sought,
Oh, be thy love my dear reward!

Thy love is sweet as life itself,
The sweetest joy my frame can feel,
A million times before all pelf,
And idols where we foolish kneel.
Oh, fire my soul with its delight,
And bid it never more depart;
My sun by day, my moon by night,
The guide and comfort of my heart!

"WHAT THE BAG-PIPES MEAN."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

"WHAT! Music in bag-pipes," a lady said,
"With their dull, monotonous drone?"
Up spoke a grim hero. "They'd raise the dead,
As many a soldier has known."
He was gray and bronzed. "I remember a day,
In the year that the Bepoys rose;
When a handful we stood, in a hill-fort, at bay;
Our powder all gone, succor leagues far away;
Hemmed in by our fiends of foes!"

He drew himself up. "Madam, one after one,
We stepped to the breach to die.
And the smoke of their thousands hid the sun,
And their wild yell's shook the sky.

The plunging of shot, and the hissing of shell;
The rattle as cold steel crossed;
The sharp, quick shriek as the wounded fell;
The rush, and the tumult, and roar as of hell—
We knew: well we knew all was lost!

"But sudden, far distant, there rose and died
A bag-pipe's scream o'er the din.
Again! 'Tis the Highlanders coming,' we cried,
'An hour more, boys, and we win.'
With the strength of ten thousand, and more, we stood;
And the hill-side, so fair and green,
Ran red with the rivers of traitors' blood,
For the Highlanders came, like a roaring flood—
And that's what the bag-pipes mean!"

THE LADY ROSE

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

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CHAPTER XIV.

LADY ROSE held her seat on horseback superbly. Vigorous, flexible, and of rare grace, she managed her horse with the indifference which springs from perfect training, and often habit. However swiftly her horse went, she never seemed discomposed or conscious of observation; yet, among a host of equestrians in the Park that day, she was the one on whom general admiration was most frequently turned. With a taste exquisitely feminine, she had softened the hard style of hat and habit which generally gives the English horsewoman a bold, military air, which would severely test the beauty of an angel. Her skirt flowed downward in ample folds. The low hat she wore seemed fashioned for a gentlewoman; a border of dainty lace floated from her cravat; and her gauntlets were fresh as the edges of a gray cloud.

This lady had taken a turn in Rotten Row, and was beginning to feel a little disturbed by the attention bestowed upon her, when a horse came up to hers, and St. Ormand lifted his hat, as quietly as if his approach had been expected.

"Her grace did not forbid me to join you, Lady Rose, or I should hardly have ventured on this intrusion," he said, blushing more than was becoming to a man of the world.

"Intrusion!" answered the lady, smiling upon him. "I am much obliged. To one who has lived in the country, so many strange faces are embarrassing."

The Duke accepted this encouragement with a well-pleased smile, and the two rode on side-by-side, as fine a couple as ever won admiration from a British crowd.

For a time they rode on in silence, the Duke laboring under the embarrassment of a conscious purpose, while Lady Rose was longing to ask questions that faltered before they reached her lips.

At last, the Duke found a safe subject of conversation.

"I have seen young Hurst this morning," he said, "and called to bring an account of his progress to the Duchess."

"You were kind, very kind to think of it.

Her grace has been anxious," answered the Lady, coloring through her veil.

"Oh, yes, I saw that, and was glad to bring the news. Indeed, I have never known her grace so much interested in any one as she seems to be in Hurst," remarked the Duke, glad to seize upon anything he could talk of freely.

"He is your friend," said Lady Rose, gently. "Your friend, and my relative. That is a double reason why she would be anxious about him, for she is good enough to consider me almost as one of her own household."

"Good enough, Lady Rose. I only wish that it were a truth."

Lady Rose started on her saddle, and cast a swift glance at the young man, whose face was made crimson by the exclamation that had leaped from his heart, like birds broken loose from a cage. But, though keenly sensitive, he was brave. If passion had overleaped prudence for an instant, he was a man to redeem the indiscretion with prompt frankness.

"I have startled you, Lady Rose," he said, leaning gently toward her. "Startled you, and placed myself at a disadvantage, I fear; but if honest feeling is any excuse, it should win my pardon."

Lady Rose was greatly disturbed. She put her horse to a quicker pace, then held him in sharply, conscious how rude it might seem. St. Ormand's words bewildered her. She did not quite understand them as an offer, yet could not be ignorant of their drift that way.

"Have I offended you, Lady Rose?"

Nothing could be more respectful than the voice and words in which this question was asked, but they added to the feeling of embarrassment that had overwhelmed Lady Rose.

"Offended me! Oh, how can you suppose any thing of the kind? I am not quite used to compliments that are natural to other young ladies, and accept them awkwardly. That is all!"

"Compliments! Oh, Lady Rose, you will not understand me!"

"I fear I think it impossible that there is anything but a kind wish to make me feel at

home in your grandmother's house, to be understood."

"When I spoke with such precipitate frankness, Lady Rose, I was only thinking of myself as the head of that house," answered the Duke. "If you could know how often I have sought an opportunity to express myself more properly, I might not have injured my suit so much."

The young lady did not answer, but rode on, looking straight over her horse's head, wondering, and greatly disturbed. After a time, she turned her face toward the Duke.

"I think it possible that I understand you," she said, with sad sweetness, "but we cannot well talk of such things here."

"No, no, I was an idiot to think it," said the young man, in a rage with himself.

"Indeed, you must not say that. Now, shall we ride on? The Park is filling up, and many persons have recognized you without a return."

"I dare say. Well, yes, of course, we will ride on."

"You have not told me yet about my cousin," said the lady, after a prolonged silence. "Is he better, to-day?"

"Perhaps. I cannot say. His disease is one that changes beyond all calculation."

"His disease? Is it a settled malady, then?" questioned Lady Rose, in a low voice.

"I fear it is. They have had a consultation of the best physicians, and no great hope of an ultimate cure is given."

Lady Rose did not speak, but her heart lay stricken in her bosom, and the trembling of her lips seemed to shake away all their color.

"You saw him. You talked with the physicians?"

This question was given jointly, but the Duke answered it.

"Yes, I saw him. I have seen him every day since that night."

Lady Rose looked at the Duke wistfully, as if in her soul she envied him the right of visiting that sick man. It reminded her of the days and nights when, as a girl, she had crept to the door of her cousin's room when he was ill, to flee away if any one came, grieved that the very servants had access to him, when it was denied to her.

"And he talked to you?"

"As much as the little wife would permit. She asked for you. She entreated me to bring you there."

"And he—my cousin?"

"He besought me with his eyes. I never saw such eyes; they have grown bright as stars—larger, darker. Their glance makes one's heart ache."

"Have they sent for Sir Noel?"

"His father? No, he forbids it. The Baronet is not well; but the moment he is able to be moved, the young people will go to him. His physicians order it. In native air lies his only chance."

"Only chance?"

"Best chance, I should have said," answered the Duke, struck by the strange tone of her voice. "Forgive me, if I spoke rashly. You must have been greatly attached to your cousin."

"We were brought up together," answered Lady Rose, drawing her veil closer, that no one might observe the tears that filled her eyes.

"Yes, I understand. As brother and sister," said the Duke, breathing more freely; for a swift suspicion had shot into his mind, and out again, like an arrow.

"I think Sir Noel so regarded us," said Lady Rose. "He was my guardian, and more than a father to me. The most generous and affectionate parent that ever lived to his son."

A sigh heaved the lady's bosom where many feelings were swelling. She put one gauntleted hand to her throat, as if the delicate cravat was girding it too closely.

St. Ormand saw the gesture, and quietly turned his horse homeward.

"I must not keep you out too long, or the dainty dragon that guards you will forbid her doors to be opened for me again," he said.

Lady Rose smiled, and they rode slowly out of the Park.

"What a magnificent couple they will make," thought the old Duchess, as she lifted the cloud of lace from her sitting-room window, and saw the Duke helping her protégé from the horse she had graced so well. "I hope he hasn't been boy enough—Yes, he has! She is pale! Her eyes are full of trouble. Foolish fellow! will he never learn how to wait, or when to act? No, of course; that is the wisdom of maturity."

St. Ormand flung his bridle to a groom, and followed Lady Rose up the steps.

"To-morrow," he said, "may I call with news of your cousin?"

"To-morrow? Oh, yes. It will be so kind. Will you tell him that I have not forgotten my promise?"

"A promise? Oh, well, I will give the message."

The Duke lingered in the hall until the long habit of Lady Rose disappeared from the grand stair-case. Then he ran lightly up, and knocked at his grandmother's door.

"May I come in?"

How many times the old lady had yielded to

like entreaties, when this young nobleman was a lad. How pleasant it was now to have his cheerful voice appealing to her.

"Yes, come in, whip and spur. Is that the way to enter a lady's room? No wonder Fran-fro barks. Come back, you foolish dog, or he will tangle that spur in your hair."

This was said to a pretty Skie terrier, with soft, yellow hair falling over its great black eyes, which was expressing its contempt of this riding gear in a succession of sharp little barks, that made every curl on its back tremble. A playful movement of the whip in St. Ormand's hand sent the pretty coward under a sofa, from which issued the glitter of those black eyes, and a cowardly snap now and then, a proceeding not at all unusual with these aristocratic animals, but which has the peculiarity of pleasing their owners, and disgusting everybody else.

Even this nice old Dowager was not above the weakness of having one of these animals in her lap, or sleeping on her train, almost every hour of her home life. The crimson velvet cushions lying about the room were embroidered for its accommodation, and a dish of old Majolica, worth its weight in gold almost, was kept for its especial use.

"Well," said the old lady, seating herself. "You have had your own way; headstrong as ever, and how has it ended?"

"There has been no very terrible disaster that I know of, your grace," said the young man, with a faint dash of bravado in his smiling eyes. "I went out for a ride in the Park, and have had it."

"And what else? A rejection?" said the old lady.

"No, not that. At any rate as yet."

"Then you were mad enough to propose?"

"Something very like it. Though, upon my word, I am not quite certain how it came on, or drifted off. Something that the lady said gave me an opportunity, which I seized upon and bungled. That is all I have to tell."

The Duchess took up her embroidery, worked a minute or two, then thrust her needle through the heart of a rose, and flung it down again.

"Why will young people always refuse to take advice?" she said, moving about the room impatiently.

"Because no one is capable of giving it," replied the young man, smoothing the silken hair of his mustache with the hand he had just un-gloved.

The old lady regarded this with a look of displeasure. A faint color crept into her face.

"No one capable of giving it. Is age nothing?"

"Oh, yes. Age brings reverence to a man; in

a woman it is august. But we were talking of advice."

"True, we were talking of advice; and who is so capable of giving that as the man or woman who has possessed the time and opportunity for experience?"

"There it is, your grace. No one can give council from experience, because no two cases or persons ever are, or ever will be, exactly alike."

The old lady answered with one of her low, pleasant laughs, that brought a blush to the young man's face.

"That is," she said, "the advice of an old woman, who is not supposed to have felt more than a well-regulated passion in her life, cannot be of much worth to an impetuous youth bent on having his own way. Still, St. Ormand, has it never struck you that women best understand women?"

"That depends. Good women understand each other, both from intellect and sympathy; but they are compelled to trust the imagination for all the rest, while men have observation and facts to guide them."

"But we were speaking only of good women, I think," answered the old lady, with a slight tone of displeasure.

"One of the best and loveliest among good women," answered the Duke, with enthusiasm. "Give me an opportunity to ask her if she will become the future Duchess of St. Ormand, and you shall arrange everything for me after that."

"My boy, you are acting rashly. Wait!"

St. Ormand kissed the little hand held toward him so kindly.

"Wait! Ah, your grace, I cannot. Neither my father or my grandfather ever took such advice."

The old lady blushed faintly, and gave the refractory youth a cordial smile.

"You, St. Ormands are all alike," she said. "always pursuing your wishes with headlong speed. There, I fancy she is coming. She does not expect to find you here. Make the best of your time. I shall not be so foolishly indulgent again."

Out from a side door the old lady glided, and, directly, Lady Rose came in from the hall, expecting to find her there. She hesitated a moment on the threshold, surprised, and just a little annoyed; but feeling how natural it was that the Duke should be at home in his grandmother's room, entered it without question.

"Her grace has gone out for a moment," said the young man, as Lady Rose took a seat, and quietly lifted Fran-fro from the basket of silks and colored worsteds in which the luxurious pet had made a gorgeous bed for itself.

"I might have been sure of that?" she said, softly shaking the dog, as she set it down, "or this sly creature would never have been found making a lair of her worsteds."

Then the Duke found a seat close to that of the lady, which he occupied at once, enticing the dog to his knee, with a great pretence of keeping it out of mischief.

For once in her life, that pretty animal had a season of usefulness thrust upon her. The Duke found occupation during some embarrassing moments in caressing her with his hand, while he scolded her softly with his tongue. Lady Rose busied herself with the tangled silks, occasionally joining in the gentle reprimands, and Fran-frou kept turning her soft black eyes from one to the other, as if wondering why she was made of so much consequence all at once by these young people, who generally preferred to see her crouching under the sofa, or in some other remote place, when either of them visited that room.

After allowing her long, silken ears to be smoothed indefinitely, and the waving hair that fell around her brushed out of curl a dozen times, Fran-frou began to comprehend the situation, and resented it. When the Duke put forth his hand to help about the worsteds, she gave a low growl, significant of this feeling; and when that hand fell back rather heavily upon her, she took a leap into the young lady's lap, and, entrenching herself in a mass of blue silk, and lace flounces, began to bark vigorously, like the sentinel on duty who fires off a warning gun.

Lady Rose, who had a lady-like care of her dresses, would have put the dog away; but her claws were fastened in her lace, and her taste for rich silks was unbounded; so Fran-frou set up an opposing will, and settled down in an attitude of masterly inactivity, watching the young Duke with a pair of eyes that burned like living coals.

"You were right, Lady Rose. I ought to apologize for introducing a subject so delicately personal in a crowd. But here you will, perhaps, excuse it."

St. Ormand had taken up his wooing where it was broken off in the Park, and Lady Rose was obliged to listen. She lifted her eyes, full of apprehension and appeal to his, thus dumbly beseeching him not to go on. But the young man had made the first plunge, and was not to be silenced by a gentle look.

"I have loved you, Lady Rose, from the first day when we met. To me you were the loveliest of a most beautiful crowd. My heart singled you out then. My judgment has never wavered. If I could only hope to make you happy. Do not shake your head and lift your eyes as if in

distaste of the subject. I do not ask—rather, I dare not ask to be accepted now, for your sweet face forebodes a refusal; but you will not repulse my offer altogether. It is one I have never made; I mean this one vital offer of love. I have never even fancied that I felt love for any one before. I never shall feel it again. Ah, lady, when one honest man places his life in your hands, you will deal with it in tender mercy, I know."

At first Lady Rose was very pale, but when the Duke paused, a painful flush of feelings, deeper than mere embarrassment, rose to her face. How could she prove cruel to love like this? How coldly give to another the pain she had suffered? What answer, lying within the truth, could her lips frame?

"Will you not speak to me, Lady Rose?"

She looked up, though her eyes were full of tears.

"I cannot answer as you wish," she said, with pathetic humility. "Nor can I deny you, without sorrow."

"But you will not deny me altogether?" pleaded the young man.

She seemed to waver. Was not her love dead in its utter hopelessness? Had she a right to consider it?

No, no, a thousand times no. But it stood in the way of all other love. What hand would ever be strong enough to roll that stone from the portals of her heart?

St. Ormand sat watching her. Fran-frou turned her head, looked up to that troubled face, and whined.

"You cannot give me even this poor grace," said the young man.

"There is no grace that I could withhold from you, had I the power to grant it," said the lady.

"Surely, you are not engaged? You do not love another?" cried the young man, aroused to a new sense of misery. "I have not been urging a hopeless love on the affianced wife of another man?"

Lady Rose smiled through her tears.

"No, no," she said, "I am not engaged. I think you are the first man who ever spoke to me of love."

"Yet you refuse me. You send me off without a hope," said the young man, bitterly, for his pride was that of a true patrician, and her words had wounded it cruelly.

"I have not wished this. It is my misfortune," was her gentle answer.

"But you persist in it."

"I persist in nothing. How can any one promise for the future? Ah, your grace, could you ever have a denial if love were the growth of

human will? I wish it were, I wish it were. You should not plead for mine in vain."

Lady Rose stood up, as she spoke, her face all tears and blushes, her hand extended.

The Duke fell upon his knees, for that seemed his natural position with this girl, who was more regal in her truth and womanly gentleness than an empress on her throne. He took the hand she gave, and pressed it to his lips.

"My first noble ancestor won his title on a forlorn hope," he said, brightening all over. "When his spirit is dead in me, I will give you up. Never before."

The lady smiled. How could she help it, while that handsome face was looking into her's with the faith of a crusader burning over it?

"That one smile is all I ask," he said, rising to his feet. "The ancestor I spoke of fought for glory. He won it. I aim for that grander object, a noble woman's heart, and the fairest face in England, and I seek it with a faith as hopeful, and a will as strong."

Before Lady Rose could gather up words to check or encourage him, the Duke was gone.

Lady Rose sank to a couch, upbraiding herself for the weakness with which she had sent him off so full of hope.

The old Duchess watched him from a neighboring window, hiding the plebeian act under a cloud of laces, and brightened as if a flash of sunshine had struck her face. "It would be strange, after all, if his impetuous youth had succeeded, where my caution might have failed. What a splendid presence the young fellow has! How bright his face is! There will not be such another couple in all England."

CHAPTER XV.

"You will go with me. How kind, how very kind you are. But tell me truly, am I taking you away when the season is most pleasant; so many invitations—so much that you like?"

Lady Rose felt guilty in accepting the Dowager's offer to go with her to Norston's Rest. It seemed selfish to drag the old lady away from London, where she was surrounded by so many friends. But the Duchess was really pleased with going. She loved this fair girl with more than the affection most women give their daughters, and was honestly reluctant to part with her. Besides this, she had another motive, buried so far back in years, that no one, except herself, ever dreamed of it.

"I have promised to go, my dear, and I wish it," the old lady said, in response to her friend's misgivings. "A breath of country air will do us both good, after all this racketing. I quite long

to see an honest growth of flowers in the open air. They will need two bright, cheerful persons like us, to scatter a little sunshine about that young man. I tell you, my dear, there is nothing like that in a sick room."

"How good you are," said Lady Rose, kissing the fair, old face. "It seems wrong to accept such kindness; but what should I do without it?"

"What should I do all alone in this great house?"

"The Duke would come to you when I am gone."

"The Duke! And what should I do with him? No, no, my dear. If he wants to see the old grandmother, let him come after her. It is not so far."

The old lady cast a quick, shrewd glance at Lady Rose as she said this, and saw that the color was rising in her face. So she branched off to another subject at once.

"I suppose it will be best to let young Hurst and his wife get comfortably settled in their home before we join them," she said.

"They have gone already," answered Lady Rose. "Sir Noel sent up his own body-servant to bring them home. By this time they are at the Rest."

A faint sigh followed these words, which the Dowager would not appear to notice.

It was true. That day young Hurst and his wife had started for their early home, where Lady Rose had promised to join them. The young man was still suffering greatly from the disease that had taken a most dangerous form on that day of the dinner-party. When he reached the dépôt, the old servant was compelled to aid him up to the reception-room, and when the train started, both passengers and employees crowded up to offer assistance, for the pallor of that handsome face, the unearthly brilliancy of those eyes were so well understood, that a feeling of general compassion followed his movements, till he sunk down on the cushions of the carriage prepared for him, and was whirled off from London forever.

"See, Walton! See, yonder are the woods of Norston's Rest. Look up! look up! The very sight of them will do you good."

The young heir of that broad domain which was heaving in sight struggled up from his cushions, and looked into the hazy distance, where the gables of his old home rose in all their ancient grandeur among the fine old trees of a park that both himself and the bright young creature who was bending over him, had good cause to remember, as the haunt of their childhood, and the scene of one great catastrophe, that was completing its results in that thin figure and wan face. After

a long, wistful look at the great mansion, Hurst fell back into his old position, sighing heavily.

"Shall I open the window? The air comes down so brightly; the native air that is to make you well."

"Yes, open the window."

Ruth obeyed him cheerfully, and a gush of soft air, laden with perfumes from the woods, swept through the carriage. The young man smiled, and sat up to receive it.

"Ah, this seems like home," he said, with that sad kindling of the eyes, which blends the brightness of stars and the poison of death with such deceptive beauty.

"I can almost see the lodge," cried Ruth, leaning out of the window. "The church is in sight. Oh, now we are slackening speed. There is the carriage, and our people are on the platform, looking so eagerly this way. Many of the villagers, too. How glad they will be to have you among them again, Walton."

Young Hurst had taken new life with that first breath of his native air. He looked out of the window with the vivid interest of a man so long separated from the objects he looked upon, that time had clothed them with new beauties that he was busily connecting with old associations.

"It is, indeed, a grand old place," he said, as the train drew him nearer and nearer to his old home. "We will make these good people, who are crowding up to meet us, all the happier for our coming, Ruth. My father will find it a pleasant day, when the joy-bells ring from that steeple again. Is he there, Ruth? Is Sir Noel on the platform?"

"No, I think not."

"So like him," answered the young man. "He cannot endure that others should look on when we meet. I am glad of it, too. The master of the Rest should always meet kinsman and guest at his own portal. It is an old fashion of the house that Sir Noel, of all others, will keep up to the last."

The train stopped, a guard unlocked the carriage-door, and out stepped the heir, thin and pale, it is true, but with the hot color of carnation-flowers in his cheeks, and such a fire in his eyes as no one in that crowd had ever seen in their blue depths before.

Servants from the Rest were in waiting. A crowd of upper tenants from the estate had collected around the dépôt, and set up a shout, as Hurst stepped out on the platform. Then came the music of bells from that far-off steeple, and a dozen stout men stood ready to carry the invalid to his carriage; but when they saw him standing there, with such brightness of color and

apparent strength, this resolve was carried off in another shout of welcome, under which the carriage drove away, following the music of the bells to its source. The Lodge-gate had been open for an hour, the old servants in charge were so impatient for this home-coming. The very forest-oaks seemed to welcome the young master with a symphony of rustling leaves that spiritualized the jubilation of the bells. Every beauty of nature seemed awake that day. Late rains had left the trees green as emeralds, and through them came great bursts of sunshine, kindling up the leaves, and turning the grass into something richer than velvet. The birds were out in full song, chasing each other through the leafy rifts of the Park, or resting in the sunshine.

A thousand times Hurst had seen the Park, and the grand facade of that old mansion, when the air was as bright, and the surroundings as pleasant, but never had it seemed so beautiful to him.

"This is like heaven," he said, turning to Ruth. "I feel stronger already. Why did we wander off so far with a paradise like this within reach?"

Ruth felt in her heart that she had driven him from this paradise, that her unfitness for the place had been the first cause of his discontent; but she only smiled, and said,

"It will be completely home again when the Lady Rose comes down."

"And she is coming. We have her promise. You are right. Without Lady Rose, Norston's Rest will never be itself again. I wonder why she needed so much persuading. The old place has always been as much her home as mine."

Ruth made no answer. She understood well why the lady had kept aloof, but this knowledge seemed to reproach her, and she held it locked deep down in her heart.

A curve in the avenue brought them in full view of the Rest, its broad frontage, that grand terrace, and the noble flight of steps that led to it.

"There is your father. There is Sir Noel," cried Ruth.

Hurst shaded the sun from his eyes, and saw an old man standing back from the terrace, and behind him a shadowy row of servants.

"Yes," he said. "It is my father, but, oh, how changed! He has grown thinner. His hair is white as snow. His face—ah, it is changed, now. He sees us. How glad he looks!"

They were at the foot of the broad terrace now. Sir Noel was coming down the steps, forgetful of his great age, or of the anxiety that had preyed upon him.

"My son!"

The old man stopped speaking before the welcome had well left his lips. There was something in his son's face that took away his breath, but he bore up against the sudden pain bravely.

"My son, and Ruth, my daughter, welcome home. We have been waiting for you—wishing for you. I think there is no one in the house, yonder, who will not feel happier now."

The two men shook hands cordially, still without effusion; but for the broken voice and tremor of the old baronet, you would have thought that he was receiving any ordinary guest. Hurst felt his hand shake and shrink as if withered by the fever in his, and saw a swift contraction of those finely-cut features; but with the resolute blindness of his disease, he would not understand the reason of this change, and smiled within himself at its absurdity. He even resented it a little when the baronet offered an arm to him in mounting the steps, and observed, with a smile at Ruth, that there was a lady to be helped.

Still, half-way up to the terrace, he paused, gasped for breath, and was glad to take the old man's arm. Thus, leaning on each other, the two Hursts walked into Norston's Rest together. The one buoyant with feverish hope, the other bending under the shadow of a great blow that might fall upon him any day without warning.

Hurst had, all at once, become suspicious of those around him. He searched the faces of that double line of servants with inward scrutiny. They might think him dangerously ill, but he knew better. There was a lifetime of work waiting for him at Norston's Rest, and they should yet see how well he would perform it. Let him only get a little strength, and Sir Noel should never have cause to grow old so fast again.

Change of air, and the excitement of new scenes, had the usual exhilarating effect on young Hurst, and filled his friends with hopes that turn to the bitterest of all ashes on the lips. There was nothing within that vast household or broad estate that would not have been sacrificed for a single day of health for this young man; but the steady hand of the pursuer was upon him, and with pathetic unconsciousness he was treading a path that no wealth could pave with sunshine, and from which no human love could turn him aside.

After a few days, this false strength broke down, and with it the cheerfulness of those who loved the man so dearly. He had pined for change, and it had been given him. Now the old house seemed dreary; he was chilled while walking on the terrace, tired by the easiest carriage on the place, restless again with a tormenting

wish for something unattainable and nameless, because everything else was his.

At last this vague wish took form. It was the Lady Rose. The Rest had always been dull, not to say gloomy, without her. As well take sunshine from a garden as her bright face from those stately old rooms to which she was born. As birds of gorgeous plumage are native to tropical woods, and drift through them far more beautiful than flowers, the Lady Rose was needed for the completeness of that home-scene. Both Sir Noel and the sick man pined for her presence.

As for Ruth, she would have died then and there to redeem the evil her presence in that house had brought upon it. She performed a harder task than that for a woman who loved; put herself on one side with a spirit of martyrdom which no one would ever recognize; and absolutely longed for the presence of a person who might take her place in the sick room, which is the last refuge of a wife's love on this side of Heaven.

Yes, Walton Hurst pined for the presence of his cousin, and Ruth sent a touching letter beseeching her to come to the Rest at once, as her company was the only thing that her husband craved.

Lady Rose had been waiting anxiously for this letter. She, too, was possessed with a longing to visit the old home, in which she had been as a daughter, and learned her first great lesson of sorrowful self-control. She could go now without fear or self-reproach. The love that was still the best portion of her pure heart, had become deeper and more solemn than any sister ever knew for a brother, and was fast taking root for the solemn transplanting that would make it altogether heavenly.

Yes, she would go at once. There was nothing to keep her back. If her first love had found its birth at Norston's Rest there also should it be buried. The greatest boon she could have asked, Ruth had already granted, the right to stand by her cousin's sick bed, to watch that his waning strength should be painless, to give her life for his, so far as God would accept it.

For the young wife, Ruth, Lady Rose was filled with the most tender gratitude, and infinite compassion. The delicate intuition that rises above all reason, told her how noble was the self-abnegation of this young wife, who, knowing all, gave such noble proofs of her faith in the honor of womanhood, when she offered to share her most sacred duties with another.

The old Duchess was strangely silent as Sir Noel's carriage swept up from the station, and entered the Park at Norston's Rest. She looked

around at the great chestnuts and royal oaks with a sort of tender interest. Now and then, as a bird passed by her singing, the old lady's lips would quiver, and her eyes grow misty, as if memories sweetly sad were crowding and crowding upon her.

Lady Rose saw this, and was thankful for such sweet sympathy. To her, every tree was a friend, every sunny glade had some pleasant association. Under that old oak, Walton had found the first violets for her. Down in that hollow they had found a bird's-nest full of young ones. Up this broad avenue he had led her pony. How strong and handsome he was then. Now— Lady Rose kept the tears back from her eyes that ached with their pressure. There must be no sad looks at Norston's Rest. Now, cheerfulness was like sunshine to the invalid; so the doctors had told her, and that he should have. Lady Rose thought it strange that Sir Noel was not on the terrace to greet the Duchess; but in his place stood the invalid, making sad efforts to appear strong, and within the door Ruth stood waiting for them, trembling with self-distrust, but with a gentle welcome in her eyes.

The old Duchess went to her room at once. She seemed greatly fatigued by her journey, and did not come forth again until just before the dinner hour. Then she came gently down the great stair-case, and entered the drawing-room, half an hour before the family was likely to assemble there.

Graceful and gracious as the old lady always was, she went into that room with the hesitancy of a school girl, doubtful of herself. At the door she paused to arrange her train of pale lavender silk, and brush the gossamer lace over her dainty hands. She looked like a picture drifting from its frame in the gallery of beauties overhead.

At her toilet that day the ancient lady's maid had been told to bring a certain pearl brooch from a corner of her jewel-case, where it had been

a wonder to that inestimable maiden that so simple an ornament had ever found place; for the pearls were of no extraordinary size, a little off color, and in an old-fashioned setting that made them quite unfit for use. She had said as much to her mistress, but the old lady took the brooch from her hand, fastened it into a flutter of fine old lace on her bosom, and would wear no other ornament that day, nothing but that upon her bosom, and some soft, white maribaut feathers in her hair, that seemed like foam drifting out of its whiteness. She went in at last, entering the vast drawing-room softly, and looking around as if desirous, yet half afraid of finding some one waiting.

There, standing within the great oriel window, was the master of the house, Sir Noel Hurst. A tall, stately man, in full dinner-dress, looking out upon a broad rose-garden, from which the air came up laden with sweetness. He was looking far away beyond the roses, with a gentle sadness on his face, when that old lady paused just within the door, and stood for a time regarding him with a touching earnestness, of which he was quite unconscious.

The Duchess glided across the room, stood close by him a moment, then touched his arm with her hand.

"Noel."

He had been listening for that voice, far away in the past years, and it went to his heart like the breath of violets.

She spoke again, and tenderly.

"Noel, have you forgotten me?"

"Forgotten you——"

Their hands were clasped now. They looked into each others faces kindly, wistfully, until tears came rolling down from eyes blinded by tender weeping; and the baronet lifted that little hand to his lips and kissed it for the first time in fifty years.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE VIOLETS.

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

I FOUND them blooming in the woods,

When each bird sang its sweetest tone
And from the grass their purple hoods,
Peered out to greet the coming June.

Then Spring-time passed, and Summer came,
And other flowers sprang up to bloom;
But still the violets grew the same,
Not dreaming of their pending doom.

Not dreaming of the Autumn near;
Nor thinking of the Winter's cold;

Of days, and nights of pain and fear.

Till past the days of Summer rolled.

The Winter came, and Autumn fled,
The snows were white upon the hill;
The flowers in the woods lay dead,
The song-bird's music, too, was still.

A violet's life, though quickly spent,
Is much more sweet than this of ours;
They have no hearts, with sorrows rent,
When grief's dark cloud above them lowers.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

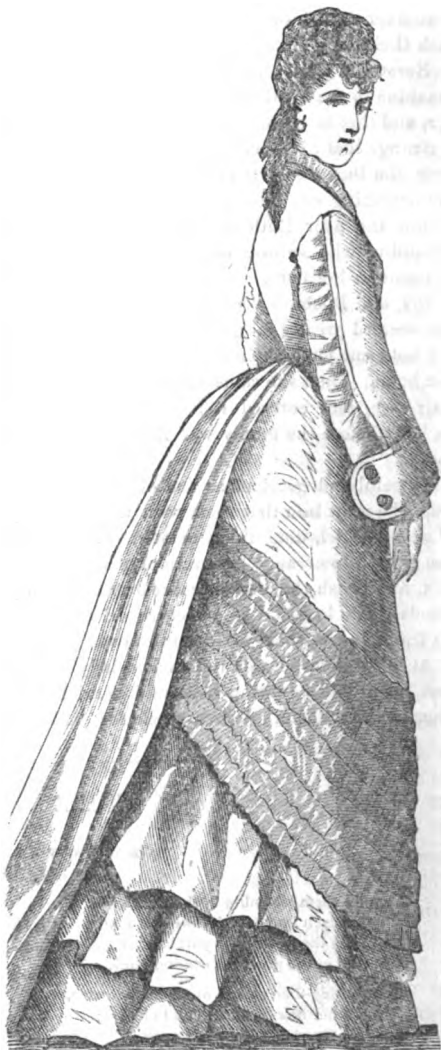
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a traveling costume made of the gray woolen material so useful for

in shallow vandykes, the second one edged with a plaited frill, cut on the bias, and bound on the edge, as are all the bands. Three graduated flounces, rather full, finish the trimming at the back. The Polonaise is plain in front, and slightly puffed at the back, with a silk sash. The trimming is of bias folds, lined with crinoline,



the purpose, and for sea-side wear. Our illustration is dark-gray, trimmed with a slightly darker shade, either of the same material, or silk, if preferred. The under-skirt, which is still made quite narrow, and just to touch, has bands across the front, five in number, and two inches in width. The bands are arranged at the sides



and made to lap over each other; the third, or upper one, is put on with a blind stitch. Sleeves,

tight coat, trimmed to match. The revers are of silk; the buttons are gray, and match the material. These traveling costumes are also made in all shades of brown and heather mixtures. Sixteen yards of the material, and two yards for trimming, will be required.

On the preceding page is a house-dress of light cashmere. The front and sides of this dress are trimmed, "en tablier," by light, small puffings, finished, top and bottom, with a narrow frill. Below these puffs are three flounces, two in front and three at the sides. The back of the skirt is arranged in fixed plaits, falling from the waist. These plaits are taped at regular intervals underneath, to keep them in position. The corsage is slightly open in front, heart-shaped, and finished by an upright frill. Sleeves, coat-shaped, with a puff put in lengthwise; cuff slightly loose, finished by two buttons. Twelve to fourteen yards of cashmere will be required.



Above, we give a very nice and comfortable design for a robe de chambre. For the present month, and in view of the coming warm weather, we would suggest, for cheapness and durability, one of the gray "de beges," all wool. Ten to

twelve yards will make the wrapper; and for trimming, either use bias bands of black silk, or alpaca; or, what makes a very pretty contrast, blue or brown. The fronts are cut in one, from the neck down. The fullness at the back is put in at the waist, in two large box-plaits. Cut the flounce nine inches deep in front, widening to eleven in the back; this includes the heading. The bias band, one and a half inches wide, separates the heading and flounce. The same width band forms the trimming up the front, with the addition of a two inch ruffle, which is continued all round the throat. Cuffs finished in the same way. The chatelain pocket is placed upon the left side. The back is ornamented with one long loop and sash-ends of taffetas ribbon to match.

Next is a suit for a little boy of five to seven



years, comprising Knickerbocker trousers, show-



ing the under-waist, and back and front view of jacket to be worn with it. To be made of

flannel, or light cloth, simply bound with a silk, or worsted braid.

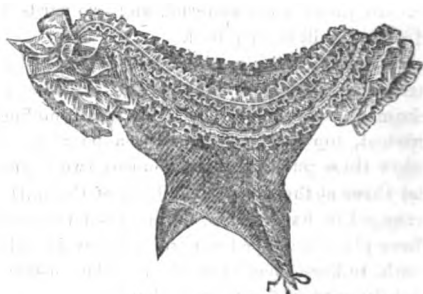


We also give a new design for trimming the neck of a dress.



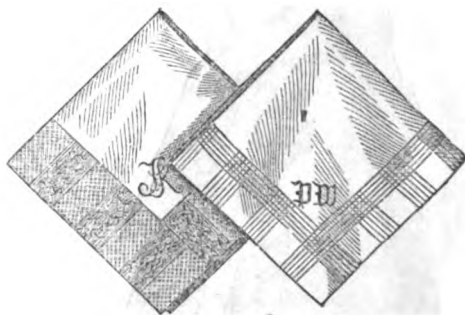
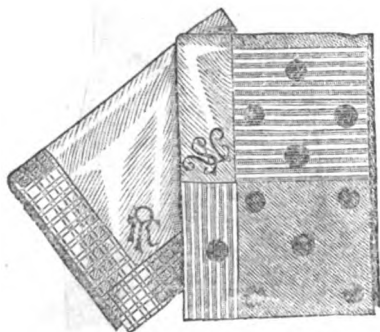
Next, for a young lady, is something very

pretty and becoming to the figure, for an evening-dress bodice. Pointed, front and back, where it is laced. The trimmings are ruches of ribbon, tulle, or tulle, with lace between. Short,



puffed sleeves, with a knot of ribbon upon the left shoulder.

In the front of the number, we give two patterns for chemises, and also a pattern for a petticoat to be worn with a train dress. This pattern, it will be seen, throws the train out, behind, with much grace. We add, here, some more designs for the new-style, fashionable handkerchiefs, with colored borders.



NAME FOR MARKING.

We have been asked for a rather ornamental { worked in colored cotton, and used on the new design for Alice, and give it here. It may be handkerchiefs with colored borders.



PATTERN FOR TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

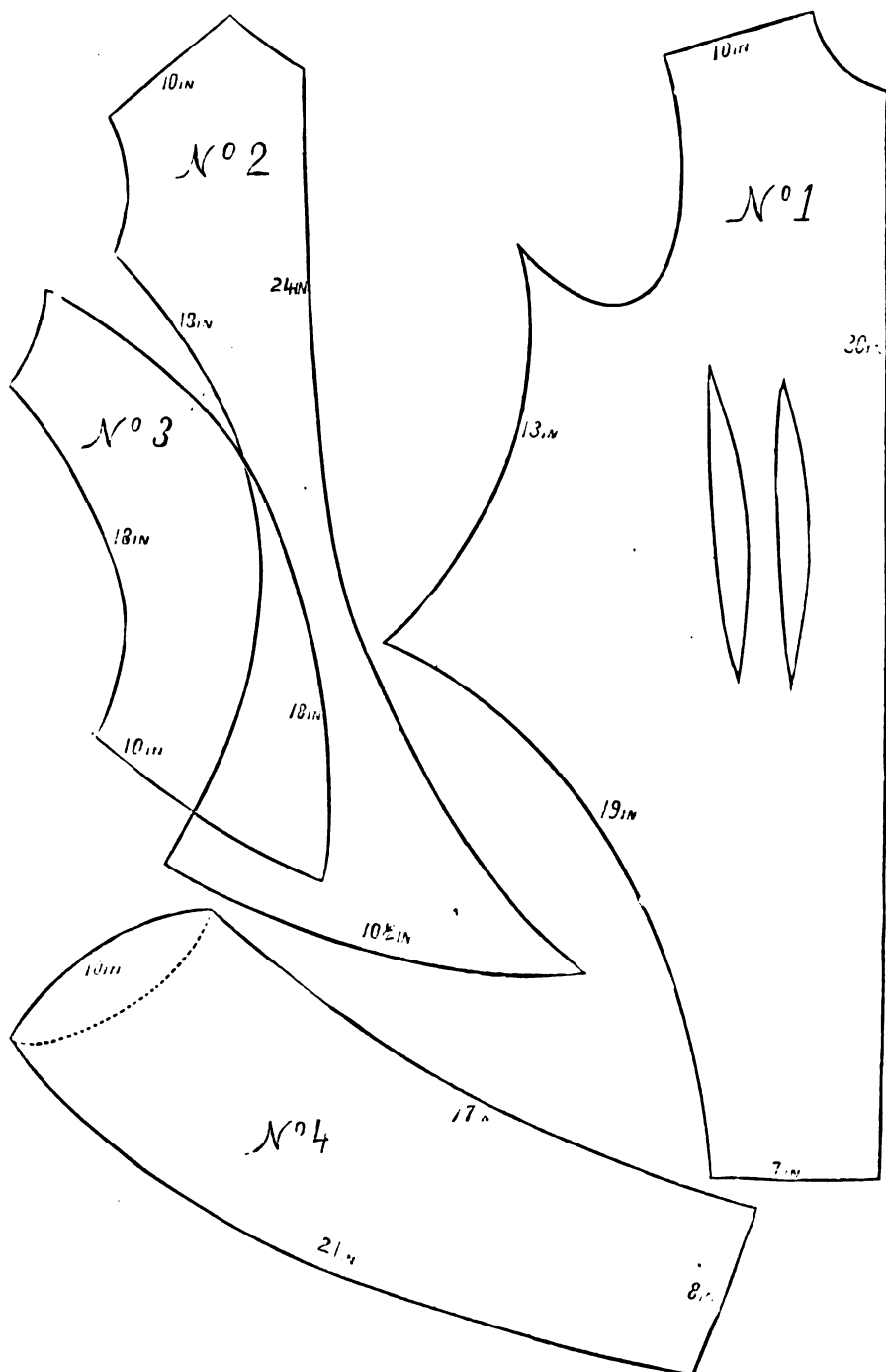
In the first of the number, printed in color, we give a pattern for a tidy in crochet, exceedingly simple, and easily to be worked, yet very pretty. The pattern is one that will do for almost any-thing, though designed originally for a tidy, for it is only necessary to increase the number of the squares, etc., to make a large piece of work, or to diminish them, if you want a small one.

THE CASAQUE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, above, an illustration of one of the fashionable Casaque Mantelets, and on the next page, a diagram by which to cut it out. These mantelets are particularly suitable for the season, especially for the sea-shore, or country, as they are both stylish and useful.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

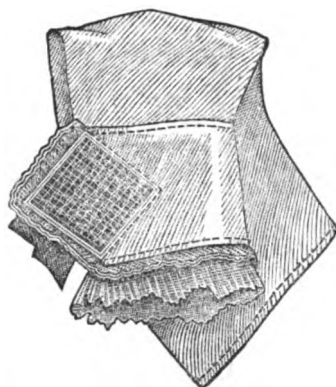
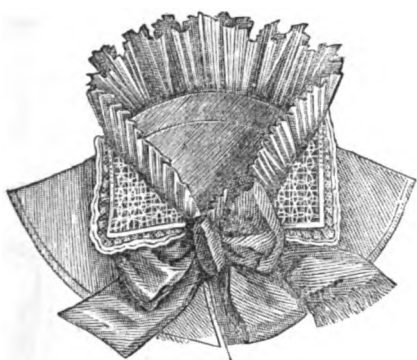
No. 3. SIDE PIECE.

No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

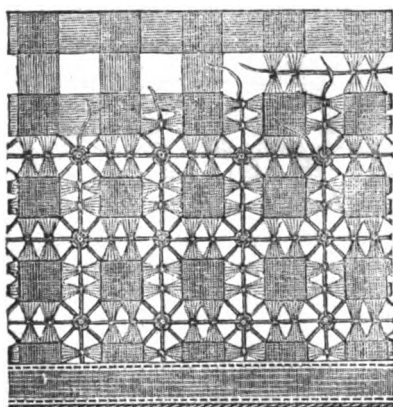
Make of black cashmere, trim with galloon, and guipure lace on the edge.

COLLAR AND UNDER-SLEEVE OF LINEN.

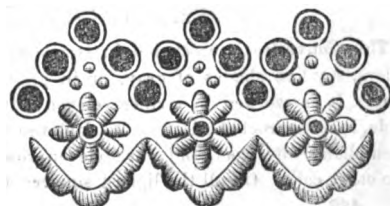
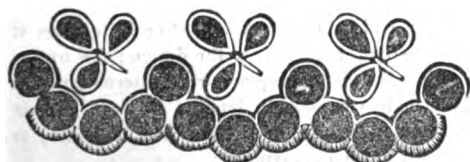
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, below, the detail of making this pretty set of linen. The points of the collar, and the square ornamenting the sleeve, is done by drawing the threads from a square of linen, and hem-stitching them, as here seen. It is very easily done, and the effect is almost as good as the Irish guipure lace, now so much used for this purpose. The frills are of linen cambric, simply hemmed. The cuff, of course, of double linen, as is also the standing back of the collar.

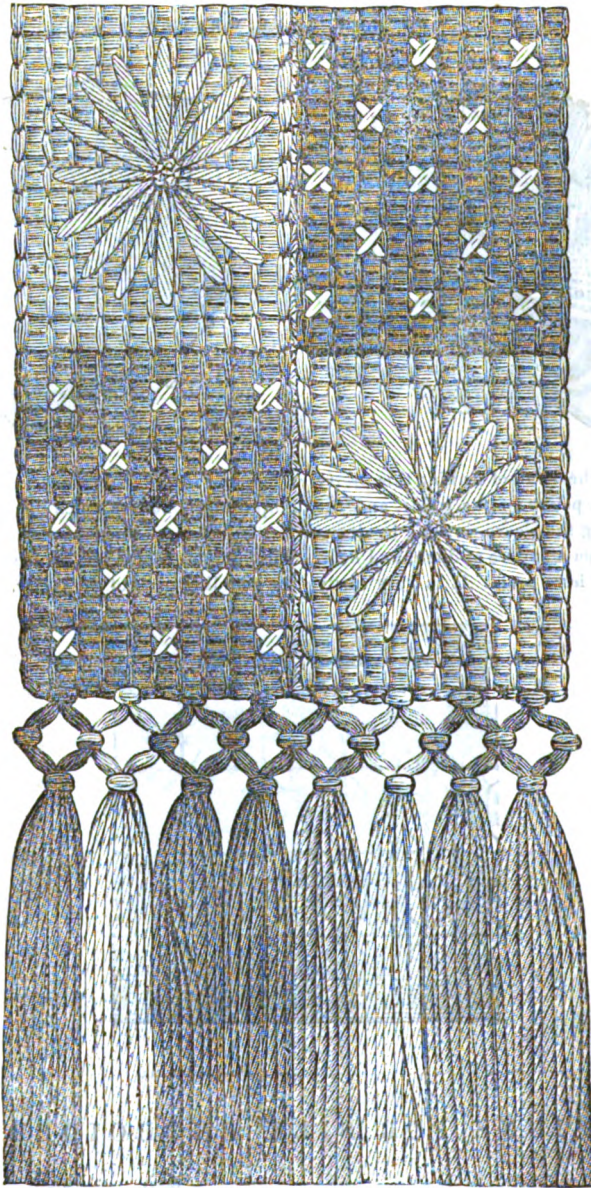


DESIGNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



COUVRETTE IN CROCHET.

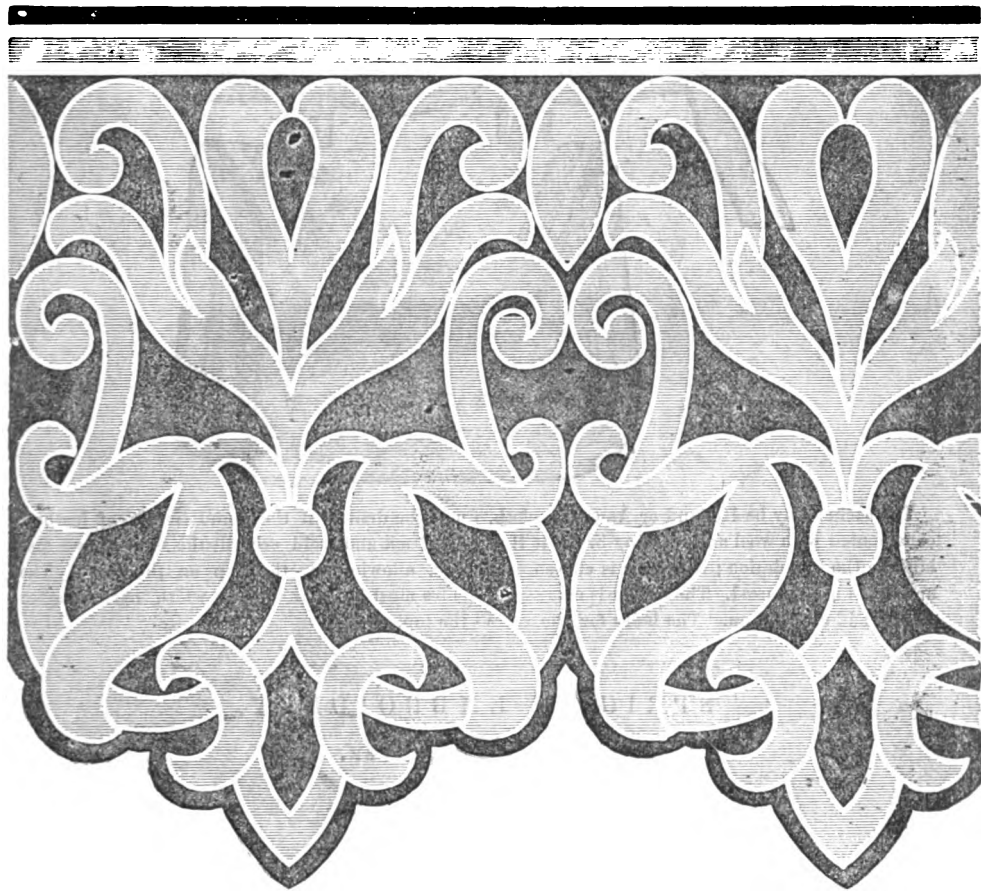
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This Couvrette is crocheted in two shades or colors, say two shades of gray, or in gray and blue. It is worked in stripes, eleven stitches wide, in plain crochet tricotee. Work eleven rows, then change the wool, and work eleven rows of the other color. On all the lightest squares work a star, and on the dark ones, five little rows of cross-stitch, according to the design; sew up the stripes, so that the squares come alternately. At the ends you loop in lengths of wool, cut six inches in length, and knot them together, as shown in the engraving.

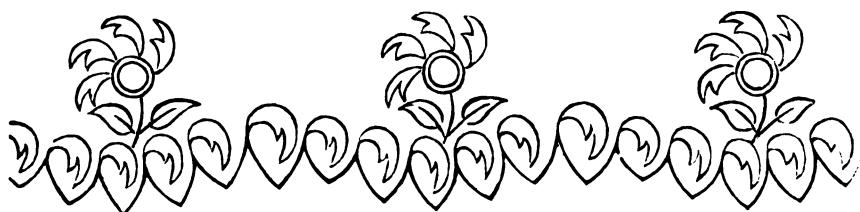
BORDER, STRASBURG EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This style of work is sometimes called Roman, and sometimes Strasburg embroidery; and our design is used for a small bracket or table. It is worked on écreu linen, with filoselle to match. If used as a bordering to a curtain, the ground-work should be white linen, and ingrain-colored cotton should be used for the embroidery. The pattern is particularly elegant.

EDGING.



SCHOOL SACHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The satchet may be Holland or American cloth, ornamented with wool and washing-braid, if Holland be the foundation ; if leather is chosen, silk and braid may be used. The border is made separately, and stitched on. The holes for the stars must be drilled, if the foundation is of leather. The back and front are cut the same shape and size, allowing for the flap on the back. The sides must be graduated in width, narrowing to the top.

SPRIG IN EMBROIDERY.

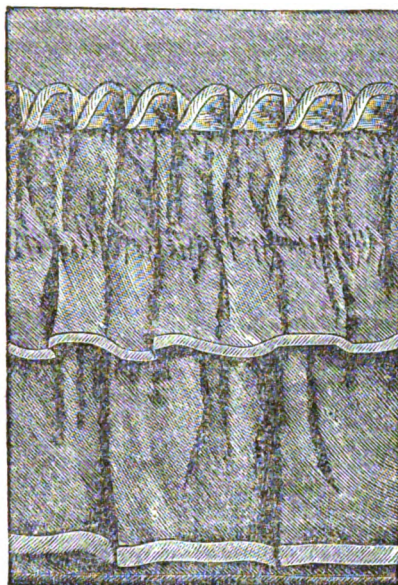
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a design for a sprig in embroidery, to be used on flannel, or in the corner of a handkerchief, or wherever else may be desired.

DESIGN FOR TRIMMING A DRESS-SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very simple and pretty way of making a trimming for the bottom of either a dress or under-skirt. It consists of two frills of the material of the dress. The lower frill is bound with silk at the bottom edge. The upper frill is bound at each edge with a narrow binding of silk. It is gathered about half an inch from the top, and plaits are caught down in the frill at regular distances. The frill is gathered in the middle between the heading and edge.

NAME FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ARISTOCRATIC RECEPTION-ROOMS are fast becoming museums of art. Every lady that can afford it fills her apartments with cabinets of rare china, old Sevres, modern Sevres, Japanese enamels, white marble busts, and costly jardinières with exquisite flowers. The novelty at the present time consists in the total absence of uniform furniture: in their stead we have a variety of fancy chairs of every conceivable shape; and the silks and satins with which they are upholstered are those usually manipulated by a dressmaker rather than by a cabinetmaker. The most splendid Venetian brocades, copied from some fabric of the sixteenth century, and the richest Genoa velvet dresses are now purchased for chairs and sofas.

A letter from abroad says: "I had an opportunity, a few days ago, of inspecting the Duchesse de L.'s new boudoir. There is a *lits-a-lits* (a small, low sofa, which only accommodates two people) upholstered in pink Medicee brocade, dotted over with bronze velvet leaves; two Louis XIII. arm-chairs, covered with bronze Genoa velvet, on a pale-blue ground; two lounging chairs in white Pompadour satin, with garland of roses in shaded velvet; and lastly two chairs, each seemingly composed of two immense black satin cushions, covered with Chinese embroidery in relief. These embroideries represent ladies of the Celestial empire, robed in the most sumptuous apparel, which is profusely decorated with pearls and coral. Nothing in the way of dress could well be imagined more splendid. The Duchesse had worn this China satin at a fancy dress-ball. The walls of the boudoir are hung with the palest blue satin, and they are paneled with turquoise blue satin, framed with carved ebony. The variety of the fantastic furniture, with its rich coverings, is well shown off by the delicate background. Some ebony figures (merely profiles sculptured in the Renaissance style) and a few ebony and Italian chairs, with ivory medallions, complete the furniture of this boudoir.

She adds:—"In each window there are immense wicker baskets, which have been gilded, mounted on a gold tripod, and filled with green plants. These baskets (which are exceptionally effective) are simply *vases*, the large wicker-baskets used by peasants in France when winnowing corn. The Duchesse bought these *vases* at a very cheap rate in the country, and had them gilded; the tripods are simply three legs of wood fastened together, and likewise gilt. In the chimney corners there are two white marble busts, mounted on ebony pedestals, and the ebony figures or profiles alluded to above serve as brackets for figures in old Dresden china; the tables are strewed with small vases of rare old china, which serve as receptacles for hot-house flowers. I have described this boudoir thus minutely, as it will give some idea of the style which furnishing now takes. There are no pictures on the walls save a few crayons of Louis XV. time."

Too MUCH EXERCISE is as bad as none at all. When taken to the extent of absolute fatigue, it does more harm than good. Old people, especially, often injure themselves in this way, particularly if they have kept up active habits all their lives. They will not realize that they are getting weaker with every year, and that the amount of exercise, which, at one time, was necessary and proper, may now be excessive.

OUR PET'S FIRST RIDE.—Another of our beautiful steel engravings. Nowhere else can you find such. "Peterson" never inserts second-rate embellishments.

BREAKFAST MAY BE MADE THE PLEASANTEST MEAL OF THE DAY. In some families it is so: it ought to be so in all. The table should be made attractive in appearance; luncheons and dinners should not alone absorb all attention and ornamentation. The napery must be spotlessly white, the china and glass irrefragable, the plate well polished, the knives like so many miniature mirrors; while a pretty vase of fresh flowers should be gracefully arranged in the centre of the table; and it is well to select a vase that is not too tall, as lofty ornaments in the centre of a table are sadly inconvenient when people opposite each other wish to talk, whereas in a *lits-a-lits* between husband and wife they actually prevent all conversation.

As to what should be eaten, that must be left to the tastes of each family, modified, of course, by the season. But as a rule, there should be fruit, in some shape, at least. An old proverb says that fruit in the morning is golden, but in the evening is lead. A dish of it ought always to be on the table in the morning, so that we may at any rate have the chance of indulging in the gold. In summer fresh fruit is attainable by everyone; in the winter stewed fruit should replace the fresh. Compotes of all kinds are healthful, and should be oftener met with than they are. Some people indulge in different sorts of breakfast cakes and hot breads, although they are generally unhealthy and indigestible. Why not be content with good crisp toast? or, if dry toast be objected to, do not make it dry. New rolls, if quite cold, are not so unwholesome as hot bread and cakes. Bread a day old, or brown bread, are far better than the smoking rolls, etc., one so often sees. We often hear people wondering why they have dyspepsia, after they have eaten enough hot rolls, at breakfast, to kill anything but an ostrich. Of course, if you take a good deal of exercise, you may eat even hot cakes with impunity. But sedentary people cannot indulge in these dishes without dyspepsia.

TO JOIN LACE.—The edges of the lace to be joined must be carefully placed over each other, pattern on pattern, and mesh upon mesh, exactly. It sometimes happens a small piece of the lace must be sacrificed to thus enable the pattern to be continuous and perfect, but this cannot be avoided. With colored cotton tack this firmly in the direction you intend this join to go, for a join is seldom made straight across the lace, generally in a zigzag form, as it shows less, and also with the purpose of avoiding or taking in part of the pattern, as the case may be. Now with very fine lace thread, such as is used for Honiton lace, take two plain and one buttonhole stitch in each mesh of the ground, on each side of the line decided on. When finished cut away the edges of the lace that were placed over each other, close up to the join, and you will find it almost imperceptible and the pattern continuous. We give these directions in answer to numerous inquiries.

THE POSTAGE for the year, remember, is included in the prices, single or club, asked for "Peterson" for 1875. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to subscribers. Heretofore, subscribers have had to pay twelve cents postage, or even more, each year, at their post office, on every copy. "Peterson," when this fact is taken into consideration, is now seen to be cheaper than ever.

NEVER SIT OR STAND with the wind blowing on you for a single moment, for it speedily produces a chill, to be followed with a fever, and then a bad cold.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at different times during the year, for back numbers to January can always be supplied. If back numbers are not wanted, subscribers may begin with the July number. See *Prospectus*!

IT IS NO LONGER the fashion, in Paris, to block up the windows with short muslin curtains hanging closely before them; they are replaced with blinds on spring rollers, the material being either red, white, or blue silk, terminating with scalloped borders, trimmed with fringes, made in imitation of those worn by marquises in the reign of Louis XV.

PERSONS BUYING THE MAGAZINE, regularly, of agents, can have "Washington's First Interview With His Wife," or any other of our premium engravings, by sending fifty cents to us. In other words, the offer is to all subscribers, whether they are on our mail-book, or get "Peterson" of News Agents. We make this statement in answer to numerous inquiries.

NEVER EAT TO REPLETION, especially when tired. A hearty meal, taken when very much fatigued, has often destroyed life.

A SORE LOOK, an impatient gesture, a cross word may make a whole family unhappy for a day.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miscellaneous Poems. Stories for Children, etc., etc. By Mrs. Clara J. Moore. Printed for Private Circulation. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—Though this volume was printed for private circulation, we venture to call public attention to it, and believe we violate no confidence, under the circumstances, in doing so. The book gives evidence that the author not only has the true poetic faculty, but also possesses qualities which are rarely found united in the same person: among them, a large experience of life, the breadth of view that comes from extensive travel, and an intellectual culture and refinement of a very high order. The poems appear to have been composed at various intervals during the last twenty years. Some describe scenes in the far Orient, others picture the quiet intervals of New England; some are simple idylls, others burn with passionate emotion. The later poems, as a rule, have a more thorough finish, as well as a deeper significance, than the earlier ones, showing thus, in every way, a healthy growth. As an example of a poem, nearly perfect in its way, we instance "Love." Given this particular theme, and given also that it is to be treated in this manner—and no other rule to test it by would be fair—it is difficult to point out how the poem could have been made better. We might say the same of numerous others. Perhaps, for a more extended poem, "The Wanderer's Tale," is the best in the book. But "Blossoms and Thorns," "Anticipation," "A Memory of The Nile," and "Grandchildren," are almost equally good. Some of the poems rise into a passionate earnestness, that, in these conventional days, we had thought had come to be almost forgotten. Of these "Optimism" is particularly noticeable. There are some "Stories For Children," in rhyme, which are also excellent. The three sonnets, "Morning," "Noon," and "Night," are, in reality, but one poem, and are alike truthful and suggestive. The best way, however, to show an author's merit is to give a specimen of his or her work, and for this purpose we had marked "The Dying Wife" for quotation; but our limited space compels us to omit it, to our very great regret. The volume is very handsomely printed.

Mr. Vaughan's Heir. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—It is scarcely necessary for us, in these columns, to speak of the merits of this author. Mr. Benedict is one of the many American writers of note, who owe to "Peterson" their first introduction to the world of letters. He began to contribute to our pages, when he was scarcely more than a boy, and he has continued to write for us, uninterruptedly, since. His fame now extends over England also, for the present novel first appeared in London, and has been reprinted from advance sheets. A journal there says, it will make some of the most popular of the English novelists look after their laurels, for it shows that a vigorous rival has risen up, who is the peer of the best of them. The Christian Intelligencer of New York also writes:—"Mr. Benedict is a thoroughly painstaking and conscientious artist. He does his work honestly and well, without trick or artifice. His delineation of character is close and life-like, and his dissection of society is done with a steady hand and keen knife. Of all our American novelists he is undoubtedly the most accomplished, the most vivacious, the most dramatic, the most natural."

Spain and the Spaniards. By N. L. Thielblin. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this work was originally a newspaper correspondent for the Pall Mall Gazette, and acquired quite a reputation, during the Franco-Prussian war, over the signature of Azamat-Botuk. He subsequently accompanied the Carlists in Spain. He has given us an exceedingly animated picture of Spain and the Spaniards, in the volume before us: in fact the most graphic book on this subject we have had for years.

Warrington's Manual. By W. S. Robinson. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a manual for the instruction of officers and members of legislatures, corporations, etc., in parliamentary law, etc., etc. The author was clerk of the House of Representatives for Massachusetts, for more than ten years, and is a very high authority. The Manual is neat and portable, and can be carried, conveniently, in the pocket. It is about the best book of its kind.

The Gipsy's Prophecy. By Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the last novel of one of the most popular of our American novelists, for it is a well known fact that Mrs. Southworth's books sell better than those of almost any other author. This is really one of her best stories. The volume is handsomely printed.

Ralph Wilton's Weird. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.—A very charming love-story, by the author of "The Wooing o' It." If Mrs. Alexander had a little more skill in plots, if she could conceal the course of her story more successfully, she would rank among the very best novelists of the day.

Dolores. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A capital told story, the scene laid partly in Normandy, and partly in England. Mrs. Forrester is already favorably known by "My Hero," a good, old-fashioned love-story of the very best school.

The Haunted Tower. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The novels of Mrs. Wood are always full of incident. Next after Wilkie Collins, perhaps, she understands the secret of making a not unnatural, yet intensely absorbing, plot.

Perfect Love Casteth Out Fear. By Caroline Sedgwick Washburn. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this new novel is already favorably known to the public by her "Italian Girl." The present story will even increase the reputation she won by that work.

The Prince. By Henry Cockton. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of a very entertaining novel from the pen of that versatile writer, the author of "Valentine Vox."

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS of "Peterson's Magazine" are not the mere catch-pennies, which so many other periodicals offer. They are, on the contrary, all first-class steel engravings, either line or mezzotint, executed by the best artists, and often after original pictures. They are such as, at retail stores, sell for from five to ten dollars each. Yet we offer them to bona-fide subscribers for fifty cents a piece. We are enabled to do this, because we own the plates, which we have had engraved for premiums to persons getting up clubs; and are willing, in order to oblige our subscribers, to sell impressions, for the mere cost of the paper and printing. No other magazine, or newspaper publisher has such a stock of premium plates; and none other, therefore, can compete with us in this respect. The premiums sent, generally, by others, are cheap lithographs, sometimes plain, sometimes colored, and, as works of art, worthless. The colored ones cost about as much as our December or January patterns, which we furnish to every subscriber as part of the illustrations of "Peterson," without making any particular boast of it. A list of our premium engravings is advertised in the January number.

MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S COMPLETE WORKS.—All the works of Mrs. Southworth are complete in twenty-eight volumes, bound in uniform style, and are put up in sets, in boxes, price \$66.50 a set, or \$1.75 each.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' COMPLETE WORKS.—All the works of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens are complete in twenty-two volumes, bound in uniform style, and are put up in sets, in boxes, price \$38.50 a set, or \$1.75 each.

Every family, and every library in this country, should have in it a complete set of these new and beautiful editions of the works of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

The above books are for sale by all first-class booksellers, or copies of any one book, or either set of them, will be sent, post-paid, or free of freight, to any one, to any place, on remitting the price to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE MOST VALUABLE TOILET PREPARATION for beautifying the complexion, and removing Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Sold at all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVEREE, M. D.

No. V.—SCARLATINA.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

Though the simple form of scarlet fever usually runs its course with great mildness, yet it may assume that of the malignant type, and be attended with symptoms of extreme depression.

The great object in the treatment of scarlet fever is to preserve the strength of the body, and by that means shorten the duration of the disease. It is an affection which causes a great deterioration of the blood, and the strongest efforts should be directed toward maintaining the healthiest possible state of this fluid. Its character is prone to become

watery, a want of cohesion in its particles results, and a speedy disappearance of the red globules ensues, rendering it unfit for the correct performance of its functions. Hence there is less danger likely to arise from the too early administration of stimulants and tonics, (of the proper kind,) than from the opposite course of "lowering the fever" being adopted; in other words, it is easier to pull down than to build up.

The suddenness with which life is sometimes terminated from an attack of malignant scarlet fever, has been looked upon as arising from an overpowering shock to the nervous system, communicated by the contagion, at once prostrating the energies of the whole system. And yet it is difficult to understand how it is possible for the energies of the body to become so much prostrated from the altered character of the fluids and solids incidental to a fever of a typhoid character as to produce death, as in these cases, in eighteen to thirty-six hours. Without doubt the sudden fatality arising in some instances at least, is from the great tumefaction of the tonsils, which puts a stop to respiration, and produces suffocation, the return of blood from the brain being interfered with by the pressure of the enlarged glands, the mental faculties are obscured, and the patient dies as in a state of apnoea.

It sometimes happens after scarlet fever, that a child will be seized with convulsions, followed by an alarming state of stupor. The head is hot, the face flushed, and the carotid arteries bed powerfully; whilst the rest of the body, especially the extremities, will feel cold and clammy to the touch.

In these cases the mother must act promptly, not wait for medical aid, but place the child in a hot bath, made stimulating to the skin by the free addition of mustard, if at hand, or salt, and then to pour a continuous stream of cold water upon the head, taking care that it does not enter the bath. Consciousness will soon return, and if there has been nausea and vomiting, it will as soon subside. A strong aperient should be also at once administered, and the operation of it be followed by the quinine, acid, and camphor-water mixture before mentioned. This will restore the appetite, strengthen the nervous system, by improving the condition of the blood, and fortify the system against renewed attacks. The patient during convalescence must be restrained from indulging in too great a quantity of food, which, from the weakened state of the digestive organs, will not nourish in proportion to the quantity, but prove a source of irritation to the system, and be likely to produce a disease of a still more dangerous kind. Let mothers bear in mind that pure air and well-ventilated apartments are of the most vital importance in this disease. The larger the room in which the child lies the better; and but one child, suffering with the same form of this disease, should be allowed to occupy the same room. The unhealthy emanations from the body of the one affect the other, and thus prolong the disease. Much more might be said, and the writer feels that justice has not been done this malady; but it will not be prudent to dwell too long upon any one disease.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

STOMACH COUGH.—Sometimes the throat tickles and excites cough, or is otherwise sore or ailing; tickling is felt in the throat because the stomach has not been able to digest the food which has been taken into it. When that is the case, the food ferments, sours, generates wind, a sour gas, or fluid, sometimes so acrid as to take the skin off the tongue and lips in its outward passage; but having to come along through the throat its tender surface is also affected, but not so decidedly, because the parts are not so sensitive, are not so largely supplied with nerves, hence it requires frequent indi-

gestion, souring of the food, and in process of time the throat does begin to complain. It becomes inflamed, manifesting itself by a pricking sensation, a dryness, a hurting, an annoying and fruitless swallowing, or actual cough and ulceration; but it is utterly useless to cure this by applying any thing to the throat, as long as the condition of the stomach is unchanged; but when that is rectified, when the cause of the throat ail is removed, that is, when the indigestion, when the dyspepsia is cured; the throat will get well of itself. Hence when a man has a cough, arising from a tickling sensation in the throat, the most important question is, does that tickling arise from the condition of the stomach or the lungs, and then to address the remedies to whichever of these points gives rise to the tickling. It may be safely said that four cases out of five where there is some trouble in the throat without any actual cough, it is of dyspeptic origin, is in connection with improper eating, or a disordered liver, and to expect to cure the case by applications to the throat, when the disease is really at a point near two feet distant, is irrational, and any such application must fail.

ETIQUETTE.

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE—We are always ready to answer questions of etiquette, when, like the following, they are sincerely asked.

MR. EDITOR:—Please answer the questions propounded below, just as early as possible, in your June Magazine, if you can?

1. Should the lady propose to return from a promenade or ride which she is invited to take by a gentleman?

Answer. Yes! If the ride or walk is prolonged further than she likes. Otherwise wait for the gentleman to speak.

2. When he calls for her to go to ride, to a soiree, or anything of the kind, should she go down to the parlor in hat, gloves, etc., prepared to leave the house?

Answer. By all means.

3. If Miss A. is visiting Miss B., in a distant city, and the former should be on the street alone, and be joined by a gentleman acquaintance, who may or may not be acquainted with Miss B., should he be invited by Miss A. to enter the house of her friend? What should be done in either case?

Answer. Not without first asking Miss B.'s permission, if she is unacquainted with him. But if Miss B. knows him, it would be proper, unless the hour is an inconvenient one for receiving.

THE PARLOR.

A FLORAL ORNAMENT.—Since a little taste and ingenuity will convert a very ordinary room into a perfect bower, we never fail to throw out a hint on this subject for the benefit of our lady readers who are admirers of beautiful things. The following description of a floral ornament is a pleasing one. Take a goblet with the foot and stem broken or cut off, so that the bowl will be perfect. Take coarse, red flannel, the redder the better, stitch it neatly around the bowl or goblet, so as to cover it completely on the outside; dip it in water, so as to wet it thoroughly, then roll it in flaxseed; the seed will stick in and on the flannel; be sure that the seed is distributed evenly, then stand it on its mouth, or large end, in a saucer or small plate; put the water in the small plate or saucer, and renew or add to it as it absorbs. Never let the vessel get dry, nor suffer it to chill or freeze. It can and will grow in any part of the room, and will be a deep green with red ground.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

THE ART OF COOKING A BEEFSTEAK is one of the rarest to acquire, though every housekeeper, we suppose, thinks she has acquired it. But those who have tasted a beefsteak, properly prepared, look down on, and despise, the tough, leathery article so often served up, especially at breakfast. To begin with, utterly ignore rumpsteak; for this purpose you must take the fillet, otherwise the undercut of the sirloin, and if you spoil that, you must be a bad cook indeed. It should be dressed in this way: Cut several small steaks in rather thick pieces, say one and a half inch, on no account thin slices, and, having given each a hearty thump or two with a rolling-pin, get out your gridiron, (mind, gridiron, not frying-pan,) grease the bars, put it over a very clear fire, entirely free from smoke; place your little steaks on it, and grill them nicely, and not too long, as when cooked, they should be just pink inside—we do not mean raw, but pink. Before serving, however, chop up, very finely, a little parsley, with just a suspicion of onion, mix them with rather more than a tablespoonful of fresh butter, and drop a little of this on each steak, placing the remainder in your hot dish, where it will quickly melt, and, mixing with the juice that will flow from the steaks, form a delicious gravy. Some people like a little lemon-juice added; but this is, of course, entirely according to taste. Need we say that the steaks cannot be served too quickly nor too hot? Now, this appears to be a simpler mode of cooking a steak than frying it till it is as hard as a piece of wood, and till all the succulent juices are dried up. These steaks can be served in a variety of ways if you wish to make the dish even more delicious, that is with tomato sauce, or with mushrooms, and so on. Fried potatoes are generally served with them.

MEATS.

Friscandeau with Spinach.—Neatly trim a nice piece of fillet or cushion of veal. Place in a large stew-pan a layer of slices of bacon, then some carrots and onions, cut in slices, with a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste; lay the piece of veal in the middle, and moisten with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small sauce-pan, skim off superfluous fat, add to it a little butter, mixed smooth with a small quantity of flour, and let the gravy reduce nearly to a glaze; pour it over the meat, the top of which should be previously browned with a salamander if necessary, and serve with a border of spinach.

French Stew of Veal.—Boil a knuckle of veal in just enough water to cover it, with a little salt. When the veal is tender pour off the water it was boiled in, and save it. Cut the veal in small pieces, and put it in a pan, with the water it was boiled in. Add to this two hard-boiled eggs, chopped very fine, a tablespoonful of allspice, in grains, which should be crushed, but not broken fine, a quarter of a pound of butter, a little mace and pepper, and salt to the taste. Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour smoothly in a little water, and pour into it. Set it over the fire, let it boil for two or three minutes, pour in two glasses of wine, and serve it hot.

Stewed Breast of Lamb.—Skin the lamb, cut it into pieces, and season them with pepper and salt; lay these in a stew-pan, pour in sufficient stock or gravy to cover them, and stew very gently till tender, which will be in about an hour and a half. Just before serving, thicken some more stock with a little butter and flour; add one glass of sherry, give it one boil, and pour it over the meat. Green peas or mushrooms may be stewed over the meat, and will be found a very great improvement. A lettuce, cut small, and stewed with it is very nice.

Celery Stewed with Lamb.—(*French fashion.*)—Take six neck chops, crack the bone of each across the middle, and put them into a stew-pan. Cut up and wash two large heads of celery, and mix with the meat; pepper and salt to the taste. Boil two ounces of butter in a little flour, and add to it, with half a gill of water. Cover it closely, and let it simmer slowly, till the celery is soft. If the gravy steers away too much, add a little water, and if it should not be quite thick enough, stir in a little flour mixed with cold water.

VEGETABLES.

Spinach.—Take about two pounds of good fresh spinach, and carefully wash it in several waters; put it into a sauce-pan with just sufficient water to keep it from burning; add a tablespoonful of salt, press it down frequently with a wooden spoon, and, when it becomes tender, drain it into a colander, squeeze it quite dry, and chop it up very fine; put the spinach into a clean sauce-pan, with a good ounce of butter, a little grated nutmeg, and a little white pepper. Stir the whole well together, and let it be ten minutes longer on the fire. Serve very hot in a vegetable-dish, and garnish with sippets of fried bread cut cornerwise.

Fried Cucumbers.—Pare two or three cucumbers, and cut them into slices of an equal thickness, commencing to slice from the thick, and not from the stalk-end of the cucumber. Wipe the slices dry with a cloth, dredge them with flour, and put them into a pan with some boiling oil or butter. Keep turning them over till brown; lift them out of the pan, let them drain, and serve lightly piled on a dish. These will be found a great improvement to rumpsteak. They should be placed on the dish with the steak on the top.

Tomato Fricandeau.—Get some slices of veal cutlets, pound and wash them, season them with pepper and salt, and fry them slowly till they are done. They should be of a light brown on both sides. Stew some tomatoes very dry, strain them through a sieve to get out all the seeds, pour the pulp into the gravy after the meat has been taken out, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Pour this over the meat, and serve it hot.

Potato Snore.—Boil some large white potatoes, free from specks, in their skins, in salt and water, till quite cooked; drain, dry, and peel them by the side of the fire. Put a hot dish on the fender, and rub the potatoes through a coarse sieve on to it. Let them fall lightly into the dish, and serve without again touching them, or the flakes will fall.

DESSERTS.

Lemon-Pudding.—Take one quart of milk, one pint of bread-crumbs, one cupful of sugar, one lemon, four eggs, whites of three for the top. Beat the whites of the eggs up to a stiff froth, with sugar, then spread it on. Bake one hour, half an hour before using it. When baked, spread jelly on, currant is best. Put it in the oven to brown.

The Cake.—Take one cupful of powdered sugar, half a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs, a quarter of a cup of corn-starch, three-quarters of a cupful of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Bake the same as a jelly-cake.

Corn-Starch Cream Cake.—Take three-quarters of a cupful of milk, half a cupful of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, a lump of butter half the size of an egg. Boil the milk and sugar together. Boil from three to five minutes.

Rochester Cake.—Take two beaten eggs, one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of cream, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, a handful of currants, two cupfuls and a half of flour. Bake in small pans.

Cocoa-nut Jumbles.—Take one pound of sugar, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of flour, one nutmeg, grated, and a little salt. Drop a teaspoonful on buttered tins.

PRESERVES.

Imitation of Preserved Ginger.—*Lettuce Ginger.*—The following receipt, if exactly followed, can scarcely be distinguished from Jamaica ginger. Peel off the outer coat of the tender stalks of lettuces running to seed; cut in one or two-inch lengths; throw it into water; for each pound throw in a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, and a little salt. Let it stand two days. Strain and wash in clean water. Clarify an equal weight of fine loaf sugar. Take one and a half ounces of good ginger for every pound; soak it in boiling water, and slice it; boil with the sugar fifteen minutes. Pour it boiling hot over the lettuce, which must be well drained. Keep back the ginger, which boil with the syrup three times, at intervals of two or three days, and pour boiling hot on the lettuce. At the last boiling add the juice of two or three lemons. If the syrup is allowed to cool, it spoils the color of the ginger.

Apple Ginger.—Apple ginger is a very nice preserve, and quite worth making as a common substitute for ginger. To four pounds of apples have four pounds of sugar, one quart of water, and two ounces of the best essence of ginger. First pare the fruit, cutting out every particle of core; then shape it to resemble the small kind of preserved ginger. Boil the sugar and water nearly twenty-five minutes, until it is a nice syrup, then put in the apple. Be sure and not stir it too much. Add the essence of ginger. If two ounces be insufficient, add more. It will take nearly an hour to boil, until it becomes yellow and transparent. There will be some pieces that will not clear; put them by themselves, as they spoil the look of the rest. It will require skimming.

Green Apricots (To Preserve).—Lay vine or apricot leaves at the bottom of the pan, then fruit, and so alternately till full, the upper layer being thick with leaves; then fill with spring water, and cover down that no steam may come out. Set the pan at a distance from the fire, and in four or five hours the fruit will be only soft, and not cracked. Make a thin syrup of some of the water and drain the fruit. When both are cold put the fruit into the pan, and the syrup to it; keep it at a proper distance from the fire till the apricots green, but do not let them boil or crack; remove them carefully into a pan with the syrup, for two or three days, then pour off as much of it as will be necessary, and boil with more sugar to make a rich syrup, and put a little sliced ginger into it. When cold, and the thin syrup has all been drained from the fruit, pour the thick over it.

Green Rhubarb Preserve.—Take rhubarb in the month of May, peel it, and cut it up into short pieces; boil it in spring water till quite tender; strain all the water off through a sieve; then put one pound of pulp to one of pounded lump sugar; simmer together until it becomes a suitable green; keep it well stirred whilst on the fire. A little lemon-peel, grated, is an improvement. Some puts a lump of dry ginger into each jar before tying it up, instead of the peel. Never use the pink variety of rhubarb.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF PINK FOU-LARD.—The under-skirt is made of the lighter shade of foulard, the puffs up the front divided by bands of the darker shade. The back of the dress is ruffled, the ruffles being bound with the darker shade. The untrimmed over-skirt is of the darker shade of foulard, and the waist of the lighter shade over a simulated vest of the darker shade. Bonnet of pink crêpe, trimmed with pink flowers.

FIG. 11.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The flounce, the wide scarf which forms the apron front, and is tied at the back, the front of the waist, and the outer part

of the sleeves, are all formed of camel's-hair, in bright colored stripes. Bonnet of white chip, trimmed with a white silk scarf and white roses.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The skirt is ornamented with two deep-plaited flounces, at the head of the lower and deeper of which are plaid bows, and ends of sulphur-colored ribbon. The over-dress is of gray silk, with sleeves of sulphur-colored silk. The waist is open in front, and is ornamented with cords and tassels. Tulle bonnet, trimmed with sulphur-colored roses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT ECRU-COLORED PIQUE.—The lower-skirt is plain, and is trimmed down the sides with wide English embroidery. The upper-skirt and waist are cut in one, the front quite short, the back longer, and gathered up in a puff, and with the rather short sleeves, are trimmed with wide English embroidery. Straw bonnet, trimmed with white silk and roses.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK ECRU-COLORED SILK.—The front of the skirt is laid in kilt plaits, the back is covered with narrow ruffles. The over-dress is made of alternate stripes of ecru batiste and guipure insertion, and is edged with wide guipure edging. The over-waist is also made of ecru batiste and insertion, and is trimmed with black velvet ribbon. A black velvet sash is arranged with the skirt at the back. Black and yellow mixed straw hat, trimmed with field flowers.

FIG. VI.—CHILD'S DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED MOHAIR.—The under-skirt has one ruffle; the upper-skirt is plain. The basque is made with lappets, and opens over a vest of white cashmere. The lappets and cuffs are bound with black velvet. Blue ribbon trimmings. Straw hat trimmed with black velvet, blue ribbon, and flowers.

FIG. VII.—RIDING HABIT OF VERY DARK-BLUE SUMMER CLOTH.—The skirt is one yard and a half in length, and is so gored that it fits almost plain around the hips. The waist has a small coat basque at the back. Black hat, with long gray veil, which passes around the throat, when needed to protect it from sun or wind.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE CAMBRIC.—The under-skirt is of very dark blue cambric, with two deep knife-plaited flounces. The upper-skirt is of light-blue cambric, with a narrow knife-plaited ruffle of the same, headed by a bias band of the dark blue cambric. The vest is of dark blue, and the jacket and sleeves of the light blue, with a knife plaiting of the same headed by the dark blue. White straw hat, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon, and light blue feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—All the varieties of grenadines and other thin goods are made as elaborately as the silk, foulards, mohairs, etc., of the early spring. In fact, what is usually termed "wash goods," cannot be washed at all, in many instances, the many gores making ironing straight an impossibility, and the ruffling is so elaborate. But we have often seen lawns, cambrics, etc., do duty a second season without washing, an occasional "pressing out" being all that is necessary. The make of dresses has changed in no respect. All skirts are drawn as far back as possible, giving an ugly wriggle to a walk, and making sitting down most uncomfortable and often inelegant. It is rumored that crinoline is to be again worn, but it is only a rumor, for in no respect have we seen an indication of it. The best French dresses are not drawn back as tightly as those made in this country, and are not so very uncomfortable to wear.

Bright colors will be worn this summer at watering places, the Madras colors being particularly popular. These colors are like those of the plaid bandana handkerchiefs, and make most showy suits, and if not too common will be very elegant, especially for brunettes. Two of these suits, just from the hands of Worth in Paris, are exceedingly admired. These Madras plaids come in gingham, elegant grenadines, twilled silks, etc. Batiste is delightful for summer wear, it is so cool, and keeps clean a long while. Fringes and knife-

plaitings are much used for trimmings. Gingham and the old-fashioned seer-sucker have been revived for more inexpensive dresses. The lawns do not appear to us as pretty this year as usual, though there are some beautiful ones.

Since dresses are made to cling so closely, the white petticoat, after a few hours' wear, becomes so soiled that a lady who is at all neat with regard to her under-clothing, is unwilling to put it on a second time. To obviate this, the white petticoat is now made shorter than the dress, but a white muslin ruffle flounce, a quarter of a yard to three-eighths of a yard in depth, is basted around the bottom of the skirt, inside, and so falls with the dress, which a petticoat does not. The ruffle can be made of any kind of cambric, not very full, and sewed on a tape. Strange to say, the ruffle does not seem to catch the dust as much as the longer petticoat did. We can speak from experience on this subject.

MANTLES, CAPES, AND DOLMANS, are still worn on cool days, and black cashmere, or silk capes, etc., are worn over colored dresses. Their shapes and trimmings are various.

BOTH BONNETS AND HATS are worn larger than last year, and still sit rather back on the head. The shape is usually becoming, and very picturesque. Creamy white ribbon is much used for trimming hats. Flowers are usually profusely used, and are almost always worn under the trim.

PARASOLS of moderate size are taking the place of the comfortable and useful sun umbrellas of the past few years. They are often trimmed with a fall of black lace, or with a wide fringe.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF GRAY KERSEYMERE.—The trousers are made rather narrow, and fit quite close at the knee. Sacque and vest of gray kersye-mere. Blue neck-tye. Stockings of two shades of gray.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BUFF PIQUE.—The under skirt is quite plain. The upper-skirt and loose-fitting waist are scalloped and bound with a narrow bias piece of pique. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

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FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

New Year's Eve.
 The Cottage by the Hill.
 The Mission of Mercy.
 Listening.
 Mars and His Mistress.
 Bed-Time Prayer.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Forty-nine Engravings.
 February number, Fifty-three Engravings.
 March number, Fifty Engravings.
 April number, Fifty-four Engravings.
 May number, Forty-two Engravings.
 June number, Forty-five Engravings.

MUSIC.

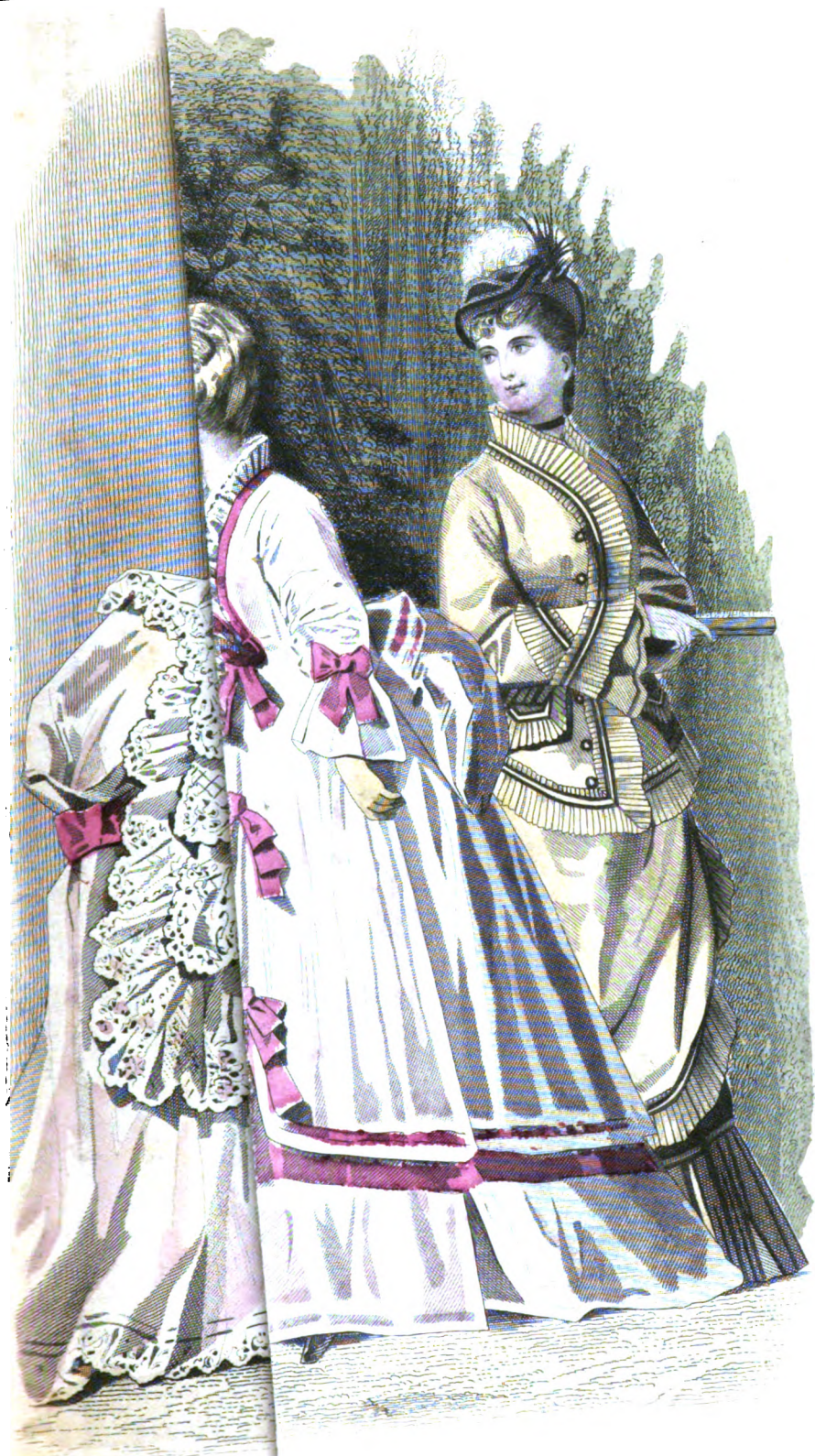
Juliet Valse.
 Dear Mollie Magee.
 Call Her Back and Kiss Her.
 Down The Quiet Valley.
 Kugel Und Kegel.
 Spring! Gentle Spring!

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

As Good as a Mother.
 Fashions for January, colored.
 At The Fountain.
 Fashions for February, colored.
 The Forest Spring.
 Fashions for March, colored.
 The Little Shepherd.
 Fashions for April, colored.
 Grandfather's Watch.
 Fashions for May, colored.
 The Queen of the May.
 Fashions for June, colored.
 Our Pet's First Ride.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Pattern in Berlin Work.
 Tidy, in Java Canvas.
 Darned Net, for Tidys, etc.
 Work-Basket—Java Canvas and Blue Silk.
 Valance for Bracket, (Applique of Cloth.)
 Tidy, etc., in Crochet.









GRANDMAMA'S PORTRAIT.



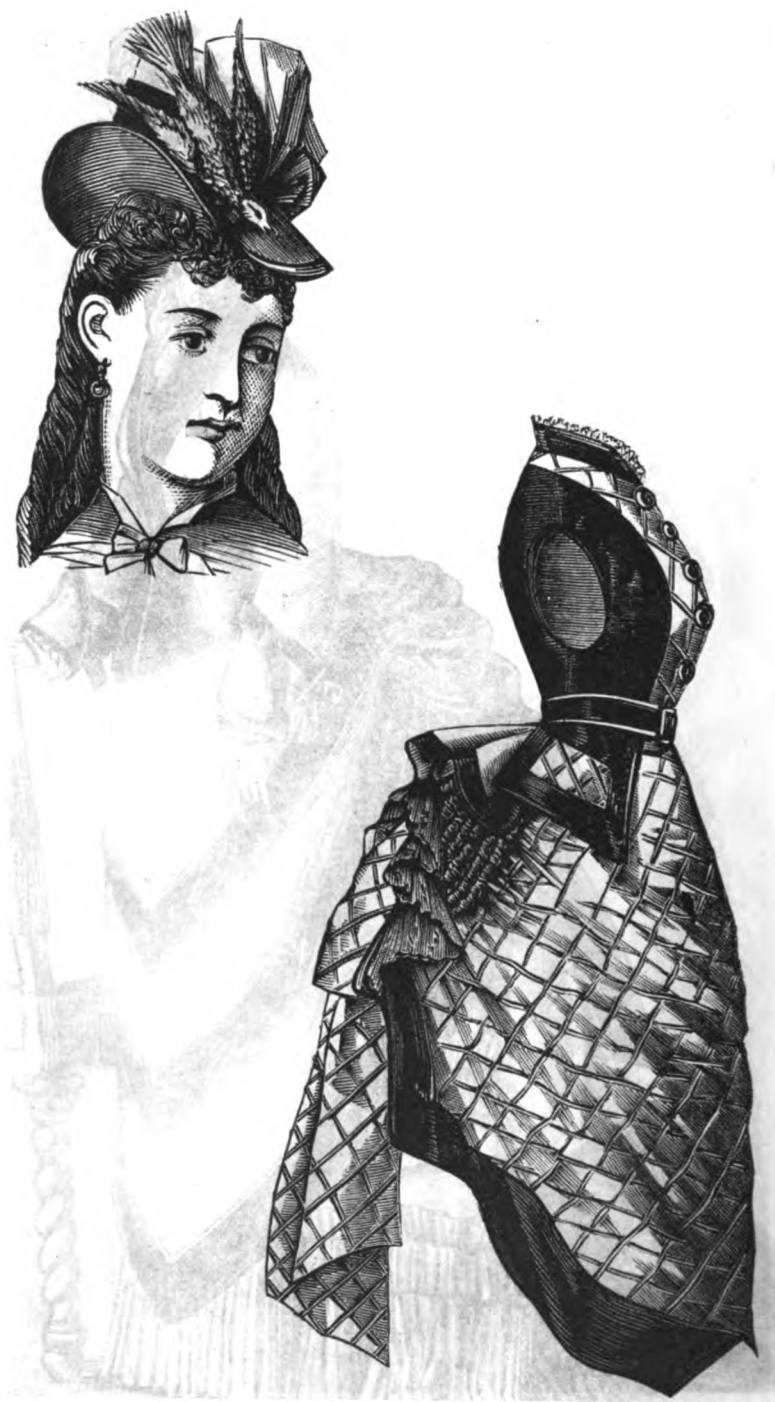
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.



NEW STYLE WALKING-DRESS.



NEW STYLE CARRIAGE-DRESS.

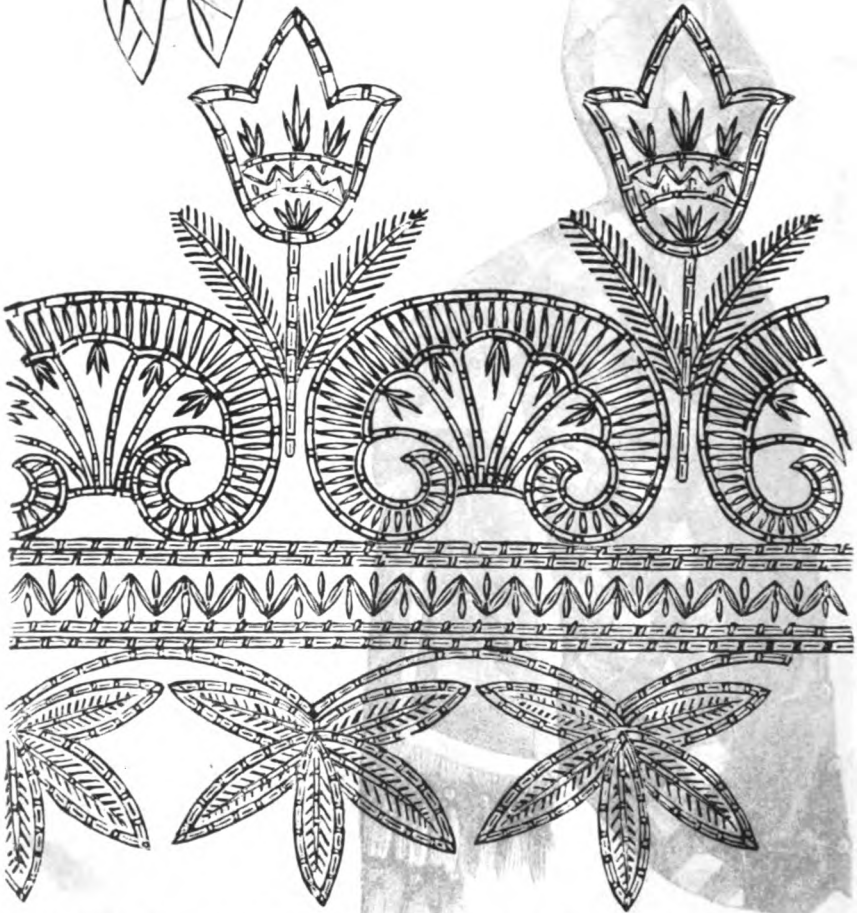
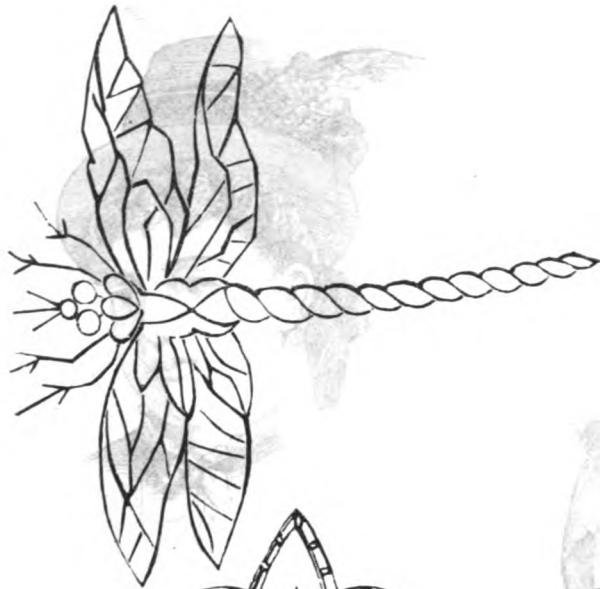


POULARD SILK OVER-DRESS. NEW STYLE HAT.

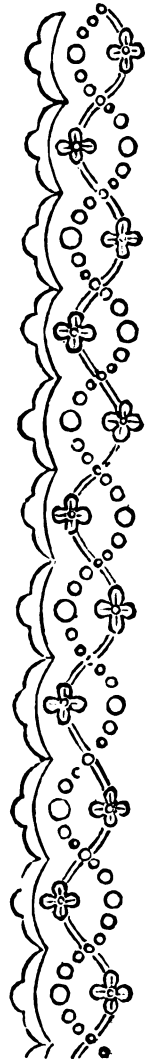
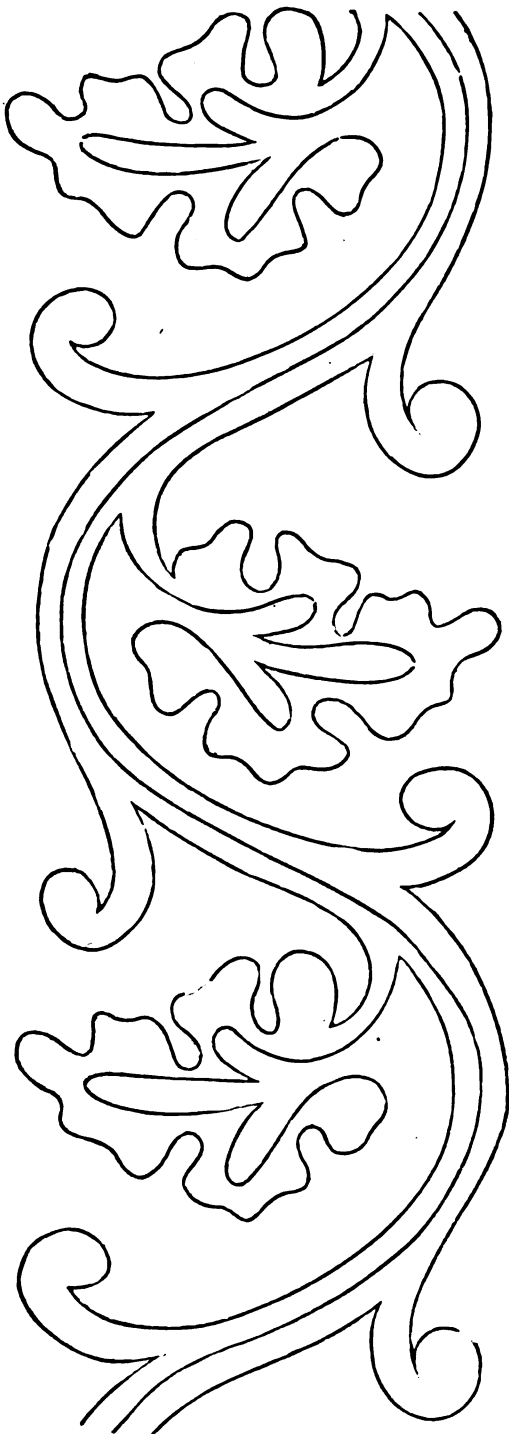


MADRAS PLAID OVER-DRESS. NEW STYLE HAT

Marie



BORDER FOR TABLE-COVER IN BRAIDING AND POINT RUSSE. EMBROIDERY PATTERN, ETC.



BRAIDING PATTERN. NAME FOR MARKING. EDGING.

IF MY WISHES WOULD COME TRUE.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by ALICE HAWTHORNE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

Moderato.

PIANO.



1 If my wishes would come true.....
2 If my wishes would come true.....
3 If my wishes would come true.....

I would wish thee joy to-day,
I would have thee near me now
What would be my heart's desire?



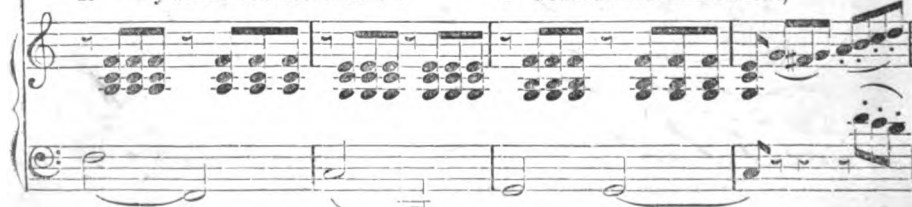
Health and friends to cheer thee too;.....
I would speak thy praises too;.....
May I ask the same of you;.....

On a bright and happy way,
As I gazed up-on thy brow,
Need I venture to in-quire?



I would wish that to thy life.....
I would have thee by my side.....
If my wishes would come true....

All the moments might be sweet,
Cheer-ing with thy gen-tle voice
I would wish thee mine a-lone,



Copyright, 1875, by SEP. WINNER.

IF MY WISHES WOULD COME TRUE.

rall.

Free from care and void of strife..... Bles - sings fall - ing at thy feet.....
 Since thou art a - lone, my pride..... Mak - ing my sad heart re - joice.....
 Wish - ing still a wish a - new,..... Thou would'st take me as thine own.....

p *rall.*

CHORUS.

a tempo.

AIR. If my wishes would come true,..... If my hopes were not in vain ;

ALTO.

PIANO. *p* *cres.*

rit - ard.

I would fondly wish that you..... that you, too Might the joys of life at - tain.....

p *rit - ard.*

f *p* *rit - ard.*



FICHU OF NET AND LACE. FICHU OF SILK AND FRINGE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1875.

No. 1.

A MODERN WATER-NYMPH.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"There are lots of pretty girls about here. You've come just in time."

The speaker was Arthur Mowbray. He and his friend, Winthrop Somers, sat smoking, in the room of the former, at the Westchamp Hotel, a fashionable resort among the picturesque hills of Pennsylvania.

"You ought to know, as you came a week before myself," answered Somers. "Are any of our set here?"

"None, except Miss Hutchinson. I mean the girls of the neighborhood."

"The country girls. Bah! Milkmaids, and farmers' daughters, and the like. Blowsy creatures, with waists like beer-barrels, great red hands, and feet as big and heavy as sledge-hammers. Thanks! None of them for me."

"Hush!" said his friend, speaking in a whisper. "Not so loud. The partitions between these hotel rooms are very thin. Miss Hutchinson's apartment is next to this, and, if I'm not mistaken, I saw some of these very girls go in there, awhile ago."

Somers was a gentleman, with all his insufferable coxcombery; so he dropped his voice also, as he replied.

"Sorry, 'pon honor, if they've heard. Wouldn't do anything to hurt their feelings, for the world. I suppose they have feelings, you know."

"Wait till you know some of these girls, before you speak so impudently of them," said Mowbray, a little severely. "There's Judge Morton's daughter. He was in Congress for many years, and she has spent two winters in Washington. She's as fresh as a pink, and as bright as a diamond; rides superbly; rows like a Yale, or Harvard stroke oar; dances divinely; sings—"

"Spare me, spare me," interrupted Somers, affecting to stop his ears. "I know just the sort of thing you mean. Goes blustering about in a man's jacket, apes all a man's sports, talks in a

man's voice, and has a man's mustache as thick as a shoe-brush. A woman has no business with physical exercise. It's the cant of the age. A Walnut Street belle is the only woman fit for men of our class."

"You don't mean what you say," answered Mowbray, half angrily. "You're not such an absolute fool."

The next day Somers and Mowbray, returning from a walk up the mountain-side, found themselves in the intervalle, where a clear, crystal stream, here and there starred with water-lilies, flowed between wooded banks. Suddenly they heard the quick sound of oars, and the next moment there shot into sight, around a bend in the river, a light little toy of a boat. The only occupant was a young lady, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who sent her fairy skiff skimming along, with a grace and ease that made it seem really alive. She was in sight only for a minute or two, for the creek soon made another bend, and behind this she disappeared, coming and going, like a swallow in its flight. Mowbray, however, during that brief space, recognized an acquaintance, and took off his hat, deferentially, with a low bow. The girl answered with a bright smile, and a nod, and then was gone; and they heard only the swift, recurrent thud of her oars in the row-locks, out of sight.

"A modern water-nymph, by Jove!" cried Somers. "Beats the old Greek ones all hollow. Who is she? Some Baltimore girl, I suppose."

"That," said Mowbray, gravely, "is one of the girls of the neighborhood, of whom you made fun yesterday, you remember."

Somers gave a long whistle. "Oh! Miss Morton," he cried. "If she's a specimen of your country girls, I take back all I said. Are there any more like her?"

"Plenty," replied Mowbray. "But this is not Judge Morton's daughter. This is Miss Grace

Crawford. Her father owns a farm in the interval. A farmer's daughter, you see!"

Somers gave another long whistle, but said nothing further.

That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Winthrop Somers, in a perfect evening costume, with a most exquisite nosegay in his button-hole, the very ideal of a Philadelphia beau of the first water, was to be seen dancing with Miss Crawford, not once only, but whenever she would give him a chance.

"It really seems one of those cases," said Miss Hutchinson, "so rare in this selfish nineteenth century, of love at first sight. And I congratulate you, my dear," she said, turning, mischievously, to Miss Crawford, who, just then, came up. Miss Hutchinson was a good deal older, and had a way of saying what she pleased. "He is undeniably handsome, besides being a millionaire."

"Dear me," demurely replied Miss Crawford, "you frighten me. To think that this grand Sultan should condescend to throw his handkerchief to poor me, who am only a country girl."

Miss Hutchinson looked at her sharply. "So you overheard that speech of his," she said. "I hoped you hadn't, for Winthrop Somers, with all his coxcombry, is, at heart, a good fellow."

"But think of his having to associate with blowsy, red-handed, sledge-hammer footed girls," answered Miss Crawford, with a gay laugh, that was like the tinkle of silver bells. "Nay! having even to dance with them. I wonder if I would have crushed his dainty foot if I had happened to tread on it in that last waltz." And, as if to emphasize the idea, she put out, for one instant, the smallest and prettiest slipper imaginable.

"You are making fun, and I won't talk to you any more," replied her companion, with a grave affectation of reproof. "Speaking rationally, I don't know what our cities would do, if they were not recruited from the country. Most of our prettiest women had mothers or grandmothers born on a farm, and to that they owe their health and good looks, for the two are substantially synonymous. Nearly all of our leading lawyers, clergymen, physicians, and merchants, were country lads. Every city gentleman is not like Winthrop Somers. You don't find Mr. Mowbray disparaging the country, do you?"

A deep blush rose and rose, and spread and spread, over Miss Crawford's face, till it dyed even the tips of her small, shell-like ears. She flirted her fan before her face, nervously; but

Miss Hutchinson had noticed the blush, and she made her own silent comments accordingly.

Everybody at Westchamp, in a day or two, was talking of the conquest Miss Crawford had made. "Such a match for her," said the envious old maids. "How she'll adorn Rittenhouse Square," said a good-hearted dowager, who boasted of the "bluest blood." "I thought Mr. Mowbray was smitten there," said a cynical old bachelor, "but as he is only a poor lawyer, of course he has no chance, and seeing it, withdraws." "I met Mr. Somers and his friend, Mowbray," said another speaker, "out walking, this morning. Miss Morton was with Mowbray, ahead, and the lovers behind: Somers was very sweet on Miss Crawford, I assure you." "For my part," said a romantic miss, "I don't believe a word of it; that is, I don't believe Miss Crawford will marry for money: Mr. Somers may be very sweet on her, as you say, but if some one else would speak, whom I have had my eye on, I believe she'd take him without a penny."

Who that some one else was this keen young observer did not say. But other people, besides Miss Hutchinson, had their suspicions. We, who are in the secrets of all parties, will not attempt to conceal that Mowbray was also in love with Miss Crawford. He had stood aloof, however, ever since the night of the dance. "If she likes Somers best, let her have him," he had said. "He is richer than I am, and can give her luxury and ease. I will not stand in her way." From all which it will be seen that Mowbray was a very proud man, and was, moreover, slightly one-sided in his judgment in this particular matter, for why not give Miss Crawford the chance to take him and a moderate competence, if she preferred it, instead of luxury and ease?

Fortune made for her, or for him, the chance, in spite of Mowbray's pride. One evening, after they had danced together, Somers, for once, having to take out some other lady, the two strolled out into the piazza, and thence, allured by the moonlight, down to the side of the little river, which here murmured and sparkled past the grounds of the hotel. Somehow Mowbray happened to say that he expected to leave in a day or two, and somehow something, in the tone of Miss Crawford's reply, made him look down quickly into her face. The secret came out, as it always does, in the most natural manner, after this; and before the pair returned to the house, they were betrothed lovers.

"Only you were hardly fair to me," said Miss Crawford, as she leaned on his arm, just the least bit more heavily than before the engagement. "I had never, I am sure, given you any

reason to believe that I was mercenary, or that I would rather be an idle woman of fashion than a real help-meet, as a wife ought to be. I don't believe," and now she leaned still more heavily on Mowbray's arm, "that the truest happiness is to be found in having a million. It is rather in knowing that others are making sacrifices for one, and that, perhaps, one can make sacrifices in return. I know you thought I encouraged Mr. Somers; but I didn't; I only accepted attentions that I couldn't refuse without rudeness. If he had ever said a word that permitted me to speak, I would have spoken soon enough. Besides you never, or hardly ever, came near me. And somehow—you mustn't misunderstand me, dear—I don't wish to speak ill of the poor man—but he always seemed to take it for granted that every girl must fall in love with him: and so I thought it quite fair to punish him for his conceit, the least bit, that is if I could."

An hour later Miss Crawford stood by the little river again. This time with Mr. Somers. He had been engaged to her for the last waltz of the evening, ever since the day before; but as another dance intervened, which she had declined, he had begged her to come out, for a few minutes, into the cool air. Divining what it meant, and not sorry to have a chance to administer a lesson to him, on behalf of her sex, she assented.

"Mr. Somers," she said, gravely, when he had

finished his declaration, "I regret you did not tell me this before, that is if I had to be told at all, which I deplore. For I cannot marry you. In fact, I am pledged to another——"

"Ah!" he cried, with a start.

"Yes! an hour ago," continued Miss Crawford, "I agreed to become his wife. But," and now she drew her tall figure up to its fullest height, and there came a ring to her voice that made her listener feel how small a creature he really was, "but in no event could I have married you. I am only a simple country girl," with a low curtsy, "one of those blowsy, red-handed, sledge-hammer footed creatures."

She was gone. For, as she spoke the last word, she dropped another curtsy, lower even than the last, and with a gay, half-mocking laugh, ran back to the hotel.

Bewildered, mortified, angry, baffled, Somers stood there, pulling at his mustache, till the last flutter of the white dress disappeared in the misty moonlight. Then he broke out.

"A precious fool I've made of myself. We city fellows are not smart enough, it seems, for these country girls."

But his amazement reached its climax, when he heard to whom Miss Crawford was betrothed.

"Cut me out!" he said. "Won my water-nymph! And he's poor! By Jove, women are what no fellow can find out."

KATY-DID.

BY MRS. G. W. WHITE.

STANDING under the moonlit skies,
Gazing down in my darling's eyes,
Reading there with a glad surprise,
The answer for which I plead.
In whispering tone she murmured, "Yes!"
So shy and low, that I had to guess,
As I clasped her close in a fond caress,
When almost overhead,
An insect choir, by the leaflets hid,
Sang "Katy-did—she did, she did!"
Sang "Katy-did—she did, she did!"
Till Kate declared she "didn't!"

"Kiss me, love!" as we bade good-night.
I softly claimed, with a lover's right,
"Only the angels shall view the sight,"
As blushing she turned away.
Oh, youth is sweet, and love is divine!
She pressed her delicate lips to mine,
Her lips a-glow with her heart's red wine,
When a chattering chorus gay,
As if in doubt, they would have forbid,
Mocked, "Katy-did—she did, she did!"
Mocked, "Katy-did—she did, she did!"
Till Kate declared she "didn't!"

The orange-blossoms enwreathed her hair;
A seraph never could be more fair,
Than she, my treasure, so pure and rare,
My radiant, lovely bride!
Her dainty fingers incased in kid,
Within my clasping palm she slid.
A tear stole down from a snowy lid,
As I drew her to my side;
With tenderest glance I fondly chid,
The tear she shed—she did, she did!
The tear she shed, yes, Katy-did!
Though Kate declares she "didn't!"

Now, oftentimes, in a sportive way,
I teasing hint of our wedding-day,
When she promised to "honor, to love, obey,"
She tossed her pretty head.
"There is," she knows, "some horrid mistake,
"I pledged her for better, or worse, to take;
"And if I chose such a bargain to make,
"Why, just be peaceable, Ned!"
And so she never will do as I bid,
Though Katy-did—she promised, she did!
Though Katy-did—she promised, she did!
Yet Kate declares she "didn't!"

POPPIES.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

A CLEAR, girlish voice was singing a snatch of a quaint old ballad:

"Poppies, 'tis said, by those who rove,
Grow in the field and not in the grove."

The singer paused for a brief half moment; then the bird-like trills rang out again, and were repeated by the echoes:

"Poppies, indeed, like these are rare,
And of such nightingales' songs beware!"

It was a beautiful September morning. Beneath the bluff, the clear, silver waters of one of the loveliest of our smaller lakes danced and glistened in the sunshine. The slight mist, which early morning had hung like a curtain over the hills, had passed away, and they stood out in all the beauty of their purplish-blue tints against the almost cloudless sky. A brown thrush whistled a soft note from her lurking place in an elm; while a robin, perched on one of the gray eaves of the old house, turned a bright, fearless eye downward upon the intruder.

It was a singular place, and one that sight-seers went miles to explore. Long ago, a wealthy and very eccentric bachelor had purchased this lovely, romantic spot, and erected an almost princely mansion upon it. Strange stories still lingered among the country people of the wild orgies, by which he and his clan of boon-companions had made day and night horrible; and some of them hinted darkly that the old Colonel's ghost could be seen on moonlight nights, walking up and down the stately corridors, wringing his hands mournfully at the wreck and ruin of the once beautiful home. The house was quite a ruin now. Standing in the great hall, you could see the sunshine glance down upon the marble floor, through the holes in the roof; indeed, in some places, the entire roof itself was gone, and you had but the blue sky overhead. The stair-case was partly grown with moss and weeds, and birds built their nests in the faded and mouldy hangings of what had once been the drawing-room. A strange, weird place enough; and it was no wonder that the fair young girl, who stood leaning out of one of the lower windows, should strive, almost instinctively, to drive away the shadows that hung around the place by the blitheness of her song.

She had such a winsome face, this little songstress, although it was more picturesque than beautiful. The bonnie brown eyes, that looked frankly

out from beneath the rustic-shade hat, were free from guile as a child's; the nose was a trifle *rétroussée*; and the fresh, red lips followed it in its upward tendency, just enough to disclose the pretty, pearly teeth; while the very most witching dimples imaginable lurked around her mouth and hid in her chin. The hand that hung over the ledge of the window was a trifle too brown, perhaps; but the fingers were daintily taper; and the firm, round wrist betrayed the well-moulded arm that the sleeve hid.

"Poppies, indeed, like these are rare——"

Whirr! Up from the grass flew a frightened bird, as a fine pointer dashed into view, and the song came to an abrupt conclusion, for the girl became aware that a figure, dressed in a gray hunting-suit, stood listening just beneath the window. She sent a swift, startled glance downward; but, in an instant, the bright blood came back to her cheeks, as she saw that the intruder was unmistakably a gentleman.

He caught her eye, lifted his cap, and spoke.

"I hope I have not startled you? I did not mean to intrude, and had it not been for Leo, I should only have stayed to hear the conclusion of your song."

His manner and voice were not only high-bred, but there was the unmistakable accent, which proclaimed him an Englishman at once. The girl looked down with a smile, which displayed all the charming dimples in her face.

"Oh, no, I was not frightened," she answered, in a perfectly easy, unembarrassed tone, but without the least familiarity. "The Knoll is a great resort for strangers, and I should not have dared to sing in that way, except for the early hour. People hardly ever come here before noon."

"I beg your pardon. That is, you will not think me presuming," hesitated the stranger; "but may I beg you to finish that song? I have a very particular reason for asking."

"Certainly," she said, promptly. "I suppose you like it because it is English—very old English, too. I never saw it in print."

"Nor I," said he. And then, with a twinkle of amusement in his dark blue eyes, "why should I like it because it is English?"

"Very likely you admire your own madrigal style of music," she said, mischievously. "I saw that you were an Englishman at once."

"Indeed!" he said, somewhat nettled.

She blushed again, this time very deeply.

"That was rude," she said, penitently. "But I did not mean to be so. I'll sing the song as my apology."

Reginald Trevor drew a few steps nearer the window, thinking he had never seen so bewitching a picture, as the fair, fresh face, framed in the wide hat, and had rarely heard a more beautiful voice than the one which sang now so blithely, telling how the maiden, who went into the grove to find poppies, and to listen to the nightingales in the day-time, found Lubin at the stile instead!

"Poppies, indeed, like these, are rare,
And of such nightingales' song beware."

Here a smooth, rich tenor struck into the closing notes of the song.

The girl clapped her hands, joyously.

"Then you know it?" she cried. "But where did you learn it?"

"I was just about to put that question to you," he said, smiling back at her.

But the face he was watching grew grave.

"My dear mother taught it me when I was a very little child," she said. "She was an Englishwoman, and her great-aunt taught it to her. The music and words were written—"

"By my great-grandfather," said Trevor, for once guilty of the rudeness of interrupting her.

She looked bewildered; then a light broke over her.

"Are you—can you be one of the English Trevors?" she cried, half-incredulously.

"Indeed I am," he said, heartily. "And you? You are one of my American cousins, I feel assured."

"I am Rose Murray, and my mother was Rosamond Trevor," she said. "How very odd that we should have come across each other in this queer old place!"

"As I really am your cousin, Reginald Trevor, suppose you allow me the privilege of shaking hands in the English fashion," said he, coming close up to her, with a winning smile.

Rose put her little brown hand in his, and, very much to his amusement, scrutinized him closely as they shook hands.

"You are like my grandpapa's portrait," said she, "and you have a slight, very slight look of my mother, too."

"But you are not like the rest of us," said Trevor. "You are like your father, I think."

"Then you have seen papa?"

She looked at him keenly, but whatever his thoughts were, he answered in a perfectly unembarrassed way.

"Yes, I have been staying at Ferndale."

"Did they tell you I was here—in this vicinity, I mean?" she said, abruptly.

"No. Mr. Murray said that you were making a long visit, and he was sorry that I would not be able to see you. That was all that passed between us about you."

Her color rose, her brown eyes sparkled hotly; she evidently struggled hard with some overpowering emotion, but in vain; for in another instant she was sobbing bitterly.

Here was a situation! For half a minute, Reginald Trevor regarded her with an expression compounded of dismay and annoyance. Then genuine pity got the better of his masculine aversion to anything approaching a scene; and leaning his gun against a tree, he ran swiftly up the steps of the old house, and came to her side.

"My dear little cousin, what is the matter?" said he, gently. "Perhaps it's obtrusive to ask, on a ten minute's acquaintance; but, indeed, I can't bear to see you cry; you look much more fitted to sing about poppies, and to enjoy all the luxury and petting that we give to small, precious things." And then, having said a tender thing, in an impulsive way, Reginald gnawed his blonde mustache, and blushed up to his eyes, for fear he had "made an ass of himself," to use one of his own expressions.

Rose did not think so. She lifted her bonnie eyes, all brimful of tears, and made a hero of him on the spot. Forgive her! She had known many of the stings of unkindness, poor child, and his kindly sympathy was as novel as it was winning.

"I—I can't very well tell you all about it, Cousin Reginald," she said, coloring again, "and I am afraid I appear silly and childish. You would never think I was eighteen, would you? But I am."

Fortunately for his hero-ship, Reginald was able to preserve his gravity, at this very *naïve* remark.

"I am not making a visit, exactly," she said, "that is, I'm staying with my old nurse. She married a farmer, and they live about a mile from here. Cousin Reginald"—her voice had a pleading, pathetic tone hard to resist—"I don't get along very well with Mrs. Murray, my step-mother, and there are other reasons why I cannot be at home now. You must not ask me what they are, please. I know it all sounds as if I was a very bad girl; but I don't think I am totally depraved just because——" She stopped, suddenly.

Reginald Trevor would have been a very hard-hearted mortal to have pronounced any unfavorable verdict upon the artless girl beside him; it was almost worth a voyage across the Atlantic to have this blushing, winsome face so near him,

and to feel that it belonged to a new cousin, for ah! as the old song says:

"Sisters we have by the dozen, Tom,
But a cousin's a different thing!"

In the present instance Trevor was inclined to think it a remarkably delightful thing; so he stroked the little brown hand that lay on the window-ledge, and assured her that he did not consider her a very marked example of original sin. And Rose dried her eyes, and began to sparkle again.

"Wasn't it droll that you should have guessed who I am, by my singing that old song?" said she.

"No, I don't think it was; I never knew anyone out of my own family who sang it; and, besides, it is a great favorite of mine. Do you know, if you will let me say it, that you sing beautifully?"

"My teachers said so," she replied, with entire simplicity. Then added,

"Minna Thorne and I sing duets a good deal. How do you like Minna and Carrie? They are my step-sisters, you know."

"I think Miss Carrie the most agreeable," he said, carelessly, the honest truth being that he was somewhat bored with the Thornes. "Did you know that they are staying at the Lake House? I came up with their party two days ago."

Rose's face fell. "I am sorry," she sighed.

"And why?" he asked.

"Because I—— They will not come to see me. I cannot tell you why; and, as a natural consequence, I shall see very little of you."

"And, pray, why should my motions be governed by their's," he said, laughing. "Surely, I am a free agent, or, I mean to be, in this case."

"Then you will come and see me?" Rose looked her undisguised pleasure. "And you are not so very English and grand as to dislike coming to a farm-house?"

"I am 'English' enough to expect to accompany you home this very morning," said he, greatly amused, "and sufficiently 'grand' to be glad to see my relatives, whether they live in a farm-house or at your own beautiful Ferndale."

"If it was not growing later than I am usually out, I would take you all over this curious old ruin," said Rose, accepting Trevor's hand, to assist her from her rather elevated perch in the window. "But Rebecca would be sure to worry, if I do not appear in time for what she calls the 'nooning,' in other words, a meal that would be a very early lunch for you."

"I have been tramping over the hills since sunrise," said Reginald, "and shall heartily endorse

the 'nooning,' that is, if you will promise to share yours with a hungry sportsman. Leo and I have some birds here, which I hope you will permit me to offer you." And having by this time reached the spot where he had deposited his gun and game-bag, he called his dog, and waited for Rose to lead the way.

"I came by the lake," said she. "Didn't you see my boat as you came up? I pulled her up on the shore."

"I came from the other direction," said Reginald, walking into the water in his attempt to push the boat off. "Will you admit my wet boots in that neat little craft?"

Rose gave a little nod of assent, and he sprang in, while Leo cleared the distance at a bound, and landed in the centre of the boat, with a precision that told of long practice in the art.

It was very pleasant to be rowed up that lovely lake, Reginald found. His artistic eye took in the details with infinite satisfaction. Rose, with artless pride in her own skill, refused to let him row, and the little boat sped along swiftly through the clear waters, until, after going a mile, they came up to a neat wharf, which Rose told him Rebecca had had made for her express use.

The cousins walked leisurely up the bank to the farm-house. It was a very rambling house, said to be the oldest in good preservation in the neighborhood, and there was something picturesque in the shingled exterior, and wide, low rooms. In the door stood a portly figure, dressed neatly in gray, with a spotless white handkerchief folded across her breast: it hardly needed a glance at her plain cap to see that she was a Quakeress.

"I have brought a visitor, Nurse Rebecca," said Rose. "This is one of my English cousins, Mr. Trevor."

A kind smile lit Rebecca's honest, homely face.

"I am pleased to see thee," she said, extending her hand cordially, as Reginald uncovered his head with involuntary respect. "My little girl has been rather lonely here, and thy company will be of service to her. Did thee come from the Lake?"

As she spoke, she led the way through the hall into one of the rooms at the side, where a table stood spread with a bountiful and delicious-looking meal. Rebecca poured out a cup of such coffee as he had rarely seen; gave him a bountiful supply of honey, with the accompaniment of warm biscuit, and added the second joint of a broiled chicken, done to a turn.

By-and-by, when the meal was over, Rose

took him into her special sanctum, where stood plenty of easy-chairs, and an old-fashioned piano. Here, the little witch straightway sang him the quaintest, most plaintive old songs in that rich, lovely voice of hers, which, for sweetness and enchantment, she might have stolen from the fabled Lorely of the Rhine.

Reginald came out of the dream into which the music had beguiled him, to find that the shadows were growing long on the grass, and to remember, with secret dismay, that he had neglected an engagement to go boating with Minna Thorne.

"I shall tell her that I encountered the Siren of the Lake," he said, jestingly, "and am not, therefore, to be held accountable for any misdeemeanors."

"Oh, pray do not!" cried Rose.

"At least you will suffer me to say that I met you?"

Rose hesitated. "I would rather not; but they know that I am here, and—yes, perhaps it is as well to say that you met me. But—" (here she grew rosy,) "Please do not tell that you found me singing about the poppies. They tease me so about my fondness for that song."

"Certainly not," he said, gravely. Then his eyes lit on a scarlet cluster in a vase. "I see that you have them about you. Pray, do you propose to make a deadly decoction of poppy-tea to give me the next time I come here?"

She laughed, merrily.

"They were picked with no such intention. The flowers grow wild about three miles from here, but in a somewhat inaccessible place; so I coaxed little Jem, Rebecca's grandson, to get them for me. Will you have one? They are my flowers, you know;" and she took a poppy from the vase, and handed it to him, shyly.

"I should think 'The Bonnie Red Rose' was more worthy of the post of being your flower. Will you fasten your colors on my coat?" and he looked at Rose with a deepening admiration, which covered her with very graceful confusion.

She fastened the little red poppy in his button-hole, and stood in the door watching him, as he went down the hill, until a turn in the road carried the tall, gray figure out of sight.

There was a group of ladies sitting on the piazza of the Lake House, as Trevor came up the steps of the hotel.

"Oh, Mr. Trevor," cried a chorus of voices, "where have you been?"

"Did you get lost in the woods? We were just thinking of sending out the town-crier," added the youngest and prettiest of them all.

"I have to beg a thousand pardons, Miss Thorne," said Trevor, addressing the last speaker: "but my detention was really unavoidable. Miss Carrie," to the eldest Miss Thorne, "what do you think of my running across the nymph of the woods?"

"You might as well say you met the Kelpie of the Lake," retorted she. "Don't impose on our good nature with a romantic account of some milk-maid indigenous to the place."

"But I assure you I did meet a nymph," said he, "and, incredulous as you seem to be, she proved to be nearly related to me. Perhaps you have not found out that I am a species of Brownie?"

"A what?" said Minna Thorne, hopelessly bewildered.

"Or," pursued Trevor, rather enjoying the sensation that he suspected his words would produce, "to put it plainly, I have found a cousin; I have seen Miss Rose Murray."

He expected surprise, but the utter consternation of Minna's face struck him as being very odd.

"Rose!"

Both sisters uttered the exclamation. Then Carrie Thorne's wits returned to her.

"To be sure," she said, in a voice of studied carelessness. "If I had paused to think, I might have remembered that she was in this vicinity. Rose's tastes are curiously primitive; she prefers a farm-house, and the society of an old Quaker nurse, to Ferndale and her own family."

"I understood that she was making a visit here," said Trevor, an indignant feeling rising within him at what he considered an unnecessary sneer. And then Minna Thorne lost her temper, in the worst possible taste.

"Dear me, a visit?" drawled she. "Why, she ran away from home, and it was ever so long before we knew where she was."

The other ladies looked uncomfortable. Carrie Thorne fairly glared at her sister. Good-natured Mary Pierson took compassion on Trevor, by saying,

"Pretty Rose! Isn't she a winning little thing, Mr. Trevor? I think you are quite right in calling her a nymph. By the way, you did not lose my friend Leo in the woods, did you?"

Trevor replied, that the dog was at the other end of the piazza, and the conversation, thus skillfully turned, drifted to other things.

Late that evening, as they were taking a little walk down the hall, after dancing. Trevor asked Miss Pierson what Minna's remark meant?

"It was characteristic," said Mary, dryly, "and most unjust. I don't know what opinion

you may have formed of your relatives, Mr. Trevor, but if you want the story, you must permit me to speak plainly."

"Most certainly," Trevor said. "To be quite candid, I am not very favorably impressed with Mr. Murray. He is evidently ruled by his wife."

"Mr. Murray is an old fool," cried Mary, warmly. "I beg your pardon, but 'tis true. To be sure, Rose did run away. But the reason for it was a sufficiently good one. Her father was determined she should marry Killian Von Hom. You don't know him? Well, he is what the country-people call 'astray;' he is just one remove from an idiot."

Trevor could not restrain an exclamation,

"Not enough of a fool to be confined in an asylum, but quite incapable, nevertheless. He is very rich; a poor man would have been sent to a 'retreat' long ago; and money covers a multitude of sins in Mr. Murray's eyes. Besides, Mrs. Murray was greatly to blame; she was continually holding up the advantages of the match to her husband, and tormenting Rose in various petty ways. The wedding-cards were actually printed, and the *trousseau* made; but the week before the wedding-day Rose disappeared; Minna was truthful in saying that they did not know where she was, for some people thought the poor child had destroyed herself. But she fled here, to this house, and then fell ill of a brain fever, and nearly died. Now, I understand that she will not go home for fear of the pressure being brought to bear upon her; for Killian Von Hom is almost daft about her, and has developed an amount of obstinacy in the matter which amazes every one."

"It is an outrageous affair," said Trevor, hotly. "Poor little Rose! And is she to be buried in this solitary place, because her home has proved so unhappy?"

"Yes, or until the Fairy Prince comes to release her," said Mary, smiling, as she thought what a desirable Fairy Prince might be made of her present companion. "Or, perhaps, I am too positive," she added, "Mr. Murray may relent. He misses Rose, and I do not doubt that, left to himself, he would summon her home instantly."

But here some one came to claim Miss Pierson for a dance, and Trevor was left to reflect upon what he had heard.

I would not venture to say how many insane plans came into his head for releasing the Princess from durance vile, and then were rigorously put aside by his calmer reason. But the revelation of Rose's peculiar relations with her family had one effect, which was anything but pleasing

to the Misses Thorne. During the weeks which followed, Reginald spent more than half his time at the farm, and was impervious to all bantering on the subject; in fact, made himself just as aggravating as a man can be, who is bent upon doing what "everybody says" he ought not to do.

To do him justice, there was very little *malice prepense* about it. This lovely, willful American Rose had disarmed him at once, with her mixture of fun and simplicity, passion, and softness. He had not seen her three times before he said to himself that he would cut the Gordian Knot of her peculiar, helpless position, and carry her away to queen it right royally in the old home in England. But whether Rose cared for him or not was a problem over which he vexed his soul in alternate hopes and fears—a state of vacillation totally foreign to his usually firm, decided character.

One afternoon, greatly to Rose's surprise, she received a call from Minna Thorne. That young lady, between her vexation at Trevor's continued absences, and her petty spite against Rose, had resolved to meddle in the matter; and, without taking counsel of anybody, she rode over with Dick Pierson. Dick was an old friend of Rose's, and had only been deterred from renewing his acquaintance, because of Trevor's attentions, for Dick was a trifle too lazy to poach on another man's manor. Rose greeted Minna cordially, for the girls had always been good friends, and Dick was made to feel himself very welcome, while Rose showed the pair all about the old house, and then into the garden. But, by-and-by, Minna contrived to have some slight accident befall her habit, and Rose conducted her to her own room to mend it; and while there, Minna improved her opportunity to sow seeds of distrust in Rose's innocent heart. The device she adopted was a very stale one; but Minna's mind was of a most commonplace order, and she was only able to gratify her spite in her own small way. Her method was the simple one of boldly telling Rose that Trevor was already engaged to a girl in England, and she ornamented the fiction by adding that it was her own likeness to this absent ladye-faire, which had caused Trevor to be so polite to Rose. If Rose was suffering half the pangs which her envious friend invoked for her, she certainly wore none on her face. With the exception of a slight change of color, the intelligence made no apparent impression: and Minna was obliged to be content with binding her over to solemn secrecy, and went away baffled of half her desired revenge.

Poor Rose! She crept away to her own room with one hand pressed tightly against her heart,

and a wan look about her sweet lips, that it would have hurt Trevor to see there. She did not cry; but she sat in the window, with wide-opened, strained eyes, looking off at the purple hills, and felt as if life itself were setting back to its fountains.

The shadows were falling very long on the grass, and the slight chill of the air told that the twilight was at hand, when Rose was roused from her painful thoughts by a whistle below her window. She started, but it was only little Jem, Rebecca's grandchild, a bright, merry lad, who devoted himself to her.

"I say, Miss Rose, did you hear the explosion up to the quarry, 'bout five o'clock? Guess there'll be another one soon."

"Quarry?" said Rose, hardly comprehending what the boy said.

"Why, yes; up to Jone's quarry, jest across from the bush pasture, where I gets your poppies. Don't you know, I didn't go after 'em yesterday 'cause of the blasting? Folks say 'tain't safe."

Jem thought she was crazy, for she gave a cry that was almost a scream, and dashed out of the low, old window. Poppies! Good heavens! that was where Trevor had gone this very afternoon; she recollected now that he had noticed that her vase was empty, and had laughingly promised to fill it, leaving just before Minna arrived.

"Jem," her lips were white, and her voice shook, "tell Rebecca not to wait tea. I'm afraid something has happened, and I'm going to the bush-pasture myself."

Jem stood open-mouthed, gazing after the flying figure.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated he, at last. "If she hain't gone raving distracted, may I never! Not a bit of a hat on, and it's comin' on night, an' three miles up the mountain to the quarry. Well, they'll be done the blasting long 'fore she gets there; that's one comfort. But she'll be skaired, sure, specially if it's dark. I'll go an' tell granny she's gone for a walk, and then, hanged if I won't go tramp after her. Whatever possessed her, I do wonder?"

Rose was a swift runner, and now, in her newborn terror, her feet were untiring; she had gone almost half the way, before she paused for even a brief rest. It was growing dark, now; but Rose suddenly remembering her hatless condition, tied her handkerchief over her head, and sped on, on up the mountain. The most unreasoning conviction had suddenly taken hold of her, that, in some way, Trevor had been injured by the blasting, so she struggled on, until her feet ached,

and her breath came short and fast. This time she must stop, so she sat down on a stump, and tried to collect new strength for fresh fatigue.

Whether the fast-rising mist misled her, or whether not being familiar with the path, Rose mistook the way; and, after going for what seemed to her an interminable distance, she came to an opening in the woods, which she had never seen before. At first she thought she had reached the bush-pasture; but a close examination showed her that there was no inclosure, only an open space. She went toward one side. No, that was a foot-path, going further up the mountain; then to another point, but here the trees closed deeply around her. Finally, going in a third direction, her foot loosened a stone, and, to her horror, she heard it roll, then bounce suddenly into open space, and, far below, the dull thud of its fall told her that she was standing on the verge of a precipice.

An awful horror came over her; she knew, now, that she was lost on the mountain!

By-and-by she crept backward into the shadow of the trees, and tried to think. At the best, she must stay here until morning. Her thin dress was damp with dew, the mist fell chill and cold, and the wind was rising. And Reginald—where was he?

She moaned aloud, as she pictured him, with the vividness of an already too excited fancy, lying hurt—dead, perhaps—under the pines. She wondered whether any one would hear, if she screamed. Then she laughed at the foolish thought; there was no one within miles.

Well, God knew. Far up above the tossing trees the stars shone behind the mist which hid them. She thought of the sparrows, and was comforted. Finally, being utterly spent and weary, Rose laid her head against the stump, and sank in a half-dozed, that was neither sleeping nor waking.

At last, after a long, long time, she thought she heard a voice. Yes, surely, something was stirring in the woods, at her left. Then she saw a dark object; was it, could it be a bear? Perhaps there were bears so far up in the woods as this. The creature came nearer. Rose lost her self-control.

"Reginald! Reginald!"

Her cry rang out despairingly.

She saw the dark object bound nearer her, felt a cold, wet tongue on her cheek, and knew no more!

When she opened her eyes, it was to feel that Reginald's arms were wrapping her in a plaid, and his dear voice was saying, "Rose, my own sweet Rose, how came you here?" while Leo,

to whose sagacity she owed her preservation, jumped wildly against them both, uttering short barks of congratulation.

By-and-by Reginald made her drink from his flask, and then he chafed the little cold hands, and covered them with kisses, until Rose nestled so close in his arms that he had, perforce, to convey the caresses to her lips.

He told her how he had gone to look for her wild poppies, and been warned away by the quarrymen; and then, intending only to take a walk, he had also been overtaken by nightfall, and lost his way.

But when the pair had made up their minds to spend the night on the mountain, and had arranged other little matters quite to their satisfaction, they heard shouts in the distance, and saw the lights of a rescuing party, led by Jem, who, having gone to the bush-pasture, and returned, to find Rose still absent, had surmised

what had occurred, and, taking the farm-hands, had started to look for her.

Great was his astonishment at seeing her companions. "Well, I *do* never!" was all he could say.

Reginald and Jem conducted Rose down the mountain between them, and Rebecca shed tears of joy at their triumphal return. But as Reginald was going away, for, he said, he must go back to the Lake House and correct Minna about that absurd report, he held up his Glen-gary cap for Rose's inspection, with a merry smile, and she saw that, fastened on its side, was a cluster of faded poppies.

"Oh, Reginald! to think of your taking such pains for me!"

But his arm stole around his rescued treasure, and his saucy voice chanted low in her ear,

"Poppies may grow in field or grove,
What care I? Here's the girl I love."

HEAVEN.

BY JAMES R. BEVING.

No poet, praying for the breath
Of inspiration, may unfold
The bliss beyond the gates of death,
Or with desiring eyes behold
The streets of gold;
Or picture that eternal stream,
Upon whose banks the angels throng,
Where, as in some delicious dream,
The soft, low music floats along
Of sweetest song!
I think the landscape must be fair,
That flowers of fadeless beauty grow
To deck the bright and flowing hair
Of those whose robes were washed below
As white as snow.

I know that gladsome palms they bear,
Like victors when the strife is won,
And that they find safe refuge there,
Now all their toil is past and done
Beneath the sun.
His wondrous beauty they behold,
Whose love has led them all their days;
On harps with strings of shining gold,
Those sweet seraphic fingers raise
Their ceaseless praise!
And brightly every gracious brow
A crown of dazzling light adorns,
To purchase which He wore below,
Amid revilings, scoffs, and scorn,
A crown of thorns!

WILD ROSES.

BY MAGGIE CONWAY.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful roses!
How sweet is their perfume to me!
They bring to my memory the loved ones,
Who've crossed o'er the dark, silent sea;
And often I think of my childhood,
When I wandered, so happy and free,
In the cool, pleasant shade of the wildwood,
Or sat 'neath a wide-spreading tree;
And looked at the blithe little birdie,
Constructing its tiny home nest,
Or heard the gay chirp of the cheewee,
Or robia with coral-red breast.

'Way down in the meadow, so sunny,
I have waded the brook's sandy bed;
While, near me, the bee gathered honey
From the wild roses blushing so red.
Long years have gone by since my childhood,
My form is now bow'd down with care;
I wander no more through the wildwood,
Nor gather the wild flowers so fair;
But I'm patiently waiting the summons,
From over the dark silent sea,
To join the dear loved ones, in heaven,
Who gathered wild roses with me.

"THE TIDE ON THE MOANING BAR."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

I HAD never liked him. Much as I loved my lady, and long as I labored in her service, I cannot say that I ever knew the day when I had any affection for Mr. Jack, even the slightest. There was a hard look in his black eyes from the first, and the moment I saw him, as he lay, a day-old baby, bundled up in lawn and laces, it seemed as if I saw into his future, and trembled. And as he grew older, the evil spirit grew with him. He was cruel and selfish as a child, though his handsome face covered his faults, as handsome faces are apt to do; and even my lady, who was so gentle and kindly, could see no harm in him, and thought his willful ways were only high spirit. And perhaps she was the more blind to it, because his black eyes were so like his dead father's; and she had always clung to her husband's memory so tenderly. But Mr. Jack was not like his father, though my lady fancied he was. Mr. Lowther had never made an enemy in his life; and I am sure Mr. Jack never made a true friend. People flattered and feared him, and pretended to admire his beauty and high-handed ways; but no one ever liked him well enough to speak a good word for him behind his back. But, for my lady's sake, people bore with him, and for my lady's sake, I bore with him among the rest; and when she lay upon her death-bed, it was me she gave the charge of caring for him, as I had cared for her.

"Don't leave Mr. Jack, Mallon," she said to me, when she could not say anything else. "Don't leave my boy. Take care of him, for my sake. I know he will always take care of you, Mallon. His father would have done it, if he had lived; and I know Jack will."

But though I promised, I knew better than to expect anything like gratitude from Mr. Jack. I had watched him all his life, and never knew him to show a thoroughly unselfish impulse.

But for my sweet, dead lady's sake, I stayed with him as housekeeper, at the Manse, as the country house was called, and I tried my best to please him; so we had no disagreement, for he never interfered, so long as things were to his liking; and I may add, never even thought to give me the thanks his father and my lady had never spared. However, I stayed, and attended to the servants, and kept the house accounts; and when he came down from London with his friends,

he never had to complain. And so matters went on, until the month after my lady's death, when he suddenly took a fancy that he wanted me to go with him to a little sea-side town, where he had been staying for some whim or other; for, as he condescended to say, then, for the first time, he "liked my ways, and liked to have me about him."

So, remembering my promise to his dying mother, I went, without any words; though I must admit it was rather a trial, at my time of life, to make such a change all at once; and, moreover, I could scarcely see how it was that he could require me.

I found his chambers very fine and handsomely furnished; for it was just like Mr. Jack to have everything of the handsomest and best. There was a large suit of them, in a big house, in the principal square, and the rest of the establishment was let to an Irish officer, whose regiment was quartered in the town-barracks. Major Clangarthe, the gentleman's name was: and his family, consisting of a wife and three or four children, was with him. His rooms were not so handsome as Mr. Jack's, I discovered; and even the best of them had a queer, untidy look. Mrs. Clangarthe had been a great beauty in her day, and came of a very fine, very poor, Irish family; and on the strength of this she used to lie on the sofa, or sit in an easy-chair all day, joking with the Major, and letting the children run wild. They had made away with plenty of money in their time, shabby as things seemed now; and they were as carelessly-happy, good-tempered a set as ever I saw in my life. When they had money, it flew right and left, and when they gave their gay, little wine-suppers, I am sure people never enjoyed themselves more than they did; and there was never more hearty laughing than I could hear among the officers, who crowded into their drawing-rooms, as if they would rather be there than attend the finest entertainment in the West End. But they were queer people, for all that.

The first I saw of them was two or three days after my arrival, when, as I was sitting at my work, there came a rap at my door, and, in answer to my "come in," it opened, and showed me a young lady standing there, laughing,

"Do you mean 'come in' really?" she said, good-naturedly. "If you don't, I can run away again."

She was a very pretty, young lady, indeed, and very young; not more than seventeen; but, to my mind, she looked queer enough. She had big, round, lovely gray eyes, and crinkling, silky, black hair, hanging to a bit of a waist; but the crinkling, black hair looked as if it actually needed brushing; and it was tied back with a purple velvet ribbon, which was anything but clean. I had never seen a lovelier, more supple little figure; it was so lithe, and soft, and round; but her crimson, cashmere, morning robe was soiled and frayed; and the seam on one of her shoulders had come unstitched, and showed the white skin through plainly. Even her feet—such pretty feet—were not tidy. One of her slippers had burst out, and the other had lost its rosette. But she did not seem to care about her appearance, and drew up the chair I offered her close to mine, and began to talk with a careless freedom that made me almost catch my breath.

"I am Lina," she said, as unceremoniously as if she had known me for years. "Lina Clangarthe, from the rooms up stairs; and I thought I would come to see you. Mamma said I might, because we know Mr. Lowther so well. You have been housekeeper in his family ever since he was born, he says."

I told her that I had, and answered all her questions as well as I could, though she asked a great many. The fact was, she asked questions all the time, and seemed so sweet-tempered about it that I could not help liking the poor, neglected child. And she was as ready to answer questions as she was to ask them; and, to my bewilderment, told me all about the family affairs, speaking just as gayly about their family troubles as if the whole affair was a joke.

"And so it is a joke," she said, "and fine fun we have out of it, sometimes. If it wasn't for Lady Medora, and her lectures, and the tracts she sticks in the boxes of old finery she sends us, we shouldn't mind it a bit."

Lady Medora was her father's sister. I found out, and was a very rigid person. She sent them boxes of her cast-off finery, two or three times a year, and when they came, they were sure to herald a new lecture on the family frivolity, and a new supply of tracts.

"I wore one in the toe of a slipper for a week," Lina said. "Her ladyship had stuffed it in, and I should never have seen it, but that Fergus's terrier was playing with the rosette, and tore the kid, and pulled it out."

I really thought I must be dreaming, it seemed so strange that the pretty, incomprehensible creature should be revealing the family secrets so frankly; but she rattled on as gayly, as if there

was nothing at all remarkable in her queer confidences.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "I like old ladies, and you look so nice and good-natured. I shall come in and see you often, if you don't mind. You won't mind, will you? Besides, I am glad for something else. As long as you are here, it won't be the least bit improper to talk to Mr. Jack, when I come in to borrow things. I often come in to borrow things, and I can't help talking when he begins, though I suppose it is a tiny mite improper. And mamma says I must be discreet; but the fact is, my darling Mrs. Mallon, we are not a discreet family. I often think there must be the least taste of vagabond blood in our veins, if we are Clangarthes."

I was so sorry for her, so fearful of the danger her beauty, and ignorance, and high spirits might throw her into, that, even while she laughed, I felt heavy-hearted. What sort of a woman could she be, this mother, who let the pretty creature run in and out of a gentleman's private-rooms, to borrow things, and listen to whatever flattering nonsense he chose to talk to her? In the liking I had taken to her, I couldn't help speaking a word or two, which I thought might serve as a motherly hint.

"I am glad I have come too, my dear," I said to her. "And I hope you won't take it hardly if I say I am glad for your sake. I hope you will come and see me often; and if you want to borrow anything, just run in here, right to me, because you are quite right in thinking it is not quite proper to apply to Mr. Jack. You are too young and pretty for such things to be quite discreet, my love."

From the bottom of my old woman's heart, I felt that she was too good and innocent to be trifled with, and I knew Mr. Jack too well to hope that he meant to act honorably by her. But I did not think of the worst then. God knows I never believed his heart could be as black as it proved itself. I thought it quite likely that he might talk nonsense, and flatter her with hopes he never meant to realize; but I never went so far as to think he could mean to bring misery and despair on this pretty, ignorant young thing, whose heart was so fresh and childish.

She sat and talked to me for more than an hour, and the more she talked, the more I liked her light-hearted, affectionate ways, and the more I wished she had a better mother to guide her. It seemed a trifle curious, too, that I, with all my staid, old-womanish notions, should have taken such a fancy; but, somehow, my heart warmed toward her, and she seemed to see it. I knew,

that, at first, the innocent rattlebrain had only come to coax her way into my heart, for Mr. Jack's sake, but I could see plainly enough, in the end, that she was quite honest in her liking for me, and would take any motherly counsel I gave her.

I could not help thinking about her when she was gone, and wishing that she was not so ready to admire Mr. Jack's fine ways and handsome face. He was handsome enough, it cannot be denied; and he was the very style of beauty to take a girl's fancy. He was slight, and lithe-limbed, and dark as a Spaniard. Indeed, there had been, two or three centuries ago, a touch of Spanish blood in the Lowther family, and now and then it broke out again, in a pair of dense, black eyes, a slow, sweet smile, and a graceful languor of motion. My lady's husband had possessed the dark eyes, but the rest had come to Mr. Jack, and it was easy enough to see how a girl, like Lina Clangarthe, would passionately admire his beauty and careless haughtiness.

That night, for the first time since my arrival, Mr. Jack paid me a visit, and the moment I saw him I knew why he had come. And, after he had talked about other things for awhile, he spoke out, carelessly enough.

"You had a visitor, this morning, Gorish tells me," he said.

The words were quiet-sounding, to be sure, but I did not trust them; for, bold and deil-may-care as he was by nature, he did not look me in the face when he spoke. He looked down, at the half-smoked cigar in his hand, so that his black lashes cast a curious shadow over his long, dark, half-closed eyes.

"Yes, I had a visitor," I answered, as brief as possible.

He smiled languidly, as he smoothed a loose leaf round the cigar, with his strong, white fingers.

"A pretty one, too," he said. "However scandalized you may be with your recollection of lovely, untidy hair, and lovely, untidy figure, you will agree with me there, I am sure."

"Yes, sir," I replied, gravely, again. "A pretty one and a bright one. A bright, affectionate, loving one, with a fresh, true heart, I think."

He smiled again, lightly, touching the ash of his cigar.

"Ah!" he said, in a low, half-indifferent sort of tone; and then he put the cigar in his mouth again, and went on smoking, as if he had forgotten all about what we had been saying. It was a way of his to pass things by, and become indifferent to them in a moment. It had been

so with his toys and pets, as a child; and it was so even with his friends, and his extravagant fancies.

He said nothing more to me about Miss Lina, and I was glad to find he didn't. It gave me some hope that he had not taken any great fancy to her, as I had at first imagined he had. His fancies were not pleasant things to cope with; and I knew such a fancy as this could come to no good.

But before I had been in the house many days, I found that the Major and he were great friends, and that Mrs. Clangarthe admired him as much as her daughter did. She had a great weakness for beauty, and Mr. Jack's dark eyes won her from the first. He spent hours in their apartments, passing in and out in the queer, informal way, everybody who had dealings with them seemed to adopt; and it was plain that he was always welcome, for the Major made a great to-do over him, and Mrs. Clangarthe would laugh and talk to him in the good-natured, light-headed fashion which seemed natural to her. The Major was pretty deeply in his debt, Mr. Jack's valet. Gorish, told me, and was continually borrowing fresh supplies: but for the matter of that, Gorish added, he was in debt over head and ears, and borrowed, right and left, wherever there was a chance.

As I have said before, there were plenty of visitors constantly coming to the house, most of them military men like the Major, and all of them appeared to be of one opinion regarding Miss Lina. They all admired her, and all made love to her, and I must say that I believe some of the younger ones were really in earnest. And no wonder. When she was dressed, as she was always of an evening, with her lovely figure, lovely face, lovely hair, and reckless high spirits, I am sure there was not a more beautiful creature in London. In spite of their untidy ways, the Clangarthes had a wonderful taste in dress; and what with Lady Medora's presents, and going into debt, they kept up in a way that was astonishing.

But with all the attention she received, and all the fine speeches that were poured into her pretty, ready ears, it was easy to see that Miss Lina cared for none of them but Mr. Jack. She gave way to him in an innocent, open, girlish way, and she tried to amuse him. She was just the generous young creature, to be a tender, willing slave through bitter and sweet. If she loved her husband, he might be her tyrant, if he had the will; and the more I saw, the less I fancied Mr. Jack's winning her warm, loving heart, to play the tyrant over.

I saw a great deal of the family, and had the

chance to watch, because, in a short time, I found that I might be of service, in several little ways; and, finally, partly through my liking for the girl, and partly at Mr. Jack's request, I fell into the habit of superintending things, here and there, and helping the servants, when they had company. And so the friendship between Miss Lina and myself was strengthened. She began to make a confidante of me, in more ways than one. She told me about her admirers, and laughed at them, in a hearty, enjoyable way, which had not a bit of deceit about it. She showed me her dresses, and came to me for help, when they wanted mending or altering; and when I did anything for her she would kneel on the carpet at my side, with her big gray eyes all a-light with wonder and gratitude. I never helped her in the least, without getting an affectionate burst of thanks, and an impulsive caress. It was her nature to overflow with gratitude and pleasure about small things, and I was the last person in the world to try to restrain her.

They were having one of their free-and-easy little suppers one night, and I had noted among the guests a gentleman I had not seen before. He was not an officer, but a civilian, and though he was well-looking enough, there was a stiffness about his manner, and a haughty, pretentiousness in his blonde face, that rendered him by no means as prepossessing as the genial, finely-made, epauletted men, who were so fond of thronging the rooms. "Sir Denis," I heard them call him; and I noticed that he seemed very much pleased with Miss Lina, and showed it pretty plainly, in a certain stiffly-polite fashion. It appeared, too, that he was a favorite of Mrs. Clangarthe, for she took a great deal of trouble to draw him out, and evidently wished that Lina would be attentive. But I understood Miss Lina very well by this time, and saw that she was rather uneasy. She was trying very hard to be obediently entertaining; but she was not getting along very well, and was not enjoying herself as she usually did. I had promised Mr. Jack to undertake the management of things that night, and in passing to and fro before the opened doors, I saw that, as she danced with Sir Denis, and talked to him, there was a restless look in her eyes, and a queer, pittle eager color on her cheeks. She looked uncomfortable, and I guessed the reason why. Sir Denis had taken Mr. Jack's place so completely, that the two had hardly spoken a word to each other; and the poor child was troubling herself about it, and fancying that he was troubled too. But he was bearing it very well, I thought. He was making himself agreeable to a tall young lady, with a fine figure, and an amber-

satin dress; and seemed to be enjoying himself pretty well, to judge from his face, and the young lady's rather loud laughs. He did not take much notice of Miss Lina, and after a while, I think, she began to notice it, for the color in her cheeks died out, and the uneasy look in her eyes deepened. For my part, I felt almost angry. I knew what his indifference meant. He knew his power over her, and meant to exercise it. He took the tall young lady in amber satin down to supper, and he hung over her, and talked nonsense, in a half-joking way, that was torture to the poor child who sat opposite, by the side of her ceremonious admirer, the uneasy color coming and going as she listened to the burst of laughter from their side of the long, narrow table. But at last Mr. Jack got tired of the talkative young woman in amber, and handing her over to some body else, made his way across the room, as if he was going to leave it.

I was in a room on the other side of the hall, and could see everything; and the hidden misery in Miss Lina's eyes told me that if she could not break from Sir Denis in one way, she would in another. And so she did; for in a minute more, she was out in the hall, and half way down the stair-case after Mr. Jack, and was speaking to him all in a wild flutter, half-frightened, half-daring.

"Mr. Lowther!" she said. "Jack! Don't go."

I shall never forget how she looked, just as she stood there, at that minute, the troubled red on her cheeks, the eager girl's desperateness in her big eyes. It is such girls as Lina Clangarthe, who bear misery and shame, because their hearts are tender, and the chances are against them; it is such girls who need the world's pity, and God's help, when the worst comes to the worst. A woman, less ignorant of the world's ways, would have known better than to let Mr. Jack see she could not bear a shadow of neglect.

"Jack! Don't go!"

A little shiver ran over me as I heard her say it. I did not know before that they had gone so far as that, and my heart quickened forebodingly as he stopped and turned to look up at her. Cruel as it may seem, I was almost ready to pray that he might not hear her, and would go on without answering. She was so pretty—so pretty! The dazzling light seemed all to shine upon her full, soft, white shoulders and arms; even the shining white billows of her silk train could not make her look anything but a child. The light was so bright that the roses that drooped in her bosom and clung to her loose, soft hair, were as red as blood.

She was pretty enough to bring him back,

whether he cared for her or not; and he came, smiling, as if nothing had happened, and stood a few steps below her, as she slipped into a sitting posture, on the stairs, looking down at him, with her soul in her eyes, and her heart's blood in her cheeks, all in a flutter of joy at his coming, and wonder at her own daring.

"Ah, Jack," she said, "you are not vexed, are you? Not vexed with me?"

They were so near me that I could hear every word they said, and see every change in either face; and I saw the slow gleam of triumph grow into Mr. Jack's black eyes; the evil, handsome eyes he had inherited from that Spanish ancestor. It was only a small triumph, but it was one, and the least of triumphs pleased him. So he stood looking up at her, and smiling a little, as he leaned on the balustrade.

"You seemed to be fully occupied," he said. "I thought, perhaps, Sir Denis could fill my place; but, of course, I am not vexed. A man's not apt to be, when he sees himself thrown over for another—is he?"

All the color fell away from her face, and she broke out upon him almost piteously.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack, don't! You know—you do know it wasn't my fault. I have been miserable all night. And, besides," turning on him with a swift little touch of pathetic reproach, "weren't you talking to Norah Delamore?"

Perhaps her prettiness, and the eager appeal in her lovely eyes touched him. At all events, after an odd little pause, he spoke to her in another tone.

"Where is your cloak?" he said. "Go, and put it on, Lina, and come here to me again. I want you."

She sprang up, in a minute, as bright as could be, and went without a word; and in less time than it takes me to write it, she was back again, with a bright, rose-pink opera-cloak on, her eyes shining from under its hood-like diamonds.

"Is it the garden?" she said to him, slipping her hand into his arm, and laughing a happy little laugh. "Is it into the garden, Jack?"

"It is where we shall be out of the way," he answered, softening his cruel voice. "Out of the way, and together, and happy." And he slipped his treacherous arm about her little waist, and drawing her to his side, bent over, and kissed her full on her blooming lips. I knew there was little room for hope after that. Having gone so far, he would go farther, if the fancy held him; and as soon as he was tired, he would fling her away without a pang of remorse. I could not help feeling a thought bitter against the heedless woman, in the bright room near them. I

could hear her laughing, and I could hear the Major laughing, too; and I could not resist an impulse of impatience at their blindness. I never had children of my own, but I felt sure that no daughter of mine, if I had ever had one, would have been left thus, helplessly, to herself, as Lina Clangarthe was.

And this was only one occasion out of a thousand such. Every day I saw more of an imprudence, which, to my mind, seemed actually terrible. The people who visited the house were as careless and easy-going as the Clangarthe's themselves; and Lina was wonderfully popular among both men and women. She was pretty enough to have drawn the world after her, and her queer, bright, high spirits, and reckless inclination for fun, were the very things to please people, who thought of nothing but how to enjoy life and amuse themselves.

"We take life easy," said Lina to me one day. "Where's the use of taking it hard, and fretting like Lady Medora. It only makes people ill-natured. We can't help being poor and in debt, but we can help fretting about it, can't we, Mrs. Mallon?"

There never was a lighter-hearted creature on earth than she was then. It appeared as though she was overrunning with fun and life. There was never a dull look on her bright face, or a hard word on her lip. She had a laugh and a jest for every one; and there was not a servant in the house, among all the ill-paid lot, who was not ready to do anything for Miss Lina. It is my opinion that but for her there would scarcely have been a servant on the place. When there was money in the house, she always remembered them, and when there was none, she consoled them into a good humor. Her maid got her dresses before they were half-worn, and the cook borrowed her jewelry, quite secure in her good-nature, even if she was found out. Ill-regulated as everything was, there was something half-comical about it all. They were so good-natured and easy, and life seemed such an enjoyable affair. Even the ill-used tradesmen, who dunned them from morning till night, went away somewhat pacified, after an interview with Lina, or the Major, though there is no doubt they afterward wondered at their own indiscretion in allowing themselves to be so soothed. It is my impression that Lady Medora herself had a sense of her own unfitness to cope with them, for though she sent box after box of old finery, and tracts enough to have converted a whole Fiji island, she never visited them.

"And all the better," said Lina, tossing over the contents of one of said boxes on its arrival.

"It would only make her uncomfortable, poor soul. She wouldn't understand us, you know, and we shouldn't understand her. It's all the better, and we are very grateful to her, I am sure. It's a blessed thing for us, though, that there's one saint in the family to pray us all out of Purgatory. Lady Medora is a very good woman, Mrs. Mallon. Dear me! I wonder where she wore this rose-colored satin dress. I am going to shake the tracts out of the trimmings, and try it on."

I often thought, that with a good mother, she would have been far better than most girls. My pretty Miss Lina, she was better as it was, in spite of her wild ways. I never heard an ill-natured word from her lips, queer as some of her speeches were, and she was generous and affectionate beyond measure. The tribe of neglected children, who tumbled about the rooms, were fonder of her than they were of any living thing; and she would give up her own pleasure any day to romp with them, when they asked her, which they were by no means chary of doing.

And through watching her, and noticing little things, I saw that her feeling for Mr. Jack was love of the intensest kind; and I saw, too, that it grew stronger every day, and that he led her on. And just as far as he chose to lead, she followed, and was ignorantly happy. He spent his evenings with her; and the Major and Mrs. Clangarthe looked on in their usual amiable, irresponsible way. He rode out with her, and the Major admired Lina's fine figure complacently, as the two cantered away, while Mrs. Clangarthe nodded them a farewell from the drawing-room window.

"Lina is like Lady Anastasia Derry, my dear. Don't you think so?" Mrs. Clangarthe was fond of saying. "You remember Lady Anastasia Derry, Major, and she was Col. Enniskillen's daughter, and her mother was a Wexford?"

The memory of her aristocratic antecedents was a great source of pleasure to Mrs. Clangarthe, and she clung to it with whimsical pertinacity. She was anxious that Lina should make a good marriage, though I often thought she went about managing the matter in a queer way. She forgot that gentlemen of position and title don't always choose their wives for a pretty face. They are a trifle more particular in these days than they were, or else the old romantic stories have very little foundation.

But it was Mrs. Clangarthe's plans that cast the first shadow over Miss Lina's life. I do not think the girl had ever known a shadow before; but a cloud came at last, and its darkness was too heavy for her.

It had first showed itself the night when the

tall, stiff, young man they called Sir Denis followed her about, and roused Mr. Jack to making love to the young woman in amber satin; and in the course of time this same shadow became the cloud. The stiff young gentleman came to the house pretty often, after the supper party, and when he came he always fastened himself to Miss Lina, and kept Mr. Jack in the shade. She bore it at first good-humoredly, as she always bore disagreeable things; but after awhile it began to trouble her. Whether he cared for her or not, Mr. Jack did not care to have a rival; and when Sir Denis made himself unpleasant, Lina always suffered for it. Mr. Jack did not quarrel with her, he was too wary for that; he simply let her alone, and played indifference, until the poor, warm-hearted, impulsive girl was wretched and reckless enough for anything. She was afraid of vexing him, and afraid of vexing her mother; so between the two she grew desperate. She began to fret in secret, and lost her reckless high spirits, and was only gay by fits and starts.

Mr. Jack made it worse than it was. He knew how to manage her, and by a word, dropped here and there, put it into her mind that her mother's foolish, blind persistence was unnatural cruelty, and that she would be forced to make a sacrifice which would render her wretched for life. The fact was, Mrs. Clangarthe's persistence was only weak ambition, and if Lina had been left alone, the matter would have come to its natural termination, smoothly enough. But just as Mr. Jack had tortured his pets in his childhood, he tortured this poor child now, and the trouble was too much for her. She was not used to heart-pain, and at last it broke her down, and made her desperate.

She came to my room, almost wild, one day, after Sir Denis had left the house. He had been more than usually pretentiously officious, and Mrs. Clangarthe had encouraged him.

"I think he will propose to you soon, Lina," she had said, after he was gone. "You are so lucky. Now, if Annette and Lucia only marry as well when they grow up, I shall be perfectly satisfied." And when, a few minutes later, Mr. Jack came in, she poured out to him her delight at Lina's success, considering that, as the friend of the family, he was the person most likely to sympathize with her.

There was a spot of flaming scarlet on Lina's cheek, and a dangerous, wild look in her eyes, when she came to me; and she had not been with me five minutes, before she broke out, tortured with humiliation, and pain, and fear, telling me the whole story.

"She must be mad," she ended. "She is mad,

and she is driving me mad too. I shall do something desperate and wicked, if they don't leave me alone. They cannot see that—that nothing on earth could buy me from my love."

She was sitting, on a low stool, at my feet, and her long hair almost hid her face; but when she said that, she tossed the hair back, and looked up at me, with an almost defiant daring in her eyes.

"It is not right to say that, I suppose," she said. "It is not right to acknowledge that I have a true love. Women are not allowed to tell the truth about such things. But you are not blind, if all the rest are. You can see how the truth stands." And then she broke down, all in a sudden shame at herself, and sobbed like a wronged child.

A strange alteration in her manner came about after this. She was not so frank, and even over her brightest moods there was a shadow. But her trouble only made her fonder of Mr. Jack than ever, and I noticed that she was feverishly anxious to please him. I was sorry to see, too, that she put herself into his way, a great deal more than was quite prudent; but she was too miserable, and too ignorant of the ways of the world to be discreet; and so I could not blame her, though I knew she was working against herself. She met him upon the stairs half a dozen times in a day, and I knew very well that the solitary walks she took, were taken only in the desperate hope of seeing, or speaking to him.

"I should die, if I didn't see him," she broke out once to me. "Don't tell me he'll like me the less for it, Mrs. Mallon; men can't be so cruel as that."

She had always been fond of walking on the beach, and from my window I had often watched her strolling on the waste of sands, that the fishermen called the Moaning Bar, with the children, and letting them pull her about, as not one girl in a dozen would have done. But she never took the children with her now. She walked out alone, though my old eyes were quite sharp enough to see she was not often alone long. Day after day, Mr. Jack would follow her down to their trysting place on the Bar, and for hours I could see them, as they sat sheltered by the rocks, Miss Lina's scarlet jacket, a bright bit of color, contrasted with sea, and sand, and sky.

And in her room up stairs. Mrs. Clangarthe made herself comfortable, over the success of her plans. She was fond of Lina, as every one else was; she was proud of her beauty, and wished to see her happy; and fancying a good marriage the best most to be desired, she worked industriously in her behalf, in her own easy-natured, shiftless

style. Mr. Lowther was the Major's friend, and had lent the Major money; accordingly, nothing could be more pleasantly desirable than that he should amuse Lina, and Lina should amuse him.

"I like to see young people enjoy themselves, Mrs. Mallon," she said, sweet-temperedly, to me. "And Lina always enjoys herself, when she is with Mr. Lowther. She wants brightening a little, too, now, though I am sure I don't see why she should, when her prospects are so good; but she has not been in good spirits, lately."

That evening Lina came in from her walk later than usual. It was so late, indeed, that the yellow fog curtailed both sea and shore, and the street-lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there. She did not go up stairs, but came into my room, and the moment she entered, I saw that something was wrong. Her face was pale and haggard, but there was a spot on each cheek, as bright as her scarlet jacket, and in her hand she held a letter.

She sat down on a footstool, as she always did. For a minute or so she did not speak. But all at once she began to tremble, and cry, and pull at the collar of her sacque, as if it was hurting her.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon," she cried, "Oh, Mrs. Mallon, just look here! What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?" And then she tossed the letter into my lap, and hid her face in her hands, under her loose, fog-dampened hair.

"Do you mean that I must read it, my dear?" I asked, feeling faint at heart; for just at that moment a horrible thought flashed across my mind—a thought I had never even approached before.

She nodded her head without speaking, and so I opened it; and it was from no less a person than Lady Medora Darrel herself.

Lady Medora had heard rumors of Sir Denis's attention to her niece, and was so far pleased as to wish to encourage them. Sir Denis was the son of a friend of hers, and, of course, unexceptionable; and she discussed the whole matter with a queer frankness, which somehow reminded me of the Clangarthes themselves.

"A marriage like this is more than I ever looked for," she wrote. "Living as you do, you could hardly expect to make such a match. I shall write to your mother at once, and, in the meantime, you may tell her that I will extend to her all the assistance in my power, as regards your bridal *trousseau*, when you need it. After your marriage, I shall be glad to receive you at my house, and hope that a change will be effected in your hitherto frivolous life."

A strange sound, half a choked sob, and half

a bitter laugh startled me as I finished reading, and I looked up to find Lina in a white heat of scornful wrath.

"When I need it?" she said. "Good, that; isn't it, Mrs. Mallon? She forgets the old adage, 'first catch your hare.' Sir Denis isn't caught yet, and beside——" She stopped, and shut her white teeth together hard.

Then she broke out, fiercely,

"Do you know what that letter will do?" she said. "It will drive me to despair. It was bad enough before, and now they will take that up, as if it was the best luck in the world. They laugh at her, all of them, but they are afraid of her, for all that."

I comforted her to the best of my ability, and she tried to listen, but I saw it was of no use; before she went away I was in an agony of such doubt and fear as I had never known before in my life.

And this was not all. Just as she rose from her seat, I heard the hall-door open, and the sound of Mr. Jack's footstep, and from the flash that leaped into her eye, I knew that as she brushed out she was only hurrying to meet him. She was so excited and hurried that she forgot to close the door after her, and, as it stood open, I saw her meet him at the foot of the stair-case, with the letter in her hand.

"What is it, Lina?" I heard him say, half-tenderly, half-impatiently, as he caught sight of her, standing in the bright light.

She glanced up at him with a troubled face, and then all at once, the fire died out of it, and left her as pale as death.

"Jack," she whispered, almost breathlessly, "if you are going to save me, you must save me now." And she dropped her head upon the hand she had laid on the balustrade without another word.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SHADOW.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M. D.

YEARS ago, on a night in June,
Fragrant with roses, royal red,
And bright with the light of the full-orbed moon;
While the soft wind warbled a dreamy tune,
And the rapturous hours unheeded fled;

We sat on the porch, my Coral and I,
In blissful reverie, hushed and still;
We knew not the song of the wind was a sigh,
We marked not the mist that stole over the sky,
An omen sad of approaching ill.

My hand was caressing her golden hair,
Her head reclined on my shoulder—so;
Thus loving and trusting, we both sat there,
On the moonlit porch, in the sweet night air,
Till a shadow darkened the lawn below.

We marked its outline, vague and deep,
By the misty light of the full-orbed moon,
And a nameless terror, with mournful sweep,
Awoke our hearts from their blissful sleep,
And a chill invaded the air of June.

What wrought the shadow we did not know,
But its presence was token to heart and brain,
That our hopes must die; and a tide of wo
O'erwhelm our lives, by an overflow;

And the song of the wind was a wail of pain.

Yet nearer, around us, the shadow fell;
It entered the house through the open door;
The chilling presence dissolved the spell,
Our pale lips murmured the word, "Farewell!"
Our sad souls added, "Forever more!"

Thrice have the roses, royal red,
Budded and bloomed in the light of June;
But why remember? my hopes are dead;
And never since has the shadow fled
That chilled them into the grave so soon.

And Coral, sweet Coral, so debonair,
Sleeps in a church-yard far away;
Womanhood's paragon, pure and fair,
With th' glorious eyes, and the golden hair;
My temple of love is a mound of clay.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

BY HENRY K. ADAMS.

BREAK not, sad heart!

Full many a bitter tear must yet be shed,
Full many a tender cord lie strained and dead,
Ere thou hast learned, through sorrow's rough path led,
How strong thou art.

Death cometh not

At sorrow's call. The wretched cannot die;
Long at his gate the woo-crushed heart must lie,

Till, raised at length, it findeth, with a sigh,
Grief killeth not.

Would'st thou learn why?

Perfect through suffering must thy weakness be;
Then, sorrow-taught, thou good in all shalt see,
And joy that not till then was given to thee—
The time to die.

BABY'S ADVENTURE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MAMMA has gone to pass a few hours with a sick friend. Baby was to have gone out with nurse to play on the sands, but a little shower comes up unexpectedly, and she is obliged to remain in the house, greatly to her indignation. But her small ladyship is never at a loss for resources. She drags nurse down the long passage to papa's room, and pounds upon his door with all the strength of her two tiny fists. Papa, overcome by his customary afternoon laziness, has lain down on his bed, and is deep in a new novel, but he cannot resist that importunate summons for admittance, knowing well who is the author of the tiny tumult.

So he raises his indolent length—not able to feel very cross, though he has been disturbed, and opens the door. Nurse retreats a little, afraid, perhaps, that she may catch a black look for what is no fault of hers; but Baby stands on the threshold, and calls, as bold as brass,

"Thou must let me in, little papa. Mamma has gone out, nurse is very stupid, and I require to be amused."

This regal command is issued in the most voluble French, accompanied by sundry nods of the small head, which send a shower of pale, golden hair floating out over her shoulders like a waving mass of floss-silk that has got sunbeams entangled in it.

Papa endeavors to look stately, but Baby pushes him back into the chamber, and pinches his legs unmercifully as she does so, calling to her *bonne*—

"Thou canst go away, my good—I have the papa now, and I do not require thee."

Nurse waits to see if the order is reiterated by papa, but Baby stamps her mite of a foot, and repeats her order with such vehemence, that neither papa nor the *bonne* would presume to think of disputing it.

"You need not come back till I ring," papa says to the mild-looking woman, who has eyes like an amiable cow, and whose peculiar head-dress makes her a very picturesque object.

"Not until I ring," repeats Baby, "and try to be as good as thou canst, else thou shall be made to stand in the corner."

Nurse goes laughing away. She thinks it the most delightful thing in the world to be tyrannized over by the little yellow-haired pigmy. Baby follows papa into his room.

"Shut the door," she says, "and let us be comfortable. First, I will sit at thy table, and write my letters. I have many to write; to America, to England, and to the Emperor of Russia."

So Baby is established at the desk, and proceeds with her correspondence. She spoils several sheets of paper with wonderful hieroglyphics, and is perfectly convinced that she is writing; even tells papa various items of news which she is giving the Muscovite Czar, among others the interesting fact that Mimi, the cat, (Mimi is only a toy-cat, but Baby firmly believes her a living animal,) is in bed with the colic, brought on by eating unripe grapes, when she had been forbidden to touch them.

Between laziness, and having the unfinished chapter of the book he had been reading still in his mind, papa, perhaps, becomes slightly inattentive. Baby perceives this, and orders him to lift her out of the chair, and then proceeds at once to extremities.

"I am now the little mamma," she says. "Thou art a bad boy; I saw thee strike the dog! I shall comb thy hair to punish thee."

Papa has never enjoyed the reputation of having either an amiable or a yielding disposition; but he has no more determination than a lamb, where Baby is concerned; and though not partial to her predilection for hair-dressing, he consents without a murmur, knowing that she will never give in till she has had her way.

He sits down on the sofa; Baby mounts behind, and arranges him a most astounding *coiffure*, chattering all the while like a young magpie, interlarding her French with Italian ejaculations, and an occasional sentence in Spanish, which she has caught since her arrival in Biarritz. Matters go on swimmingly, and Baby is amiability itself, until she has the ill-luck to hurt her small fingers with the comb. She does not cry; she seldom condescends to do that; she sets her mouth hard, and says,

"Put me on the floor."

Papa obeys at once. Baby folds her arms, her face scarlet between pain and anger. Papa picks up his book, and pretends not to think of her. That is a species of punishment Baby cannot endure; any lack of attention is galling to her small feelings. She clears her face, and becomes a model for a cherub at once.

"Little papa," she says, "the naughty girl from over the way has been here misbehaving; but I have sent her home; she will not come back any more to-day."

"The naughty girl from over the way," is a figment of Baby's imagination, whom she makes the scapegoat of her sins. It is that impertinent stranger who does the cursing, the howling when Baby is bathed. It is even she who receives the taps when mamma's patience is exhausted; for Baby would rather die than admit that her own royal person has ever been exposed to such indignity.

Baby is three years and two months old; she just comes comfortably up to the top of the sofa-arm, and looks more like one's idea of a mischievous water-sprite than anything else. She has walked and talked ever since a period when well-behaved babies are still wearing long gowns, and being held in somebody's arms. She can express herself freely—rather too freely—in almost any language except English; but though that is the mother-tongue of her parents, she can only say a few phrases, which she has learned with great difficulty, and pronounces with the most heathenish accent. She dislikes to hear it spoken beyond measure, and never hesitates to term it, in her emphatic French, a beast of a language which irritates her ears.

She has done nothing but travel ever since she made her appearance in the world, and from London down to Florence has the names of all the places as pat as if she were sixteen. Papa once told her the story of the Wandering Jew—the French story, which gives to that unfortunate pilgrim a baker's dozen of infants; and sincethen, when strangers ask Baby her name, she is apt to shock them by replying, "I have none, but papa is the Wandering Jew, and I am thirteen."

Baby has all her little life been surrounded by "grown-ups," and cherishes a deep contempt for children, which she makes apparent without the least modesty or remorse, refusing to play with them on any terms. Most of the past summer she spent in a wonderful old monastery, turned into an hotel, away up among the hills of Piedmont, and the adulation of all the guests and servants has completed her education, and fully developed the instinct of coquetry with which nature has over-endowed her. She had lovers and husbands by the score, and changed them as often as she did her frocks; and not a man in the house, from a stately old Englishman of sixty, down to a couple of American youths of twenty, but was Baby's devoted slave, and taught her as many tricks as a monkey. She learned to pitch pennies, and smoke paper cigarettes, to beat a

drum, and dance the *can-can*, and misbehave generally in a way so out of keeping with her delicate, fragile appearance, that Solomon himself could not have helped laughing.

It is September now, and papa and mamma, with their usual fondness of going contrary to their own fixed plans, instead of returning to Florence, have strayed away off to the South West of France, and Baby has made acquaintance with Biarritz and the Basques. She has gained a new experience here, wherewith she is hugely delighted. She has a tiny donkey to ride, the smallest donkey that ever was created, about as big as a sheep, with a saddle in the shape of a small easy-chair, into which Baby is daily fastened, and gallops about to her heart's content. There was at first a slight difficulty between her and mamma, in regard to the place where Blanchette—that is the donkey's name—was to sleep. Baby was desirous of sharing her own bed with her, and it required much grave reasoning to convince her that Blanchette would prefer to go at night to her customary quarters, under the charge of red-cheeked Louise, the pretty Basque girl, who is her proprietor.

Baby has found several new admirers to take the place of those she left behind in the monastery, one or two Russians among them, who have already taught her to repeat long sentences in their impossible language, which would inevitably dislocate the jaws of any other child; but the sprite utters the whole without the slightest difficulty. A nice, old Romish priest is among her victims, too, and she recovers her fondness for church-going, which she has rather neglected since leaving Florence, though there nothing pleased her so much as to stray about the shadowy cathedral, and watch the ancient women at their prayers, occasionally startling them by the information that they had better get up from their knees, for God had gone home—meaning that the service was over. So now she became devout once more, and attends mass; and, if she is in a good mood, bows, and kneels, and crosses herself, and warns the congregation to make no noise. Only yesterday, however, she caused dire confusion at vespers—luckily, there were only three or four people present—by claiming the acquaintance of her pet priest, while he was busy at the altar, arrayed in full canonicals.

"I will come and stand by you, if you like," cried Baby, with an amiable desire to be of use; and she was horribly enraged because her *bonne* smothered her voice under her white apron, and rushed out of the sacred edifice in such frantic haste that she carried Baby upside down with-

out knowing it, until the heels of Baby's rapidly-moving slippers, in close proximity to nurse's chin, render that worthy creature conscious of her mistake. Nurse sets her down, and tries to make her peace, but Baby's dignity is too much ruffled for this to be possible. She only stops long enough to announce that if she is to be treated in this manner she shall "go off with a circus." There is one at Biarritz, and there was one at Nice; and Baby knows all about its attractions, and especially envies the gauze-petticoated little girl who performs such astounding feats on the tight-rope.

But all these unfortunate occurrences took place yesterday, and Baby already ignores any knowledge or remembrance thereof. She is in the most amiable and beaming of moods. The small wretch is quite incapable of loving two people at the same time. She has a habit of giving each person his or her "day," and this, by good luck, happens to be papa's golden opportunity.

It is a very happy season for papa. She rumples his hair, and kisses him till he is black in the face, and he likes that. She harnesses him for a horse, and drives him from one end of the room to the other, and he never objects. But I must tell you, since I have shown so much, that it is only justice to Baby to state that, outside of Paradise, I think no small creature could be more winsome than she, when determined to be fascinating. And this afternoon she exerted her full powers in this direction; and if papa would have acknowledged the whole truth, I think he would have said that it had been long since he had enjoyed himself so thoroughly as on this bright day. A day he must long remember, though he did not know it then; for the greatest mercy a good Father shows us men and women children, is the keeping us blind to what may arrive, even within the tick of a clock's half-hour.

Ah, well, those black moments have not come yet. Let us put by their awful shadow—shut our eyes to it, and go back to Baby and the sunshine.

Baby! Such a foolish name; but, though she has been duly christened, papa and mamma are not heathens, even if they do like better to think of the Christ who lived a human life, suffered humanity's sternest pangs, and went up into Heaven in the sight of His apostles in human shape, than of the God of Battles and the Avenger. Baby will permit no other name for herself, and utterly ignores the double cognomen of many syllables given her by her godmother, who, if she were near, would probably spoil Baby worse than anybody else, though from a distance she

is able to write letters full of wise counsel to Baby's somewhat easy-going parents. An afternoon of unalloyed enjoyment both to the small princess and to papa; an afternoon during which papa rouses himself to put self aside, as I suppose he had never done in the whole course of his life.

They have ridden on horseback, astride of the foot-board of the bed. They have made long journeys in a traveling-carriage, improvised out of a great easy-chair. Papa has related all the fairy-stories he can remember, and invented as many as if he had been born a poet, or a madman, or any other useless and preposterous member of society. Baby has been an elf, and a princess; has sailed about the room in imaginary velvet trains, and held them high up to escape the dust.

When the stories are all exhausted, and papa quite breathless, Baby condescends to produce her own store of mental acquirements. She relates sundry wonderful histories, and becomes so earnest over the woes of her dream-friends, that her great, blue eyes look like violets wet with dew. Then she graciously proposes to sing, and chants in a voice crude as a green gooseberry, and yet with an unearthly sweetness trembling through it, bits from the Credo and the Magnificat, and suddenly changes into the dolorous ditty of the ancient King Dagobert, who one morning rose to meet a party of foreign ambassadors in such haste, that he put on his breeches wrong side out. She is in such great spirits, after recounting his majesty's misadventure, that she sings a marvelous song about Cadet Roussel, who built a house for the swallows, and winds up with what she firmly believes to be an English melody, one verse of which, according to her version, runs thus,

"Bee'dy, beedy, where is your nest?
Up in ze woods zat I love bee';
Up, up high in a shady tree,
All 'titty beeches come an' zee."

which papa, who has never heard her sing this wonderful production before, interprets, after much thought, to mean,

"Birdy, birdy, where is your nest?
Up in the woods that I love best;
Up, up high in a shady tree,
All little birdies come and see."

Baby herself is so astounded by her newly acquired proficiency in the Saxon tongue—it must have cost mamma no end of patience and trouble to give papa this surprise—that for several seconds she sits dumb, with her lips drawn up as if she were about to whistle, and her eyes, each one of them bigger than her dainty mouth, so beautiful with surprise and triumph, that papa would not stir for the world, lest he should disturb the pretty picture.

But you might as well expect a mote in the sun to be quiet as Baby. Another moment, and her glad laugh rings out like a peal of tiny bells, and she is pulling papa's hair, and is clamorous to have his watch-chain hung about her neck, to have the watch for a medallion, and wishes to pound it on the table to make it tick still louder.

At length she is seized with a mania for having him ill. Papa must go to bed, and she will sit close by, and take care of him, just as mamma did that time, which Baby has never forgotten, when papa came near taking a journey so long that Baby might have lived a whole earthly existence of care—if one could fancy care coming near the little fairy princess—before he could have found her again.

Baby's intentions are of the best; but, like most persons beset by a desire "to do good," she is as fearful a persecutor as ever was the black-robed demon of a Spanish inquisition. She sits on papa's stomach, and she sits on his head; she doubles his ears back, and thrusts the ends of his hair in his eyes; she hugs him unmercifully, and she pinches his nose. He is the bad girl over the way; he is Mimi with a broken leg; he is the conjurer that pulls butterflies out of his mouth; he is a doll that must be beaten, because he will not go to sleep. Proteus himself never underwent so many transformations in so short a time, as papa is forced to do, and Baby, who brings them all about, believes devoutly in the whole.

Impatient as he is by nature, papa never once wearies or grows annoyed. Ah, so long as he lives, when he recalls this golden afternoon, he shall be glad to remember that—poor papa!

How it comes about he can never tell, when later he gets courage enough to recount the incidents of this afternoon; but he suddenly finds himself so oppressed with sleep that his eyes close in spite of him, and he sees Baby one instant swell to gigantic proportions, then seem to drift off—off into illimitable distance.

He only returned this morning from a long, fatiguing journey, which took a day and two nights, so that it is not surprising the tired body should play him tricks. He explains to Baby—she can be the most reasonable small woman in the world when she chooses—that he needs to sleep, and will ring for nurse to take her out on the sands. But Baby is in no mood to be con-signed to nurse, and rejects contemptuously the attractions of the sunny beach.

"I am sleepy too," she announces. "I wanted to go to sleep a long while ago; but little papa, you made so much noise that I could not. Be a good boy, and I will lie down by you."

So she stretches herself out on the bed, and

puts her head on the pillow near his. Papa draws a railway rug over them, and Baby lies so still that he thinks she has gone fast asleep; and even while he thinks it, and smiles at the triumph of overwhelming mamma with the account of his suddenly-developed talent as nurse, he falls into a heavy slumber, and dreams that he is playing with Baby in a gorgeous flower-garden, and that suddenly she disappears from his sight, and the garden changes to a black desert, along whose arid length Baby is nowhere to be found. He wakes with a groan, to find his dream so far real that Baby is gone. He starts up on his pillow—doing so wakens him thoroughly. The bed is not more than a foot in height above the floor. Baby, he thinks, has climbed down, and is playing somewhere in the room.

"Baby!" he calls. But there is no answer. "Baby!" he cries, in a louder voice, and springs to the floor.

Only the mournful wail of the sea just below the window makes reply.

He looks behind the curtains, behind the sofa, behind the wardrobe. Baby dearly loves a joke, tiny as she is, and from some covert, she is watching him, he thinks, her great eyes shining with silent delight.

All the same, he is troubled, from the recollection of his dream, no doubt, and cries,

"Baby, papa wants you! Come to papa!"

But there is no response, save the low moan of the sea, which irritates him so sorely, he cannot tell why, that more from instinct than any act of volition, he rushes to the window, and closes the sash.

"Baby!" he calls again.

But a strange silence follows. Since he shut out the moaning of the sea, the room seems awfully still.

Trying to laugh, uttering her name with playful epithets added, which strike his own ear like a mockery, he hunts for Baby in every nook and corner of the great chamber. She is not behind the bed-curtains, she is not hidden beneath the draperies of the cases, she is not crouched at the end of the sofa or the wardrobe.

Once he thinks he has found her, in a hiding-place at the side of a chest of drawers. It is only his own paletot which, with his customary carelessness, he had thrown down there the night before, and which, with her customary carelessness, the chambermaid has not removed. At first he is so sure it is Baby that he begins to laugh, clutches the garment, finds nothing under, and the laugh changes to a wail of agony.

As he raises himself, he sees that the door is ajar, and a light chair standing near it. He understands now. Baby has pushed the chair

thither, mounted into it, opened the door, and gone out. She will have met nurse in the passage, or mamma coming back! He tells himself this even while rushing out into the corridor; repeats it to himself, while he clears the space between him and the doors of the rooms, which belong to Baby and mamma.

They are both unlocked. He enters first one chamber, then another. Both are empty.

"Baby!" he calls, and is conscious that his voice does not rise above a hollow groan. "Nurse!" he moans—he will believe that she is there. "Where are you hiding yourself with Baby?"

The windows are open. Once more the wail of the sea reaches his ears—wild, loud, despairing. There is no other reply.

He dashes out into the corridor again. It is full seventy feet long, and he has to run the whole length of it, and somehow his legs refuse to move swiftly, though he tells himself, over and over, there is no danger, and even speaks the words aloud, as if trying to reassure some frightened listener.

He is at the head of the stairs. There are two flights. The hotel is built against a ledge of rock. One stair-case conducts to the court-yard, the other leads down to a broad terrace, below which foams the eager sea.

Has she gone up or down? He stops, while he asks himself this question, in a hoarse whisper.

"Baby! Baby!"

Once more the pet name escapes his lips, half-unconsciously. It is only a breathless gasp now.

Up the stairs—she must have gone up! He knows it—up! He is turning to mount. The movement brings him full in face of the lower flight of steps. Away down below, just where the stairs make a turn, and lead out on the terrace; he sees something white, lying. He is so far off that his dizzy sight cannot distinguish what it is; but he knows all the same: Baby's tiny handkerchief, which she has carried to-day in the pocket of her white jacket, and exhibited to him with such pride.

He makes only one leap down, and has cleared the whole distance; has caught up the tiny bit of linen and lace which his heel has brushed in descending; and even while he rushes on he presses the toy handkerchief to his lips, with a horrible feeling of sin that he has profaned something which was hers—which was Baby's—"which is Baby's," he adds aloud, suddenly becoming conscious of his own thoughts.

He is at the outer door—he is on the threshold. Before him stretches the terrace, seventy-five feet in length, thirty feet above the foaming sea. Along the outer edge a parapet, but it is

only two feet in height. Close to the place where he stands is a chair, set against the parapet, and left by some careless servant.

He sees all this. He sees the tide rushing and roaring in below. The glory of the afternoon sun strikes full in his face, and half blinds him; but in a second he sees more! Away—oh, it looks a whole world away—out at the furthest end of the parapet, on the narrow top, he catches the flutter of a white robe—the gleam of a sweep of golden hair!

Baby is standing on the top of the parapet, her back turned toward him, the cruel sea roaring beneath her feet, her head raised to watch one of her pet swallows circling through the air, her arms uplifted, as if in a vain hope that the bird will flutter down, and nestle into them.

The wretched father rushes on a few steps, then reason comes back; to startle her is to consign her to death. He stands still—he lives an eternity of agony in these few seconds. The light breeze floats up, and brings with it the clear ring of Baby's laugh. Through the mists of his whirling brain; through the endless length of that cruel hell of distance he sees her clap her tiny hands, and dance up and down in delight at the antics of the graceful bird who circles nearer and nearer to her golden head, as if trying to tempt her forward to the last fatal step.

"Baby!"

At first the father thinks it is a stranger's voice which has called, and turns frantically upon the intruder, who may be thus dooming his child to death; then knows it is his own voice—the voice of his tortured soul, which has cried without his will.

Baby hears it, and dances around till she sees his face, claps her hands at sight of him, and shouts in mad glee.

He dares not stir, he dares not call again—dares not even beckon. Baby dances forward a few steps, and stands still; looks back in search of the swallow—it has disappeared. She runs forward as easily, and free from fear. Ah, how the father has always gloried in the fact that she did not know what fear was: But now:

On she comes. He hears her call gleefully—

"Papa, papa!"

He holds fast to the parapet with both hands, to keep himself still. If he were to move so much as a foot's pace, she would take it as a signal for a race, and run back again.

The sea leaps and roars till the noise deafens him; the sun blinds him with its cruel face; the white robe and the golden locks flutter away off in the distance: and he can no more reach

them than if the gulf which separated Dives from Abraham billowed between.

She has shortened the space between them by a quarter of its length. Just now the swallow darts down again, and swims in dizzying circles before her eyes, then skims away. Once more she laughs aloud, turns back, and dances toward the end of the parapet, calling gayly to the bird.

While her back is toward him, the father steals forward with heavy feet that seemed shod in lead. He is half down the terrace, when again she turns. The swallow has disappeared anew—so she looks back for him.

"Papa," she cries, in her silvery, shrill voice, "thou art running after me. Go back—go back!"

She stamps her little foot with the old imperious gesture he knows so well, and laughs till the sound is like a peal of joy-bells.

He stops. His brain reels more wildly. He is going mad; he knows that he is going mad. He has a numb, sluggish consciousness that there is a God up in Heaven, a Christ who loves little children, and he tries to whisper that Saviour's name. I think, in the Father's infinite pity, that utterance must have counted as a prayer! On the instant the dizziness passes; the wretched man's brain clears. He can think, he can act. Such a commonplace thing to do at a moment like that; but it is the only hope! Some power, extraneous to his own vitality, tells him to do it, and she obeys.

Baby is mad where fire is concerned. Papa, in his folly, has sometimes lighted whole boxes of matches, match after match, that she might watch the gleam. His pipe is in the pocket of his coat. He takes it out. To see it lighted, and to watch the smoke come from his parted lips, has always possessed a sort of enchantment for

Baby. He draws forth a box of matches, and tries to open it.

Baby is standing still, now, watching him.

"The fire, papa," she cries. "Make the beautiful fire."

At this instant the man hears a sound behind him—only a groan, low and weak; but he knows the voice. He looks back—mamma has returned, has come down stairs in search of them; perhaps, God help her, having caught the echo of Baby's laugh. She has reached the threshold. She sees the father standing helpless a few feet off. She sees her child on the edge of the wall, her white dress floating in the breeze, her yellow curls streaming out in the sun.

The husband thinks, but he cannot be sure, that he makes a sign to her. Anyway, she stops. Before Baby has caught sight of her, she sinks slowly down upon the steps, and a merciful insensibility ends the scene for her.

"Make fire, papa," Baby shouted anew, "the beautiful fire."

He lights a match—she moves forward. Another—she still moves on. He kindles a third. As he does so, he steps slowly, carelessly on. A moment, that is longer than all the endless length of previous agony, and Baby dances close to his side—is caught in his arms with a cry such as a freed soul might utter when first it catches sight of the eternal beauty of the Far Beyond.

Unconscious Baby laughs in his face with childish glee, and kisses the pale lips which cannot frame a syllable, and clutches her hands gayly in his hair, along which, when the next morning dawns, streaks of white show that Baby wonders at incessantly, and which, though they may be to the father the marks of a never-to-be-forgotten agony, are likewise the signs of a mercy still greater.

MORE LOVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

More love! more love! is what I cry,
As run the hours from morn to night;
I seek thy face for this supply—
For this increasing scene of light;
My heart expands as thou dost give,
The sea cannot so much contain;
Then give me love, whereon I live,
Oh, give me love again, again!

At first I sought a gracious smile;
A word, a look, was all I craved;
Therein I basked a little while,
Till all that sweet by love was saved;

Then more I sought with hunger deep,
And thirst and passion strong with pain;
For love I cry, for love I weep,
Oh, give me love again, again!

Nay, think not thou I am content,
Or can restrain my heart's desire;
Its miser-greed on wealth is bent,
For treasure thine 'tis all a-fire;
Oh, yield thyself in all thy sweets,
Give up what'er thy loves contain;
Oh, come to me with fond heart-beats,
Oh, give me love again, again!

THE LAST OF THE TROLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

WHEN it was known for certain, through Tarrytown, that Judge Troll was dead, there was more excitement in the village than there had been since President Zachary Taylor stopped overnight at the hotel. Being Sunday, of course, the excitement could hardly be detected by a stranger. Going to meeting, the groups diverged to join each other on their way to the different houses of worship, and talked in a whisper as they paced solemnly along, the children straining their ears to catch a word, and glancing askance at the Troll-house on the corner, where the shutters were closed, and two yards of black crape depended from the knocker.

Miss Ann Bennett, who had been sitting-up at the Judge's for a week past, had been in at the store, (by the back way,) by daylight this morning, for the crape, and flannel for the shroud. "She was going to make the shroud to-day," the children heard with awe. Nothing could have so impressed them with the omnipotent majesty of Death, as that it should justify anybody in sewing on the Sabbath.

Of course, even Death itself could not justify anything like visiting on this day; but Miss Ann had come through the back gate into the kitchen of one or two of the families intimate with the Trolls, to ask if they would send over rolls, pickled salmon, cake, etc, for supper to-night for the watchers.

"I want everything done in proper style," she said. "The Judge would wish it, you know. Notice is always taken of the watchers' supper, and that Kizzy's bread is really horrid. Salt rising. There's nobody but me to see to anything, of course. Josey Ferris could not be expected to learn housekeeping at boarding-school; and as for that Jane, she sits by the corpse, and does nothing. I asked her if she would put on full mourning just now, and she said it didn't matter. Considering the Judge had kept her as a daughter since he brought her from the West Indies, I thought it did matter."

Miss Ann also wanted to let it be known exactly when the death took place, that there should be no false reports get out. "No doubt that young Dr. Stone will say the Judge had convulsions at the last; he hinted at it last night, but, as Dr. Piersall could tell you, it was only a comatose condition. Stone was only sent for at

nine o'clock, and the doctor would try none of his bromides or new-fangled medicines. It was only Jane's doings that he was sent for at all; she actually asked Dr. Piersall to do it. 'He may have learned some new cure you do not know,' says she; and the doctor nodded. 'Send, Miss Ann,' he says. 'Humor the child.' He's too good-natured by half. I want no interlopers! First he knows, Stone will oust him from half his practice."

Nobody agreed with Miss Ann there, however. Respectable Tarrytown asked nothing better for the final scene than to die quietly under old Dr. Piersall's and Miss Ann's management; and that Jane should have come between the Judge and these prerogatives of his station, could only be accounted for by her foreign birth.

There were many questions of deep interest arising from the Judge's death, which were discussed by the elders of the village that afternoon, when the children were safely out of hearing in Sunday school. He had been a deacon in the church, never active, it is true. He was too stern and grave a man for that; but his place must be filled, and who was to do it? We young people, (thinking of looks, as usual,) were quite sure no such figure-head could be found among the ordinary-looking farmers and shopkeepers of the congregation, as the Judge had been, with his tall, erect frame, hatchet face, and thin, gray hair.

There were a good many queer stories brought to light, that afternoon, of the Troll family, principally by old Father Black and Deacon Walsh's mother, who remembered traditions nobody knows how far back into Colonial times. The "fighting Trolls" had borne one character in every generation: a race whose dominant qualities had been pluck and endurance, from the first, Major Gregory Troll, who was a Tory, and fought under Cornwallis, and his brother, Jonathan, who was a surveyor and Indian fighter, and took commission from Washington, down to the Judge, who was descended from this Jonathan, and was the last of the direct line—though Madam Bourne had some of the Troll blood in her veins, it was said. Father Black told us of a certain family of brothers Troll, in the generation before his own: six-foot men, unequaled hunters, hard drinkers, boasting of their infidel principles learned from Tom Paine. "One of

them I saw die," he said. "He struggled up to his feet, wrapped his blanket about him, and put on his hat. 'Now, Death, do your worst!' he said, and the next minute fell stiff and cold. There was the Judge's brother, Daniel, leader in the Whisky Insurrection, and Jarvis, who had been a noted duellist in New Orleans, and Stacy, who became a clergyman, and split the sect," added Father Black, laughing. "It's in the blood; they can't be other than 'the fighting Trolls.' No matter what coat they put on, they have the sword and armor underneath it."

The Judge, the youngest and only surviving brother, had lived abroad until middle-age, and coming back to end his days quietly in Tarrytown, was known only in a fighting capacity as a stern defender of his religious faith. Small vices, which the easier-tempered of the deacons overlooked, or condoned, met with no more mercy in his handling than would Satan himself.

The most important topic of interest, however, was how the Judge would leave his property. There was the Troll homestead on the corner, and the farm at the Meadows, and a round share of bank-stock and railroad-bonds. The Judge died unmarried. Of course, Josey Ferris would be the principal heir. His brothers had left no children. She was his sister's only daughter, and a pretty girl, of whom the Judge would have been fond, no doubt, if it had been in his nature to be fond of anybody. Then there was Jane Soulé to be provided for; and old Kizzy, of course, would have a legacy; and something to the new church. Very likely a bell. Everybody agreed that it would be a very fitting and appropriate bequest if he gave a bell. But how much would Josey be worth? Public interest centred on that point by Monday morning. Even the old men began to speak of her with a certain respect, now that she was no longer a full-breasted, dark-eyed, red-lipped school-girl, but a stock and real-estate holder.

After the funeral was over, (such a funeral as Tarrytown had never seen, according to Miss Ann,) a few of the matrons of the village returned to the house, not so much to hear the will, as to take charge of the two girls left without a protector.

"Old Kizzy did well enough when the Judge was about; but it's different now, Miss Morley," said Mrs. Deane, taking me by the arm as we left the church-yard, in her bustling, motherly way. "Come up, my dear! The sight of a young face will do the poor, dear things good! Go ahead!" to the driver of the carriage. "We can outwalk these half-fed horses of your's, any day."

Now it was not according to the eternal order of things, established by Tarrytown for the universe, to walk back from a funeral, or, in fact, to walk with Mrs. Deane at all, who hooked me by one fat arm close to her plump side, and gorgeous brocade shawl.

The grave matrons of Tarrytown aristocracy, impregnable in their gray curls and seeded black silks, looked reprobation on us from the carriages.

"Deane had made money, no doubt. A very decent person; a carpenter. But why should we visit them?" I fancied the plaintive appeal in a dozen voices. "Our own circle is too large already; one must neglect either housekeeping or society."

But there was an attraction, after all, in Mrs. Deane's fair, fat, vulgar face; and I liked this prompt show of kindness from her to Jane Soulé. Everybody knew that young Phil Deane wanted to marry the girl, if she had been willing, before she left school. He was making a comfortable business for himself, as a builder, in the next town; and if the Judge had left Jane enough for her to take a certain journey, on which she had set her heart, I thought matters could go very pleasantly with them both. There had been a good deal of gossip among the school-girls, some time ago, as to how Josey Ferris had been Deane's first choice. But that, of course, was folly. No Troll could intermarry with the Deanes. It was different with Jane, who was, as everybody knew, an orphan, whom the Judge had brought up for charity, and had neither kith nor kin anywhere; or if she had, they were not probably of the most reputable sort, as the Judge kept such strict silence about them.

"Is not that your son, Philip, yonder, Mrs. Deane?" I asked.

"Yes. Phil's had—— Well, business at home to-day," hurriedly opening the gate of the Troll garden. "What an old-fashioned place, to be sure! Vegetables and flowers, all helter skelter! Queer old fellow, the Judge! Come, sit down in this arbor, my dear. It's horribly hot! and there goes the doctor's wife and Ann Bennett into the house. Terrible fuss and cackling enough without us. Such a ridiculous little busybody, that Bennett woman!"

I sat aghast to hear the oracles of my little world jeered at by this plebeian, who was so rigorously barred out of it, blinded by my astonishment to the fact that she had captured me only to make use of me.

"They'll not read the will for an hour yet," she observed.

"Are you going to be present at the reading?" coldly.

"Certainly. Deane was one of the witnesses. He was repairing the porch, and the Judge called him to witness it. I suppose that Ferris girl gets the bigger half. Now you and Josephine used to be very good friends, eh?"

I laughed. "Oh, very!" It was not to be explained to this person, not being of our order; but the truth was, Josephine and I had cherished for a year a friendship of the most exalted nature; exchanged letters daily at recess in school; known each other by the secret names of Irene and Imogene; wore bracelets of each other's hair. This was before Miss Ferris was sent to Troy to school.

"What sort of person is she, now? Amiable? Industrious?" asked Mrs. Deane, keeping her shrewd, blue eye upon me.

"Oh, one of the most generous, impulsive creatures in the world!"

"Them qualities don't wash," said Mrs. Deane, sententiously. "Moreover, she may have a good deal of outcome in her. Jane Soulé, I suppose, is of a different sort?"

"Of course," with petty feminine revenge. "She is not a Troll. She belongs to a different grade of society."

"Yes. Well," her fair face flushing a little, "allowing for that, she does well enough. She has more fun in her, a keener sense of humor than any woman I ever saw. Instead of being beaten by trouble, she goes round it until she finds the ridiculous side of it, and jokes it down. I remember when the Judge brought her to Tarrytown—before you came here——"

"Yes, my dear!" eagerly. Like all school-girls, I was fond of hearing myself talk, and the impatience of my listener flattered me. "She was not at all like a West Indian," I continued. "Josey, born and bred here, had the swarthy skin, and mellow tints, and passionate eyes of a creole; but Jane was little, and thin, high-cheek boned, and light colored. But she was perpetually shivering and hungry for something. I don't know what, unless it was warmth and color. She used to come to school with her cheeks and lips daubed with rouge, and her eye-brows dyed black; or she would deck herself in red and yellow; and after she was cured of that, she would lie——"

"My dear!"

"I should not have said it; but she was only a child, and she seemed possessed by a fever that got into her brain. She would sit for hours telling of the wonders of Cuba: the flowers, and the birds, and the snakes, until the truth failed her, and then she began her romances, always taking the Trolls, and their past glories, for her theme.

We all knew it was a lie, yet it was as pleasant to listen to as a fairy tale."

"It was gratitude to the Judge, no doubt," said the future mother-in-law, uneasily.

"I don't know. I think the change from the tropics to Tarrytown was too much for her weak brain. For one thing, they lived at the Judge's on meat and bread—salt pork, generally. The poor creature would eat fruit, when the girls brought it to her out of charity, like a starving animal. I remember her once leading me through the house, yonder; the tears rolling over her cheeks, looking from side to side at the dull carpets, the whitewashed walls, and the chairs ranged against the wall, crying that she must go home! She must go! She was shivering, starving to death here!"

"I'm sure I don't know what she wanted," said Mrs. Deane, impatiently. "The Judge's house was well warmed, and I've heard Deane say he was a good provider."

"She used to joke about it afterward. But she always seemed stunted and starved here for lack of something she had not; and she always intended to go back—that I am sure of. If there is enough money left her to take here there, she will go back to Cuba, take my word for it."

"But that is preposterous," cried Mrs. Deane, in alarm.

I was quite willing the good woman should remain alarmed and uneasy, and rose therefore to go into the house. Mrs. Deane kept by my side, silent and anxious.

It was the custom in Tarrytown to assemble, not only the kinsfolk, but the friends of the deceased, as Miss Ann called them, to listen to the reading of a will. I was not surprised, therefore, to find in the parlor, "representatives," as the Weekly Banner stated on the following Saturday, "of all the leading families of the borough." Josey, looking very large and pretty, and pathetic, in her deep folds of crêpe, reclined on an easy-chair, while Miss Ann buzzed about her, a strong smell of ether hanging round them both. Josey's heavy, black eyes turned languidly now and then to a group of men near the door, among whom I saw the stout, tall figure in gray, of Phil Deane. I looked about for Jane, (or Jenny, as everybody called her to-day,) and was glad to see the kind-hearted women had taken her also in charge, and would have overwhelmed her, too, if they could with crêpe, and sympathy, and ether. But she stood up quite straight and stiff, in a white wrapper, having dragged off the black dress after the funeral, as though it stifled her.

Oddly enough, every eye in the room was on her; yet surely nobody could think Jane Soulé

anything but a homely woman. But the white dress set her apart, as it were; and the coloring of her small, resolute face was so pure, and there was a certain unwonted expression in the gray eyes, which puzzled and fascinated us all. I remember thinking that a Christian martyr going to the stake could have no more steady, loftier look. But what call for Christian heroism or martyrdom was here? Once, when she turned suddenly, and caught one of Josey's languishing glances on Phil, a twinkle of fun dispelled the rapt look, and she was the old Jane whom I, for one, had not always found agreeable. Philip Deane, on his part, never turned his eyes away from her, seeming anxious, by the openness of his devotion, to establish his claim to her; but I observed that Jane did not once meet his eye.

The will, like all Tarrytown wills, was almost unintelligible to ordinary hearers. We comprehended it enough to understand, however, that the entire property was devised, unincumbered, to Josephine Ferris, the only daughter of his sister, Maria Troll Ferris. There were no legacies of any kind. The will was dated in New York, ten years ago: just one year before he had brought Jane Soulé to Tarrytown. When the lawyer, Squire Hill, had finished, there was an uneasy murmur, all through the room, of discontent and expectation. Josey Ferris sat up straight in her chair, her large eyes wide open now, her black brows knitted. Jane Soulé stood quite still, watchful and attentive. To the surprise of everybody, it was Josey who first spoke, pushing Miss Ann's vinaigrette aside, impatiently.

"There is nothing said there about Jane. No, I don't want ammonia. Why is there nothing said about Jane!"

"Is there no codicil, Squire?" asked Dr. Piersall.

"None."

"There must be a codicil, or a later will," said Phil Deane's father, coming forward. He was a short, stumpy man, with a kind of downright sling in his movements, and he had a voice like the fall of a hammer. "I witnessed a later will. When I was repairing the porch yonder, two years ago, the Judge called me and Joe Fergus in, and requested us to witness a paper, signing it in our presence, and stating it was the final disposition of his property."

"Did you read the paper, Mr. Deane?"

"No, sir, I did not."

There was an awkward, painful silence.

"Have you made strict search, 'squire?" said the doctor. "I, too, have reason to know there was a later will."

"I have left no place unsearched. I was convinced there must be one later than this. It seemed impossible that the Judge could——" He stopped short, glancing at Jane.

"Yes, it *is* impossible!" cried Josey, in her vehement, impetuous way. "The idea of forgetting Jenny, who deserves so much more from him than I! She has been like a daughter to him; nursed him——"

Miss Soulé had been singularly cool during this excited debate; she showed neither surprise nor disappointment. One would have supposed her a slightly amused spectator at a play, as she turned, alternatively, from one speaker to the other.

When she spoke, it was very quietly, so quietly that I had the odd impression, for the moment, that the words had been rehearsed beforehand.

"It seems quite right to me," turning to Josey, "that you should inherit the property undivided. You are a Troll."

"Oh, of course, it may be right," with an imperious gesture of both hands. "But I will not retain it. If the will is not found, of which Mr. Deane speaks, I shall divide it as my uncle would have wished. You shall not be a 'tocherless bride,' Jenny," stooping and lifting Jane's small face between both her hands, to kiss it.

A low murmur of approbation passed through the room. Josey's brown cheek warmed.

"In the meantime," said she, waving her hand as though she were a princess, "pray, make a most thorough search, Squire Hill. Come, Jane," and drawing little Jane under her sail, as it were, she flouted out of the room, followed by Miss Ann and her restoratives.

The old ladies looked at each other and nodded approvingly. "She has the spirit of the Trolls," said one.

"Yet she favors the Nasbys, and they were close. Her mother was as near a woman as I ever knew."

"Nothing near in that girl," said Squire Hill. "As fine a young woman as you'd find in a day's journey. Well," folding up the paper, "it's very curious about that will, Deane. Six months ago, the Judge said to me, as we were going over some accounts in his office, 'When I'm gone, Hill, you'll find my will here,' tapping on a certain drawer in his secretary. 'And this is the key.' It was hung to his watch-chain. Sure enough, there I found it."

"And no other papers?"

"No other papers. The Judge must have changed his mind, and burned the later one. Well, I'm sorry for Jenny Soulé; but Miss Ferris will deal cleverly with her, no doubt. And,

really, it does seem right and fitting that the property should stay in the old family."

"Stuff!" muttered a thick voice behind me; and, turning, I saw Mrs. Deane struggling to pin her parti-colored shawl, with an enormous brooch, like a butterfly.

"You are going in to see the dear girls?"

"No; not to-day. I've preserving going on. No doubt Jane Soulé will be down before long."

Now I knew Jane had never crossed the threshold of her lover's house. But I forgave the woman her petty irritation. She had looked upon her future daughter-in-law as in some sort an heiress, and the disappointment, in spite of her good-humored disposition, was bitter. As for Phil, he had hurried forward to intercept Jane on her way to the door, as if to compel a look, but she passed him unnoticed. There had been a rumor that she had refused to marry Phil before the Judge's death, but I did not believe it. I knew she had loved him since she was a little scrawny girl, and he the big, handsome hero of the boy's school.

As I went out, I passed Dr. Piersall. The old man, usually full of gruff good humor, was now grave and angry. He had stopped the Squire in the door-way.

"The last will must be found—I say *must*," he exclaimed, energetically. "There is a necessity why this girl should not be left penniless of all people in the world. The Judge knew the necessity. He meant her to be independent, that I know."

"Well, well, it will all come right. Miss Ferris will see to it; so it's really not a matter of such moment."

"It is a matter of life and death. But how should you know?" turning away, impatiently.

At the gate Phil Deane met me.

"For Heaven's sake, Susan, persuade her to see me!" he begged. "For but one moment. I cannot go back without a single word."

I laughed at Phil's agonies, which were real enough, and turned back. I knew where I should find Jane.

There was a large, pleasant room next to the kitchen, in which she always chose to stay, probably because of its three great windows which admitted the sunshine all day long. The floor was covered with a bright rag-carpet of Kizzy's making, the closets were filled with the jellies which she delighted to store away for Jane, and the windows had flowers in pots and boxes. Whatever root or seed the old woman's long, yellow fingers put in the ground, grew as if enchanted. I say yellow, although the color of Jane's old nurse and her race were matters

of dispute with the school-girls: whether she was Indian, or Mexican, or undisguised mulatto, we never could decide.

As I entered the room, by the door from the garden, I saw the tall, bony creature, her head surmounted by a dull, red, cotton turban, coming from the kitchen to meet Miss Ferris. Josephine had already a little of the air of the lady of the manor.

"Supper, immediately, Kizzy! Ah, Susan! pray stay and take supper with me. I shall be delighted if you will stay. Is your head better, Jane?" turning to where Miss Soulé stood, close to the old servant.

"My head has not ached."

"No? I should think after such a day— But then dear uncle was not your blood relation; and, besides, you are so strong! Poor, weak me! I'm only fit to be a burden to everybody!"

"You really must not exhaust yourself!" cried Miss Ann, hurrying out after her.

"No, I'm coming. Bring Susan in, Jane. Supper, Kizzy!"

Now Miss Ferris had never given orders in the house before, which may have accounted for the dazed look in the old servant's face, as she turned to Jane, and stood motionless.

I gave Phil's message.

Jane answered quickly, according to her habit.

"I cannot see him. Tell him I cannot, Susan. Or say—I will not. I may be strong," with a strange laugh, raising both hands suddenly to her throat; "but I am flesh and blood, after all. I've had enough for to-day!"

"Never mind what has happened to-day!" said a man's voice at our backs. It was Dr. Piersall, saddle-bags over his arm—gruff, and loud, and cheery, as usual. "There is another will, and we'll find it! We'll find it!"

"I do not think you will find it," said Miss Soulé, coolly, the momentary trace of agitation gone. "If I were consulted, the matter would be entirely dropped now."

"But— You do not understand, child. You've been so used to being fed and clothed, without more thought on your part than if you were a young sparrow, that you know nothing about the use or the need of money. Why, you have nothing by that will—absolutely nothing! This house, the very food you eat to-day belongs to Josephine Ferris."

"It is the boast of Tarrytown that nobody ever lacked a meal's victuals in it yet, and why should we? Why cannot we earn wages?" Miss Soulé actually laughed in the doctor's bewildered face.

"Well"

"Kizzy and I," suddenly grave. The old woman put her hand on Jame's arm. "I intend," continued Jane, "that we shall help to support each other."

"Absurd! If the paper is not found, Miss Ferris proposes to settle a large sum upon you, and that will enable you to live, where and how you choose."

Miss Soulé nodded. "Shut the door, please, Susan," she said. There was an odd contrast between her childish face and figure, and the cool determination expressed in both. "Listen to me one moment, Dr. Piersall. Miss Ferris says she means to settle a certain sum on me. It would be just in her to do it. But she will not do it. I know her better than she knows herself. In a year from now, this old woman and I will be earning our bread, day by day. And it would be better"—some inward passion overpowering her, and forcing out the words—"it would be better to earn it. Yes, or beg it from door to door, than that the will should be found!"

"Humph!" grunted the doctor. He eyed her closely. She returned the look. What they said to each other in this silent language I did not know. Could it be possible he suspected her of destroying or secreting the later will?

"It is as I thought," he said. He walked up and down in silence, as if to collect his thoughts. "You can go out," nodding to Kizzy, and stopping abruptly. "She cares too much for you to hear what I am going to say. I speak to you now as your physician, Miss Soulé. You know, and the Judge knew, that you have inherited from your mother a bodily weakness which, now that you have reached maturity in this climate, will, in a few years, prove fatal. You have always needed your native air. You supposed it was a whimsical love of color and warmth that made you long for it; but it was an actual physical necessity—a groping for life. The lack of it so far has hindered you from being a strong woman; but you cannot afford to grope for it much longer."

"I know that," quietly.

"The Judge knew it. If he had lived, he would have taken you home. As it was, he told me that he had left you in his later will his sole legatee, with only a bequest to Josephine, in order that you might have ample means to go back to Cuba, and to remain there, whether married or unmarried. If you go, you have a long life before you. You can marry the man you love, and be a happy wife and mother. Think of that, child." He put his big hands on her head, (they had grown soft and tender in touch from long handling of sick babies) and pushed back the light hair from her face. It was set and in-

exorable as it could be when it had been touched by death.

"You have your fate in your hands," he said.

"It does not matter. I cannot go, and I cannot marry."

Again he looked searchingly into her eyes, asking some question which he would not put into words.

"You have the will," he said, "I am satisfied of that, now. You are giving up, to-day, all of happiness that a woman ought to have in life; and health, life itself, merely to save the dead from shame."

"You cannot prove it! You have no proof of any shame," defiantly. "As for this later will, where is it? Josephine is the rightful heir. She has the Troll blood. It has never been disgraced."

"Disgraced? Bah! Miserable, false pride is the secret of the whole matter. Go your own way. Jane Soulé! I've done all that I can do. You are mad!"

He picked up his saddle-bags, and was going out, when the door was pushed open, and Phil Deane stood in it, a flood of sunshine, and the scent of honeysuckles and roses coming in with him. He looked so gallant and cheerful, with his strong man's figure and laughing blue eyes, and the sunshine, and sweet smells, that it seemed as if all the summer had been let into the room.

"I grew tired of waiting, so I came," he said, hurrying up to Jane. The doctor halted, looking uneasily from one to the other. Miss Soulé drew back. She appeared to me to be, for the moment, magnetized with nervous energy.

"I am very glad you came, Phil," speaking rapidly. "I must have seen you some time, and it was better to end it all to-day. I want to do all that I have to do, to-day."

"Miss Soulé," interposed the doctor, angrily, "wishes to tell you that she is, of her own act, penniless; that this later will——"

"I've heard enough of later and early wills already," interposed Phil. "I'm glad, Jenny, that the old Turk left you nothing. It would look well for poor Phil Deane to marry an heiress, and live on the crumbs from her table! I've plenty to keep us both in comfort, Dr. Piersall, and a year or two ago Jenny promised to try her fate with me, when I had not half so much. I don't know why she has been so shy of me, lately." He held out his hands to her imploringly.

It is not easy to go a-wooing before half-a-dozen people. Yet Phil Deane did it in such a manly fashion that he carried every heart with

him. "Let me see you alone for but half an hour, and the old times shall come back, Jenny."

That was the only time she gave way. There was all the dreadful longing of a woman's life in her eyes, as she looked at him, and one or two tears chased each other down her cheeks.

"Stop!" she cried, as we were hurrying out.

"It is easier to tell him before you, than alone, what I have made up my mind to do. I never will marry any man, Phil. When my mind is made up, I do not change it."

"That's true, by George!" said the doctor.

"I shall make you think differently, Jenny," laughed Phil.

She grew paler, if that were possible.

"It is not a matter on which I can bear discussion," she said, deliberately. "To save myself, I shall tell you—. Oh, Phil, there is a reason! You would not marry a woman who, in herself, would bring shame into an honest family, who—"

"Stop! You shall not belie yourself!" cried Piersall.

"She cannot belie herself to me," said Phil, calmly. "I know you for what you are, the purest of God's creatures, Jenny Soulé! If you will not marry me, let it be so. But you do not know now what you say. Some other time, I think, you will give me another answer."

He turned, and went out of the door, and at a motion from the doctor I followed him.

Jane Soulé never gave him another answer. After this time I only saw the progress of her life at a distance, as other spectators did. No other will was found. Miss Ferris proposed to give the homestead to Jane, but she went to New York to spend the winter, deferring until her return the making out the deed of gift. Miss Soulé left the Troll house with her old servant, and soon began to take in sewing, which people gave her in a joking way, pending Josey's return. But Josey never returned. It was said she met Phil Deane that winter, and tried the power of her dark eyes

upon him, but that they fell harmless. It is certain that she married a broker in New York, who ordered the sale of the whole of the Troll property, a month or two later, as he required the money in his business. Dr. Piersall bought the house, and from him Jane rented the kitchen and room adjoining, where she lived for two or three years with Kizzy. If she were unhappy, nobody knew it. She had to the last the dry humor and love of a laugh which was her strongest trait.

Phil Deane saw her once more. He came, his mother said, resolved to take her back as his wife, and was alone with her for an hour. After that he left Tarrytown, and did not return for years.

Jane Soulé died three years after Judge Troll, of a slow but certain type of consumption. Whatever was her secret, she kept it to the last.

I received, a year or two later, a letter from a friend in New York, containing inquiries concerning the Troll family, and saying, "I met a certain Col. Troll in Havana many years ago, who had formed a marriage, if it can be called such, with an Indian or Quadroon girl, who died while we were there. I heard there was a child, and that the mother of the girl took the baby; but that reckless filibuster could not be the same with your church-going deacon."

I asked no further. Jenny had a right to her secret. Old Kizzy died before her; but if she was anything nearer to Jane than a faithful nurse, I never knew; nor whether the Deacon had himself destroyed the last will, or Jenny had kept it, and lived her life of sacrifice to save him from the disgrace of identification with the reckless filibuster.

I was alone with Dr. Piersall in her room when she died, which she did quietly, as she had lived, without any dramatic words or leave-taking, concerning herself, only, apparently, with her physical pains and needs.

But the doctor, as he laid the delicate head back on the pillow, and closed the gray eyes, said,

"There is the last of the Trolls. Her fight was the longest and hardest of them all."

PEACE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

The patter of the Summer rain,
How pleasant is the sound!
It falls upon the hearts of men,
As on the thirsty ground.
And in the still and lonely night,
It taps my window pane.
I cannot feel all desolate,
Beneath the Summer rain.

A voice there is which speaks to me,
In words of sweetest cheer;
A precious spirit seems to say,
"Beloved, I am here!"
And oh, what peace surrounds me then,
All bitterness is slain;
And calmly thus I fall asleep,
Beneath the Summer rain.

OUR SPELLING-MATCH.

BY EVELYN J. BAKER.

I.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

Of course we've had a spelling-match. Everybody has. Not to have taken part in a spelling-match, in these "latter days," is to argue one's self, at once, an outside barbarian.

Equally, of course, it was of the girl's getting up. It wasn't a public affair. The girl's said they "didn't like publicity." But I suspect a deeper reason, which all the tortures of the "Impogition," (as Sairrey Gamp calls that venerable and persuasive Spanish institution,) wouldn't force them to admit. And that is, a secret fear that all twenty of the contestants might go down at the first word. Which wouldn't be pleasant in company.

This is how it came about:

I was escorting sister May and my cousin Di Errick from that match in Music Hall, where "our fellows" got gloriously defeated, to the friend's house where they were paying a short visit. And after we had discussed the contest we had just witnessed, and Di had indulged in a punning remark or two at the expense of the youth who spelled "Malmsey," as if it had some connection with his maternal parent, she suddenly broke forth,

"Thomaso."

(I may here plaintively remark that Di never, *never* calls me by the name bestowed on the solemn occasion of my christening. Her fertility of invention in supplying me with odious nick-names is something perfectly supernatural. She thinks nothing of addressing me as "Tom-ato" in company, if I happen to blush over some slight blunder, such as even Harvard seniors will sometimes be guilty of. She—— But pardon so long a parenthesis.)

"Thomaso, why can't we of Fredon be in fashion, and get up a jolly little spelling-match of our own?"

"Di-verting idea!" said I.

"That's an adjective that can't be applied to your wretched puns," she rejoined, with some asperity. "But seriously now. Why can't you, some Saturday night, when you come home to spend Sunday——"

"That sounds Hibernian, somehow, 'doesn't it?' I ventured.

"If you'd said it was an in-Di-rect way of

expressing myself, 'twould have been rather bright; but then you never do say the right thing," observed Di, quenchingly. "As I before remarked, when you come home some Saturday night, why can't you bring some 'grave and reverend seniors' with you, and come up to my house for a little 'spell'? Prizes, you know, and all that sort of thing? All the nice girls, supper, and a dance afterward. I shouldn't dare to offer you anything intellectual, without a spice of the jovial and culinary, so to speak; and"—pausing out of breath—"and, on the whole, what should you say?"

"If you'll give me a chance to say anything," I suggested, meekly, "I should say it sounded rather festive than otherwise. How soon can it come off? What are you going to have for prizes?"

"Next Saturday, if you're agreed," she replied. "And as for prizes. Well, I should advise a copy of Dr. Watts, neatly and appropriately bound in calf, with a vignette illustration of 'How pleasant is Saturday night.'"

"Watts the use of taking that respectable old gentleman's name in vain?"

"Is that a conundrum?" asked Di, demurely. "Give it up!"

"Isn't it too bad," broke in my sister, somewhat irrelevantly, "that Sharlie Thayre is away? She's always the heart of all our Fredon fun, too! By-the-way," turning to me, "isn't it funny, Tom, that she should have gone off so suddenly to visit those New York cousins she hadn't seen for years?"

In the little pause which followed my constrained acquiescence, I saw the keen, sudden glance Di gave me, as she said, slowly, "Yes, it was odd Sharlie should have cared to go away; she was always so happy at Fredon!" and presently added, in her own Irish fashion. "But here we are at Annie's; so thank you, friend Thomas, and good-night. And it won't be a very long 'spell' before you hear from me about that match."

Acknowledging this parting pun with a little groan, I said good-night, and walked briskly through the quiet West End streets, on my way to that most dismal car-office, at the "Square." As I walked, my thoughts were busy, almost against my will, with the glance Di had given me, the something so like scorn in her voice, as

she spoke of Sharlie Thayre's starting so suddenly, to visit those unheard-of cousins of hers. I had an uncomfortable conviction that very few of my thoughts and motives were unreadable to my cousin's keen gray eyes; an uneasy memory of her words, "You're a deal more Di-aphanous than I, my child, names to the contrary notwithstanding!" Did she fancy—

Here my musings were interrupted by the unmusical tinkle of the car-bells, and I had scant leisure for thought on my homeward ride.

Reaching my room at last, I exchanged my boots for a pair of slippers, filled my pipe, and sat down before the smouldering fire for a think.

Back came the scorn in Di's glance—the little satiric ring in her voice. My inner consciousness told me that she knew as well as I, that Sharlie Thayre had been glad to hide those sensitive eyes, that soft-flushing face of hers, from the prying eyes of the Fredon gossips for a little while. That she knew that Tom Allingford was responsible for fixing those piercing eyes on her.

I lighted my pipe afresh, and poked the fire. "Let me have it out with myself," I, the afore-said Tom, said, grimly.

Had not Sharlie and I been friends from the days when I used to draw her to school on my sled, and send her startling pictures of bleeding hearts and obese doves every fourteenth of February? Had we not fought each other's battles—she figuratively, I literally? Shared each other's secrets? Been to each other best and truest friends, until I left Fredon for college, well nigh four years ago?

Yes. So far no blame to her or me. Had not the memory of her brown eyes kept me from many an action, the thought of which might have made my eyes droop before hers, with their tender purity?

Yes. Heaven bless those brown eyes! Yes.

But our child-time relations to each other could not last always. Somehow, I had not seemed to think of that. I had not remembered that what in a boy is frank manifestation of friendship, in a man is recognized as "attention;" such attention as—be he true man—he only shows to the woman he hopes one day to call his wife. In all my home-comings, had I not shown Sharlie such attention? Until our names, by tacit consent, were connected, always? Until I was one day congratulated on an engagement which did not exist? Yes—

That congratulation, and the thing it meant, came to me like the awakening from a pleasant dream. What right had I, I asked myself, I, with my way to make, all unassured of success, to ask this girl, so young, so untried, to wait for

me all the years she might have to wait—the sweetest, brightest years of her life? Did she wish to be so bound? Did I.

I told myself, honestly enough, that I was not sure; that I had no right to give gossip further cause to connect our names until I was sure. That I would give them no such cause.

I began to avoid meeting Sharlie. I appeared no more, by surprising coincidence, at the post-office, at the hour when she came for her evening mail. I sauntered no more into her pleasant parlor, to spend long, lazy afternoons, reading to her from Browning, or Tennyson, or Dickens, while she sat busy at some dainty sewing. I ceased to frequent "evening meetings."

I stopped all this. I gave (with no thought of giving, Heaven knows!) crueller keenness to gossiping tongues—gave them the right to say, "Early begun is soon done," and "Sharlie needn't have been so sure of him, after all!" I exposed her tenfold to the torture of that "observation which knows no sympathy;" until, after my return to college, she had only been too glad to flee for a little while, through the door her cousin's invitation opened to her; anywhere, anywhere, away from the significant looks, the pitying smiles of Fredon!

Well! Had I acted differently from what I should? What else could I have done?

I could almost hear Cousin Di's voice beside me, so sure was I in what words she would have answered me.

"Done? Tom Allingford, having, perhaps, an average intellect, could you not have seen, had it not interfered with your pleasure to see, whither affairs were tending? Wouldn't it have been easier to have stopped, then?"

"When you heard the first whisper of gossip, wouldn't it have been the right, brave, manly thing to go to that girl you called your friend, and say, 'Sharlie, they are saying untrue things about you and me—meddling, foolish tales about us, are in people's mouths. Do you think we should heed them? Or do you think, dear friend of mine, that we can go our way, simply and honorably, in spite of gossips' word, sure that if we are frank and true, nothing can come to us that was not meant to come?'"

"Do you dare to call yourself that brave little woman's friend, and yet doubt how she would have answered you, Tom Allingford?"

The tremulous, silvery chime of the clock on the mantel rung out the first hour of Sunday morning. I rose, and replacing my pipe, which had gone out, unheeded, long ago, on the mantel, I crossed the room, and unlocked a desk in the further corner. Taking from an inner drawer a

little old-fashioned photograph, I looked at it awhile in silence. Perhaps the hand that held it trembled a little.

It was the face of a girl of sixteen, (I had begged the photograph the night before I left home for college,) a fair, low forehead, from which soft hair rippled lightly back; eyes full, like "Kilmeny's," "of a strange, wise kindness;" lips that you somehow felt sure would quiver easily, whether with smile or pain.

I looked at the face a long, long time; and as I softly laid it back in its place, I said, under my breath, "Oh, Sharlie, I am 'sure' now that it is too late! I have been a weak, blind fool, Sharlie. Could you ever forgive me, I wonder? Is it too late?"

II.

THE MATCH.

THE following week I received an epistle in Di's peculiarly illegible hand, notifying me that I was expected to appear at Fredon, the following Saturday evening, with as many of my class-fellows as "cared to dare the 'spells' of the Fredon damsels, and risk dieting on baked beans until Monday morning." She also advised us, with malevolent reference to that disastrous evening in Music Hall, to "give particular study to the names of wines and cordials, such as 'malmsey,' 'curacao,' etc. And if we didn't have facilities for studying such things, who did, she should like to know?"

To her note was added a brief postscript, "Sharlie Thayre came home yesterday morning, as quaint and sweet as ever. I think she'll take part, Saturday."

I could have hugged my chum for very joy, when I read that. I had an insane desire to issue invitations for a supper, on the spot; but reflecting that if I did, I should probably lack funds to reach Fredon, I refrained.

Saturday came, and at half-past five of that eventful day, six sons of "Fair Harvard" descended from the cars at the Fredon station, each armed with a pocket dictionary, with the study of which they had been enlivening the journey, greatly to the admiration of several old ladies opposite. They made their way through the sweet April afternoon, and the anything but sweet April mud, to Dr. Allingford's great brown house on the hill, where they found a hearty welcome, and a heartier supper, waiting them.

At half-past seven, we presented ourselves at Parson Errick's door, and were ushered into the wide, old-fashioned parlor, brilliant with lights, and gay with the young folk assembled, "eager for the fray." At the further end, on a low

table, lay a handsome copy of Worcester Unabridged; ("we thought we'd have something real, original for a prize," Di explained,) and behind it sat Parson Errick, his spectacles on his kind old eyes, and before him a formidable-looking manuscript, evidently containing the weapons for our overthrow.

I saw but one face among the many faces turned to greet us. And I realized, with a thankful heart-throb, that there was no scorn nor shrinking in the kind, brown eyes.

The match began. At first both sides held out gallantly, until "atheneum" was misspelled by my unlucky cousin, who retired, muttering something about being "sure she should come to Di-re disaster!" After that, the ranks thinned rapidly, such terrors as "diaphaneity," "erlinate," and "catadioptrical," carrying off friend and foe alike, till Sharlie alone remained to represent her party, while, on our side, my chum, Ford Addison and I, stood sole survivors. It grew exciting. Word after word was spelled, by us somewhat tremulously, by Sharlie with sweet, quiet assurance, till, at last, "Phalerope" was rendered "Fall-erope" by the unhappy Ford, who blushing retired, as Di remarked, "Oh, what a 'fall' was there, my countrymen!"

Still Sharlie and I held out. My breath came short and quick; her cheeks were crimson. The room had grown utterly still.

"Polysyndeton," gave Parson Errick.

It was my turn. Was that third syllable spelled with c, or s? I grew, of a sudden, dizzily uncertain.

"Poly, poly," I began, and stopped. Dead silence. "Poly, poly," I stammered again. "Poly——"

"Put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea!" finished Di, in a sepulchral undertone, like Barnaby Rudge's raven.

Amid the roar which followed, I ventured, recklessly, "Poly c y n," and on the Parson's grave "incorrect," sat down amid an utter silence.

"Polysyndeton," faltered Sharlie, and the next instant stood flushing like sunrise amid the storm of applause which greeted her.

After the prize had been presented, we "broke ranks," of course, and, obedient to Di's command, "took partners" for the Lancers. Sharlie was appropriated before I could reach her; but, as I passed, I stopped a moment to offer my congratulations.

"I wish you'd won, Tom," she said, a little tremulously. "I'm sorry that I spelt the word."

What was it that sent the crimson flushing up to the soft, brown hair, and made her suddenly

move away? For a moment I stood bewildered; and then, by some subtle thread of association, here flashed before my memory-eyes the vision of a quiet parlor on a late June afternoon, an open window, at which nodded crimson bloom of climbing roses, whose sweetness came drifting in on the warm south wind; a brown-eyed girl, in a low rocking-chair, sewing; a long, lazy figure, in the arm-chair, opposite, reading, that quaint, little idyl of Whittier's, "In School Days." I could hear the echo of my own voice, as I read the concluding lines,

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few that pass above him;
Regret their triumph, and his loss,
Like her—because they love him!"

And added, lightly, as I laid down the book, "I suspect that will be my case, some day, Sharlie; and heard her answer,

"No, Tom, not until

* * * The grasses on my grave
Have many a year been blowing!"

With her timid words, unconsciously the very ones of Whittier's little heroine, that picture came flashing back. Did her sudden flush mean that she, too, as she spoke the words, recognized their connection?

I moved, in a dream, through dance and gaiety, for the rest of the evening, and suspect Di spoke truly, when she told me despairingly that I was behaving like an "au-Tom-atic imbecile!" But I had sense enough left to win Sharlie's permission to escort her home.

Two hours later found me, with quick, throbbing pulses, awaiting her at the door.

III.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

SHARLIE and I were climbing the hill together, with the fair, faint crescent of a new moon in the purple sky above us, and a sweet little wind, like a tender promise, blowing from the west.

We had been chatting gayly enough, but now a silence had somehow fallen between us.

"Sharlie," I said, with a not very successful effort to speak lightly. "Sharlie, I didn't know you were in the habit of quoting poetry."

Silence. The little hand that rested on my arm, trembling.

"Sharlie!" (Oh, how poor words are when one's heart is aching with that for which "there is no speech nor language!") "Sharlie, you only quoted one line—the first. Can't you—won't you, say the rest? I know I'm not worth it, dear; but somehow I think, with your hand in mine, I shall grow more nearly worth it bye-and-by. I behaved like a fool, Sharlie; but Heaven knows I depise myself as much as you can depise me—as any one can. You have made me whatever I am that is good, my darling. Will you help me to grow better now, and always; Sharlie, will you say the rest?"

Silence. We could hear gay voices come rippling up the wind. We could almost hear the beating of our happy hearts.

Then she lifted those wise, kind eyes of hers to mine, and said, very softly,

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you;
Because, * * *
Because, you see, I love you!"

Whittier leaves us to surmise how his little hero answers those words. Why, then, should I tell you how I answered the little woman, my little woman, at my side!

You, who, sitting at your own fireside, look back into your yesterdays, have not forgotten how you asked or answered the one deep, tender question of your lives. And to you, whose lips have learned not yet the glad "new song" of love, I say, in the noble words of a noble English gentleman,

"I cannot translate that song for you; but, be patient, and keep your eye single and your heart clean, and you shall sing it yourself, some day."

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

SIR HUMPHREY stood, and he held by the mast.
The night grew dark, and the gale drove fast.

"Sail ho!" The cry o'er the sea was borne.
"Sir Humphrey, look! Can we live till morn?"

"Our homes are a thousand leagues away;
"Shall we live to look on the land-locked bay,

"The church on the cliff where our fathers sleep,
"The wooded vales where our lone wives weep!"

Sir Humphrey looked, and he answered bold,
—How oft has the wondrous tale been told!—

"God holds us all in the palm of his hand,
"Tis as near to heaven by sea as land."

The night grew wild, and the tempest drove fast.
Sir Humphrey stood, and he held by the mast.

The night grew wilder; and never more
Came bold Sir Humphrey or ship to shore.

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was something gentle and touching in the delicate unison with which those two old people began to bridge over the deep, deep chasm which lay between them and the spring-time of life, when they had been all the world to each other. As nature softens its own perpetual decay with mosses, ferns, and infinitesimal germs of vegetation, turning the death principle of one period into the glory of another, so had time been at work with these two souls, softening ambition, toning down the pride of caste, refining the intelligence, making the very sense of right harmonious as a poem. Now, when their two lives were like an Indian summer, softened with hushed passions, and rich in the grandeur of noble experiences, when love had mellowed down only to give depth and fervency to affections that are deathless, they had met again.

"Too late!" No, no. With the good, happiness can never come too late. It may change its form, subdue itself into something that seems like mere content, but who shall measure its depths, or the capacities of affection in a human soul?

When Sir Noel Hurst walked into his stately dining-room that day, and placed the old Duchess at his right hand, no one present dreamed that a romance lay buried so far back in their lives that only two human beings remembered it. Perhaps both Lady Rose and Ruth wondered a little that, of all her marvels of jewels, the old lady had chosen that quiet knot of pearls for her sole ornament that day; but they never dreamed of its history, or of the tender memories it brought to the old man, who felt tears coming into his eyes when he first saw it knotting the lace together on that bosom, as he had seen it half a century ago, fastening the folds of a girlish muslin dress, when those white tresses fell like spun gold upon a maiden's shoulders. If those young persons wondered at the humble ornament, still more were they surprised by the halo of sunshine that seemed to have fallen on those white heads, and the subtle courtliness that far transcended the cordial respect with which Sir Noel always re-

ceived his guests. In his manner to the old Duchess there was something tender and delicately caressing, which no one had ever seen in his perfect hospitality before.

How could they tell that this was the second childhood of a love born half a century ago, and, perhaps, unconsciously, cherished all that time, as tender spring flowers are sometimes found blossoming under the dead leaves of a forest.

For a time young Hurst revived under these brightening influences, and lent a season of hope to his friends. So the baronet gave himself up to the entertainment of his high-born guest. It was pleasant to see those two wandering off into the park, day by day, leaving the grand old rose-garden, with all its rich entanglement of burning colors, and its imperceptible clouds of perfume, hovering about the laden thickets and arches, tangled in and out with white jasmine vines and blush-red roses, for the quieter haunts of the woods.

In their first youth these two persons had loved nature in all her bright or solemn changes, and made themselves happy while weaving in her presence all the romance of a first love. If this sweet combination had taken in magnificence of design and grandeur of taste during the years of their worldliness, it had never entirely left them; and now their souls turned back to those lonely and lovely things that are the eternal poetry of nature.

Thus it happened that these old people had become indifferent to the abundant sweetness and variety of tints, in which art forces nature to gorgeousness, and left the noble old rose-garden to its magnificent surroundings, while they wandered off to quieter places, where wild flowers lay hidden beneath the ferns, and the finding of bird's-nests, as of old, was possible.

True, the old baronet found it difficult to leap banks, and descend into hollows, in quest of those beautiful objects; but he found plenty on the sunny knolls, where he led his dainty old companion, fearing, as he said, that the shadows might chill her. Once she would have plunged down into the hollows herself, and bring up arm-

fuls of ferns and curious grasses; but now she smiled pleasantly upon him, observing that, after all, fifty years made a difference even with them, though, for her part, she felt young as ever, and was sure that he did not seem half his age.

The Park at Norston's Rest was broad and stately enough for that of a royal palace. Crowded full of chestnuts and noble old oaks, so profuse in their leafiness that the lightest wind was sure to fill them with music, it offered a world of enjoyment to those who had a true love for the sweetness or majesty of nature, which, in some places, was left entirely to herself in that domain. In one direction, it was a wilderness, broken and rocky, holding a black lake or tarn deep down in its shadows. In another the vistas of sunshine were let in through the oaks, and the forest turf was like velvet. Nearer the mansion it spread into an ocean of bloom; for there the old rose-garden had been the glory of the place for generations. From that garden foot-paths led down the shadows of a ravine, which came out by a cottage in the heart of the woods. In this humble abode the young wife of Walton Hurst was born, and under its roof her father had died a sudden and most sad death, not two years before.

All these places Sir Noel felt a tender pride in showing to his guest. His people had never seen him so much abroad before, and wondered at the change. It was pleasant to see that high-born pair wandering day by day through the sunshine on the slopes, and the shadows under the trees, as they might have done half a century before, had fate so favored them in the long ago. Yes, it was pleasant to see them smiling on each other in a quiet, gentle fashion, and exchanging bits of sentiment with the shy grace of children half-ashamed of themselves.

Sometimes they would sit down in some shady place, with the sunshine flickering its silver on the turf around them, and talk over the old, old story, which is never alike in any two hearts, and thus becomes capable of infinite variety. Each listened to the other's experiences with quiet interest, and always ended in a gentle return to those years when they were lovers, as the bright central point of an existence grandly prosperous, but out of which this brief period was worth all the rest.

It was strange to see how the eternal romance came back upon those two hearts; pleasant to watch that aged man searching around the roots of those great ancestral oaks for the bluest and most fragrant violets, whose breath he would not inhale, because she was to have their first sweetness, and their earliest dew. More touching still

it was to see a soft color mount into that fair old face, when the Duchess reached forth her hand for the violets, and held them to her lips, over which a quivering smile hovered, half-contentment, half-regret for the years of her life that had been wasted in ambition, and given up to the vanities of social rivalry.

To a careless, or very young person, all this might have seemed amusing, even ridiculous; but to a higher class of minds the second childhood of love had something very pathetic and beautiful in it.

The suit of rooms allotted to the Duchess opened upon the great rose-garden, and were filled with its fragrance from morning till night. Even here the lady found proofs of those sweet memories that had followed the life of her host with a tender haunting all the years that had been lost to them. In the old home where Sir Noel had first seen her, was a quiet little bower-room, in which each lady of the house had left some treasure of art; a picture of price, a bit of rare old pottery upon which some artist had lavished his best genius, an antique chair, draped, perhaps, from a rich garment some queen had made historical.

The inherent taste that had made Sir Noel a devotee of nature in his youth, led him to become a collector of rare brick-a-bac in his riper years. Remembering this bower-room, with its rare adornments, his love had taught him to imitate it in his own home. Many of the objects that had been so dear to him in his first passion-season, he had almost duplicated, and in everything had arranged his choicest treasures as he had seen them in the ancestral home of his love.

When the Duchess first came into this room, it was like gliding into a dream. She looked around, wondering. The frescoes on the ceiling, the tint of the walls, the gobelin carpet on the floor, all seemed familiar, all brought remembrances of her youth, and of those days which were the heart of her youth.

She was alone, and her memory was full, so full that it filled her eyes with tears and her heart with tenderness; so she sat down, and cried like a girl.

"Ah, the years that were gone—the years that were gone!"

Her eyes were wet when Sir Noel came to a French window, which gave access to the roses, and asked if he might enter. The Duchess made no effort to conceal her emotion, but held out her hand. She was one of those English women who shrink from a scene, and express the deepest emotion quietly. A smile stirred her lips, and broke through the tears in her eyes.

"Ah, Noel, did you love me so?"

He looked around, and then at her.

"It was all painted in my heart, or I never could have made you recognize the resemblance," he said.

"How foolishly happy all this makes me," observed the lady. "Noel, do you know I think we are two ridiculous children? Fortunately, there is no one to laugh at us."

Sir Noel drew an easy-chair close to the couch upon which his guest was sitting.

She smiled then, and glancing at a cushion at her feet, covered with black satin, over which red-mouthed Chinese dragons were writhing, laughed softly.

"In those days you would have been kneeling here," she said.

The baronet shook his head, and smiled.

"I am afraid it is only our souls that have kept young enough for that," he answered.

Then these two old people laughed pleasantly, and dropped into other conversation.

Half an hour later, Lady Rose came into this pretty bower-room, and found the Duchess seated by a cabinet-piano, with a volume of old-fashioned music open before her, playing an air that had been the rage long before that young lady was born, with a delicacy of touch and expression that took her completely by surprise, and held her motionless on the threshold.

The baronet was standing by her, turning the pages of music with the precision of an amateur, now looking at the notes, now glancing down at the snow-white head, and smiling blandly upon both, as if recollection and the music were blended in one sweet harmony for him.

Now and then the Duchess lifted her eyes, and asked if he remembered this or that? gently drawing his thoughts across the chasm that had separated them, with subtle delicacy, as a spider throws its cobweb-fibre across the great rents torn in his web by some cruel or careless hand.

When she saw Lady Rose standing there, wonder-struck by the scene, a blush stole up over the fair old face, and her fingers dropped from the keys.

"Come in! Come in, lady-bird," she said, "we have found some old, old music; so old that it is very sweet to us, though you might not think it worth the hearing."

"But I should. Indeed, the few notes I heard seemed very sweet and quaint to me. Pray, go on, your grace," said Lady Rose.

"No, no," answered the old lady. "It would be nothing to one who cannot look back years and years. You shall give Sir Noel something better."

"Not now; I see one of my tenants out yonder, who seems to be waiting for some one. He is an old man who has seen heavy trouble. Some other time Rose shall oblige me, but not here or now."

The Duchess understood this, and closed the piano. It pleased her that Sir Noel should refuse all music after hers.

The coming of Lady Rose Houston to Norton's Rest had a wonderful influence on the health of young Hurst. The very presence of this fair girl, in the full bloom of her loveliness, seemed to give him a firmer hold on life. Her superb health imparted its subtle vigor to his weakness, and gave him a portion of its strength. If she sat down by his side, his face brightened, and his lips smiled. If her hand came in contact with the hot pink of his palm, his fingers clung to it as if its healthy coolness took away some of the fever that burned there. If she arose to leave him his breath would come in sharp, quick gasps, and when she was gone, he would look around mournfully as if he felt some great loss.

After her coming he grew more hopeful than ever, and smiled incredulously at the anxiety of others. The purely physical influence of this fair girl had given him fresh vitality, and therefore crowding delusions.

Lady Rose felt this influence, and thanked God for it. At any time, she would have given her life for his; now she longed to wrest all this blooming health from her body, and give it to him, as she had carried armsful of dewy roses to his sick-room many a time in days gone by, because he had everything else, and she must give him something.

Now she would have given him her health, nay, her life, just as she had bestowed the roses, for that she could not pluck and lay at his feet, as she had plundered the rarest bushes. So much as she could bestow Rose gave to the sick man, who would never know that she had loved him so much beyond her own life.

Do not let any one misunderstand this pure, brave girl as the martyr of an unanswered passion. In fact, I do not like to apply that word to the love Lady Rose felt, or ever had felt for her cousin. It was too deep and too delicate for an explanation of that kind. His marriage vow had not been more binding upon his soul than it was upon hers. She had never had reason for the faintest blush, though an angel had read her heart; still this sick man was dearer to her than her own life, and as sacred as her prayers before the altar of God.

There is a love holier, deeper, and far more

powerful to which great souls are given, than that wild and turbulent sentiment which men sometimes speak of as a grand passion—a love that has no root in selfishness, no hope beyond that of a noble self-sacrifice.

Lady Rose had risen far above the egotism of jealousy or personal hope. The tenderness of compassion she felt for that sick and suffering man was extended to his young wife with equal potency. In her pure soul there was nothing to conceal. The process that turns the elements of charcoal into diamonds was not more purefying than the sentiment that grew each day stronger in her heart.

Love sometimes changes its form, but its elements never. They are the best part of a soul's immortality.

Having nothing to conceal, all the bright beauty of that girl's character asserted itself. She no longer shrunk from the touch of Walton Hurst's hand, or veiled her eyes when he looked upon her. She no longer crept by his room with timid hesitation, envying the very servants as they went in and out, but took her old place in the household with gentle decision, and filled the old house with such cheerfulness, as almost drove back the shadows of death as they gathered over it.

Ruth was not strong, either of body or heart in those days. But for her husband's precarious state she might have given way altogether. She saw how completely he leaned upon the Lady Rose for hope and strength, and bore it, not like a martyr, but with the faith of a brave, true-hearted woman. Truthful herself, she understood truth in others, and was capable of such womanly trust as casts out all sense of rivalry. From her earliest remembrance, she had been taught to look on the Lady Rose as a superior being, and this feeling had become so completely a portion of her nature, that change was impossible. Had an angel of heaven descended into that mansion to watch by its heir, it could not have been looked upon with greater confidence than the young wife felt in the Lady Rose.

Thus, hand in hand, as it were, these fair women kept affectionate guard over the life that was precious to them both, surrounding it with cheerfulness, letting in sunshine through the clouds, and day by day fighting a forlorn hope with the death-angel.

In this way, some weeks passed at Norston's Rest. Even the apprehensions of its kind old master were allayed by the positive hopefulness of the invalid. Never in his life had young Hurst been so interested in the future, so ardent in his desire for action, or earnest in laying out plans that were to carry him into old age.

Surely it was impossible that such bright anticipations could lead only to the grave.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE day when Hurst was sleeping, Ruth stole out for a walk. Her course lay across the rose-garden, and down the banks of a ravine, along which a foot-path led to her old home. The gardener's cottage, up to the last few months, had stood in the sheltering trees, half-bedded in flowers running wildly astray, like a great, empty bird's-nest, from which all life had been driven. In fact, it is doubtful if any one born in the neighborhood would have cared to occupy the pretty building, for it was connected with a death so sudden, and a crime so base, that most people held it in superstitious avoidance; but it was inhabited now; and as Ruth bent her steps that way she saw, with pleasure, that all traces of neglect had disappeared; a garden, bright with flowers and rich in choice fruit, glowed in the sunshine, one sea of bright colors. Honey-suckles, white jasmine, vines, and climbing roses, overrun the porch, and reached up their tendrils to the lower branches of the trees. It was a perfect nest of flowers in which Ruth had hid the poor relatives she had found starving in Mrs. Carter's dismal garret.

The young wife sighed heavily when she came in sight of her old home. Why had she left it? Why had she brought sorrow and death under that roof in her wild love of the man who had removed her to a higher sphere, only to perish for his love of her? Why had she not been content to rest in her own humble sphere, rather than bring so much desolation on those whom she loved best?

Ah, how well she remembered that night, when, alarmed by the sound of shots near by, she had rushed out to find the man she loved lying white and cold across the very path she was treading, and a little way off the stout old man, her father, bleeding and insensible. She remembered how the young man, her husband, made such in caution and secrecy, had been carried away to the great house, where she was afraid to follow him, and how the other victim of her rash act was taken slowly into the cottage, where he lingered in pain awhile, and died at her feet one night without knowing that she was married—died of the shock her supposed disgrace had brought upon him.

These memories were painfully strong upon Ruth that day, for deep down in her heart she knew that another life would be the sacrifice of the disobedient act that had killed her father,

and then she would be a widow with its memory forever with her.

Some strange impulse caused Ruth to turn away from her path, and leave the cottage she had almost reached, out of sight; one of those impulses that prompt us to seek pain rather than avoid it. There was one spot in the Park that she had never dared to visit since the day that she fled from it, hoping to save her husband from the consequences of his marriage by self-abnegation. Now she was resolved to seek that place, a bleak, black spot in the heart of that ornamental wilderness, which was almost savage in its rocky wildness, and the weird depths of a tarn that lay deep in its bosom.

In that tarn, the man who had persecuted her with his love till he was ready to flee into banishment, and give up her newly married husband forever, had found an awful death: and the young woman who had been his tool, was his companion in death.

Ruth had never spoken of these things since her marriage. The mere thought of them wounded her too cruelly for that; but a curiosity that was irresistible seized upon her now. She would go alone, and see the place where her enemies had met that awful fate. Perhaps, when she had once made herself acquainted with the gloomy surroundings of that tragedy, its weird hold on her imagination would grow weaker, and her memory would have rest.

Down through the broken path, over rocks, and through shadows that enveloped her like a pall, down the broken slope that led to the water, Ruth went hurriedly, like a person urged forward against her will. Then she came in sight of an old summer-house, overhanging the tarn, around which rushes, vines that take their root in moisture, and a rank growth of water-plants, were growing in tangled luxuriance. At the first view of this weird building, Ruth paused, and looked back, frightened by her own temerity. There was a look of ruin in the broken window, the sodden roof, and the deep blackness of the tarn, that oppressed her with a strange and horrible dread.

No wonder. It was there her worst enemies had died: the man who had persecuted her with his love, the girl who had hated her because of it. Terrible people both, who had brought sorrow and death upon her by their evil doing, and the fear of another death which was haunting her then.

Ruth knew all the particulars of the tragedy that had been enacted in that old ruin; but she had never possessed the courage to visit the place before. Now, she went toward it holding her

breath, as if about to enter the portals of a tomb. The door was hanging, loosely shaken by the wind, which came moaning through the black fir-trees, and rippled across the inky waters. The rank herbage all around swayed back and forth with a slow, continuous motion born both of the water and the wind. Ruth passed through it, and entered the building. She did not observe that the path she had taken was intersected by another, and trodden down to the very entrance, as if by human footsteps. Her heart was so full of sadness that it took in the gloomy picture alone. It seemed to her that no human being could ever wish to visit a place so bleak and lonely, unless oppressed with perpetual apprehension, as she was.

Her father was dead; her husband was dying. She knew that, and felt herself to be the guilty cause. Nay, she was oppressed by a conviction that the man who had carried all his sins with him down into that deep pool, had also perished because of his fatal love for her.

All the darker was that little building, because of the sunshine that trembled red and lurid through the black tops of the fir-trees that fringed the high banks of the tarn. Once or twice an arrow of light, that seemed tipped with blood, shot down upon the water at her feet, as if marking the spot where her enemy had perished.

Yes, it was there that he went down, clasped by the strong, white arms of the woman he was hurling downward with murderous intent. The dilapidated balcony on which they had struggled, broken and jagged by their reeling bodies, still hung over the waters, dipping into them at one end.

All this Ruth saw as the wind swung back the door. She also saw a human figure sitting on a ruined garden-chair in one corner, with an elbow resting on each knee, and her face locked in between two hands, that clenched it like a vice. Who this dusky figure was she had no means of telling, but it filled her with terror, and she drew back, uttering a faint cry.

The woman inside heard this involuntary sound, and leaped to her feet, like a leopard disturbed in his lair. The light was on Ruth's face, and she saw it clearly. With one spring she cleared the door, and, wading knee-deep in the rushes, struck across a rough point, and intercepted the young wife as she was fleeing up the path.

"You have come at last," she cried, seizing Ruth by the arm, as a hawk snatches at its prey. I have been waiting, waiting, waiting for you—coming and going, coming and going, though they told me it was of no use, that you and that other were far away. But I knew the

spirit that owns me would bring you here. Come!"

Ruth shrank under that stern grasp in speechless horror. She knew that face, its dark features, those splendid black eyes, that seemed to rain fire upon her, and those masses of inky hair, wound, coil on coil, around the head that bent toward her with the subtle movement of a serpent.

"You are frightened; you shake like a coward. No wonder! No wonder!"

Still Ruth was mute. White as death, neck, face, and lips, she stood there, cold as marble, and as dumb.

The face looking into hers was that of a woman drowned in the blackness of that tarn more than a year ago.

Had she come to life again, or was an evil spirit looking upon her with those burning eyes?

"You know me! You fear me," said this creature, in a fierce whisper.

"Yes, I know you, and I fear you," answered Ruth, in a deeper whisper.

"Why not? It was love for you that put murder into his heart. That is reason enough why I should hate, and you should fear."

"No, no," pleaded Ruth, shuddering under the charge.

"I say yes; he loved you, and you him."

"Never, never!"

"No?" questioned the strange creature, with wonder in her eyes. "No woman could help loving him; and, after all, you are only a woman."

"And you—what are you?" questioned Ruth, awe-stricken.

"What am I? A woman that drew the man she loved down to death with her, rather than leave him for you."

"But you live. Your hands are strong."

The girl unclenched her hands from that shivering shoulder, and held them up to the light. A weird smile crept over her face, as she turned it upon Ruth.

"Yes, they were strong enough to drag him into eternity, but not to bring him out again. Down in the very bowels of the earth, the undercurrent snatched him from me like a wild beast, but tossed me up through the blackness into the light I hated, and still hate."

"You were saved, then?"

"Saved? No, lost. Is a woman saved when her heart, her soul has been torn from her bosom?"

"Don't! You frighten me. God has given back your life, which is a miracle of mercy."

"And taken him at my hands, while his were seeking my life."

There was something so intense and wild in the girl's look and speech that it silenced compassion even in the kind heart of Ruth Hurst.

"I will go now," she said, attempting to move on.

"Not yet. You and I murdered him. Let us stay together. You will learn to creep here at night, as I do. Human beings have no feeling for each other, but the winds have, and the waters have. You can hear them rolling among the firs, and whispering strange things over the dead they have hid away. I was listening to them when you came in. Hush your breath, and you will hear as I do."

The girl's voice had sunk to a low wail. She bent her head as if drinking in some murmur of the air that chilled her. All at once a new sound broke through the intense loneliness, that of heavy footsteps wading through the rushes.

"He is in search of me. Come, let us hide out of sight, or he will find us—you and I, who have a right here." The strange creature threw her strong arm around Ruth, as she spoke, and dragged her into the ruined Lake-House.

Ruth sunk down upon the sodden bench mute and helpless. The presence of this woman, in her best days, had always been a terror to her; now, when she seemed to have risen up from the dead blackness of that tarn, the effect was overpowering. The very sound of those footsteps sweeping through the rank herbage, made her quiver in every nerve; and when the figure of a man blocked up the door-way, she uttered a faint shriek.

"Martha! Martha Hart, are you here?"

These words were uttered by the voice of an old man, evidently worn and pale, who was peering into the darkness.

"Well," answered Martha, "what if I am here? Can't you see that I have company—dainty company? One who understands the sigh of the wind, and the sob of the waters, as I do? Cannot you let us have this music in peace, just a little while, together?"

The man could not understand that more than one person was in the gloom of that building, for Martha stood directly before her prisoner.

"Come, lass, come away. This is an unwholesome place," he said, peering into the room. "A fog is settling down on the water, and the marshy shore is full of dampness."

"I like it! Oh, I like it!" said the girl, folding her arms as if gathering up the fog to her bosom. "Go away! Go away! You never will give me time enough."

"But, Martha!"

"Oh, father, why won't you go?"

The old man turned away at this wild appeal, and moved off with evident reluctance. The girl stole to the door, and watched him keenly, as he moved through the drifting fog, becoming more and more shapeless as it gathered around him. Then she darted back to Ruth.

"He has gone now, poor old man. How should he know what is going on, down yonder? But you and I need no telling. We can understand these whispers. Oh, how deaf he must be to make them so faint! You drove him here, and I dragged him down. Let us go search for him. Come!"

Martha pointed out toward the ruined balcony, as if that were the way she invited Ruth to take with her.

Wild with terror, the poor young wife started up, and crowded back into an angle of the walls, crying out,

"No, no! Great Heavens! you cannot mean that!"

"We sent him there—you and I. Who else can bring him back? Have you no feeling? Did you never think that two old people live up yonder, all alone, waiting for us to do something?"

"But we can do nothing. Their son is dead, long ago."

Martha smiled. Ruth could see that, by the faint light glimmering through a break in the fog.

"They think so—those old people. Others think so, but you and I know better. We have heard him pleading, complaining, moaning. I could not do it alone. The waters were too strong for me then, and might master me, but you can help. He loved you, and one wave of your hand would bring him up. I have tried and tried, but it was of no use; the waters lift me back before I reach the depths where he is. They will not let me sink so low because of giving him up."

"Oh, this is terrible!" moaned Ruth.

"Terrible? When I stand back, and let you save him? When I am ready to give him up to you, and go off somewhere to die alone, in some kennel, like the dogs he used to spurn with his foot? Only dive down with the old smile on your face that lured him so. It will be enough, and I will come here no more, night or day, night or day."

Ruth knew well that this poor girl was out of her mind, at least for the time; but this conviction only increased her terror. She looked desperately around for some means of escape, but Martha stood between her and the door. There was no outlet but that awful chasm through which one soul had already plunged into eter-

nity. Beyond that she saw the skeleton of the broken balcony, barring the passage with its black, uneven lines.

The very danger she was in, gave this young woman the courage of quick evasion. She clasped her hands in child-like pleading.

"I am not strong enough yet. See how impossible it is that I could smile. Feel how my arms tremble. The waters would be too much for me; I must have air."

"Air? Is it not bringing his voice to us from down yonder? Is it not drifting the fog all over us?"

"Ah, yes! But one should be like an angel, to face death without fasting and prayer. The water spirits will never give him up to a sinful woman."

"Sinful? I never thought of that," muttered the girl, reflecting moodily on the words. "Who knows but it was that which kept me from reaching him? With fasting and prayer I might go deep, deep down—but how? I don't know how. Show me."

"One must be alone," said Ruth. "Quite alone."

"Ah!"

Ruth comprehended, by that quick exclamation, that the girl's suspicions were aroused.

"Or, if not alone, must ask help of God on her knees," she added, with prompt self-command.

"Oh, that is easy. I used to say my prayers when I was a little girl, with my face to the darkness."

Martha pushed Ruth aside as she spoke, and knelt down, with her face to the wall, her head bowed down, her hands folded, palm to palm, and held up, as the mother had folded them in her infancy.

Quick as a flash, and light as air, Ruth darted from the building, and fled up the path, never pausing to look back till her way was blocked by a strange man, who met her face to face in a cloud of fog. She had already obtained one glimpse of those thin features, and recognized them at once.

"You are her father," she said. "Go at once. She is safe, as yet; but take her away from this place. It is fearfully dangerous."

"You know my girl, then? You can feel for her?"

"Yes, I do pity her. But why is she permitted to come here? It is a weird spot, full of awful temptations."

"It is her will, and no one can gainsay that. At any rate, I can't."

"But the poor girl is surely out of her mind?" The man shook his head, very sadly.

"At times. Yes, at times, her mind goes astray. Then she is sure to come here, and sit hours and hours in that bit of a building, with her eyes on the water, and her lips moving, as if she held talk with the waves."

"But she speaks of far more dangerous things."

"Yes, yes. She does sometimes plunge into the tarn from that old balcony, but is sure to come up again all safe. Our Martha is one swimmer in a thousand; but for that she would have drowned when she plunged in to save her sweetheart, Dick Storms. You have heard how yon balcony broke down under him when the two were skylarking together, and my brave lass leaped in after him, and almost dragged him out, but not quite. Many a one to this day thinks that she went down with him. Happen they think so at the Rest. I don't know, but my lass got free of the water, and came home for the first time in many a month, walking all the way in her wet clothes, and coming into her old home like a ghost. Some say it was that something struck her on the head, when the balcony fell; and some will have it that the walk of ten miles in her wet things did it. But, sure enough, the lass has never been herself since then. All her brightness is gone, and, instead of singing like a lark at her work, she goes about it without a word for any one. Them who knew her as the well-favored lass that tickled more custom to the public over yonder than the best tap ever did, wouldn't know her for the same, if they was to meet her in the village street, which they never will, for our Martha goes nowhere but down yonder, and takes a long round through the lanes and across fields to get to the tarn, which is an eerie spot for a young thing like her to take to."

Ruth listened to this rather tedious revelation with breathless interest. It had relieved her in some degree from the suspicions of a murderous crime that had so terribly affected her own life. Still the idea of an accident was incompatible with the abrupt plans and strange ideas that possessed the girl whom she had left kneeling in the Lake-House.

"It is, indeed, an eerie spot enough, in its gloom and its loneliness to affect any sensitive mind. Keep your daughter away from it."

"But she will come. I cannot help it. The best I can do is to follow her close, her not seeing, and get her home safe. But she's o'er wild to-night, and hard to manage."

"Yes, she is wild. See to her at once."

The man started down the path, and went in haste to the Lake-House, where he found the girl Martha on her knees, still maintaining an intense

attitude of prayer, but dumb and despairing of words.

"Come, lass, come; it is time to go. I am well chilled through with the fog," he said, laying a heavy but kind hand on her shoulder. "It will be daybreak before we reach home. There, now, that is a good lass."

Martha arose despondently from her knees. Her hands dropped, her head fell forward.

"I cannot pray! I cannot pray!"

The old man took her two hands in his, and held them lovingly.

"Go home, now, Martha," he said, with touching solemnity. "Go home. That is a good child, and when we get by the hearth where your mother used to hold your two hands between hers so, and teach your baby lips the prayer our Lord Jesus used when he knelt to His Father, the words will come—the right words will come."

Martha dropped her face down upon her father's hands, as they held hers in a firm, loving clasp, and for the first time in many a day burst into tears.

Then, with gentle violence, the old man drew her away out of the Lake-House, and into the open air. As they mounted the bank, Martha paused, and looked down through the fog that enveloped them to the inky blackness of the tarn at their feet. The gloom seemed to strike through and through her, as if she had never seen the place before. Turning away she sighed heavily, and said to her father,

"No wonder that I could not pray. It was I that sent him there."

The old man was troubled by this speech, as he had been at other times by the girl's vague sayings.

"Nay, it was an accident. How could you help it, Martha?" he said, finding courage to question her.

"An accident, father! Oh, if you only knew!"

They walked on in silence, while Joe Hart had no courage to ask questions, and Martha was lost in thought. At last she spoke again.

"Father, have I gone altogether wild, or did a woman come to me in that place—the woman he loved—and tell me to pray before I could hope to find him?"

"There was such a woman who talked with me on the path," said Hart.

"Then I have not grown quite mad," was the dreary reply.

Meantime, Ruth Hurst found herself in the gloom of the Park, so shocked and bewildered by what she had seen, that she almost despaired of finding her way home, for the fog had deepened under the trees, and a few drops of rain flashed

through its floating gray, now and then chilling her with dread of a storm.

As she stood upon the cross-path, doubtful what direction would lead to the Reet, a figure came toward her from under the trees, hesitated, seemed about to turn back, but at last halted just by her.

"My lady, it is dark, and this is the wrong way."

Ruth knew the voice, and her heart leaped.

"Oh, Swark, is it you? How glad I am!"

"Well, my lady, I have been close by all along since the fog began to roll up like blankets out to dry. It seems as if one could shake it solid from oaks; so, says I to myself, this turning of day into night, unexpected like, is puzzling to a feller like me, and there is my lady down by the black pool, which couldn't be told from the fog, if it wasn't more like ink than water, wandering about, and no one near. So I whips up my pole, and meandered round, here, there, and across, keeping in sight and out of sight till now."

"You were very thoughtful, Swark."

"Not much of that, but apt to be about when I'm wanted, more or less. This way. The cottage ought to be in sight, but one can't catch a glimmer through all this. Oh, there is a flash from the big window, and here is the path."

Ruth walked forward rapidly, for great drops of rain were shooting thick and fast through the fog, and the grass was wet under her feet.

"They'll be glad, so glad to see you, they will. Miss Ellen has been expecting of you ever since you came down; and as for the young master, he's done nothing but stack his brushes, and look out of the window ever since. It was 'feeting to see him."

By this time Ruth was in the porch of her old home, with the rain pattering down through the honey-suckle vines, and a light from the pretty oriel window streaming over her.

She knocked lightly at the door, holding her breath, for it was the first time she had entered that house since the day she had fled from it, to save her husband from what she conceived to be worse than death. Up to this time she had shrunk

from visiting this pretty spot; but now that she had been at the tarn, the cottage seemed a house of refuge to her. The light knock at the door was answered by Ellen, so bright, so cheerful, that the very bloom of her face brought smiles to the lips of her benefactress.

"Ah," she said, "I have waited so long—so long."

Like her old home, yet unlike it was the little parlor into which Ruth came, pale and languid, from the excitement she had passed through. Ellen saw this, and her heart warmed with gratitude toward her.

"Come in, come in. Sit down here," she said, drawing a pretty easy-chair toward a fire that had been kindled in the grate, when signs of a storm came up. "Your mantle is damp; let me take it off. How you shiver, dear. Bring more coals, Swark, and tell Fletcher that Mrs. Hurst has come."

Ruth allowed herself to be made comfortable, which was no difficult matter in that little room, where the firelight, as it rose and fell, threw its gold on the snow-white curtains, and the vases of choice flowers that graced every nook of the room.

"What a pleasant little home it is," thought Ruth, looking around with a faint smile on her lips. "Why did I ever leave it, to bring sorrow and death upon all that loved me? Alas, my poor husband! how little he thought what would follow our rash act."

This sad train of thought was broken up by the appearance of Fletcher Welch, who came in, flushed with animation, restored to health, and so unlike the man Ruth had first seen in the squalor of Mrs. Carter's best room, that it seemed impossible to recognize him as the same person.

As he came forward, holding out his hand, Ruth arose; but the room, with all its light and flowers, seemed to reel around her, and she sunk down insensible. The shock of that weird adventure, by the black tarn, had at last stricken her down.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ECHOES.

BY ELLA M. CROWELL.

As I sit, to-night by my window, lone,

Oh, why do I seem to wait,

For a step that echoes along the street,

And the click of the rustic gate?

I know that the voice is still and hushed,

Whose whisper my heart would thrill;

But through the years that have vanished away,
I can almost hear it still.

Oh, the echoes that come from the days gone by,

And the dear ones "gathered home,"

They whisper and say they are waiting there,

To welcome us when we come.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume, suitable for town or country wear. The material is one of those printed percales of dark marine-



blue, with a border in white. The under-skirt is ornamented with a gathered flounce, slightly full, and nine inches in depth; this is headed by a second row of the bordering, stitched on flat. In addition to the printed trimming for the dress, there is a tiny white ball-fringe; but this is altogether optional, and by some would be considered as a troublesome addition to a wash dress, from the self-evident fact that it would have to be removed every time the dress went to the laundry. The tunic is cut straight in front, with long sash-ends at the back, trimmed with

the border in a similar manner. Short paletot, demi-tight at the back, and loose in front, double-breasted, and buttoned with large mother-of-pearl buttons. Pockets, revers, collar, and cuffs, are all trimmed with the bordering. Any of these printed percales can be bought (the American ones) for twenty-five cents, and the soft-finish French ones for thirty-five cents per yard. Fifteen to sixteen yards are required for the costume.

Next is a charming model for a black grenadine, or the foundation of the lower one may be



of silk, if convenient. The under-skirt is trimmed with three narrow knife plaitings, and just made to touch. The upper-skirt and corsage are cut in one, the back of which is made long enough

to form a demi-train for the house, and can be looped higher, when needed for walking. The sides are looped a good deal, causing the back to be slightly *bouffante* for the home costume, and more so for the street, when the extra length is disposed of. This forms a tablier front, which



is closed by bows and ends of gros grain ribbon. The entire skirt is edged with a narrow knife-plaiting, corresponding with those upon the skirt. The neck of the corsage is finished with a standing collar, and the sleeves have pointed cuffs and deep plaited frills falling over the hand. For this costume, if made on a foundation-skirt of black silk, sixteen yards of grenadine will be enough; if made entire, it will require twenty yards. We may add, the dress will be much prettier made upon the silk foundation; and an inexpensive silk may be used, or a partly-worn silk, if in good preservation. Grenadine can now be bought at all prices, ranging from fifty cents up, depending upon quality, of course. For one

season the cheap ones do very well; but, after all, the best economy is to buy a good article.

Opposite is another pretty percale costume, almost singular in its perfect simplicity. Striped in its grays, blues, browns, chocolates, maroons, these pretty domestic fabrics look always fresh and charming when made into graceful toilets, and worn on these warm summer mornings. This one is of narrow stripes of chocolate and white, costing only twenty cents per yard, and has the under-skirt simply trimmed with two bias bands of the same, stitched down. The tunic forms an apron-front, and is looped just enough in the back to make it graceful. A short, round basque, perfectly plain, with coat-sleeves, finished with a deep-pointed cuff completes the dress. Over it is worn a Marie Antoinette fichu, crossing in front, and carelessly tied at the back. This is ornamented by a bias ruffle, four inches deep, including the heading. It is set on with a cord, which is run in. Fifteen yards will be required.



Above is a dress of dotted muslin on figured

organdie—pretty enough in itself to be made simply. Our model has but one skirt, the front of which is trimmed with a wide puffing, say eight inches, divided by a narrow bias band of an inch and a half, with a knife-plaiting finishing it, top and bottom. The back is cut in a demi-train, and where it joins the front of the dress, it is finished to correspond by a narrow band and plaiting. The corsage is a short cuirass basque, shorter in the back than in the front, as may be seen. It is also ornamented with a narrow plaiting. The neck is finished heart-shape, edged with a similar plaiting; deeper plaitings finish the tight coat-sleeve. These dotted Swiss muslins are to be had in any of the stores for fifty cents per yard, and if worn over a colored silk skirt make a very effective evening-dress at very little expense. The organdies are in every conceivable color and design, from thirty-five cents up to seventy-five cents per yard. Twelve to fourteen yards will be sufficient for this dress.

An apron of Swiss, trimmed with puffing and flouncing, with pocket and bretelles, is a very



pretty design: and in these days, when all the young girls waiting upon the tables at "Fairs" are expected to be provided with fancy muslin aprons, our design may not come amiss.

There are several novelties in lingerie. Some turned-down collars are to be seen, but the standing Medicis collar holds its own, although it has been worn a considerable time. The new Byron collars are rolled so high, and so closely round the throat, that they have very much the effect of the Medicis frills, and are quite as warm. Mechlin lace, both real and imitation, is much worn; but Valenciennes proves too strong a rival for it to become universally popular. The latter lace is brought out in new designs, showing convolvuli, forget-me-nots, and quaintly wrought edges.

We give also the front and back of a dress for a little boy of from two to four years, made of white pique. The front is double-breasted, and

ornamented by bands of Marseilles braid, finished



at each end with a linen or pearl button. The

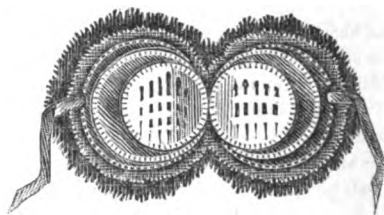
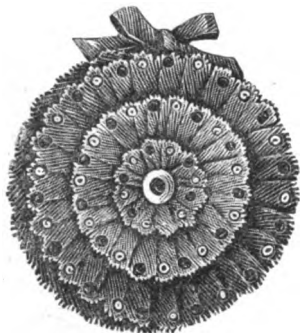


cuffs and postillion at the back are ornamented to match. Skirt in deep killed plaits.

NEEDLE-BOOK—CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The outer part has a foundation of cardboard, frills of silk finely pinked, plaited, and ornamented with a head in each plait. A bow of ribbon finishes the needle-book.



The inside leaves for the needles are of fine cashmere, edged with button-hole stitch.

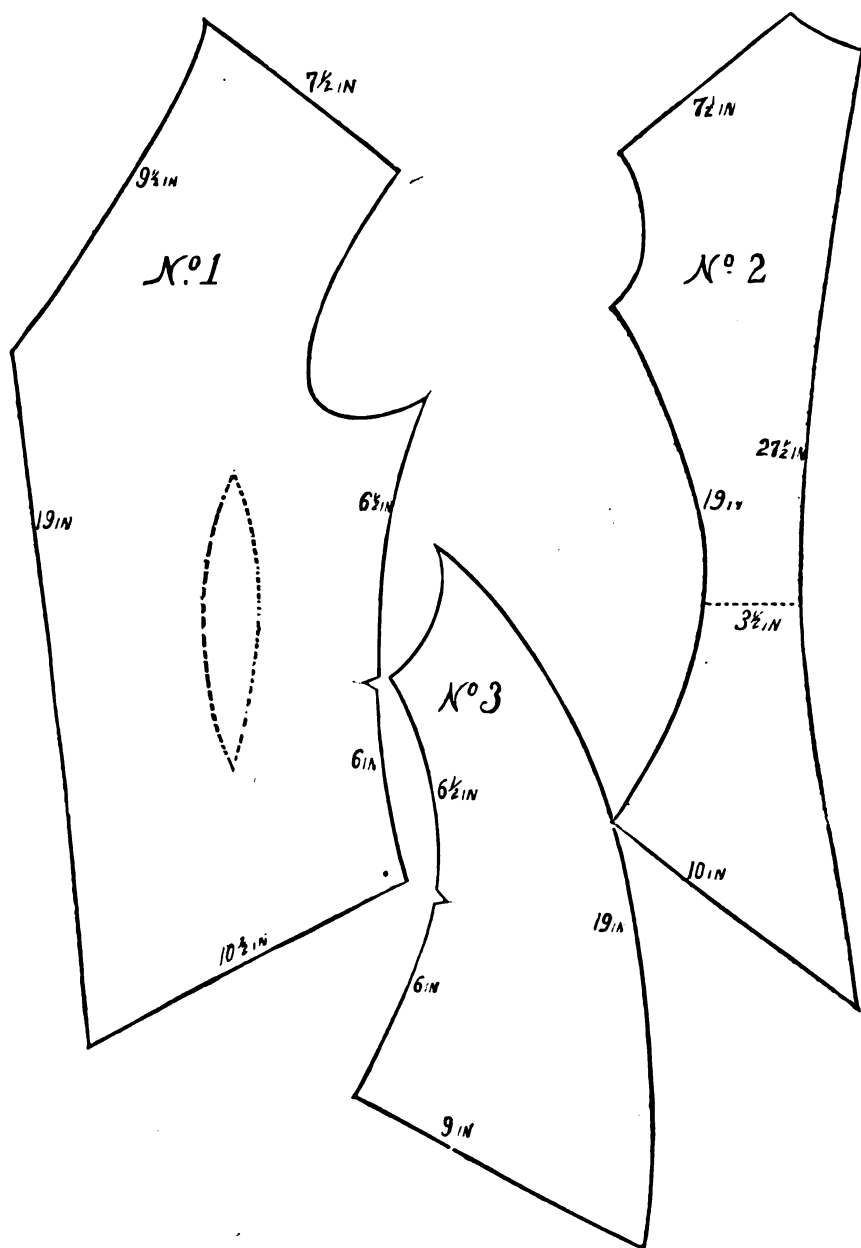
THE GEORGIAN VEST.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

{ pure lace, or embroidered Swiss flouncings, and
finish with black velvet ribbon, two inches wide,



No. 3. SIDE PIECE.

Make of blue silk or cashmere; edge with gui-

{ for the heading, and three inches for the bows
and ends.

PATTERNS FOR GREEK LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give some patterns in Greek lace, or, as it is sometimes called, Italian Reticella. It takes the first rank amongst the decorative laces for household linen, for the adornment of furniture, and even for dress trimming. During the sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth century, it was extensively used for the ruff, for borders and insertions to curtains and table-cloths. We may add that the patterns are no fancy designs, but copied from antique laces.

The work itself, complicated as it looks, is comparatively easy, and only requires patience and perseverance. First of all, the foundation frame-work has to be formed. This can be done in two ways. For a pattern composed of square and oblong compartments, like the top part of the largest pattern in the front of the number, a strip of strong and evenly woven linen may be selected, and the principal outline as well as the transversal

borders formed by drawing out threads in appropriate intervals, and hemstitching over the strips of linen thus left. The next step will be to cut away so much of the linen as to leave the horizontal and vertical leading lines of the design standing. Very sharp scissors ought to be used for this purpose, and great care taken to get the groups of threads straight and intact. The piece of linen so prepared may then with advantage be tacked to a piece of patent cloth or leather, and lined with stout canvas to give the required stiffness for working on which the pattern is traced. Diagonal and curved supports of the design are then put in by carrying two or three threads along the outline with the needle, and fixing them with minute tacking stitches to the patent cloth. The foundation frame-work thus established has then to be worked over with close buttonhole or rope stitch. (Figs. A and B.)

An easier method to arrange the foundation

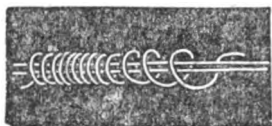


FIG. A. ROPE STITCH.



FIG. B. BUTTONHOLE STITCH.

frame-work is to employ strong lace braid for the purpose, and fasten the same to patent cloth. Horizontal, vertical, and curved supports are then put in and worked over with the needle, as described above.

The more or less solid parts of the design have now to be added to the foundation lines. This is done by throwing across from left to right and back again, a foundation thread, which, for the first row, should always be double, tacking the

same to the patent cloth in the required direction. The foundation threads at the first row have then to be covered with festoons of more or less loose button-hole stitches. This done, another single thread is thrown back, to form a foundation for the next row. Stitch after stitch is now worked into each of the last row, and the same operation repeated until the shape of the solid ornamental device is obtained. Many parts of the solid work may be done in Genoa stitch (Figs. C and D,)

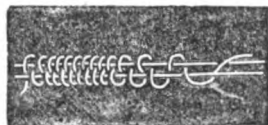


FIG. C. GENOA STITCH ON TWO THREADS.



FIG. D. GENOA STITCH ON THREE THREADS.

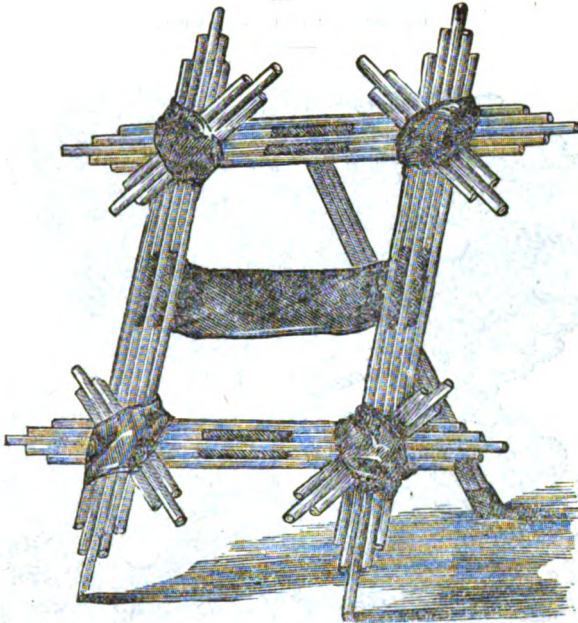
which can be worked over any number of foundation threads. The working of centre wheels, where they occur, is too well known to require special explanation. After the solid parts of the pattern have been finished, the little knobs or picots, which give such a pleasing appearance to antique Greek lace, have to be fixed to the out-

lines. These old picots are quite different from the loose, round knobs of buttonhole-stitch employed by workers of modern point.

In addition to the principal pattern, we give two additional designs for points, either of which, or both, may be substituted for those in the larger design.

STRAW PICTURE-FRAME.

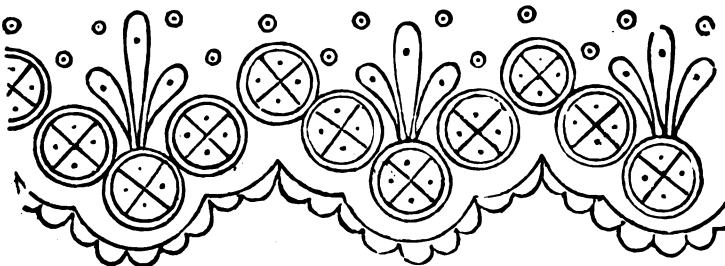
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Pick out from a bundle of straws those without flaws. It takes five for each part of the frame. Arrange them thus: put one long straw in the centre, a shorter one on each side, and a shorter again on each side of these: sew them together at the back with some strong cotton. When you have the top, bottom, and sides ready, fasten together at the corners in the form of an Oxford frame, placing the top and bottom one in front of the sides. Then make four small pieces of three straws in each, the centre one the longest, and fasten them cross-wise to each corner, by means of a piece of ribbon tied round. The ribbon is

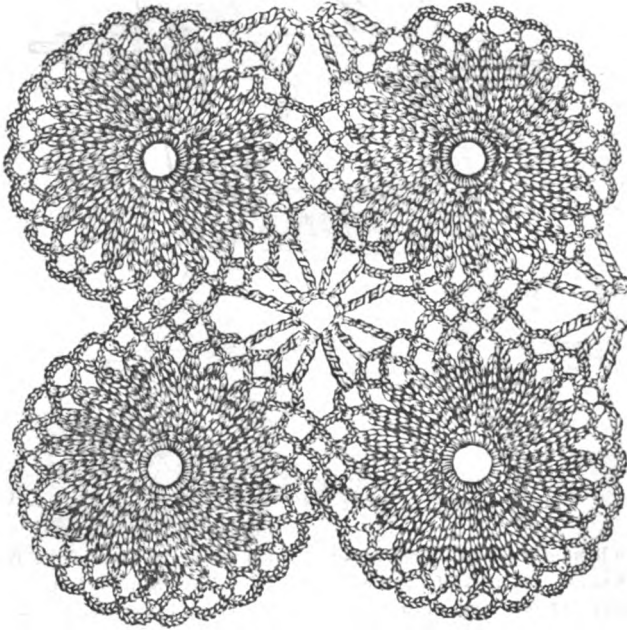
to hide where the parts of the frame are joined together. The picture is fastened in with narrow ribbon, crossed over at the back, and brought through between the straws on each side of the frame, then passed over the centre straw through to the back, and firmly sewn; this ribbon has a very pretty effect. The frame is supported by three straws, which should be sewn to the back of the top; the straws should be bound at the bottom with ribbon, to keep them firmly together. If the frame is to be hung up, there should be a loop, made of ribbon, sewn upon the top.

EMBROIDERY DESIGN FOR UNDER-LINEN



ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Cotton, No. 12 and No. 20; medium-size steel hook.

With the coarse cotton make a chain of twelve; join in a ring; fifteen chain, one double under the ring. Repeat twenty-three times more; fasten off. With the fine cotton—

1st Round: One double under the fifteen chain at the top of loop, six chain. Repeat all round.

2nd Round: Seven chain, one double under the six chain. Repeat all round. This completes

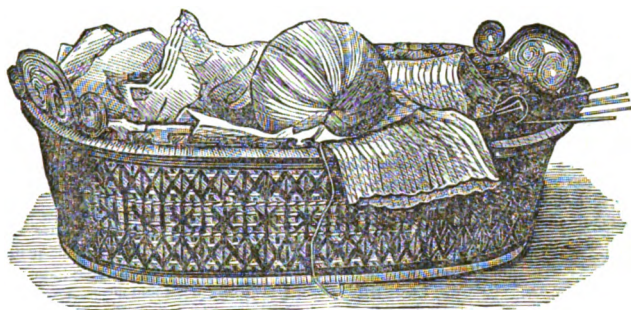
the rosette. In working the second and all following rosettes, join at the fourth stitch of the seven chain where required. When all the rosettes are made and joined, fill in the spaces by working one triple-treble in the first unjoined loop, one double-treble in the next. Repeat three times more; fasten off, and sew the end of the cotton neatly to the back of the work. When the required size is worked, tie in a knot of fringe under each seven chain.

NAME FOR EMBROIDERING.

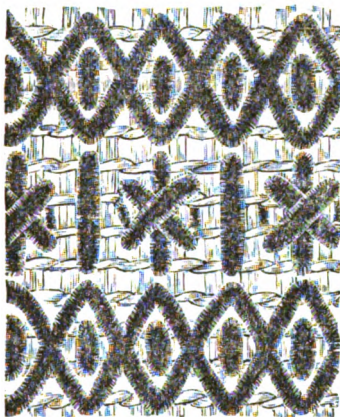
Helen

WORK-BASKET, ORNAMENTED WITH CHENILLE.

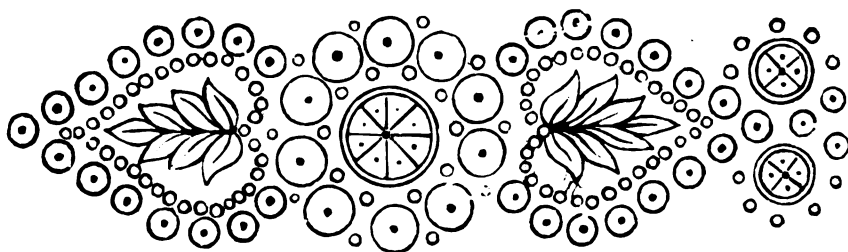
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1 shows a basket of wicker; design No. 2 } of the basket is lined with quilled silk, and fitted
shows the size of the foundation, and the pat- } with pockets. A ribbon ruche finishes the top
tern worked upon it in chenille. The inside } of the lining.



WHEEL AND OPEN-WORK EMBROIDERY.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE EXPERIMENT OF AUTHORSHIP.—We have almost daily inquiries, from young ladies, as to their chances of success as authors. One such inquiry is now before us. The writer, however, does not even know how to spell; her manuscript is frequently almost illegible; and her grammar is of the worst. Nor is this a rare example. Yet she thinks she will, in time, make a successful author; and she asks us to correct her article, and tell her what it is worth. She does not realize that authorship, instead of being the easiest way to make a living, is, in reality, the hardest. Where one wins, fifty fail. And of those who win, not one in fifty reaches the higher ranks, where the pay is large and the work comparatively light. In fact, only one Dickens has appeared, in a whole generation.

Considering, therefore, the remote chances of success, we do not advise any young woman to turn to authorship for support, for she is almost sure to be disappointed. The remuneration, except where success is decided, is generally very little. A great deal of harm has been done, in regard to this matter, by flashy advertisements, issued by new periodicals that seek notoriety at any cost. Statements are also occasionally made by book-publishers, as to the enormous editions printed of certain novels, and the vast sums paid to the writers, which, as every one in the trade knows, are wholly untrue. Books, of which not more than three or four thousand copies have been sold, have been advertised as having reached editions of thirty or forty thousand. The profits of the authors have been exaggerated in a similar manner.

Even where a writer succeeds, the victory, in general, is a long while in coming. Thackeray wrote, for years, before he became famous. Authorship, as a rule, is like every other profession: eminence in it is to be attained only by incessant work. Yet young ladies expect their first crude efforts to achieve immortality at once. An artist, on the contrary, spends years in drawing from models, or sketching from nature, and is satisfied if, after a long apprenticeship, he gets a picture accepted at the Academy. We do not mean to say that no person ought ever to try to be an author. But some natural ability is the first requisite, and after that, work, and still work, and still again work, before even moderate success can be expected.

FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR SOME YEARS, black silk mantles are made and sold separately from the costumes. They are short at the back and long in front, with narrow sleeves, and are frequently embroidered and trimmed with cascades of lace. Summer cloth, cashmere, and sicilienne, are also made up into fichus, dolmans, round capes, and mantelets, and trimmed with either silk braid, beaded galoon, crimped fringe, or lace. Mantles take such various shapes that it is impossible to describe them all; but a favorite pattern seems to be one with long, square tabs in front, and a demi-long cape behind, which outlines the figure, and sets over the tournure much as a jacket would do. Mantles are all cut high in the neck, where they are finished off with either a standing collar, rich plaiting, or lace frill. No bare throats, with turned-down collars, are to be seen; ruffles, large frills, and cravats are in great vogue at present; in fact fashion seems to be fast drifting to the style adopted at the time of the first French Revolution, when ladies' throats were enveloped to their chins in billows of white muslin and lace.

WORTH MAKES many new *fille* dresses with skirts that are plain and clinging in front, bordering them with a heavy fringe, which keeps the breadths in place. The front is cut in one piece, bodice and skirt having no join, while at the back there are pointed basques in the form of tulip-leaves. Beneath these basques there are sash-ends, which fall considerably lower on the skirt. This habit-bodice and the train are always different from the front of the skirt. For example, the front will be striped pink and white, the train and the bodice damask pink. The bodice is cut square, and a small bouquet of flowers is added on the left side of it. This style of toilet is only fit for in-doors.

A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO.—The following was the costume of a fashionable lady in 1709. It came, as an old letter says, from which we quote, "per ye last from ye port of Bristol, England, to His Majesty's plantations in North America." A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry-colored stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-colored damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head-cloths, with Crawford edging; a black silk furbelowed scarf, and spotted hood.

"HER FAVORITE."—The editor of the *Richland (La.) Beacon* says:—"Peterson's Ladies' Magazine for May is on our table, looking fresh and beautiful as a spring flower. No, it is not on our table either; we put it there, but our better half picked it up and has been reading it for about two hours. It is the favorite of most of the ladies; and then it is so cheap—only two dollars a year, and postage pre-paid. Those who want the best magazine for the price should subscribe for this one."

A WIDOW has no bridesmaids; her dress is generally gray or lavender, never white, and she wears a bonnet and veil. It makes no difference whether she marries a single man or a widower, or whether either party has children. In other respects the ceremony is the same as an ordinary wedding. We make these remarks in answer to an inquiry.

"THIS SINGLE STORY."—Says the *Sullivan (Mo.) Standard*, "Peterson for May is already upon our table. The picture of the 'Queen of the May,' oh! how beautiful, and the story itself is so interesting. Ladies, many of you would give the price of subscription to get to read this single story. Only \$2.00 a year, and postage free."

WINDOW CURTAINS, ETC.—In all new curtains there is quite an Oriental tone. For people who like artistic coloring, the English tapestry curtains will also find a great deal of favor. Many of these have bright-colored fleur-de-lis on a black ground; others are in stripes.

IMPROVES WITH EACH ISSUE.—The *Point Pleasant (West Va.) Register* says:—"Peterson's Magazine for June is on our table. It is one of the best numbers we have seen lately. The publisher seems to improve on each issue. Our lady friends should be liberal patrons of this magazine."

MUST HAVE IT.—A gentleman writes:—"Inclosed, find subscription for 'Peterson' for 1875. My wife thinks she cannot do without it any longer. She has been taking it for years, until last year."

GRANDMAMA'S PORTRAIT.—How natural, how good, every one will exclaim, on seeing this graphic illustration.

A NEW VOLUME begins with this number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Clubs, for convenience sake, had better begin with either this number, or the January number. Single subscriptions, may begin with any month whatever. We still take additions to clubs, at the same price paid by the rest of the club, and can always supply back numbers, if wished. The newspaper press unanimously pronounces "Peterson" to be the best and cheapest of the lady's book.

WE PRE-PAY THE POSTAGE, remember, on "Peterson" to all mail subscribers. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to those they ask to subscribe. Until this year, subscribers had to pay the postage, at their own offices, at an additional expense of twelve cents each, and sometimes of twenty-four. The prices now asked for "Peterson" include the postage, making it really cheaper than ever. Bear this in mind.

CASHMERE SHAWLS for upholstering furniture are much used by the very rich. The shawls are not stretched over the sofa or chair plainly, but are plaited like the ancient Greek draperies, and are trimmed with fringe, consisting of a mixture of very fine wool and silk, with several rows of tassels, such as are to be seen on the best sorties de bal, or opera cloak. In fact, there is quite a rivalry between furniture and dresses, for they are trimmed much in the same style.

MRS. BURNETT'S NOVELET.—This lady's novelet, as will be seen, has been changed, and, we think, for the better. "The Tide on the Moaning Bar" will be acknowledged, by every one, to be, perhaps, the most powerful story Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett has ever written.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Whip and Spur. By George E. Waring, Jr., formerly Colonel of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: J. B. Osgood & Co.—We hardly know which to admire most, the dainty setting of these racy sketches, or the vigor and freshness of the sketches themselves. "Vix," "Ruby," and "Campaigning With Max," are devoted to three chargers, which Col. Waring owned and rode, at three successive periods; and if he has not made the horses immortal, it is because nothing in literature is immortal any longer. Certainly, never were steeds celebrated more enthusiastically; nor do we suppose that steeds ever deserved it more; for it is impossible to read the sketches without seeing that the author is a capital horseman, and fully knows what he is writing about. Interspersed with this praise are bright, off-hand pictures of army life, which make the reader almost wish that he, too, had been "an Arcadian." A half-suppressed vein of humor runs, as a sort of under-current, through all these three sketches. In "Wetstein," "How I Got My Overcoat," and especially in "Two Scouts," this humor bubbles up in a never-ceasing fountain of fun. But Col. Waring is more than a mere picturesque narrator. He has imagination of the true quality, as his "In The Gloaming" shows, though he seems to think it his duty to conceal this, as far as possible. The last article is "Fox-Hunting in England." To many persons this will prove the most interesting of all. We have all read so much, in English novels, of fox-hunting, that we are naturally curious to see if an American is as enthusiastic over this sport as "one to the manor born." Col. Waring is so; and we have no doubt that any good horseman would be: we can testify that the sight of the hounds running, and a field of a hundred, or more riders, in rapid pursuit, stir the blood as few things else can. We cordially commend this dainty little book.

Bertha's Engagement. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel the very last, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, whose writings are so well known to our readers. That we may not be charged with partiality, we give, instead of our own opinion, that of the Evening Bulletin, one of the best of the critical journals of this city. "It is," says the Bulletin, "a story of American life, and it will interest its readers from the beginning. Indeed the opening chapter, in which the hero and heroine encounter a terrible danger, is one of the most exciting of all. The danger arises from the breaking of a reservoir, and a consequent flood, that devastates a valley in New England. This chapter is, indeed, a vivid description of a real calamity that occurred a year or two ago, and caused great excitement throughout the country. This strongly-written chapter is introductory to a highly-wrought romance of love, jealousy, rivalry, murder and revenge, the dramatic situations succeeding one another in a rather bewildering way, and the various characters figuring in a very active manner before the reader. The stories of Mrs. Stephens are adapted to the taste of much the larger portion of the American reading public, but none of them have pleased her readers better than this one is sure to do." The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Musical Composers and Their Works. For the Use of Schools and Students in America. By Sarah Tytler. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This little work does not pretend to originality; all it claims is to be a compilation; but this claim is admirably carried out. Not only young people, beginning their musical education, may read the book with profit, but even older persons, especially if they have not the time to go to original sources. Commencing with the earliest known composers, Miss Tytler gives short biographies of all the most eminent, including Palestrina, Gibbons, Purcell, the two Scarlattis, Stradella, Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Schubert, Chopin, and Mayerbeer, and closes with notices of living artists, such as Verdi, Wagner, etc., etc. The volume is handsomely printed, as are all the books of this house.

Personal Reminiscences, by Cornelia Knight and Thomas Baikes. Edited by B. H. Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—This is another of that charming "Bric-a-Bac" series, so ably edited by the poet, Richard Henry Stoddard. Miss Knight was lady companion to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and her reminiscences cover the first third of the present century. Mr. Baikes mingled in the best society of London and Paris, and his diary extends from 1831 to 1847. From these writers, Mr. Stoddard has culled an immense number of anecdotes. The book is hardly inferior to even the best of those that have gone before. Several racy pencil sketches illustrate the volume, of which those of Talleyrand and Beau Brummel are especially graphic.

Harry Blount. Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—We should think this would be a very popular book with boys, for it is full of life, and much of it has evidently been written from experience. The scene is laid in England, principally in Yorkshire, and gives a graphic picture of school-life there. Mr. Hamerton is already familiarly known by his work on Etching, his "Chapters on Animals," and "The Intellectual Life."

Holden's Book on Birds. By Charles F. Holden. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: New York Bird Store.—This little book tells you how to keep a bird in health and song, how to tune a bird, how to teach it to perform tricks, etc., etc. It is, in fact, invaluable to bird-fanciers. It is profusely illustrated.

A Paragraph History of the United States. By Edward Abbott. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is a well-written little manual, valuable chiefly for reference, but almost indispensable on that account.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—The newspaper press, with one voice, pronounce "Peterson's Magazine" *the cheapest and best of the lady's books*. Says the Benica County (Mich.) Record, "For beauty of illustrations and genuine worth it stands unrivaled. It is the best and cheapest published." Says the Chagrin Falls (O.) Exponent:—"As to the literary contents, they get better and better. No other lady's book has such a brilliant corps of contributors. Take it all in all, it is the best for its money in the world. If you have not already subscribed for 1875, do so at once." The Sauk Rapids (Minn.) Sentinel says: "It is a marvel of cheapness as well as excellence." The Danbury (N. C.) Reporter says: "The steel engraving is alone worth the subscription price." The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says: "It is the leading fashion periodical in the country." Says the Southern (Miss.) Herald: "We don't know how so good a monthly can be afforded at the low price of two dollars per annum, but the publisher has done it for a great number of years." We could quote scores of similar eulogiums. When our friends are soliciting subscriptions, they should read some of these notices to those they are asking to join the club.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN LADIES owe their beauty to the use of Laird's "Bloom of Youth." For removing Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, it has no equal. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

NO. VII.—VARIOLA, OR SMALL-POX.

Not much can be said of this disease that will be of any peculiar advantage to mothers, and any lengthened description must be deemed out of place here.

The disease begins with chilliness and shivering, great heat, etc., violent pain in the head, and particularly in the back, and sometimes by drowsiness or stupor, delirium or convulsions.

The mother may take comfort in the fact that convulsions are rarely fatal at the commencement of any febrile disease; and here such an attack is found to be a favorable incident, when a virulose eruption is approaching. On the fourth day from the commencement of the indisposition, the eruption, begins, in the form of a small red spot, with a hard central point. The subsequent changes are a pimple to a circular vesicle, gradually flattening on the top, and next remarkably indented in the centre.

The vesicle, now about the eighth of an inch in diameter, and transparent, by the sixth day is a quarter of an inch in size, and its contents are no longer clear. By the eighth day the circular form of the pock is lost, its fluid becomes purulent, and incrustation commences, and falls on and after the fifteenth day.

Mothers need not be alarmed at the great amount of the swelling of the face and hands of their children during the eruptive stage of the disease, as it is an usual attendant, and forbodes no ill.

To be able to distinguish this disease from chicken-pox is of much comfort to the solicitous mother, which she may

readily do by observing, in the first place, that the general constitutional symptoms, such as fever, pain in the head and back, are quite light in the latter, that also the pock or pustules are of rapid growth, of large size, and more irregular in shape from the very beginning; that some even will frequently be found to change their character the day after they have first appeared, turning yellowish, and begin to dry up.

The small-pox pustule early communicates to the touch the sensation of fine shot beneath the skin; by the dimple or depression in the centre of the vesicle, and other characteristics previously mentioned.

The air should be pure and cool in the room where the little patient lies, and the body should not be heated by too many bed-clothes. High heat and stimulating food will largely increase the size and number of the pock pustules, and add to the fever and general distress. An emetic of ipecac, in the beginning, tends to render the disease mild in its course, if the after treatment is judicious.

Lemonade, or any simple acid drinks, are allowable for the common beverage. Nourishing food, but not stimulating, is required; and it is only when the fever assumes a low or typhoid character that tonics should be given, such as decoction of bark, or quinine, with dilute sulphuric acid, etc. If the eruption should suddenly recede, or the pocks sink and become very much dimpled, and rigors, convulsions, or delirium supervene, the mother must have recourse, at once, to the warm mustard water bath, sinapisms, and some stimulants, internally, and not wait till the family physician arrives. Sometimes, in delicate children, or those of weak constitutions, the tonics will be found to suffer from inflammation, and ulceration will speedily follow. These affections of the soft parts of the throat are to be taken as evidences of debility in the system, and the further progress of these symptoms (even though much fever, thirst, and delirium be present) will be immediately arrested by the adoption of those remedies for the cure of sore throat mentioned in the article on scarlatina, viz., quinine, and arom. sulphuric acid internally, and a large, hot linseed poultice around the throat externally. A depletive course, such as active purgation, antimonials, etc., will only assist the disease to prostrate the system still more, and place the child's life in the utmost jeopardy. The eyes of the child should be carefully protected during the disease, and not too much light be allowed in the chamber.

In all cutaneous or self-limited diseases, prudent regimen and nursing are the main points or essentials in a happy recovery, whilst medicines are of secondary importance.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT

FLOWERS AND HEALTH.—We have all heard what the alarmists say—that the odors of many flowers are injurious to health. But modern science teaches us that the ill-effects produced by the odors of one set of plants and flowers are balanced, perhaps quite overmatched, by the good effects of other sets. Most of us have heard of "ozone." It is one of those capital ingredients of the world that have existed from the beginning, but which have only of late years been actually recognized, and consists, in plain English, of highly electrified oxygen, the gas, when so electrified, acquiring specially good qualities in regard to the general health of mankind. Professor Montegazza, of Padua, states that certain plants and flowers, upon exposure to the rays of the sun, cause so large an increase in the quantity of ozone round about, as to be eminently conducive to a better condition of the atmosphere,—of course with the understanding that there is proper ventilation, such as will carry off the excess of purely odorous matter that may arise from them. Among these ozone manufacturers of the botanical world are the

cherry laurel (poisonous in its leaves and kernels,) the clove, lavender, mint, fennel, the lemon tree, and others; also the narcissus, the heliotrope, the hyacinth, and mignonette. Certain prepared perfumes, similarly exposed to the sunshine, add further to the atmospheric stock of ozone, the well-known Eau-de-Cologne, for instance, oil of bergamot, extract of millefleurs, essence of lavender, and some of the aromatic tinctures. The oxidation of certain essential oils obtained from plants and flowers, such as the oils of nutmeg, aniseed, thyme, and peppermint, is likewise indicated by the professor as a source of ozone, though the supply of this pleasant aerial condiment is, in the case of these, less considerable. Dr. Montegazza recommends accordingly the large and sedulous cultivation of ozone-producing plants in all districts and localities where the atmosphere is liable to be corrupted, marshy places in particular, in which last, according to Dr. Cornelius Fox, in his recent comprehensive work upon ozone, it is impossible for any better sanitary agent to be introduced than the common sunflower. This plan, happily able to make itself quite at home in the poorest cottage backyard, has been shown not only to purify the atmosphere of marshy places, removing a very decided amount of the miasmata ordinarily there engendered, but to confer the positive benefit of augmenting the quantity of ozone. People are recommended often to the seaside, or to special marine watering-places, for the sake of their reputed wealth in ozone. Should we not move a vote of thanks to the man who has shown us how to arrange for supplies upon our own premises?

THE WORK-TABLE.

ABBREVIATIONS IN CROCHET.—A subscriber asks us for the meaning of the abbreviations used in our descriptions of crochet patterns. We have frequently complied with this wish, but as the fair querist is probably a new subscriber, we give, again, the meaning of the abbreviations.

- ch. Chain-stitch.
- dch. Double chain-stitch, or braid-stitch.
- sl. Slip-stitch.
- sc. Single crochet.
- sdc. Short double crochet.
- dc. Double crochet.
- stc. Short treble crochet.
- tc. Treble crochet.
- ltc. Long treble crochet.
- m. Miss.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PRESERVES.

Blackberry Jelly.—Put the fruit in the oven, and press it through canvas, when tender. Allow rather more than three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar to one pound of fruit syrup, and boil three-quarters of an hour. This jelly is much improved by using equal quantities of bullaces and blackberries. The acid flavor of the bullace takes away the flatness of the blackberry. Put the jelly into moulds, and cover with paper in the usual way. It is more likely to turn out well after being kept a month or two than at first.

Another.—Boil together a quantity of apples, cut small, and blackberries, that are thoroughly ripe, in the proportion of one pound of blackberries to half a pound of apples. When boiled quite soft and pulpy, strain through a hair-sieve, and reboil, with half a pound of loaf sugar to each pint of juice, about half an hour. A quarter of a pint of water to every four pounds of fruit may be boiled with it to advantage.

Quince Marmalade.—Peel the quinces, quarter them, and remove the cores and pips. The quarters should be thrown into a pan of cold spring water as they are cut, to preserve the color. The quinces should then be put into a covered jar, with one quart of water to four pounds of fruit, and stewed in a slow oven for several hours, till they are quite tender, and of a bright red color. When they are thus prepared for marmalade, weigh them, and to every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of crushed loaf sugar. Put the fruit into a preserving-pan, and bring it gently to a boil, stirring frequently all the time. Continue boiling till the whole is quite soft and a smooth pulp; then add the sugar, and again bring the fruit to a boil. Continue boiling gently for twenty or twenty-five minutes. Take the pan from the fire, and paste down the marmalade in jars while hot, with double papers, care being taken to have the paste quite boiling, and to strain the papers tightly over the jar.

Siberian Crab-Apple Cheese.—Wipe the apples in a clean, dry cloth, and examine each one, to be sure that they are perfect. Any damaged ones should be cut with a fruit-knife, and only the sound part used. Put them in a covered jar, in a slow oven, till quite tender, then squeeze them through coarse canvas (called in some places "cheese-cloth,") allow three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar to one pound of pulp, and boil for half an hour, skimming well; put into moulds, and paper, as any other preserve. If the jelly is desired clear, do not squeeze the fruit. Tie the canvas over a large jug, and lay the fruit on it, letting it drain. This is wasteful, however, unless the fruit is afterward pressed and boiled separately; besides, the rich flavor of the apple-core would be wanting in the jelly.

To Prepare Beans for Winter Use.—Put as many as are wanted for immediate use into a pan, and pour hot (not boiling) water over them, enough to cover them (the salt will fall to the bottom;) lift out the beans, put them into fresh hot water three or four times, allowing them to remain in each water for about an hour, and then boil them in the ordinary way. Toward the end of the winter they will need nearly half an hour extra boiling, as the salt is apt to make them hard. A pinch of carbonate of soda added to the water they are boiled in gives them the bright green color they have when fresh.

To Preserve Asparagus.—Take away the white part, and boil the remainder for three minutes with salt and butter; then take them out and put them in cold water for an hour. Drain thoroughly, and put them by in jars or other vessels, with a sprinkling of salt, a lemon cut in slices, and vinegar and water in equal proportions. Cover them to the thickness of a penny-piece with butter that has been previously melted, and store them away in a moderately cold place.

To Preserve Peas.—Gather the peas before sunrise, shell them immediately, and throw them into boiling water; when they have had one good boil, take them off, and when cold spread them thinly over a wire sieve; place the sieve for six hours over hot wood ashes, or over a very slow charcoal fire, so as to dry them very gradually, and then put them into bottles, corking them carefully.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Liquid Glue.—An excellent liquid glue is made by dissolving glue in nitric ether. The ether will only dissolve a certain amount of glue, consequently the solution cannot be made too thick. The glue thus made is about the consistency of molasses, and is doubly as tenacious as that made with hot water. If a few bits of India-rubber, cut into scraps, be added, and the solution allowed to stand a few days, being stirred frequently, it will be all the better, and will resist damp twice as well as glue made with water.

Celery Vinegar.—Put half a pint of celery-seed into a quart of vinegar, bottle it, and in a month it will be fit for use. It must be strained before it is put in the castor-bottle.

To Loosen the Glass Stoppers of Smelling-Bottles and Decanters.—With a feather rub a drop or two of olive-oil round the stopper, close to the mouth of the bottle or decanter, which must be then placed before the fire, at the distance of a foot or eighteen inches, in which position the heat will cause the oil to spread downward between the stopper and the neck. When the bottle or decanter has grown warm, gently strike the stopper on one side, and then on the other, with a light wooden instrument; then try it with the hand. If it will not yet move, place it again before the fire, adding, if you choose, another drop of oil. After a while strike again as before; and by persevering in this process, however tightly the stopper may be fastened in, you will at length succeed in loosening it.

Polish for Furniture.—One-third of spirits of wine, one-third of vinegar, and one-third of sweet-oil; or rather more of the last. Shake the bottle well daily for three weeks; it is then fit for use, but the longer it is kept the better it is. The furniture must be rubbed till the polish is dry. Use every two or three months, and rub the furniture over daily when dusted. For dining-room tables and sideboards, use it every week; it makes them beautifully bright.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take ripe raspberries, put them in a pan, and mash them with a large wooden spoon or masher. Strain the juice through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar and one quart of vinegar. When the sugar has dissolved, place the whole over the fire in a preserving-kettle, and let it boil a minute or two, and skim it. When cold, bottle it, cork it well, and it will be fit for use.

To Dry Herbs.—They should be picked just before the plant blossoms; wash them, to free them from the dust; place them on a sieve to drain; then put them in the oven after the bread has been drawn out, and let them remain in it till they are perfectly dry. Rub them from the stalks, put them in glass jars, and cover them closely.

Pepper Vinegar.—Put the coral peppers in a bottle, and pour over vinegar enough to cover them.

To Tell Good Nutmegs.—Prick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

DRINKS.

Elder Wine.—To every quart of berries put two quarts of water; boil half an hour; run the liquor, and break the fruit through a hair-sieve. Then, to every quart of juice, put three-quarters of a pound of Lisbon sugar, coarse, but not the coarsest. Boil all together for a quarter of an hour with some Jamaica peppers, ginger, and a few cloves. Pour it into a tub, and, when of a proper warmth, into a barrel, with toast and yeast, to work—which there is more difficulty to make it do than any other liquor. When it ceases to hiss, put a quart of brandy to eight gallons of wine, and stop it. Bottle in the autumn or at Christmas. The liquor must be kept in a warm place, to make it work.

Vendov, or Milk Punch.—Pare six oranges and six lemons as thin as you can; grate them after with sugar, to get the flavor. Steep the peels into a bottle of rum or brandy, stopped close, for twenty-four hours. Squeeze the fruit on two pounds of white sugar; add to it four quarts of water and one of new milk, boiling hot; stir the rum or brandy into the above, and run it through a jelly-bag till perfectly clear. Bottle, and cork close immediately.

Lemonade Syrup.—Squeeze the juice of twelve lemons; add to it one pound of loaf sugar; pour a little boiling water over the peels; cover them close, and when cold strain it to the lemon-juice and sugar. Put the syrup in decanters, and use with ice-water in summer, or hot water in winter. One wineglassful of this to three-quarters of a tumbler of water.

Gooseberry Vinegar.—Bruise one quart of gooseberries, and let them stand for two or three days in three quarts of cold spring water which has been boiled, stirring often during the time. Pass this through a hair-sieve or bag, and put in one pound of sugar (which must be coarse) for each quart of liquid. After it is in the cask, put in a toast of yeast, and place it in a sunny spot, covering the bung-hole with some solid substance (slate, perhaps, is the best), and let it remain until it becomes properly tart, when it may be removed to the cellar.

Orange Syrup.—Select ripe and thin-skinned fruit; squeeze the juice through a sieve; to every pint add a pound and a half of powdered sugar. Boil it closely, and skim as long as any scum rises; you may then take it off, let it grow cold, and bottle it off. Be sure to secure the corks well. Two tablespoonfuls of this syrup mixed in melted butter make an admirable sauce for a plum or batter pudding, and it imparts a fine flavor to custards.

Ginger Syrup.—One pound of green ginger-root, ten pounds of sugar, two gallons of water. Cut up the root in pieces, and add to it two gallons of water; boil it till reduced to one gallon; strain it, and pour it over ten pounds of white sugar. When the sugar has dissolved, boil and skim it till no more scum rises; take it off, and when cold bottle it for use.

Lemon Syrup.—Six pounds of sugar; two quarts of water; one pint of lemon-juice. Mix the sugar and water together, and as soon as the sugar is dissolved, place it over the fire. Boil and skim it, then add the lemon-juice.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN OVER PINK SILK OR PINK LAWN.—Plain skirt edged with embroidery. The tunic is of white muslin, with an apron-front made of rows of embroidery put on as ruffles, and fastened back under the pout with a sash of pink ribbon. The body is trimmed with embroidery, and the sleeves puffed lengthwise with rich insertion between the puffs.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY MOHAIR.—The skirt is made with three plain ruffles, the upper one headed by a row of black velvet. The skirt clings closely in front, and has a small pout behind from under which fall the wide ends of the bretelles. These bretelles are made of black velvet, edged with gimp lace, both the velvet and lace on the waist being narrow. A black velvet waistband and cuff on the sleeves completes this elegant toilet.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF FOUCLARD SILK.—The under-skirt is of a pinkish mauve, the skirt at the back plain, whilst the front has four rather wide ruffles of pink mauve and blue lilac, alternately. The over-dress is of the bluish lilac tint, and has two rows of piping around the skirt at the back. The waist and sleeves are plain. The Marie Antoinette fichu is made of the bluish lilac, trimmed with Duchess lace, headed by bands of the mauve. It is long in front, with square ends, and is held down to the waist at the back by loops and ends of the two colors of the silk. Duchess lace falls over the hands. The hat is of the Trainon shape, trimmed with ribbons of the two colors of the dress.

FIG. IV.—MORNING-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN OVER PINK LAWN.—The lawn has one deep flounce of white around the bottom. The white over-dress reaches to this flounce, and is trimmed with full knots of pink ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING OR TRAVELING-DRESS OF ECRU DE BEGE.—The under-skirt is of de bege of a nut-brown color, and has a deep-plaited flounce. The over-dress and deep jacket are trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of the ecru de bege, headed by a brown mohair braid, and the jacket

has brown buttons. Brown straw hat, trimmed with brown velvet and ecru-colored feathers.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The under-skirt is of gray silk, the back widths laid in deep box-plaits, the front ornamented at the bottom with a bias band of gray silk, striped with brown. Sleeves of the gray silk. Over-dress and waist, cut in one, of summer camel's-hair, striped with brown. Pocket of plain gray silk, ornamented with a brown bow. Brown sash and collar, and trimming on the sleeve. Worsted fringe of brown and gray.

FIG. VII.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of almond-colored silk, with the back breadth of plain nut-colored silk, laid in box-plaits. The front and sides are trimmed with knife-plaitings and puffings of the almond-colored silk. The puffed back of the over-dress is of the nut-brown silk, and the front of the almond-colored, trimmed with three bias bands of the brown silk, to simulate the apron. The jacket is of the almond color made with a vest front of the nut-colored silk.

FIG. VIII.—MADRAS PLAID OVER-DRESS OF BLUE AND GRAY.—The sash and trimming down the front, and of the cuirass, is of blue silk.

FIG. IX.—FOULARD SILK OVER-DRESS OF WHITE AND VIOLET PLAID.—The sides at the back are shirred. The sleeveless basque is of the violet silk, with a foulard vest front and pocket. Foulard sash.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give a beautiful summer fichu of white net, trimmed with Malines, or other softly-alling lace, and a violet and white twilled silk fichu, trimmed with a fringe. Either of these are very becoming to slender figures. The two hats are also of the newest styles; but only two varieties out of myriads.

Summer always brings out charming toilettes in thin, vapory materials, which, though they look so inexpensive, sadly belie their appearance. White muslins, organdies, lawns, batistes, besides innumerable grenadines, and other thin, silky materials, are only simple at the first glance. The ruffings and the puffings, and the silk under-dresses, all make the summer toilet a somewhat costly affair.

Many ladies now use the delicate pink, blue, or violet law (s plain ones of course) in the place of silk, for slips under their dresses.

Plaitings, and especially marguerite plaitings, which are as fine and as closely laid as the petals of that flower, and look like crimping, are decidedly the favorite trimmings at present. The long tablier reaching to the foot, has abolished wide flounces on the skirt, it being found that two narrow plaitings on the front and side breadths, and several rows on the back breadths, form a more effective trimming. These plaitings are sometimes sewn by machine, but they are better with flat hems held by blind stitches. Sometimes the raw edge of the silk is merely turned up once and secured by what is called "cut stitching;" but, at any rate, the plaits should be always pressed flatly and left to flare open; if they are deeper than the eighth of a yard, they should be caught by a thread in the centre on the wrong side. Plaitings are also intermixed with fronces—or, as these are called sometimes, drawings, gatherings, or shirrings; but, with all this multiplicity of names, they are nothing more nor less than the material drawn up into a wrinkle by means of threads run through it, each from half to three-quarters of an inch apart. A strip of the material, from four to eight inches wide, is used for these gatherings.

The bodices that are made with five seams at the back, and without curved side-pieces, are gaining ground with the public. The seams each side of the one in the centre of the back commence, as a matter of course, on the top of the shoulder; they are held in position by slender whalebones, which are carried to the end of the three centre seams. The difference between the Joan of Arc bodice and the cuirass (both of which are popular,) is that the former is slightly

hollowed out, or describes somewhat of a curve, whilst the latter is straight all round.

Black silk guipure is again in fashion. Those who possess deep guipure flounces can utilize them advantageously by mounting them on stiff net, and without any fullness, in rows one close to the other. This makes a charming Spanish tunic or tablier, which can be worn over a variety of dresses; the sleeveless bodice is also cut out in net and covered with piece-guipure. Guipure is used in the same manner over white silk, and can be worn thus over light silk dresses.

Straw fringes are in vogue for trimming light dresses, and several stylish ball toilettes are ornamented with black ribbon velvet embroidered with straw.

Skirts are now bordered inside with narrow flounces of Swiss or Madeira work, and with cambric plaitings, edged with Valenciennes lace. These additions to the lining of a skirt are called *balais* or sweeping-brooms. Formerly they were only to be seen on ball-dresses, but now they are added to most skirts with trains and demi-trains. Black silk stockings are more fashionable than any others just at present, and there is great variety in them; some are open-worked, some are studded all over with flowerets of various hues, and some are of two widely-contrasting colors, the leg being violet and the foot white, with fine violet stripes; in others, on the contrary, the foot is scarlet, and the leg alternate stripes of scarlet and white. These silk stockings are worn under shoes with high heels and fancy buckles, and they generally correspond in some measure with the toilet worn at the time.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—LITTLE BOY'S COSTUME OF DARK GRAY DE BEGE.—The skirt is made plain in front, and laid in deep kilt plaitings at the sides and back. Jacket of the same material, and trimmed, like the front of the skirt, with gimp ornaments.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.—Mantle of black silk, trimmed with gimp embroidery and fringe.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS.—The petticoat is of blue and white striped percale; the over-dress of two shades of the percale in stripes.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.

FIG. V.—BOY'S HIGHLAND DRESS.—Full kilt skirt, jacket and vest of Scotch plaid. Stockings and cap.

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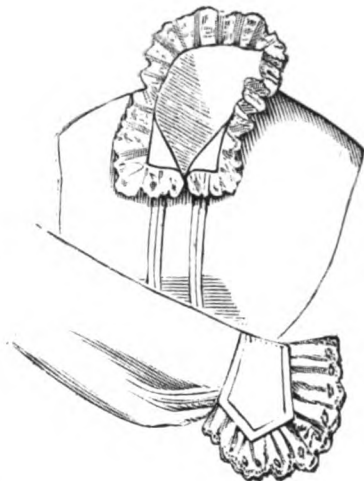


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LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

[See the Story.]



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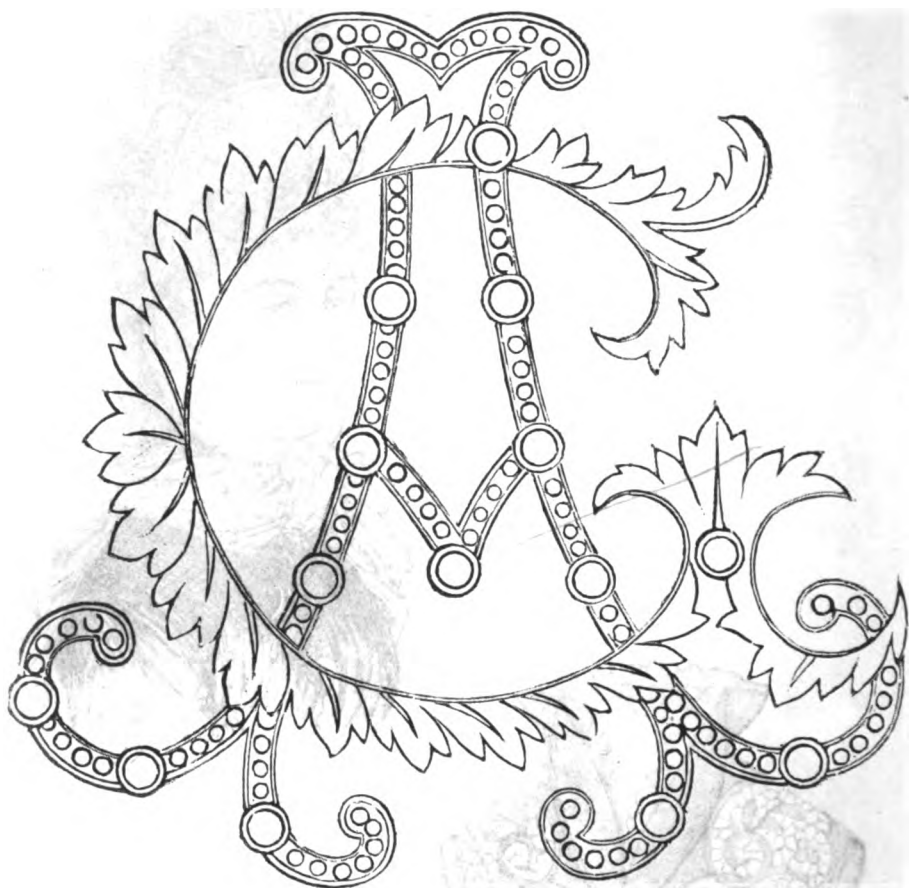
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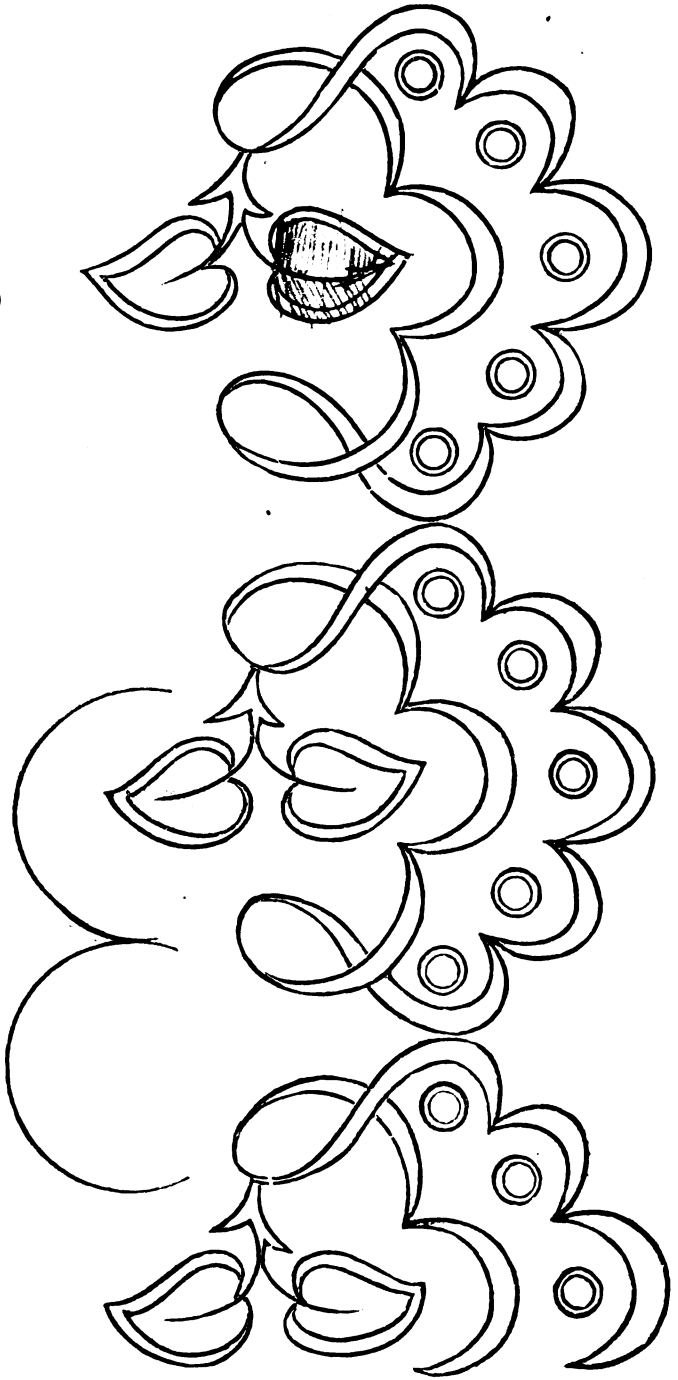


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INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE. NAME FOR MARKING.

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EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL WITH COTTON. NAME FOR MARKING.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT,

OR

"YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY."

MOTTO SONG.

ROWLAND HOWARD.

Moderato.

PIANO.

f

When a child I liv'd at Lin - coln, with my
As years roll'd on I grew to be, a
When I ar - rived at man - hood, I em -
Then 'I stud - ied strict e - con - o - my, and
I'm mar - ried now and hap - py, I've a

pa - rents at the farm, The les - sons that my moth - er taught, to
mis - chief mak - ing boy, De - struc - tion seem'd my on - ly sport, it
bark'd in pub - lic life, And found it was a rug - ged road, be -
found to my sur - prise, My funds in - stead of sink - ing, ver - y
care - ful lit - tle wife, We live in peace and har - mo - ny, de -

me were quite a charm, She would oft - en take me on her knee when
was my on - ly joy, And well do I re - mem - ber, when
strewn with care and strife; I spec - u - la - ted fool - ish - ly, my
quick - ly then did rise, I grasp'd each chance and al - ways struck the
void of care and strife, For - tune smiles up - on us, we have

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've
oft times well chas-tised, How - fa - ther sat be - side me then and
loss-es were se - vere, But still a ti - ny lit - tle voice kept
i - ron while 'twas hot, I seiz'd my op - por - tu - ni - ties and
lit - tle chil-dren three, The les - son that I teach them, as they

heard my moth-er say
thus has me ad-vis'd
whisp'-ring in my ear
nev - er once for - got
prat - tle 'round my knee

Waste not, want not, is a max - im I would teach,

Let your watchword be despatch, and practice what you preach, Do not let your chances, like

sunbeams pass you by, For you nev - er miss the wat - er till the well runs dry.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1875.

No. 2.

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

BY ADDIE F. VAN KEUREN.

NODDING shyly in the soft June wind that comes tripping up from the meadows, where, all day long, it has been toying with the fresh clover-blossom, the sweet June roses literally cover the fairy arbor, in which I am lounging, and as I watch their changing colors, pink and white, and deep, deep red, and catch their faint fragrance, my thoughts go backward to a morning years ago, when they coquetted yet more gayly, and we, Cousin Kate and I, sat idly chatting of a picnic we had had the day before.

"Picnics are so stupid, Nellie! You don't mean me to believe you like them?" laughed she, at last, raising her dark-brown eyes to mine and plucking a deep red rose, that, bolder than the others, had pushed its bright face far in through the lattice-work, and rested on the soft, brown hair.

"Like them? Of course I do. You must remember, Coz, that I am not the city belle who has been everywhere, and seen everything, that you are. But didn't you like Dick Lee? Now I imagined——"

"That I did," with a gleam of even teeth showing through the coral lips at the very thought. "Why, as to that, one must have some amusement, and as nothing else appeared, I was compelled, in self-defence to—— Why, Mr. Lee, where did you come from? How long have you been standing here?"

Turning as she spoke, I thought I saw a pained look in the deep, gray eyes, but lounging forward with his usual ease, the new comer said, as he took her offered hand,

"Only to hear the joyful tidings that you must have some amusement. I came over to ask you to go riding with me, ladies. Will that be sufficiently amusing, Miss Kate?"

I declined, but she accepted the invitation; and gathering her lace draperies more closely about her, she placed the rose she held, in her hair,

and taking my arm, went up to the house to don her riding-dress. Dick and I stood chatting in the porch, waiting for her; and presently she came down in her graceful dark-green habit, with a dash of scarlet at the throat, the wide-brimmed hat, with its long, black ostrich feather drooping on her shoulder, and the red rose still clinging to her hair, and they went off together.

"Well," I soliloquized, with a deep breath of relief, "he didn't hear what she said, after all."

And I was rather glad of it, too, for Dick was one of my prime favorites. Then looking over the stretch of meadow-land and clustering orchards to the distant hill, and the gray towers and turrets of the house where he had lived alone since his mother died, I dreamed a very pleasant dream, with Dick for hero, and Kate for heroine.

The sun's last rays were dancing with the flowers, and weird shadows were stalking through the meadow-grass, e'er up the quiet country-road came the two figures of whom I was dreaming: Kate, on her slender, snowy pony, and he on the great, black steed that was the pride of the country round.

Her eyes were flashing with excitement, and redder than ten thousand rubies smiled the beautiful lips; and as he rode away, I noticed a red rose in his button-hole.

Kate saw where my glance rested, and said, laughingly,

"He asked me for it, Nellie, and, of course, I couldn't be so impolite as to refuse it."

For answer, I sang, half under my breath,

"She had two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she's fooling thee!"

After that, as the days went on, and the meadows were "Sweet with the breath of the new-mown hay," when the corn grew tall and taller, and its tassels swung in the evening wind,

Cousin Kate still lingered with us—and Dick Lee.

Almost every day there were rides through the quiet country roads, where the red strawberries stained the grass on either side, and the graceful ivy climbed, and swung, and tangled; or walks through the woods, for ferns or wild-flowers, or Scotch-caps; and Kate and he would come sauntering in, and part at last with a lingering good-by upon the porch. And I noticed how the rose upon her cheek would brighten at his coming, and the brown eyes weigh down with the great joy that had grown in them.

One evening, Kate and I were sitting on the steps together, watching the sail-boats as they glided up and down the little river, just showing above the apple-trees. She sat, with that rapt, far away look of hers, gazing up to the silvery clouds where the moon was floating. Suddenly, a teasing voice rang up out of the shadows, singing that quaint little ballad,

"She sat in the door on one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind sigh, and to look at the moon,
So pensive was Kathleen, my dear little Kathleen—
My Kathleen *Monroe*!"

"Well, Mr. Impudence," said she, laughing and blushing, as Dick Lee came up. "I thought I bade you good-by, for this evening, half-an-hour ago. Who gave you permission to come back again?"

His eyes rested very fondly on the "dainty maiden," in her soft, white trailing-dress, with its rare lace at neck and arms, on the lilies drooping from her hair, and the spray of roses on her bosom, then he said, flinging himself down on the steps beside us, with a little bitterness in the gay voice, too,

"Well, you see, I knew my day would be over to-morrow. Whom do you think I met in the village this evening? I came up to tell you. Capt. Husted, Nellie."

"Hurrah!" laughed Kate, before I could reply. "Now that will be splendid! I met the brave young captain in town, last winter, and am almost in love with him already. How glad I am!"

"There!" said he, shaking his head at me, in mock despair. "Didn't I tell you so? I suppose I shall have to 'hang myself,' after this, both literally and figuratively. Well, good-night once again. He says he will be up in the morning," and, bending over Kate's hand, he touched it lightly with his lips, and was gone.

Next morning brought the captain sure enough. There had been a rain-storm in the night, and after breakfast Kate proposed that we should replace the honey-suckle upon the porch which had been partly blown down.

Laughingly refusing papa's proffers of assist-

ance, who said she'd "surely fall and break her neck," she sprang upon the low stone railing, and began busily to replace it. Some of the sprays were broken, and taking them off, she stuck them in her hair to get them out of the way, as she said, till at last, there were so many, her beautiful face looked out from a perfect wreath of blossoms. She was standing, poised upon one slender slippered foot, striving to reach an unruly branch that swung tantalizingly near her upstretched hand, her cherry lips half-parted in her eagerness. The sleeves of her white merino wrapper, which were large and flowing, had fallen back, showing the snowy arms, bare almost to the shoulder, when a merry voice behind us called,

"Don't move, I beg you, Miss Monroe! My kingdom for a pencil and a piece of paper!"

"Capt. Husted!" I ejaculated, in dismay.

"Well, does that mean that you aren't glad to see me, Miss Nellie?" asked he, as he gave his hand to Kate to help her down. "What are you doing, ladies?"

"I'm sure that's very plainly to be seen," snapped Kate, her politeness quite swallowed up in chagrin, that he should have thus "taken her unawares," trying meanwhile to remove the vines still bound around her head.

"We came out to re-train this vine, and were having such a nice time. You see we didn't expect you so early."

And as she said this ruefully, Kate gave a spiteful twitch to a spray that would stay in her hair, and not content with that insisted upon standing upright like an Indian's plume from the topmost braid, in a most distressingly ungraceful attitude.

You know they tell us that if you put on an article of dress "inside out," everything will go wrong all day. Whether something of that sort had occurred or not, I cannot say; but certain it was, Kate's misfortunes were not yet ended, for when at last she had detached it with an impatient "there!" down with it came pins and ribbons, and her beautiful hair, unloosed, swung in a heavy mass far below her slender waist.

"That's for being cross!" laughed the captain, looking down in her brown eyes, with his merry black ones. "If you hadn't been no naughty, *ma chère*, it never would have happened. Now say that you are glad to see me, and let me tie this 'bonny blue ribbon' about this 'bonny brown hair.'"

Kate was a flirt, naturally, so she laughed and bowed her head, and Dick Lee coming up the walk just then saw Capt. Husted twine the ribbon about the glossy hair, and tie it upon one

side with a true-lover's knot; saw her fasten a spray of honey-suckle in his button-hole, as payment for his success in the hair-dressing line, as she said; and, turning, went back over the hills with his great New Foundland dog, that Kate had named for him, by his side.

"What are you looking at so seriously?" asked she, at last, turning from the captain.

"Why, there goes Mr. Lee," I said, with extraordinary innocence. "I thought he was coming here; but he stopped and looked at us, and then he must have changed his mind, for he turned back again."

For an instant, there was a troubled look in the sweet brown eyes; then she said, merrily,

"I'm sure I'm glad of it. The captain is quite as much as I can manage."

After that, there were more rides, and sails, and rambles, only now it was Capt. Husted who spoke lingering good-byes upon the porch, who brought her flowers day by day, or talked nonsense under the moonlight. Sometimes Dick would join us; but we did not enjoy it as of old: for Kate and he were sure to quarrel before the evening was half over, or else she would talk with stinging sweetness of how beautifully the captain rode, or sang, or did whatever else appeared upon the tapis, with perhaps a slight allusion to some of their old walks. For instance, "We went up by the old mill to-day. Do you know, I think it's prettier than it used to be. But then" (reflectively) "to be sure the captain was there, to point out its beauties, and, of course, that makes a difference." All of which was, doubtlessly, very pleasant for Dick to hear, till I think she convinced him that she was about the most heartless girl he knew, and so the days passed on.

Autumn came at last. The harvest had been gathered in, and instead of the pink and white blossoms that were wreathed upon the graceful boughs when Cousin Kate came, great apples, rosy-red, and golden, always with a bright cheek turned to the glowing sun, were swinging, lazily in the hazy air; and Kate began to talk of going home.

One chilly night, we, "the young folks," including Capt. Husted, and, for a wonder, Dick, gathered in the sitting-room. A fire had been kindled in the wide, old fire-place, and as the flames leaped up, and blazed, and sparkled, Capt. Husted drew his easy-chair a trifle nearer to the blaze, and said,

"Whether it is the fire-light, or because Miss Kate goes home to-morrow, I must acknowledge that I do feel wonderfully sentimental. Lee, won't you give us a piece of poetry? This half light is just the thing for it. Oblige me, won't you?"

Dick half started, when the captain spoke of Kate's departure, for this was the first that he had heard of it; but when he ended, there was a moment's silence. Then fixing his gray eyes steadily upon her face, and with a bitterness apparently uncalled for in his voice, Dick quoted,

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Of me you shall not win renown.
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, e'er you went to town.
At me you smiled, but, unbeguiled,
I saw the snare, and I retired;
The daughter of a hundred earls,
You are not one to be desired!"

Kate was lounging in a low, easy-chair, close in the firelight, and by its glimmer, I could see her whiten to her very lips, as the remorseless voice went on,

"Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find;
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I!"

I thought he would never end, and Kate kept growing whiter, until I wondered if she would faint outright, and the captain thus discover the real meaning of the quotation. But, presently, Kate was Kate again, and stretching out one pretty foot until it rested on the fender, she apparently tried to smother a well-bred yawn, changed her position lazily, and looking over to the captain, "smiled him into the seventh heaven of delight," and raising one white hand to her head, where it sank half-buried in her soft brown hair, she waited for the poem to end.

"A true wail of the jilted!" she laughed, as Dick finished. "Now, I don't like that style of poetry. Probably he flirited just as much as she, only he wouldn't own it!"

"Yes, Lee," broke in the captain. "That's a deucedly uncomfortable piece of poetry. It quite takes away my sentimentality—makes me feel as if I'd like to fight that girl's brother, if she had one. But then, ladies," with a deeper tone in his honest voice, "if all women were like you, that poem would never have been written."

With a bitter half-laugh, Dick rose and walked over to the fire-place, and turning, looked down at Kate beside him.

"So you are going home to-morrow?" he said.

"Yes. Arn't you glad?" looking up in his face, with that rare smile of hers.

"No, and, yes," he said. "Good-evening, and farewell!" and apparently forgetting that there was any one else in the room, he vent his way.

"Was there ever anything so romantic as that parting? 'No, and, yes. Good-evening, and fare-

well," laughed Kate, waltzing up and down the room, to a little air that she was singing.

"Lee is certainly either crazy, or has been jilted," asserted the captain, as he rose to make his adieux. "I will not say 'farewell,' my friend; for I look forward to many happy meetings in town, next winter. So—*au revoir*."

Thus went both of Kate's summer lovers, and next day the old house seemed robbed of all its life, and half its beauty, for Kate's dainty hand had waved a last good-by from over the distant meadow, after a solemn promise to spend the next summer with us. Glancing carelessly toward the hill, with a thought of Dick's conduct the night before, I saw him standing on a little knoll of his, that overlooked the distant village road, down which Kate was rapidly disappearing.

His dog was lying on the grass beside him, and with his hat off, and one hand shading his eyes, he was gazing, I could imagine how eagerly, after the departing carriage. There he stood, till the "nut-brown shadows" in the hollows grew deeper and deeper, and fair twilight, with her crown of silver stars, drew her veil, over the meadows, and the old house, and the quiet spell-bound figure, and hid them from my sight.

Judging from her letters, Kate Monroe, at home, was a very different person from "Cousin Kate," at the country homestead.

From time to time, too, vague rumors of her beauty, and her wit, and her great popularity reached us; how this lion and that had gone down before her beauty. Senators, literary men, and scores of others, were added to her list of victims; but Kate, they all agreed, was still heart-free.

To be sure, there was a certain captain, who was always near her, and though, report said, she appeared to smile upon him, it averred that so did she upon a hundred others. And with various tidings of, and from her, the winter passed, and Dick Lee was as intimate a friend as ever at our house.

At last the "wind, and cloud, and changing skies" of March were over, and the soft hand of Spring had sown the hillocks with "violets, blue as her eyes," where of late the snow had lain in unsightly heaps; then the apple-blossoms showered down upon the grass their pink and pearly petals; and then came June, with her roses, and her soft blue skies, and with June, Kate.

"You have not changed one bit, Kathie," said I, giving her a school-girlish hug, upon the porch, "only grown handsomer."

"Tut, child, you mustn't be so complimentary. I have heard enough of that, all winter. I came

up here for a respite," and she looked down at me, with a half-weary look in her sweet brown eyes. "How cool and quiet it seems up here! And your roses are in bloom. Come up stairs, while I take off this heavy traveling-dress, and I'll tell experiences."

And arm-in-arm, we went up to her room, together.

"Well!" she said, as she lounged back, when dressed, with her light silk falling gracefully about her, and her soft, jeweled hand toying with her bracelets, "this is solid comfort. I should like to stay here forever."

"What about the captain, Kate?" asked I, at last. "You haven't said much about him, lately."

The sweet face grew troubled, and she toyed uneasily with the bracelet on her arm.

"Last night, he asked me to be his wife. I flirted with him, last summer. I don't suppose you noticed; but it made him think I liked him, and he told me so."

"Then you have refused him."

"Yes, of course." She glanced quickly up at me, then looked down again. "I ain't going to flirt any more, Nellie. I've had enough of it."

By-and-by Kate said, "I am going to the arbor to see if it looks like old times. Will you come?"

Just then I saw Dick Lee coming up the walk in front of the house. A happy thought struck me. "No, my dear," I answered. "I have some household matters to look after."

I took care she did not approach the window, and conducted her myself to the back-door, down stairs, from which the path led to the rose-bower at the foot of the garden. Then I hurried to the front-door, where Dick, by this time, had arrived.

"I am busy, just now," I said; "but an old friend of yours is in the garden. Go and pay your respects to her, and by that time I shall be disengaged."

Dick understood me, and hurried off. He soon overtook Kate.

"Why, Mr. Lee," she cried, in unaffected surprise, and then her eyes fell, and the color rose to her cheeks, and wholly against her will, deepened and deepened, till brow, and neck, and face were crimson. She was glad, when, soon after, they reached the arbor, and she could sit down, for her limbs trembled under her.

"You are not well," said poor, innocent Dick. "You have been sick, haven't you, and are still weak? You tremble."

Forced to dissemble, Kate made a feeble effort to laugh, and said,

"Oh, no! But I think a thorn has run into

my instep." She wore slippers. "I must have stepped against some branch of a rose-bush trailing in the ground."

She had not made matters better. On the contrary, she was getting more and more entangled, if she did but know it.

"Let me see," said Dick, stooping down.

She blushed, hesitated a moment, and then shyly put out her foot.

"I can find no thorn," said Dick. He had taken the dear little foot reverently in his hand, and scrutinized it carefully, his heart beating, all the while, like a sledge-hammer.

Kate drew the foot impatiently away. "I must have been mistaken," she said.

Dick rose and stood before her. Her embarrassment, her slight pettishness, her whole manner puzzled him. Then a sudden light broke upon him.

"Kate! Why, Kate," he cried, "can it be? Have you, indeed, been mistaken? I—I mean—about something else."

She lifted her eyes, beaming with love, for answer; and the next moment she was clasped to his heart.

Hour after hour of the bright afternoon slipped away, and at last, when the purple sunlight came, and the stars began to twinkle, Dick and Kate strolled up the garden-walk together.

"What has been the matter, Kate?" I said, as they came up the steps, with very conscious faces. "What kept you so long?"

"Matter?" she repeated, looking down, with a proud humility, as unusual to her as it was becoming. Then, with an upward glance at Dick, and with one of her arch looks, she said, laughing softly, "I think the matter was 'Love Among the Roses!'"

MERCY'S PLEA.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

Wouldst thou a sinful soul redeem,
And lead the erring back to God;
A guardian-angel wouldst thou seem,
To one who long in guilt hath trod?
Go kindly to him, take his hand,
And gently press it in your own,
And by his side a brother stand,
Till thou the demon sire dethrone!

He still is human, and will yield,
Like snow beneath the torrid ray;
And his strong heart, though doubly steeled,
Will to the words of love give way!
He had a mother! and he felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek;
And by her knee at evening knelt,
The prayer of innocence to speak!

A mother! ay, and who shall say,
Though deep in sin he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day,
Which filled him at her sainted knee.
No guilt so utter e'er became
But 'mid it we some good might find,
And Virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.
Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him, in kindest, gentlest mood,
That thou the strayed one back may lead
To hope, to Heaven, and to God!
Thou art thyself but mortal; thou
As prone, perchance, to fall as he!
Then "mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee!"

SHEAVES.

BY N. R. STEVENS.

A sad autumnal sky—a twilight sky,
All colorless and gray;
A low wind whispering through the withered grass,
And wandering away;
Bare trees—save for a handful of brown leaves;
A quiet reaper, resting with her sheaves—
How poor they seem! how few, how worthless all!
Ah, for another Spring!
Or if the Summer, late and cold at best,
Might come again, and bring
The light and warmth that best matures the grain,
Before the frost falls and the latter rain!

And yet He knows, and judges all aright:
Some by the wayside sell;
Some came to naught; and some the birds devoured,
And He alone can tell
What bitter chance or circumstance decreed
The utter failure of the cherished seed.
But it may be in a diviner air,
Transfigured and made pure,
The harvest that we deemed as wholly lost
Waits perfect and mature:
And the faint heart that now defeated grieves,
May yet stand smiling 'mid abundant sheaves.

"THE TIDE ON THE MOANING BAR."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 40.

I SHALL never understand how it was possible that, through the long weeks that followed, a mother could be so carelessly blind as Mrs. Clangarthe showed herself. She seemed to enjoy life as much as ever; she was as sweet-tempered and ready to be amused with trifles; she played hostess at the gay little suppers, and angled for Sir Denis in seeming unconsciousness of the change in the pretty, young face, hitherto so cloudlessly bright. It made my heart ache to watch this change as it grew. It was no longer the face that had smiled down on Mr. Jack from the stair-case. There was a feverish trouble in its eyes; its very smiles were feverish. I cannot describe the dumb pain and look of inward misery that took the place of the old light-heartedness.

But the girl said very little, though she grew paler every day. She bore up against her trouble, almost defiantly, trying to make herself pretty in her lover's eyes, pretending to be gay, and even trying to tolerate Sir Denis. But she could not deceive me. My love for her had made my old eyes too quick. I think, too, that she understood this, for it was only before me that she ever gave in, and sometimes, when she was with me, she seemed to break down, though she tried hard to make light of it, and always did it with a wretched ghost of a smile on her pale lips.

"Sir Denis was too much for me, to-night," she would say, sometimes. "And—and, I have a headache. It makes me look pale, I dare say. Do I look pale, Mrs. Mallon?" trying to laugh. "I feel pale."

But the time came when she ceased even trying to laugh, and would come to me, looking as white as death, trembling and crying.

"Don't tell," she would say. "Don't tell. I am not well, you know; and Lady Medora has been bothering again. Let me have my cry out, and then I shall be better."

I cannot put into words the horror of slow fear which grew upon me. I could not bear to think of it, and fought against it bitterly, trying to think it quite natural that her girlish troubles should make her hysterical, and nervous; but at last I began to see a change in Mr. Jack, and this change crushed all my hopes. I began to

see that he was getting tired of his amusement; and I knew him so well that I recognized the alteration as soon as it came about; as soon as Miss Lina herself did. He began to try to avoid her, as if by accident at first, but more openly in the course of time. In the end, day after day passed by, in which he never entered their rooms.

I wakened earlier than usual one morning, and, after dressing, went to my window to look out, as I had a habit of doing. The fog was just clearing away, and, as my eyes became accustomed to the then floating mist, I glanced accidentally toward the Moaning Bar. Two figures were standing near the rocks together. It did not need a second glance to tell me whose they were. I knew them, in an instant; one by its attitude, the other by the scarlet jacket and long, falling hair. It was Lina Clangarthe and Mr. Jack!

He was lounging carelessly against a rock, when I looked, and she seemed to be speaking to him passionately, wildly, desperately. She was holding out her hands, and clasping and wringing them as she talked; and he was listening without a gesture, simply listening and watching her.

My heart gave one fierce bound, and fairly stood still. For a moment it seemed that I scarcely breathed, and then I drew back behind the curtain, praying aloud,

"Lord, have mercy upon her! Oh, Lord, have mercy upon her!" I cried.

It was all over, when I looked again. Mr. Jack had sauntered away, and Lina was walking rapidly along the beach, toward the street. She was walking hurriedly, and seemed to steady her slight, girlish figure with some difficulty. But she was not crying, and there was not a tear in her eyes, when, a few moments later, she came into the room.

"I have been out walking with Mr. Lowther," she said, in a strange, steady voice. "And we have had a bit of a quarrel, Mrs. Mallon. Lovers always have their little quarrels, don't they?"

She had seated herself at the window when she entered, and she was sitting there as she spoke, and the minute the words were out of

her mouth, she turned suddenly, and looked at me.

"If you had been at the window, you might have seen us," she said, watching me keenly. "I did not know before that any of these windows fronted the Moaning Bar so directly."

"I think I did see you," I answered, as calmly as possible. "But my old eyes are not as young as they used to be, and I might be mistaken."

That seemed to satisfy her, and for awhile, she sat silent; but at last she spoke again.

"I am rather low-spirited, this morning," she said. "Quarrels always make me miserable. I don't think I am as strong as I used to be. I wish life wasn't so long. I was thinking, this morning, it would be an easy sort of a way to end it, out there on the Moaning Bar, when the tide comes in."

She spoke so deliberately and meditatively, that I was startled into making a slight exclamation,

"Why, Miss Lina!" I cried out.

She started a little, looked up at me, and laughed, faintly.

"Why not?" she said. "It would be easy enough if one had the courage; and it wouldn't need much. The tide sweeps round the Bar so suddenly. And then there is no help, and one wouldn't need courage. Don't be frightened, though, Mrs. Mallon! I am not going to drown myself. I am too fond of life for that; besides, I want to make up with Jack." And she laughed again.

I was blind enough then to be deceived by her light manner, but I thought of her words afterward, and remembered, too, her little shudder, when she said, "And then there would be no help."

After that came a change again, stranger and more deceptive than the last. She regained her spirits too rapidly to seem natural; she never said anything against Sir Denis, and was even extravagantly gay in his presence. Her mother was fairly delighted, and exerted herself to her utmost, in the matter of dressing her, and making her appear to advantage. They gave the little suppers two or three times a week, and at such times, from my room, I could hear Lina's feverish laugh ringing out above everything. She had never seemed so reckless and light-hearted, and, as the guests passed out of the house, I often caught snatches of conversation among the men, which showed me that even those who had known her the longest were dazzled afresh, and puzzled a little.

But Mr. Jack's attentions were gradually fall-

ing off. His unceremonious visits were growing fewer and farther between. I was astonished to find that this did not seem to trouble Lina much, and was so far bewildered that I began to falter again. She did not contrive plans to meet him any longer; and when, by accident, they encountered each other on the stairs, or in the hall, she would give him a careless little nod, or a careless speech, and pass on as coolly as she might have done in the first days of their acquaintance. But one evening, after she had passed him so, and the hall-door had closed upon him as he went out, I heard her feet flag somewhat in their passage up the stair-case, and in a moment more there came to my listening ears the dull, dead thud of a heavy fall.

There was no other sound, nothing but the fall, and, strange to say, no one seemed to hear it but myself; and hurrying out, I found lying on the mat, at the foot of the stairs, Lina Clangarthe, in a dead faint, her white face like a stone.

I went to the kitchen-door, and, calling one of the servants as quietly as possible, made her help me to carry the prostrate figure into my room, and lay it on my sofa.

"Don't say anything to the others," I commanded the girl. "It is nothing but a faint, and would only alarm Mrs. Clangarthe unnecessarily."

I sent her away before the poor child's eyes were open, and then I set myself to work to restore her alone. But, before I began, I closed the door. I think it must have been half an hour before she knew me, and when the great, speechful, gray eyes unclosed, they turned upon me in an agony, needing not a word to express itself. It seemed to me as if I could not bear it. I thought my heart would burst.

"You fell down stairs, and fainted, my dear," I said, as cheerfully as I could. "I suppose your foot slipped."

She did not utter a sound, only looked at me, and then, all at once, at the door, as if she was frightened.

"Yes, my dear," I answered, for I guessed what she was thinking of. "Yes, my dear, it's locked. You see I thought there was no need to alarm the household, and frighten your mamma. It was only a faint, and you will be over it soon. You are almost over it now, only, of course, you feel weak, and tired, and don't want to talk. Take a little of this wine, and then I will sit down, and you shall try to sleep."

She took the wine, but her poor hands trembled so that I had to hold the glass to her lips. She did not speak even then, and, after she had

swallowed it, she slipped down on to the sofa-cushion, with her white, young face upon her arm, and her long hair half-hiding it as she lay.

As for me, I set the wineglass aside, and went back to my seat at the window, which faced the Moaning Bar.

For two long hours I sat there with my work, looking out at the sea, and now and then glancing round at the helpless young face on the sofa. During those two hours this figure never stirred, but lay there without a movement, the white face half hidden by the heavy, loose hair. The silence was so heavy and terrible, and the time so long, in its dull, dragging by, that I could scarcely bear it. If I could only have helped her; if I could only have said one word of motherly comfort to her, I should have thanked God for it to the last day of my life. If this was only a girl's heartache, it was a bitter one, indeed, and one that called for tender words and comfort; but if it was worse, there were no words that human tongue could utter, that could be too full of pity and prayer for this young creature, in her desolate strait.

I got up from my chair, at last, and went to her, kneeling down by her side, and touching her hair softly,

"Are you asleep, Miss Lina?" I asked.

She stirred a little, but she did not look up, as she answered,

"No."

"Do you feel better?" I said, falteringly. "Fainting-fits are troublesome things, my dear; but there is not much danger in them, you know. I hope——"

I stopped there, because I could say no more. It seemed as if the spell upon her was broken, for she was beginning to shiver and tremble, and in a minute she was clinging to the cushion with both her little hands, sobbing in a wild, gasping, choking way.

"Oh, Mrs. Mallon!" she cried out, again and again, "if you only knew what is in my heart to-night; if you only knew what is in my heart to-night! If you only—only—knew!"

I was trembling all over, myself, and crying, too, though I tried hard to speak quietly, as I stroked her hair, and patted her shoulder to soothe her.

"Tell me, my love," I said. "Tell me, if you can, and I will try to help you. I am an old woman, my dear, and the Lord may show me how I might help you best. The Lord never fails us, you know, my dear."

But she had lost all hope of controlling herself. She only sobbed, and gasped, and panted, with her hand clenched hard against her heart.

"There is no help for me," she cried out. "There is no help. There is nothing but death! Nothing but death! Nothing but death and despair."

The tide had come in, and gone down again into the darkness, long before she was still; and then it was time for her to go up stairs, for Mrs. Clangarthe was inquiring for her. She got up from the sofa, pale as death, and, with a strange, hollow look about her eyes. She had worn her wild grief out, but she had not uttered a word that might tell me surely whether my terrible fear had any foundation or not.

She gave a glance at herself as she passed the mirror, and when she reached the door, she turned, all of a sudden, in a wild, nervous way,

"You are not like other people," she said.

"You are better, some way. I wish you were my mother."

I wonder if the people, who are used to reading stories, can guess how this one of mine is going to end. I wonder, too, if the most experienced of them would not have started, as I did that night, on hearing Lina Clangarthe's laugh ring out among the voices in the room above. I think they would, and yet I did hear it. I heard it, threading through the bursts of merriment that came from the two or three of her father's fellow officers, who were his guests for the evening, and as I heard it, I trembled. She was talking to them, and even rattling off gay little French songs for them, one after the other. She was filling the whole drawing-room with her mirth.

Sir Denis was there, too, one of the servants told me, and she was drawing him on, and dazzling him with her daring flashes of wit. And, toward the end of the evening, Mr. Jack came in, and went up stairs to join the party; and a few minutes later, to my bewilderment, I heard her laughing and jesting with him too.

They were always gay enough, and sometimes a trifle boisterous in that light-hearted way of theirs; but I had never heard them so merry as they seemed to be this night. Peal after peal of laughter came down the stair-case to my room.

"It's Miss Lina is making them laugh so," explained the major's man. "Sure it's in high spur'ts she is in this evenin'. The ould fell'ys is holdin' their sides wid the fun in her. It's be-yutiful she looks, too, Misthress Mallon, wid a color like a rose, and a light in her eye like foire, an me Lady Medora's ould dress lookin' new on her. Ah, but it's Sir Diunis is the lost boy, intirely."

Barregan was just like the rest of the servants; he fairly adored Miss Lina, and noticed her

every mood, with as great an interest as if she had been a child of his own. The queer, careless ways of the family extended even to their free-and-easy intercourse with their servants.

It was later than usual when the company dispersed, perhaps because they had enjoyed themselves so well. I had sat in my room, for hours, listening, and wondering, and fearing, by turns, and was just setting Mr. Jack's parlor to rights, and bolting the shutters before going to bed, when I heard Sir Denis and Mr. Jack himself come out, Miss Lina following them on to the landing to have a last word. The parlor was quite dark, and they could not see me; but I could see them plain enough; and you may be sure my first look was at Miss Lina.

She was standing on the stairs, just as she had stood the night Mr. Jack kissed her. Her soft hair was floating over her wide, white shoulders, down to her bit of a waist, as she had a girl's fashion of wearing it all loose and curly; and she had on the very dress Lady Medora had given her, the rose-colored satin. It was as Barregan had said, her eyes were like fire; but just at this moment, as she looked down at the two men, there was scarcely a bit of color in her face, in spite of the light words she was speaking.

"And as you are going away," she was saying to Mr. Jack, "I suppose I may as well say good-by to you, and ask you to give my love to Lady Medora, if you see her, when you are in London. Don't tell any tales out of school though, or else she won't send me any more of her old dresses, and what would I do without them."

"And you will try the sorrel mare with me to-morrow, Miss Clangarthe?" Sir Denis said, a sort of stiff confusion mixed with his admiration of her. "She paces well, I can vouch; and we can ride past the Moaning Bar, and on to the Shingle Road, after the tide goes down."

I saw her look down at his face, for one second, with a strange expression, just as if she had forgotten herself; but it was only for one moment; the next she answered him as gayly as ever, only with an odd, feverish, short laugh. "Yes," she said, "I'll remember. When the tide goes down—if nothing happens from now till then. And what could happen? After the tide goes down, then. Good-night." And she gave him a bright, little nod.

"Good-night, Miss Clangarthe," he answered, and went down stairs with his thin face all in a glow of pleasure.

In his momentary excitement, he had almost forgotten his companion, but Mr. Jack called after him, the next minute.

"Wait a minute, Dermot," he said. Then he

turned to the bright-robed young figure on the stair above him, and as he looked into the white, young face, held out his hand.

"Good-night, Lina," he said.

She never stirred. Just stood there, white and still, looking right into his evil, handsome, black eyes, without a word. She did not take his hand, or even notice it.

"Good-by," she said, at last.

That was all. Not another word; and after taking another look at her, he turned away, as if she had puzzled him a little, and he was too indifferent to care about translating her.

She watched him down the stair-case, through the hall, out into the street, without stirring; and then she turned round, and walked slowly up to her own room; and the last glimpse I had of her, in life, showed me that queer, calm look in her girl's eyes, and that queer steadiness on her white face.

I have often thought, since then, of the wild desperateness, that must have been in that poor, wronged young thing's mad heart, that dreadful night. I have shuddered, and cried like a child, over the picture that will sometimes force itself upon my mind: the picture of that steadfast face, as it must have looked during the long hours that passed before daylight came. I have fancied that I could see it, and understand the depth of despair and misery which this girl of seventeen years old must have struggled with, in the silence of midnight. There had never been a shadow on her life before, and the blackness of death had fallen upon her almost in an hour. Did she pray one, short, desperate prayer, or did she face her fate, remembering nothing, but what she felt behind, and what life might have held for her?

I was sitting at my little parlor window, just as I always did, and the tide was sweeping back, wave by wave, over the sand, and over the rocks, and over the Moaning Bar. It had been a dull, gray morning, and even now the sun was scarcely to be seen at all, as it struggled through the banks of leaden clouds. I was feeling troubled, and not very well. I had not slept much during the night, and losing rest always hurts me. But somehow, this morning, it was my mind that felt heavy, and it was so heavy that I forgot my tired old limbs altogether. I was thinking of Miss Lina, and had been thinking of her all night. I was beginning to fear something I had not thought of before; and the thought of it chilled me to the heart.

When first it struck me, I turned to the sea, with a quick, cold pulse-beat, and my eyes fell on the Moaning Bar, in shrinking terror. The

slow, creeping waves, tossing over it now, had such a cruel, hungry look in the gray light. The tide always crept round the low, barren stretch of sand, just in a stealthy sort of way, and no human being, who chanced to linger there a moment too late, need turn his face to the higher shore again, for he had met his doom. It was a cruel place, and I had always felt a dread of it, even when the tide was down. The coast people feared it, with something like superstitious horror, and told fearful stories of the mad-dened wails they had heard, and the stony, rigid forms that had been swept back to the shore, once or twice, at ebb of tide.

I could not bear to look at it this morning; but, somehow, it had a strange fascination for me; and I sat watching it until the tops of the rocks were bare. The sea was not long in creeping backward then, and before many minutes the water was falling rapidly, and the rocks stood out, bold and black, in a little cluster that made a sheltered nook, where the sea-weed always lay in heaps, tangled with white sea-shells.

There was a heap of such sea-weed, lying half out of the low water now. I could see it quite plainly, as it lay caught among the rocks. After my first glance, I found myself staring at it, fascinated—I could not say why—curiously. The little running waves were playing with it, and lifting it lightly as they retreated.

A sound in the hall, and a summons from outside, roused me. I got up from my seat, restlessly, opened the door, and confronted the major's man, who stood upon the threshold, making his stiff, military salute.

"It's Miss Lina I was ordered to ax about, Misthress Mallon," he said, a trifle uneasily. "The misthress sent me saa if she was here. Sir Dinnis is waitin' for her, and the misthress thought, mebbe, she had stepped into your room, whin she kem in."

I stared at him blankly for a moment. Then my startled mind began to take in vaguely the strange expression on the poor fellow's face. There was actually a shade of pallor on his sun-burnt skin, and his eye met mine restlessly. Something was the matter, I knew, and he was afraid to speak of it.

"Barregan," I broke out, all in a tremble, "what is the matter? You are trying to hide something from me. What is it you are trying to hide?"

I saw him turn pale then in actual earnest, and when he answered me, his voice shook.

"Might I step insoide, Misthress Mallon?" he said. "I'd like to have a wurred wid yez."

I motioned him in, and shut the door.

"What is it?" I cried out, sharply. "You are not afraid that——" And then I stopped short, in spite of the terrible fear that rushed upon me.

"She—she went out early," he said, hoarsely, "an' she's not come in yet, though she promised to try Sir Dinnis's sorrel. There's a nasty bit of sand down on the Bar, ye know, and she always wint there. She was goin' there whin I met her, and someways she looked white and poorly, but she turned her purty, pale face to me, and says, 'Good mornin' to ye, Barregan. I'm goin' for a little walk on the sands,' and then she looks over her shoulder at me, two or three times, before she was out of sight. I darn't say a wurred to the misthress. I darn't; I thought I'd come here first."

The sun had struggled through the clouds at last, and as I turned to the window, shaken and strengthless, it burst forth in such sudden brightness, that I could see nothing plainly. But little as I could distinguish, my blinded eyes caught a glimpse of something, that made me drop into my chair, with hardly voice to speak.

"Look out there," I said to the poor stricken fellow. "There is a heap of—of sea-weed, I think, caught on the rocks, on the Moaning Bar. There is not a bit of color caught among it, is there? The sun blinds me so that I cannot see. There isn't a bit of scarlet there, is there? Look well before you speak, for God's sake!"

He did not need to look a second time. Just one glance, and he broke away, with a cry of horror, that roused the whole household, and brought servants, and master, and mistress, hurrying out of the rooms, with white, scared faces.

Just that one cry, and a few wild terror-stricken words, and the cry was echoed again, until the roof rang with its shrill horror, as Mrs. Clangarthe fell prostrate upon the stair-case landing, with a face like the dead.

We raised her, and carried her to her room, scarcely any one of us knew how; for the whole house was full of the cries of wailing, hurrying servants, and wailing, terrified children. There was not one of them but had I-ved her; there was not one of them, from the best to the worst, who was not stricken as with the hand of death.

They were all crowded about the windows, weeping aloud, as they watched the hurrying figures flying across the sands, toward the bit of scarlet color caught in the nook of rocks. Dozens of the coast people, men, women, and children, catching a hint of the truth, left their work in boats and huts, and ran, as it were, for dear life, through the shallow water the tide had left on the low beach, joining one another by twos and threes, until a great crowd of strange figures

stood about the rocks, around Sir Denis, and around the man who had first bent over the something, which was not sea-weed, but a dead girl's body.

Perhaps, among all the crowd of rough watchers, there was not one who had not a kindly remembrance of the bright, girlish face, and light-hearted ways; perhaps there was scarcely one of them to whom she had not, at some time, spoken a careless, sweet-tempered word of greeting. She had been used to speak to the roughest of them when she met them, and in the most unresponsive of their half-savage moods, they had felt an odd sort of liking for her and her bright beauty.

It seemed almost like Fate that they should bring her into my little room, and lay her upon the sofa, where she had lain through the long, silent, wretched hours only so few days before. But her face was not hidden now upon the cushion; it lay still and white, upturned to every eye; and the long hair that had veiled it was wet and dank with the salt sea, and tangled with sea, and sand, and shells.

If she had died to keep a secret, she had not died in vain, for no one but myself guessed that any secret existed. She must have forgotten the tide, until it had crept around the Bar, and it was too late to turn back, they said among themselves; and, as they spoke, I bent over her, and smoothed her pretty, tangled hair, so that they could not see my face, and guess that I had anything to hide from them. But as I listened, I understood, quite plainly, what the poor, desperate child had meant when she cried out to me, "Oh, if you only knew what is in my heart, to-night!" I knew then, for her own dead lips told me, and I knew, too, what a terrible strength of resolution had kept the fire in her eye, and the color in her cheek as she jested and laughed with the rest, within the very sound of the waves which she knew would sweep over her dead body on the morrow.

"It would not take much courage, when the tide came up," she had said, and I remembered the words, shuddering at the thought of how the waves must have looked, as she watched them running up nearer and nearer, until the gray, white line was all around her, and it was too late to look back, or repent.

But it was over now, and it could not have taken long to hush her cries, if she had uttered any; it could not have been many minutes, at the most, after the first gasp, in the rush of surf, before she was as quiet as she looked now, lying on my sofa, with the strange rest on her pretty face.

"She looks so calm, somehow," poor Mrs. Clangarthe wailed. "And she was so pretty, too, and I was so proud of her. Oh, my poor, poor Lina! I don't think Sir Denis will ever get over it, Mrs. Mallon. He was going to propose to her this morning, and Lina had promised me she would accept him, if he did."

When the dreadful day was over, and the house was dark and quiet, I sat in my little room again, thinking sadly of the still chamber up stairs, where the slender, quiet figure lay on the bed. As I sat, brooding over the fire, I heard the door open, and Mr. Jack came in, and stood on the hearth, with the stealthy, evil look in his handsome, bold, black eyes.

Whether he suspected me or not, he did not care to meet my glance; and, as he spoke, he carelessly struck a match on the mantel to light a cigar he held.

"I am going to London, to-morrow," he said, "and shall not need you any longer. You can go back to Marshlands as soon as you wish. I shall not return here again."

I looked at his wicked, handsome face steadily, and for the moment hated it as I had never hated anything human before.

"Sir," I said, "have you been up stairs?"

He nodded carelessly, but changed color a little, nevertheless.

"Yes," he answered.

"And you have seen—her?"

He nodded again, flinching, I could see.

I do not know what held me up, but I felt that I must speak now, or die.

"Do you remember what we said about that dead girl, once before, in this very room?" I asked. "About her face? Do you remember what I said, about its being a tender, innocent face, which knew no wrong, and held none? Do you remember?"

He started slightly, and turned, staring wildly at me.

"What the deuce——" he began.

But I stopped him. I rose up from my chair, and faced him, trembling in every limb, and sobbing in a grief that was too much for me. I remembered the pretty young face, as I saw it first, with the innocent light in its eye, and then I thought of how the tide had gone down on the Moaning Bar, leaving the bit of bright color lying in the nook of rocks.

"Man!" I said, "you are a villain, and God will never forgive you. The curse of a lost life will be upon you forever."

He did not say a word, fierce as was the anger that flashed into his cruel face. He had not a word to say. He knew that his sin had found

him out, and that there was no defence for him, if he cared to make one. For one moment he stood and tried to brave me with a sneer, the blood flushing his dark skin, and the flare of passion in his eyes. The next, he faltered, and turned upon his heel, and so left me forever.

I did not see him again, and was thankful that I did not. I knew that, if my lady had been living, she would have absolved me from my

promise, and knowing this, I was not ashamed to break it myself. I had been his faithful servant, and he had used me for an innocent creature's wrong, and so I could be faithful no longer. He went away, as he said he would, and I, returning to my home, carried, in my own heart, the secret which had been swept away and lost, in the waves that went down with the tide, on the Moaning Bar.

SONG: UNDER THE APPLE-TREES.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

Under the apple-tree blows the west wind,
Up from the clover-field, sweet from the clover;
Green grass underfoot, all whisper and shimmer—
A rustle of leaves, green boughs bending over.

Under the apple-tree blows the west wind;
Shake all the blossoms and leaves—let it pass!
Down falls a flurry of petals, out-flung,
Shower of pink, floating over the grass.

Under the apple-tree blows the west wind;
Sudden, the flirt of a wing—he is gone!
Gold-throated bobolink, whither so fast?
A chirp—he is lost in the meadow, new-mown.

Under the apple-tree sighs the west wind,
Weary of long hours wasted at play,

Drunk with the breath of Spring's odorous flowers—
The flowers he'd kissed and forsaken that day.
Arlantus, hid shyly beneath Winter leaves,
When the west wind passed by, looked forth to the light;
Pale flowers! they flushed when the west wind bent low;
He passed, and the flowers shrank back, waxen white.
Ah! cruel west wind, what cared he for sighing!
He passed by the brook, where the young lilies stood;
He whispered a word: the lily-bells shook;
One word, it was all, as he fled through the wood.
Under the apple-tree sleeps the west wind—
Softly, softly, the day dies away;
Peacefully sunset skies fade with the light;
Pale rises the misty moon—pale moon of May;
Ere in the apple-tree whisper, "good-night!"

HOW I LOVE YOU.

BY MRS. WILLIAM DRUNTON.

You ask me how I love you,
And pray that I would tell;
Know then the love I own, dear,
Is deep as deepest well,
Is high as highest mountain,
As wide as endless space,
And fresh as clearest fountain,
And pure as purest grace.
You know I love you, darling,
Why do you ever ask?
You know 'tis all my pleasure,
My heart's delightful task.

It comes as free as sunlight,
That shines in Summer bowers,
And falls as free as dew-drops,
That gem the blessed flowers.

Now ask me if I love you,
If I can tell you more;
I'll tell it, dear, by action.
And not by phrases poor;
I'll tell you late and early
Of love that fills my heart,
That binds our lives together,
No more, no more to part!

A HOT MORNING IN AUGUST.

BY JAMES DAWSON.

Urrising o'er yon distant hill-top dun,
Like some vast ball, on viewless wings upborne,
How regally the gold globe of the sun
(Himbs the clear eastern heavens this August morn!
A while, and glorious grows the morn to see,
All glare and glitter marvelously grand;
And rock and river, spire and stately tree,

Alike resplendent in the splendor stand.
Soft melodies and sweet are in the air,
Poured forth by birds that at their matins are,
Hid in the bowery woods. The fierce sun-glare,
Keen with o'erpowering heat, grows fiercer far,
And the light morning airs that labor by
Swoon 'neath the sweltering sun, "and swooning die."

LUCKY NANNY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

LUCKY NANNY had been her nickname for so many years now, that even her sisters' children employed it, without the slightest idea that it was not quite respectful. Sometimes the very servants themselves—at least the Scotch gardener and his wife, who had been in the family since before she was born—forgot which name really belonged to her, and called her Miss Lucky, without either she or they being aware of it.

The odd appellation had been given by her elder sisters, when she was a mere child. Some old relative had bequeathed her a little legacy, so the other two girls called her Lucky Nanny; and the name so tickled their fancy that they continued it till it became a matter of fixed habit. She had been christened Angelica, but I do not suppose she had ever written the appalling cognomen a dozen times in her whole life.

Her two sisters married while quite young, and were both supposed to have done remarkably well; but a few years proved that in each case a terrible mistake had been made; it would have been impossible for either to have fallen upon a more unfortunate choice.

Nanny was a little past eighteen when the troubles of her two sisters began. A short time before that, she had formed the acquaintance of a charming young fellow, some six years older than herself. He was of good family, well-to-do in the world, a great favorite with everybody, and had one weakness, which already threatened to ruin his fortune—a taste for drink, which sometimes seemed to amount fairly to a mania.

Nanny had been at the head of her father's establishment since her sisters left home. The mother died almost before Nanny's remembrance; but Mr. Mitchell's heart lay buried too deep in the grave of his beloved wife for any thought of bringing a new mistress into his house ever to enter his mind. He was a Scotchman by birth, a lawyer by profession, and had amassed a large fortune. He gave up business before his oldest daughter married, sold his city residence, and retired to a country-seat in the heart of picturesque Pennsylvania, where the family had been in the habit always of passing the summer.

The old mansion stood just near enough a bustling town for convenience sake. There was agreeable, intelligent society to be had; and when the girls wished for a few weeks of gayety

in the winter, there were friends and distant relations enough glad to invite them to their houses in Philadelphia.

But before the twins married, Nanny had been too young to be allowed such distractions; and after that, her father was always too ailing for her to be willing to leave him alone. Then, too, she was shy, and shrunk from strangers. She had not the slightest claim even to being considered pretty. Her sisters were beauties, but Nanny, as a girl, was positively plain. She seemed to have inherited all the characteristics, physically, of her Scotch ancestry. Her legs and arms were too long, her cheek-bones too high, her mouth too large, and her hair too sandy. But everybody was fond of Nanny, and her face was so full of sweetness and intelligence that I think people who knew her well were always astonished to hear strangers pronounce her ugly.

So, when she was eighteen, Jack Everton and she met; and handsome Jack fell in love with her, and Nanny was greatly attracted toward him, as was almost sure to have been the case just because he was dissipated. If one girl in a family marries ill, nine times out of ten the others follow suit.

Mr. Mitchell liked Everton, too, and he was made welcome at the house, and glided into a footing of intimacy before he or anybody else really realized the fact. The married sisters' troubles began, and Mr. Mitchell suddenly roused himself to look more closely after the future of his youngest child. Jack Everton came and asked him if he might hope one day to become his son-in-law; and just then the old gentleman, for the first time, gained an inkling of his dissipated habits. He told Nanny what he had heard, but Nanny did not believe it. He told Jack, and Jack did not deny the fact, but vowed that he had given up all that sort of thing, and should henceforth prove "as sober as a church," and was so frank, and honest, and earnest, that even Mr. Mitchell, suspicious as the twin's misfortunes were rendering him, could not help trusting the young man.

Nanny became conditionally engaged to him. If he kept perfectly steady during two years, he was to have her for his wife. But it was Nanny herself—not the father—who at length broke off

the engagement. Weak Jack could not keep his pledge; he fell once, and was pardoned, erred again, and it was looked over. But the day came when Nanny knew that she must wrench her pretty dream out of her heart, though she inflicted a mortal wound in so doing. How much she suffered no one knew—she never complained.

"I have told Jack that I shall never marry him," she said, to her father.

She was very quiet and calm, but the old man knew she was bearing a heavy burden, and did his best to lighten it by love and silent sympathy.

Everton went off to California; sank from bad to worse, and was finally killed a few years later in a drunken brawl.

"Lucky Nanny!" wrote her sisters, contrasting her existence with theirs.

For a good while after, the playful pet-name struck Nanny's ear with a thrill of pain; but she never asked that it should be given up.

The years went on. Mr. Mitchell died. Nanny continued to live in the old home. At last the eldest sister was obliged to have a legal separation from her husband. She had two children, and it would be a sin longer to leave them exposed to the influence of that most degraded species of brute—a human being whom vice has sunk below the level of humanity.

She and her children came back to live with Nanny. The second sister struggled on as best she could, under her troubles, living away off in the South-west, not permitted, for years and years even, to visit or hold communication with her relatives. God mercifully set her free, at last; and then the widow wandered back to her girlhood's home, bringing her four children with her.

Mr. Mitchell's prudent will had restrained the two husbands from utterly wasting the fortunes their wives had received; a great deal was gone, but there remained enough for ease and comfort.

Mrs. Walters—the widow—bought a house near the homestead, which had been bequeathed to Nanny; and the sisters, once more united and loving one another fondly, settled down close together, to make the best they could of life.

Nanny was thirty-five when the three were again joined. She had grown plump, her nose looked smaller, her cheek-bones were less prominent, and her face had an expression of cheerful content and enjoyment, which was better than beauty.

"Lucky Nanny!" cried the twins, staring dismally in each other's face at the dire havoc years of wretchedness had worked in the loveli-

ness of which they had once been so innocently proud; then gazing back at the younger sister's countenance, so full of vivacity and interest in all about her, so full of hope and faith. "Lucky Nanny!"

And Nanny could smile, while tears of thankfulness for herself, and sympathy for her sisters, filled her eyes. She could listen to the childish nick-name without a pang now. Ah, how few of us men and women could do that. Lucky Nanny!

Five years had gone by since the widowed sister came back. Nanny was forty years old, but, certainly, during the past decade she did not seem to have changed. There was not a wrinkle in her forehead, not a thread of white in her hair which had somehow darkened a little, and was really a pretty brown, and her cheeks were as pink as a girl's when she blushed; and to this day Nanny blushed as easily as if she were sixteen. Her nephews used to delight in teasing her, just for the pleasure of seeing the rose-tints mount to her cheeks, inventing all sorts of dreadful stories about her coquetties and imprudences; and she would defend herself earnestly at first, and blush horribly, before taking time to remember that it was all a joke.

The boys adored Lucky Nanny. They were growing great fellows—off most of the year at college, or school, and making a delightful pandemonium of the two houses when they came home. Nanny was their adviser and confidant. Neither of them ever had a secret where she was concerned; and Nanny's patience with their whims was inexhaustible. There were no girls in either of the families, and the two mothers could never congratulate themselves sufficiently on the fact, though Nanny murmured a little sometimes.

"Don't be so wicked!" Mrs. Walters would say. "It is an awful thing to have girls."

"And to see them grow up, and know they must be wretched," the other twin would add.

"All women are not wretched," the youngest would reply.

"Oh, it is all very well for you to talk, Lucky Nanny!"

"A life in ten thousand, Lucky Nanny!"

Then Mrs. Howard would rebel, and feel bitter and wicked as she looked back over her past; and Mrs. Walters, formed in a weaker mould, would cry a little, and Nanny would sooth them both to quiet, and help them to remember that God had led them through the darkness, and brought them safely back to the sunshine once more.

But, sooner or later, such talk would come up again, and Nanny never could resist saying,

"All the same; I wish we had a nice little girl."

Nanny had visions of adopting one; but when her sisters found it out, they frightened her so sorely, that she yielded to their superior wisdom, and did not take the child, an orphan baby, in whose mother she had always been greatly interested.

"The idea!" cried Mrs. Howard. "Setting everything else aside, what on earth do you know about taking care of a baby?"

"I am very handy with them," said Nanny, meekly; "and I think any woman must know by instinct. I am so fond of babies, I wish I had one."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the sisters, in concert.

"I declare, Lucky Nanny," cried Mrs. Howard, "you are growing positively immoral in your old age."

The two laughed, till Nanny's cheeks got as pink as blush-roses, though she laughed too.

"I did not think how it sounded," said she. "All the same, I wish I had a baby—a beautiful little girl-baby, with eyes like yours, Mary, and hair just the color Emma's was."

"Don't talk of my eyes," exclaimed Mrs. Howard. "They have stared so many years at misery, that they look like a mad woman's."

"And my hair. It is whiter than papa's was at sixty," moaned Mrs. Walters, and wiped away a tear.

The two sisters gazed at each other, and shivered, as their thoughts wandered back over the awful blackness of the past. Nanny knew what was in their minds, and she said softly,

"The sun shines now; don't forget that. God is very merciful, my dearies. Only think, the boys will all be at home to-morrow—such good boys." So she brought them back to cheerfulness, and finally made them laugh again by adding, "I shall have to wait till they bring me babies of theirs to tend."

"Dear me," Mrs. Howard said, "how the time goes; my Robert is twenty."

"He'll be falling in love first, you know," said Nanny.

"Don't you go putting such notions in his head, you dreadful old maid!" cried his mother. "He is only a boy."

"Papa married when he was twenty-one," returned Nanny; and her mind was still so full of the orphan child (whose remembrance troubled her conscience, though she had provided for its welfare,) that she projected her soul into the future to seek a vision of her tall, handsome Robert, with a wife for her to pet, and wee ones to

spoil, and suddenly burst out, "Robert's babies would be such pretty creatures, you know."

"Commend me to elderly virgins for having improper ideas," laughed Mrs. Howard, though all the while her motherly jealousy was a little roused at the bare idea of Robert married.

"I can't help it," said Nanny. "I'll try not to think about having any myself if it shocks you; but I vow I will think about the time when I shall be a great-aunt, and if the boy's babies are not girls, I'll never forgive my nephew's wives."

The next day the whole troop returned to spend their vacation; and a very happy summer it was, even to the somewhat gloomy-viewed mothers. As for Nanny, the boys declared she grew younger each day. Having their society, being obliged to attend to their comfort, to read with them, walk with them, join them in every possible expedition, and never getting a moment to herself from morning till night, always did Nanny great good. She was by nature and habit an active woman: had everybody that was ill or suffering on her shoulders, hosts of visitors in the house; still, when the boys were absent, she found time occasionally to feel a little sad and lonely. She knew that it was silly; and fought stoutly against her foolishness. She could not have given any reason for such absurd moods, only that existence seemed to lack something. She knew that it was a sin to indulge in such vague fancies, and reminded herself what a pleasant, easy life she had led. Still the vague longings would return, and Nanny was glad to have her hours so completely filled up, that she could not be sentimental or romantic.

"Of all animals," said Nanny, "I hate a sentimental old maid the worst."

September came, and the boys were contemplating the dire necessity of returning to pedagogues and penances, with the exception of Robert, who had graduated, and was to go away when his brothers left, and commence his law studies in New York.

One morning Joe, the eldest of Mrs. Walter's sons, rushed into the breakfast-room of Undercliff—the name of the homestead—full of wonderful news. The other boys always accused him of a weakness for gossip.

He kissed his two aunts, gave one cousin a thump in the back, and the other a left-hander in the stomach, by way of greeting; and the pleasant morning salutations were returned in kind, while Aunt Nanny laughed heartily, and Mrs. Howard tried her best to look stately and disapproving, but was forced to put by dignity, and laugh too, for a couple of the boys picked her up,

chair and all, and carried her about the room in triumph, while a third improvised cymbals out of a pair of silver dish-covers, and beat them unmercifully close to her ears.

When the victim's chair was at last set on the floor, and order, comparatively speaking, once more restored, Mrs. Howard said, "You are the worst behaved creatures in the world, and you are just like Lucky Nanny. See her there, laughing till she looks more like a peony than a respectable spinster.

"Lucky boys, to have such a Nanny!" shouted Robert; and then both ladies were hugged till they begged for mercy, and were as tumbled and tumbled as if they had been playing with young bears.

"But I had some news," said Joe. "Lucky Nanny, Solmes' Folly is let. It has been taken by a family from Australia, and they are to come next week. The father is a cripple, the mother is paralytic; there's one girl has the rickets, another is subject to fits, and there are three boys, one blind, one without any legs, and the other an idiot. How happy you will be; and oh, won't you have your hands full among them!"

They all made merry at Lucky Nanny's expense; and she enjoyed the jest as much as the youngest cub of the whole lot.

"At last you will feel that you have come into full inheritance of your name, Lucky Nanny," said Mrs. Howard.

"Lucky family of idiots," chorused the boys; and then they carried her about the room in her chair, and Joe walked behind, waving a great peacock-tail feather-duster over her head, and vowed that she was Pope Joan, of ancient but not respectable memory; and they all nearly laughed themselves into spasms.

Mrs. Walters appeared before they had recovered their composure, and the other boys straggled after. You could not keep the families apart for any great length of time. Mrs. Walters' account of the new proprietors of Solmes' Folly was rather more intelligible than Joe's had been.

The night before she had seen Johnson, a real estate agent of the neighborhood, and it was true that a Scotch gentleman, who had lived in Australia, had taken the beautiful, neglected old place, and that he had an invalid wife and six children.

"Four of them girls," added Mrs. Walters.

"God help him!" said Mrs. Howard.

"And the youngest, tiny babies—twins, and girls at that," continued Mrs. Walters.

"God make him grateful," said Nanny.

Then Mrs. Howard told the story of Lucky

Nanny's improper conversation, just before the boys got home. And the boys laughed till they lay helpless, sprawled out on sofas and floor; and Lucky Nanny rushed from one to the other, and beat them unmercifully with a hearth-brush; and the two mothers laughed as heartily as ever they had done in their blithe, beautiful girlhood, a portion of whose sunshine, indeed, seemed to have brightened their tried souls during the last pleasant weeks.

"What is the man's name?" Mrs. Howard asked.

Neither Joe or his mother had remembered to inquire.

"That is always the way with people crazy for news," said Robert, with grave maliciousness. "They are in such a hurry to repeat the gossip that they forget to ask just the thing that would be interesting to know."

The following day some of the servants said that the new family had arrived. Solmes' Folly was the next place to Undercliff—a great, ill-finished dwelling, which, when Lucky Nanny could first remember anything, had stood up bold and bare on the top of a rocky hill, but which nearly forty years, and the efforts of numerous different proprietors in succession, had now transformed into a very picturesque residence, with trees, and gardens, and lawns, though it still bore its old name, and would, no matter how much any future tenant might still beautify it.

That evening Lucky Nanny and two of the boys met a handsome middle-aged man, walking with a brace of well-grown children, and a mite of a little girl. The little girl had become disarranged as to some portion of her wearing apparel, and the father was clumsily trying to set her in order. Before she knew what she was doing, Lucky Nanny had rushed across the road, and had arranged the mite's under-garments, and been brought back to consciousness and blushes by the earnest thanks of the parent.

"You may kiss me, pink lady," said the child, who looked like a changeling.

And Nanny did kiss her, and the father uttered proper excuses, and led his flock on. Nanny returned to the boys, who lay down on the bank, and kicked their heels in delight; but though she joined in their mirth, she was wondering all the while what gave the handsome man so sad a look, and was beset by the idea that the three children, in spite of having a mother, were three very neglected, doleful little objects indeed.

Mrs. Walters and her sons dined at Undercliff that evening. On one pretence or another they did dine there at least five times each week.

Joe appeared—he was the unpunctual mem-

ber of the tribe—after they were seated at table, and convulsed the group by giving the name of the new proprietor of Solmes' Folly.

"George Lucky," was the name.

"He must be Nanny's cousin," shouted Robert above the din. Then they rang the changes on Lucky George and Nanny till even the staid old man-servant, who was propriety itself, retreated into a corner of the dining-room, and laughed behind a soup tureen-cover, till he was brought back to his senses by letting it fall with a horrible crash.

Late in the evening, after Mrs. Walters and her sons had departed, and the rest of the family, even to Jem, the youngest and most restless had gone to bed, Lucky Nanny, sitting in her library, was roused by a ring at the outer-door. Old Jacob, who was making his nightly round through the house, opened the door just as Nanny reached the hall. There stood Dr. Ferguson, and at sight of her he called.

"Miss Nanny, can't you come with me? The babies at Solme's Folly are bad with croup. The oldest girl has sprained her ankle, and the mother has got spasms. Come, for God's sake! My trap is at the door. They sent for me to bring a nurse; there is none, so I stopped for you."

Lucky Nanny caught a shawl from the bed-rack, told Jacob to put out the lights, and close the house, and two minutes after she and the good old doctor were speeding away down the avenue as fast as the big brown mare, who knew the errand was important, could trot.

On the way the doctor explained that a frightened servant had brought the message to his office. The nurse had left that day on account of a quarrel with her mistress. Few of the other servants had arrived, and Mr. Lucky begged the physician to come on the instant, and, if possible, to bring some capable person with him.

What a scene it was that met their eyes when they reached the Folly, and got up stairs! One baby shrieking wildly in the arms of a servant-girl, too young even to know how to soothe it; the other baby gasping and moaning in its father's embrace; on a couch the elder girl sobbing; two frightened boys huddled in a corner; from the distance the shrieks and wails of a woman's voice, that of the invalid mother, who could find nothing better to do in the midst of the general distress than to indulge in nervous spasms. Nanny seized the baby, choking with croup, from the father's arms. The doctor produced ipecac. They got that down its throat. Servants were summoned from below, a fire kindled in the room, hot water brought, every other sensible thing done.

By the time the doctor had arranged the wounded girl's ankle, Nanny had the sick baby in a hot bath, and it was soon safe. Nanny had found time to send the other baby and the boys off to-bed, under the charge of a red-faced Irish cook, who was ready to do anything, now there was anybody to tell her what to do. Nanny bade the doctor go to the mother's room, (her shrieks could still be heard,) and pour the strongest dose of chloral down her throat that ever he had administered to any human being.

When dawn broke, Nanny was still sitting by the fire, holding the baby on her knees, and the father and doctor sat opposite her; and I think she looked like an angel, in spite of her cheek-bones, to the eyes of both.

The child was saved. Once, during the night, the horrible suffocation had returned. The doctor was at the end of his resources, but Nanny found means to bring it through.

"She has saved your child," the doctor said to Mr. Lucky, just as dawn appeared. Nanny thought, if she lived forever, she could not forget the look in that father's eyes when he tried to thank her, and could not utter so much as a word.

For three days and nights Nanny never left the house, never had her clothes off, never lay down, except twice, to snatch an hour's slumber on a sofa. For two days and nights the baby required constant care. After that, she had to go to the injured child and the mother; and when Nanny saw the mother she knew, what even the doctor did not believe, that the useless, inefficient life was near its close; it might be a matter yet of a few months, but not more.

Nurses were as scarce as Samaritans in that country neighborhood. During the next fortnight Nanny lived more at Solmes' Folly than in her own home; and her sisters, by turns, aided her all they could in her task.

Before her duties ended the boys had gone away, and autumn showed signs of meaning to establish itself in the land.

Order reigned in the new household. The children worshiped Nanny, obeying her least look, as they had never done anybody else's commands. George Lucky felt as if he must "have been entertaining an angel," though not unawares; and even the silly, helpless, invalid wife felt, when Nanny entered the room, as if some good spirit had come to beguile her out of her weak, idle complainings.

Mrs. Lucky had been "playing sick," as children say, for years and years. She had done all she could, by indolence and sloth, utterly to break down a constitution, never strong at the

best, and she had succeeded. Now that it was too late, she would have been glad to rouse herself, perhaps to make some use of the life she had so wasted, though even that desire she could only feel in a blind, sluggish fashion; but the power to do so was not granted.

Autumn lived out its brief gorgeousness, and paled into winter. When winter came, everybody knew that the mistress of Solmes' Folly could not live longer than to see another spring bud upon the earth—everybody but the sick woman herself. The doctor said she must not be told.

It was a busy winter to Nanny. Had the household been her own, she could not have been fuller of cares. She lived half that season at the house; when she went home for a few days at a time, she took the children with her. The two sisters never ventured to expostulate. So far as little things went, they always tyrannized over Nanny in an affectionate way; but between Nanny and what she saw plainly to be a duty, they never presumed to interfere.

Spring brightened, and on a lovely March evening, warm and bright as May, Sophie lay dying, and her husband and Nanny watched beside her.

The past months had made Nanny perfectly familiar with their history. The invalid had talked more freely with her than she had ever done with any human being. More than that, by God's grace, Nanny's gentleness and patience had led the erring soul from darkness up to light. She knew that she was to die, and she hoped humbly that space would be given her in the next existence to repent and make amends for the errors of this.

"I want to tell you the whole truth, George," the dying woman said, "because, at least, I must leave you no room for grief, which you ought not to suffer."

He tried to check her, but she would speak, growing so agitated that Nanny, by a sign, warned him to let her continue. She herself rose to go away, but Sophie caught her hand.

"I want you to stay," she said. "I want you to hear."

"Then I will stay, dear," Nanny answered, and sat down again. Sophie clung to her hand still, and went on,

"He and I were engaged when we were children, Nanny; it was arranged between our families. When I was seventeen he went to Australia; he had property there. He was gone three years. I loved somebody else in the meantime. Wait, George!"

"I don't want to hear," he groaned.

"But I want you to hear," she said. "You have passed half your life making sacrifices for my sake—make just one more."

He did not expostulate further, and presently she continued,

"He jilted me, and just then you came back. You did not love me—I was silly, frivolous, weak—how could you! But my miserable vanity was stronger than my sense of honesty. I could not let the world know I had been duped! I knew you did not love me, but I held firm to the engagement—I married you. Forgive me now, George, else, maybe, God cannot. George, George!"

She had risen on her pillow in sudden excitement.

"I forgive you with all my heart and soul," he cried, "as I pray you and God to forgive my sins toward you."

"There are none to forgive," she answered, with a smile. She laid one hand on Nanny's arm, and pointed the other at him. "A good man," she said, "a good man. We went to Australia to live. You know, from what you saw when you first came to this house, what an awful life he must have had! I spared him nothing; but he never failed in his duty—never."

She died the next morning at daybreak, very peacefully. She had been sleeping. She roused herself suddenly, and said,

"Sing, Nanny—sing 'Nearer my God to Thee.'"

And Nanny sang the beautiful hymn, as well as her tears would let her, which so often, during the winter, she had sung to please her friend.

Sophie lay quiet for a little, then called,

"George, George!"

He bent over her.

"Kiss me," she whispered. "Kiss the children for me. Go away now; I want to see Nanny."

He went, not thinking the end so close, and left the two together. "Nanny," she said, "will you make my peace sure: will you do me a last favor?"

"Yes, dear; tell me what."

"If he should ever ask you—George, I mean—be a mother to my babies. Oh, say a prayer, Nanny, a prayer!"

Nanny brokenly uttered the first syllables. The dying woman repeated them. Nanny's voice died in a sob; when she looked up again Sophie lay back on the pillows, white and still, but the smile which beautified her face was an earnest of the peace to which she had gone forward.

Nanny kept the children for two months, and sent George Lucky away on a journey. Then he came back, gathered his children together, and

departed to make himself a new home near New York, leaving the two babies, because they knew Nanny now, and would not be parted from her.

Now and then he returned to visit his friend and his little ones, and Nanny was always cheerful and glad.

Two years went by, and then he came to Nanny with a question from his soul to hers.

"Can you care for me?" he asked. "I am forty-five years old, and you are the first woman I ever loved, Nanny. It is selfish on my part; it is asking you to take great care and trouble; but will you come? I am so lonely, in spite of the children, and I love you so dearly, Nanny! Do come!"

"I promised Sophie that I would, if ever you

asked me," she said, smiling at him through her tears. "I'd rather bear trouble by your side than be made a queen, George."

So they were married. At first the sisters were horrified and indignant at the bare idea; but after George and Nanny opened their hearts to them, they could not be hard and unkind. As for the boys, they were wild with delight. They had grown to know "Uncle George" well, and considered the match a perfect one in all respects.

"Into the bargain," said Joe, "it is not even a change of name. Before, she was Lucky Nanny, and now she is Nanny Lucky."

And from the day of her marriage to this, Nanny has never for an instant felt that Joe's words have failed in their fulfillment.

EVENING.

BY MILTON T. ADKINS.

THE crescent moon in the western sky,
Watches the blush of the twilight die;
While, one by one, with their twinkling light,
The stars come forth to welcome the night.
On his rustic porch the farmer sits,
While the whippoorwill around him flits,
Smoking his pipe, well pleased to hear
The nightingale's song in the thicket near.
His children have sought their welcome bed,
A mother's blessing on each tired head,
To dream of joys, of woes, of sorrow,
To grieve for to-day, to hope for to-morrow.
Near him lies, on the sand-covered floor,
His trusty dog, companion of yore;
His faithful wife is lulling to rest,
With gentle song, the babe at her breast;
And the grandsire, in the evening air,

Bares to the breeze his silvery hair,
Leans on his staff, and dreams of the past,
When youth's hot blood in his veins beat fast;
Shoulders his staff, and thinks it a gun,
And shows in his dreams "how fields were won."
Oh, welcome the quiet even-tide,
To those who know not the pomp of pride;
Who gladly rise with the morning light,
And ply their task till the shades of night;
No regrets at the close of the day,
O'er time mispent or idled away.
Happy are we, if the evening of life,
Shall be as quiet and free from strife;
If the shades of death shall gently fall,
Shrouding us all in his gloomy pall;
None of life to regret or repent,
No tears to shed o'er a life mispent.

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

How bright the untried future seemed,
When years ago we sat and dreamed,
In youth's sweet morning hours!
With not a thought of weary pain,
Which piper years bring in their train,
To blight hope's fairest flowers.

With eager eyes, yet half afraid,
We scanned the time, then just ahead;
When happy girlhood o'er,
School-days all passed, books thrown aside,
Our little barque should stem life's tide,
And unknown shores explore.

Those years rolled on; we have attained
To womanhood; the heights are gained,
Which once seemed far away;

Do hopes in full fruition lie?
No, they were only born to die—
Faint blossoms of a day!
Oh! we have learned that human life,
Is one of care, and pain, and strife;
That only now and then
A sunbeam o'er our path will stray,
To cheer awhile our darkened way,
Then quickly fade again.

And though the dazzling visions grand,
That floated through youth's fairy-land,
Have vanished long ago;
If Christian faith and hope unite,
They'll bring to view a fairer sight,
Than aught on earth below.

GENERAL WHITBY'S NIECE.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

I.

"DEAR COZ,—You have heard me speak of Gen. Whitby. His niece is coming here by the mail-train this evening. The General is staying at the St. Nicholas, and business forbids his leaving office duties for even an hour. He cannot very well attend to the young lady, neither can he send her home, as his wife is in the country, and is not expected back for a month or more. The poor man seemed to be in such distress about it, that I ventured to decide that you would take charge of his niece. It will be only for a few weeks, and your spare room is just the thing. Pray, don't blame me for taking you unawares, you have always been so kind. Board will be paid for, of course.

"Yours,

LOUIS."

"DEAR COZ,—I have found exactly the girl for you—neat, pretty, modest, and industrious. She will be sent on by to-morrow's express train—so look out for her. She has been well brought up, is an orphan, and sadly in want of a home. Knows how to do all sorts of house-work, and don't object to the country. Very glad for your sake, as I know how much you need and will prize her.

"Yours,

LOUIS."

"I wonder when I shall find my prize?" soliloquized Louis Brand, as he lazily slid the letters into previously-prepared envelopes. "It is very certain that the average girl is not destined to conquer me. Now the General goes into rhapsodies over his niece, little thinking, as he points out her perfections, that she is the very woman I would avoid."

Louis Brand supposed himself to be destined to bachelorhood for all time. He stayed—he never called it living—at the St. Nicholas, and took dutiful care of his old mother, whom he surrounded with every requisite comfort. She was rather grieved than otherwise to see him content with living unmarried, and deplored the fastidiousness that deprived her of a daughter.

In due course of time the letters were sent off and reached their destination. Number one was carried by the postman to a modest country cottage, where resided three young ladies with their widowed mother. Rose, Ann, and Mary, were respectively aged, nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-three. Rose read all the letters, and her

pretty face grew long as she perused the brief epistle.

"A general's niece!" she cried, with something like a gasp. "Girls, only listen to this letter! Cousin Louis is going to send Gen. Whitby's niece, here! What in the world can he have been thinking of?"

"And we have just sold the cow!" chimed in Annie, folding her hands with an expression of despair.

"What does he mean about the spare room?" continued Rose, still perusing the note. "Why, he must know that we have no spare room but the garret."

"Oh, well! I suppose he acted on impulse, as he generally does," interrupted the matter-of-fact Mary. "He knows we are well-bred, and not absolutely poverty-stricken."

"She shall not come! I won't have it," cried Rose, with vehemence. "I'll go right down to the city to-night——"

"On a wild-geese chase;" interrupted Annie. "He don't even say where he is staying, the madcap! He never did date a letter like a sensible man; and, after all, dear, it's only for a few weeks. We can put on the dignity, vacate our room, and lodge in the sky-parlor. Only I hope it won't rain."

"I wouldn't do it for the queen," pouted Rose, her bright eyes full of tears. "Just see how we are situated. No girl, and no hope of getting one for weeks to come, maybe. Fancy us working for, and waiting on, Gen. Whitby's niece! Why, all the blood of the Bradfords protests against it. I'd like to see myself doing it. No, no!"

"Aunt Beck will come and help us, and be glad to," said Mary.

"I fancy!" and Rose laughed a little sharply, "Aunt Beck's small eyes and high nose, to say nothing of her queer caps, would frighten the girl to death. Then look at the parlor; the carpets worn threadbare; not a decent chair or table in it. It's too bad!"

On her return the widow was taken into the council. She looked grave for a moment.

"I don't know what we shall do, girls, unless we make the best of it," she said. "There is no time to write to Louis; and, after all, she comes as a boarder. She will see that we are plain people, and, no doubt, enjoy herself."

"I hope she won't put on airs," said Rose. "What more is she than we, because she's a general's niece?"

"Nobody said she was, dear," responded the widow, mildly, smiling on her belligerent daughter, who, as Mary said, was prone to fight wind-mills.

Beds, rooms, furniture, were interviewed at once. The front room over the parlor was beautified as much as it could be on so short notice. In less than twenty-four hours a lady-like looking girl was put down at the door, so plainly dressed, so quiet, so modest, that Rose took her to her heart at once. The sisters wondered for a moment at the rather antiquated black leather trunk, which was carried up to the spare room with considerable ostentation.

The young lady, who had introduced herself as Miss Whitby, meantime, looked on with some astonishment as each one vied with the other in showing the most delicate demonstrations for her comfort.

"So lady-like and graceful!" said Rose, glowing like her namesake when the sisters met again down stairs, "one would think she had been used to a little old country-house all her life."

"So sweet and natural!" echoed Annie.

"So threadbare!" supplemented matter-of-fact Mary, when the rest had exhausted their ejaculations.

"Travel and dust always do make one's clothes look threadbare," was the response of sister Rose.

"What am I to do?" asked the young lady, coming down stairs, not long after, attired as plainly as before.

"You are just to go in the parlor, and make yourself quite contented," said Rose, who had been dubbed mistress of ceremonies for the present.

"Oh, but I came to work, you know," was the response, with a gentle smile.

"The work is all provided for to-day," said Rose, and led her perforce into the parlor, which did not present the contrast she had fancied it would with the splendid visitor of her imagination. She brought out papers and books, opened the little spider-legged piano, then begging to be excused, she flew out into the kitchen.

Meantime, the girl in the plain black dress stood where she had been left, evidently much bewildered.

"I don't understand it," she murmured. "Can it be possible these people have heard— But no, there must be some mistake. And poor papa told me I was never to receive any favor at his hands. They must be aware that I have come

in the capacity of a servant, and they treat me like a guest."

She sighed, then moved toward the little old-fashioned instrument, and touched the keys with a loving pressure.

"A whole year since I have played a note," she said, softly, "and still I am sure my fingers have not forgotten their cunning."

Meantime, Rose was speculating on the guest in her rambling fashion.

"I've quite fallen in love with her, do you know, mamma? Oh, Annie, don't let the biscuits burn. She seemed so afraid of giving trouble. I just believe Cousin Louis hinted at our circumstances; if he did, he will get a blessing from me. Did you notice her voice? Soft and low—an excellent thing in woman. I wish mine was; but, on the least provocation, it will pipe out, almost as shrill as poor old Deacon Tribulation's treble. I can tell you I wouldn't take all this pains for the young lady if she hadn't been so sweet and real. And did you notice her face, girls? It is exceptional—large, blue-gray eyes, and skin of the brunette order. Without being absolutely beautiful, it is the most charming countenance I ever saw. There, Molly, how does the silver look? There isn't much of it, to be sure; but what there is, is real—that's a comfort; and some of it has a history. I call that a stylish table. Annie, you go and tell the general's niece that supper is ready."

II.

Note number two found its way to a handsome and rather aristocratic country-house, beautiful for situation, and tenanted, for the summer, by two sisters and an aunt, each of them considering herself the very cream of refined society.

Mrs. Reno, also a widow, was the sister of Mrs. Bradford, the mother of Rose, Mary, and Annie.

"I can't imagine," said Mrs. Reno, in consultation with her nieces, as she lifted her gold-rimmed eye-glasses from a delicately outlined aquiline nose, "how Cousin Louis came to know that we wanted such a young person."

"He has probably seen Aunt Bradford, or some of the girls," said Miss Mell, the younger of the two nieces. "You know, when they were here, you talked it over."

"I am only too much obliged, to be sure," responded Mrs. Reno. "But I trust this meagre outline is not a fancy picture. These girls in want of a home expect too many privileges, and are not so well inclined to pay in work for the comforts they seek. Then you feel obliged to treat them with more consideration if they have been well reared. However, I feel inclined to

run the risk, for I am thoroughly tired of imported help; so let us hope for the best. We might as well give her the second spare bed-room. It is rather small, but neat and pretty."

"She may be very glad to get such a room," said Elizabeth, a slender maiden of thirty, who still affected youthful ringlets, which hung in great profusion on neck and shoulders.

"She will be sure to take advantage of it," echoed Miss Mell, who was as dignified in manner as her sister was childish, and a martinet in household discipline.

"Oh, well! we're not bound to keep her if she does not please us," said her aunt, "and—Why, here is a carriage, and— That can't be her!"

A tall, fashionably-attired young lady, with a long, sweeping train, which she evidently knew how to manage, descended from the carriage. The three ladies watched her movements from the windows in great consternation.

"Mellicent, her trunk is a Saratoga of the newest style!" said Elizabeth, as she toyed nervously with the long curls; "and her dress is grenadine, with a satin stripe; and there are three flounces! It's trimmed much more expensively than mine. And that chain, of course, it's pinchbeck; and a dagger-handle parasol, silver—positively one of the highest priced. I shall certainly faint. What can it mean?"

Mrs. Reno had stationed herself at the door, to which the younger ladies made flying visits from the windows. As her stately visitor came forward, she paused a moment, with a condescending smile, as she murmured,

"I have the honor of seeing Mrs. Reno, I suppose?"

"You have," said that lady, in her most freezing accents. "Pray, were you sent here by my cousin, Mr. Louis Brand?"

The answer, coupled with a haughty glance, was supplemented by a brief silence.

"Your cousin, as you call him, Mr. Louis Brand, assured me that I should meet with the kindest consideration under your roof. At least his note containing directions did so. I had not the pleasure of meeting him. He was very particular to say I should be welcome."

"Oh, certainly! Come in. But you don't look as if you were very thoroughly acquainted with housework."

"Housework!" and again the general's niece paused as they entered the handsome parlor together.

"Permit me to ask you if you mean to insult me before I am well under your roof? I was led to infer that I should have dealings with a lady;

but I fear I must order my trunk back to the carriage. I cannot stay here! Indeed, I cannot!"

"Of course not. I cannot for a moment encourage you. I wonder at my nephew. He is always getting people into the most absurd scrapes. He said you were neat, pretty, modest, and industrious. Do I quote correctly, Elizabeth? But sadly in want of a home——"

"Oh, pray, pray stop!" cried the young girl, a look of extreme distress clouding her face. "I can endure this humiliation no longer. That Mr. Brand, a gentleman of whom my uncle thinks so highly, and who does not know me at all, should presume to speak of me in terms of familiarity! Really, madam, I cannot stay another moment—and the carriage has gone. Is there a hotel in the place?"

Elizabeth, in the meantime, had been rapidly but vainly telegraphing to her aunt, who was near-sighted, that evidently there was some misunderstanding. She was convinced, from the faultless style of dress, the purity of language, the distinguished appearance of this young lady, that there was a mistake somewhere. She knew her aunt was pitiless to what she considered shoddy, and slow to comprehend.

"There is no hotel in the place," said Mrs. Reno, "and——"

"A carriage, then. Is it possible to send for a carriage? I will pay some one well for the service. I must go back immediately, and put myself under my uncle's protection. I cannot allow myself to be treated in this manner."

"But what did you expect?" continued Mrs. Reno, now thoroughly out of temper, for the manner of the stranger irritated her. "Girls who go out to service——"

The dark eyes flashed, and an imperative gesture startled even Mrs. Reno, so that she fell back a pace or two.

"Aunt," said Elizabeth, coming forward, "there is surely some mistake. I am certain of it. This young lady is no servant. You will pardon us, I am sure," she continued, turning to the general's niece, "for we were led, from the note received yesterday, to expect a person who is to act in the capacity of servant or companion. With his usual disregard of preliminaries and facts, Cousin Louis did not even make us acquainted with the name of the girl in question. Of course, there is a sad misunderstanding, which we shall be only too glad to correct."

"I am Miss Virginia Noble, the niece of Mrs. General Whitby," said the young lady, the crimson of insulted dignity fading slowly from her cheeks. "My aunt is from home, and as my uncle did not wish to leave me unprotected in a

city-hotel, Mr. Louis Brand very kindly, as I felt, made arrangements for my comfort in the family of his cousin."

"Really, this is very awkward, and calls for a sincere apology," said Mrs. Reno, covered with confusion. "What shall I say to that careless cousin of mine? You shall see for yourself the note we received."

Miss Virginia read the note, and had the grace to laugh at the description, and the good breeding to cover the general awkwardness by an instantaneous change of role.

"I hope I am none the less welcome," she said. "But I forget that you are quite unprepared for my visit. I may intrude——"

Both aunt and nieces were voluble in protestations. There was plenty of room; they were delighted to be of service, and the choice room—that room particularized in number one of Louis' letters—was forthwith appropriated to their guest.

III.

"THERE he is!" cried Rose, and ran out through the waning twilight to meet Cousin Louis.

"I thought I would call before I went over to B——," said the young man, smiling at the eager, flushed face. "Well, how do you like——"

"Oh, Louis, she is just splendid!" cried Rose, with the impetuosity of youth, cutting his question short. "What did you write such a queer letter for, when you knew our spare room was in such a dilapidated condition—in fact that it wasn't a spare room at all? And why didn't you tell us something about her?"

"I dimly know what you refer to, little coz, not remembering a line that I wrote; and as for telling you about her, I could hardly do that, for the very good reason that I never had seen her," laughed Louis. "Well, is she tall and awkward, or round and rosy? Will she give you any trouble, think, on account of her antecedents, or——"

"Oh, Louis," began Rose, again cutting off his sentence, "she is beauty and grace itself. You don't notice it so much at first, but it grows on one—such sweetness and delicacy! If you have not met her, I assure you there is great pleasure in store for you."

Louis looked in the sparkling face, then on the ground, and pondered.

"I don't know why I should be expected to take any interest in the girl," he said, slowly.

"What! When she is the niece of a general, and just as unobtrusive and lovely as if she was not at all related to distinguished people?"

"The niece of a general!" he repeated, knitting his brows.

"Why, you said so yourself, in your letter to mamma; and I am sure if you just hear her play in the twilight, and sing! Oh, Louis, you worship musical people; that is, you know you are very fond of music. Now, when you hear her, I want to sit just where I can look into your eyes. She'll make you cry. And she is splendidly educated. Of course, we've drawn this all out of her by questioning. She didn't tell us herself, she is so modest; but if you don't fall in love with her, be sure I shall."

They had nearly reached the windows of the small drawing-room. Louis was busily thinking with a ruffled countenance, or trying to think. What did Rose mean about the letter? Could he have made one of his stupid mistakes?

Suddenly, as if poured at once from some shrine of hidden glory, the white lustre of the full moon flooded all the place with its pale splendor. It brought into luminous distinctness the short, thick grass in front of the cottage, and the vines that climbed the trellised door-way. It softly parted the gloom of the tree-shadows, revealing at a window an exquisite face, thoughtful, from the shining eyes to the clearly-outlined brow, about which the brown hair waved in silken curves, but the lips were parted and shining.

If this was the general's niece! But how was it possible such a mistake could have occurred? He remembered minutely his letter of instruction; and yet it was just possible that he had misdirected even that, as he had the others. Mentally scoring a black mark against himself, he entered the house with Rose.

"Miss Whitby," said Rose, "here is Cousin Louis. Mr. Brand, Miss Whitby."

"The Dickens!" cried Louis, under his breath. "It is she, after all; and yet," he soliloquized, she does not exactly answer the general's description. However, one can't always tell from that, men see so differently.

As for the stranger, she had seemed, so far, to be moving, and talking, and acting in a dream; but a dream so delightful, that she had no wish to awaken from it. She had gracefully yielded to circumstances for the time being, arguing that there was leisure enough on the morrow in which to adjust her social standing. For once, she would be as joyous as nature had intended. Was it chance that had brought back to her the old associations that once had clustered about her pleasant home—music, friends, appreciation? To-morrow, if it must be, she would take up spindle and distaff; to-night she would forget all sorrow, and be happy. So she sang, and Louis listening in the moonlight, thought he had never heard a richer voice, or seen a purer face, cer-

tainly never one that had quickened his pulses, as this one did; never one that had seemed to him the incarnation of all womanly grace and sweetness.

"Can this be the fashionable, petted belle?" he asked himself, "the girl whose lovers sigh around her by the score? Then have I never been so deceived in a human countenance. This cannot be the woman who could glory in such a train."

"I've got a bone to pick with you, Cousin Louis," said a voice near.

"Very well, you shall have all the meat, if there is any on it," laughed Louis.

"I don't want to quarrel with you for sending her here, because I like her so very much; and then you must have told her uncle that we— Well, we're far from being millionaires, she seems so anxious to save us trouble. She's a dear; but then I do wonder you didn't send her to aunt Reno's. Everything is so splendid there!"

"Rose, I have a confession to make. I did send her there."

The dimpled face looked incredulous. "Then how came she here?"

"That's what I am puzzling my own head over," said Louis. "I sent an entirely different person to you."

"Oh, Louis!"

"Yes, a nice little girl; and, by the way, my informants did add rather a superior sort of young person, to bake, and broil, and stew."

"Why, Louis!" Rose had grown suddenly pale.

"And somehow the miserable envelopes got mixed; they always do." Rose could not help laughing at his comical expression of despair.

"But—but you are sure the girls didn't get mixed?" Rose asked, still laughing.

"Who can tell? To speak out, I'm in a dilemma myself. Still, this is Miss Whitby; the name is right enough. What a lovely face she has; and how really unconscious she seems of her beauty! An unusual merit. Oh, it's all right, you may be sure."

Rose drew into the shadow, silent and thoughtful. Louis sought the vicinity of Miss Whitby.

"When did you see your uncle, the general, last?" he asked. She started at the question, and half-averted her face as she replied,

"I have never seen General Whitby."

It was now his turn to express surprise. "He certainly spoke as if he had recently met you," he said.

"I have never seen him," she said again. "It is just possible that he may have seen me; but then how was he to know me? To be sure I am very like papa, but——"

Her hesitancy, the mystery now seeming to involve the matter, puzzled Louis; while the sweetness of her countenance, the gentleness of her manner, and, more than these, the low, beautifully modulated voice, were like so many magnets to attract him.

"But he spoke of you as often, nay, almost always, an inmate of his house," persisted Louis.

"Oh, he never meant me. I don't think he would care to know me. And papa was not willing I should go to him. Papa was his younger brother; but—I am asking myself how you became acquainted with the fact of the relationship between us. I do not remember to have heard your name before. I am sure I have never met you."

Rose prevented his reply by coming forward.

"Louis," she said, abruptly. "Aunt Reno and Elizabeth are here. They rode over in the pony chaise. Will you step this way?" She seemed agitated, and did not even cast a glance toward the young lady, whom she had so recently been overwhelming with attentions.

"Do you know Louis," she continued, in a low voice, "the real niece of General Whitby is over to Aunt Reno's, and this girl must be an impostor?"

"But this young lady just told me that she was the general's niece," said Louis.

"That can't be, Louis. You see aunt explained it all. She received your letter, recommending the servant, and we got the one informing us of the arrival of General Whitby's niece. So you can imagine the terrible complication. Aunt Reno actually supposed her visitor was a domestic, and treated her like one; and we— Well, sure enough she was shabby, as Mary said. How could we allow ourselves to be so deceived?"

"So the beauty, and the grace, and the music all go for nothing," said Louis.

"Why, to be sure. How strange that she should be educated like a lady; but, if she is an impostor, Louis, you must see that we cannot encourage her."

Mrs. Reno and Elizabeth stood talking together in the bright moonlight, just inside the front door. Both looked anxious, and Mrs. Reno insisted that Louis should drive them back, and make things more agreeable.

"Of course, she can't overlook my ungracious reception," said the latter. "And my plan is to get you home, so that you may meet her the first thing in the morning. Elizabeth and I think that will straighten out affairs."

Bidding the household a hurried good-night, Louis drove back with the ladies, his thoughts, it

must be confessed, lingering behind with the gentle, dainty face he had left, and employed with conjectures that formed the staple of the ladies' conversation. He said very little, however, in answer to their ejaculations and surmises. It proved best for all parties that Louis had consented to heal the breach by his presence at breakfast. Miss Noble came down in a stately fashion, and a magnificent morning-dress. Of fine stature and commanding presence, she quite fulfilled his impression of the general's niece. Her haughty black eyes deigned to soften at his smile, and after breakfast she approached the subject which had been in the thoughts of all. Then it was, after the first playful allusion, that Louis spoke of her uncle.

"I was led to believe," he said, "that you were the only niece in the family."

"I am," was the response; "at least I suppose I am." Her hesitancy encouraged him.

"I have heard that the general had a brother."

"He had, a younger brother, a lieutenant in the army, who committed a dreadful imprudence by marrying very much beneath him. I have heard my aunt speak of him once or twice; my uncle never. He married a singer, I believe, from one of the minor concert-rooms, and so shocked his brother that he never spoke to him again, never forgave him. I think he was ordered to Texas soon after his marriage, and that then there was a little girl. Aunt said his wife died on the way, the journey proving too hard for her; and that is the last they ever heard from him. Letters never passed between them, and I don't suppose uncle knows now whether he is dead or alive. If the child is living, aunt says she must be just my age."

The young man listened with a brightening smile. He knew now what the sudden thrill of joy meant, as he thus heard corroborated the half-explained story of the sweet girl who had won his heart in the moonlight.

Miss Mell and Miss Elizabeth speculated after their own fashion on the probable friendship of the incorrigible bachelor, and the splendid niece of Gen. Whitby. Both of them concluded that it ought to be a match. Mrs. Reno, as soon as she found time, questioned him closely as to the position of the young girl, who had been received with all the honors at her sister's house, but Louis was reticent.

"She has told us all her story," said Rose, on the evening of the following day, as she met Louis again at the garden-gate. "You see her father died in Texas, very suddenly, leaving her poorly provided for, and as she supposed she might find some of her mother's relatives in B—,

the company under his command—he was captain when he died—with the officers made up a sum of money, and she came on with the general and his wife, under guard, all the way from Texas. Well, she did find one or two of her mother's people; but the aunt she stopped with was very poor, and her money did not last long, so she applied for a home as a domestic. She tried to teach music first, and if she had had a piano, might have found a few pupils; but I suspect the place at which she was staying was very far from congenial. Well, of course, she has gone to work for us, and she really is the most clever, neat, managing little person! It seems she has always kept house for her father, almost ever since she could walk, she says; and I suppose she will be a great comfort to us. But really one don't feel quite like leaving her in the kitchen, while one sits in the parlor. And the strangest part of all is that Gen. Whitby is really her uncle. Only think of having for one's servant Gen. Whitby's niece!"

"It would please me better," said Louis, in a deep voice, and with considerable emphasis on the word *me*, "if you could make a companion of her. You see——" He paused, looked in her eyes, colored, and suddenly his own eyes fell.

"Oh, Louis! I do believe I know what you mean!" cried Rose, her face suddenly glowing with new light and brilliancy. "Well, now, Louis, that is just complete!" and she clapped her hands. "But what shall we do for a servant?"

"I'll see to that," said Louis.

"Perhaps you will send us another general's niece," Rose responded, with a merry laugh.

Gradually, Miss Whitby's duties grew lighter, and she found herself transferred to pleasanter associations, and more congenial employment. The old piano-forte, under her soul-speaking touch, gave forth such glad music, that the hearts to which it spoke, leaped as did the lame man, at the voice and touch of inspiration, and grew consciously happier and purer. A sweet vision she was, to one at least, flitting about the sunny old house, singing snatches of home-songs, gliding into the family ways, always helpful, hopeful, and high-hearted, sustained, as one could not but see, by a holier than human hope or aspiration. The cousins met, and Louis watched them together. Virginia, wonderfully handsome, but cold and haughty, treated her young relative with a condescending politeness consistent with her notions of the family honor. A passionate lover of music, she could not justly withhold her praise of her cousin's execution, or the exquisite purity of her voice. She, too, sang and played,

but neither nature, nor the genius that carries souls captive, had smiled upon her, and her brilliant fantasias elicited but formal praise.

"Well, what do you think of her?" asked Louis, after Mrs. Reno had driven away with her guest. He stood with Miss Whitby at the gate, where they had taken leave of the two visitors. Rose had stolen away.

"She is a magnificent woman," was the response of the maiden; and he thought he could see the flush on her cheek pale in the vivid moonlight.

"Magnificent? True," he answered, as one in a reverie; "but not loveable."

She looked up, an innocent surprise in her glance.

"Why, I thought——" she said, then paused abruptly.

"What did you think, Alice?" He had never called her by her Christian name before, and the

innocent liberty startled her. She turned partly away, and withdrew the hand that he had taken.

"From what the Misses Reno have said, I was led to infer that you were perhaps engaged to Miss Noble," she answered, simply and honestly.

"The Misses Reno take counsel from their hopes; they are entirely mistaken. I admire and respect Miss Noble," was his reply; "but I—I am very much in love with her cousin, whose gentle, womanly character has won one who had begun to fear that he should never find his ideal."

She looked at him again with tears in her eyes, but on her lips a smile trembled.

"I wish dear papa could see how happy I am," she murmured, as he held her now passive hand. Rose met them at the door, and began expatiating on the beauty of the moon; but she knew as well as if the traditional "little bird" had told her, that these two were evermore henceforth to walk the pleasant paths of life together.

TARRY YE HERE AND WATCH.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Day set upon Mount Olivet's brow,
And night and darkness closed around;
No mortal sees the Saviour bow
In anguish that bedews the ground
With drops of blood, wrung from his brow,
The sweat of his great agony.
Sleep captive holds the chosen three,
To whom he said, watch here with me.

While on the ground he sorrowing lies,
With God the Father pleads the Son:
Let this cup pass from me, he cries,
Yet not my will but Thine be done.
That bloody sweat may not suffice,
Lost man to save—the Son must die,
And sadly asks the slumbering three,
Could ye not watch one hour with me?

One little hour, when death was nigh,
And mortal foes were gathering near,
One hour with him about to die,
That death for them might have no fear.
If this cup may not pass from me,
Except I drink of it, he cries,
Father, thy will be done; the three
Forget his bidding—watch with me.

Three times he prays apart, alone,
Then comes with strength to do the will
Of Him who sits upon the throne;
And finds the Apostles sleeping still.
Sleep on and rest, he said. "Twas done!
His blood was bought, his hour had come.
Arise, he bids the awakened three,
And let us go—they wait for me.

A FADED ROSE.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

SWIFT relic of Summer, symbolical token,
Of those who have cherished thee, beautiful rose;
Oh, who was the stem that supported thee, broken,
Oh, where did thy leaves in their beauty unclose?

In some lovely garden, where sunbeams are glancing,
Through aisles in the glory of Summer arrayed;
Where musical fountains are ceaselessly dancing,
With silvery brightness, in sunshine and shade.

Amid the gay flowers of some distant prairie,
Didst thou, in the height of thy loveliness glow,
Like one starry gem, in a bridal tiara,
That rests, like a halo of light, on the brow.

Bloomed thou, on some desolate isle of the ocean,
Amid the bright shells, that are spangling the shore?
Where billows are dashing in ceaseless commotion,
And answering winds in their sullenness roar.

Ah, no! by the home of my childhood, sweet blossom,
Didst thou in the season of beauty unclose;
To breathe thy perfume o'er the cold, silent bosom,
Of one who has sunk to his lasting repose.

Oh! there was the stem that supported thee, broken,
While yet thou wast fresh with thy loveliness on;
And still we have kept thee, symbolical token,
Of one that we loved who has faded and gone.

VALERIE D'ESCOURT'S SECRET.

BY EDNA DERING.

"There, Miss, is Oakland," said the driver, pointing with his whip.

Eagerly I leaned forward to see my future home.

Oakland! Oh, that I had the pen of the poet, or the pencil of the artist, to do full justice to the beautiful scene.

It was sunset. Clouds of ruby and gold, emerald and amethyst, were blending in the western sky. At our right hand, was the noble Hudson, looking like a winding street of burnished silver, its sparkling waters, rose-tinged from the hues of the western sky, and dotted with steamers, or saucy little sail-boats, that darted past like white-winged birds.

On our left was Oakland—beautiful Oakland! The house was a large stone mansion, with wings, broad verandas, half concealed by the roses and clematis that clambered up the fluted pillars, bay-windows, and odd projections and recesses that cast irregular shadows upon the green grass.

"It is very pleasant," I said, and then drew a long sigh, for I knew that I was about to meet strangers, who might not be, what their home was, "pleasant."

We drove through the broad gateway, guarded by two stern-looking stone lions, up the wide avenue, shaded by stately oaks, from which, I supposed, the place derived its name. As we rode rapidly along, I could catch, now and then, a glimpse of sparkling fountains tossing their spray high in the air, and then receiving it back into the marble basins, guarded by marble nymphs, white, but life-like. And then a turn of the road brought us a full view of the conservatory, the crystal walls of which, illumined by the rays of the setting sun, seemed like those of an enchanted palace. Then another turn of the road shut out all this beauty from my sight, and I became conscious that the carriage had stopped before the main entrance of the mansion. Two ladies were standing on the broad, stone steps.

"I'm going to speak to her first, mamma!" cried the younger, in a gay voice, as she bounded forth to meet me.

Her form was fairy-like, her complexion a delicate pink and white, her eyes a lovely violet, and bright as stars, her mouth small, and as soft, red, and beautiful as a half-opened rose. Crowning all this loveliness was a wealth of golden curl,

hanging in a glittering mass to her slender waist. She wore a white robe of some thin, floating material, and her only ornament, a cluster of blush-roses, nestled amid the folds of white lace at her still whiter throat.

"Welcome! Welcome to Oakland!" she cried, running toward me, with her tiny hand extended.

"Fay, my daughter, how very impulsive you are!" said her mother, as she descended the steps, with a kind smile upon her gentle countenance.

"Is this Mrs. Fairfax?" I inquired, timidly.

"Yes, my dear; and this is my daughter, Fay, who declared she would be the first to welcome you to Oakland, where we both sincerely hope that you will be happy. We are not going to consider you a stranger at all, Miss Dering, but as one of the family. Indeed, Fay says that she means to adopt you as her elder sister, she never having had that desirable article."

My first meeting with them was so different from what I had expected, that the tears came to my eyes. Mrs. Fairfax saw that I was agitated, and kindly directed me to my room, telling me that tea would be ready in an hour, and that, if I was not too much fatigued, she would like to have me come down; otherwise, I might, if I chose, have it sent to my room. But I thought that I had better meet the rest of the family as soon as I could, and have that over with, although I did not think it so trying an ordeal as I had before my kind reception.

When I was alone in my room I sunk into a softly-cushioned chair, a perfect Sleepy Hollow of rest, and glanced about me. The room was tastily, nay, elegantly furnished. On a little marble-topped table stood a vase of roses, lilies, and purple tufts of heliotrope, that filled the room with delicious perfume.

And now, a few words in regard to myself. A month before, I had been a petted heiress and belle. One turn of Fortune's wheel, and all was changed: parents, friends, fortune, had disappeared, and I was alone.

I was so young—only nineteen, and had only seen life's sunny side, that this change, sudden as it was, almost prostrated me. Like a dream, a terrible dream, the memory of that sad week comes back to me. I saw two of the dearest faces—my father's and my mother's—lowered into

their last resting-place; and I felt that the grave had shut out all the hopes, all the happiness of my life. For days after, I moved about like one bereft of sense—and it is a wonder that I did not become insane—and then I awoke to the stern reality that, longing for death as I did, it would not come, and that, if I lived, I must work. I had no home; my father's beautiful mansion belonged to another. I must seek shelter elsewhere.

Fortunately, I had a good education. I had been fond of study. So, by the aid of Madam Alamont, at whose seminary I graduated, I obtained the situation of governess to the two youngest children of Mrs. Fairfax, a widow lady, and the owner of Oakland.

As I looked around, I thought I should be happy here: it seemed such a beautiful haven of rest. A cheerful little song came to my lips, which, for weeks, had only quivered with sobs.

I was not long dressing, for when one wears mourning robes, one has no long ponderings as to the color to be chosen.

As I looked at the mirror, I saw something reflected therein, a slight, girlish form, a pair of large, brown eyes, a mouth with firm, and rather proud, red lips, cheeks with a pink tinge in them, and a large quantity of golden-brown hair, that would persist in curling, although I had tried to fasten it up in braids and coils, thinking that ringlets were too girlish for a governess. To complete my toilet, I took a sprig of heliotrope and lilies of the valley, and placed them in my hair. The tea-bell now rang, and I descended the stairs.

In the lower hall, I met Mrs. Fairfax and Fay, who led the way to the dining-room, where quite a number of young ladies and gentlemen were already assembled, some sitting, some standing, all busily talking.

There was a lull in the conversation as we entered, and all eyes were directed toward me. A tall, young man, with large, dark eyes, came toward us, and Mrs. Fairfax introduced him as "My son, Allen." "My son, Allen" bowed and said,

"I intended meeting you at the *dépôt*, but was most unexpectedly obliged to go away, on a business matter, to a little village a short distance from here. I've just returned. I hope that you will excuse me."

I bowed, and blushed. I had hoped that I was rid of that unpleasant, school-girlish habit of blushing; but, really, Mr. Allen Fairfax did have such an earnest, penetrating expression in his dark eyes, that I became quite nervous whenever he looked at me.

At the tea-table my attention and admiration were drawn toward a lady who was my *vis-à-vis*.

She was tall and regal-looking, with a full,

voluptuous form, that was most graceful in all its outlines. Pride and hauteur were penciled on her statuesque features, and flashed from her dark eye. Her complexion was not fair, but was as vivid and glowing as the cheek of a rich, ripened peach. She was dressed very simply, yet elegantly, in a heavy, lustrous, black silk. A scarlet shawl fell in graceful folds from her sloping shoulders, and with a cluster of scarlet geraniums in her shining, black braids, completed the needful bit of coloring.

Upon her round, white wrists was a pair of very curious bracelets. They were so very peculiar, that I could not help noticing them. They were golden serpents, with ruby tongues and diamond eyes, and looked so life-like that I shuddered.

"Who is the lady opposite—the one with dark hair and eyes? I did not distinctly hear her name, when your mother introduced me," I said, in a low tone, to Fay, who sat by my side.

"Oh, that is Valerie D'Escourt. Her mother was mamma's cousin, and her father was a Spaniard. Both of her parents died when she was but ten years of age; she must be twenty now. She's awfully rich! Was educated in Montreal, but has spent the last two years in Europe. She came to Oakland about a month ago, and intends to stay here all summer. I think that she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw; but I'll tell you, confidentially, that I don't like her—that is, so very much; she is so cold, and has such a proud way with her. It's indescribable, that manner of hers! So distant, that I never would dare to be intimate with her. Aren't those bracelets odd that she wears? I dare say they are worth a small fortune! I suppose their value is increased because they are old Egyptian things. Been in the D'Escourt family, oh, ever so long ago. Years ago, it is said, one of Valerie's ancestors took them from the tomb of an Egyptian king, or some such dignitary, so I don't see anything to be so proud about. I'm sure it wasn't very creditable to do such a thing. I should call it the same as stealing! But Valerie seems to take great pride in them, and I seldom see them off her arms. I wouldn't wear them for anything—the ugly things! They really look as though they were alive!"

And so Fay chattered away, until she wandered off on subjects less interesting, for I must acknowledge that Valerie D'Escourt had a powerful attraction for me.

Allen Fairfax sat by her side, and the two carried on a low conversation, only pausing now and then to join in the ceaseless chatter of the other young people.

At the upper end of the table, near their mother, sat my two future pupils, Tom and Nellie Fairfax, bright-eyed little folk of perhaps nine or ten. They were twins and looked precisely alike. Both regarded me very attentively, and once, during a pause in the conversation, Tom called out,

"Brother Allen!"

"Well, sir, what is it?" inquired that gentleman.

"Nothing. Only Nellie and I think that we'll like our new governess; 'cause she's so pretty, and has such long, brown curls. The last governess we had, Miss Green, was horrid homely! She wore a wig, and had false teeth! She kept the teeth in a little, yellow bowl at night. I took it once to make paste in, when I fixed my kite. My! Didn't Miss Green scold though, when she found it out!"

At this dreadful speech, the gentlemen roared, with laughter, and the young ladies tittered. Mrs. Fairfax said, reprovingly, "Thomas, my dear, you really shouldn't talk so about people; it's very rude."

"Yes, Tom. I advise you to stop making your very original speeches. Besides, I fear that you are not giving Miss Dering a very good impression of her future pupils," said Allen, endeavoring to speak sternly, although I saw a merry twinkle in his dark eye.

Tom subsided, I am glad to say, and we finished the remainder of our repast in peace.

After tea, declining the kind invitation to spend the evening in the parlor, I returned to my room, and soon retired, for I was quite fatigued after my day's journey.

In a day or two, I began my duties. I found Tom and Nellie bright, intelligent children, a trifle spoiled, perhaps, by too much indulgence, yet quick to learn, and obedient. But they were constantly bubbling over with fun and merriment, and were nearly always indulging in some prank or practical joke. But they soon learned to love me, and that gave me a great deal of happiness; for to win the love of little children is to win a priceless jewel.

On a beautiful September morning, some two months after my arrival at Oakland, Fay came bounding into the room, where we were all assembled for breakfast.

"Oh, I've got the loveliest—I've thought of the most splendid——"

"Who? Where? What? How?" exclaimed, in a most tragic manner, young Harry Gilmour, who, I had observed, was very devoted to Fay, although he would persist in teasing her, whenever an opportunity occurred.

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"Be quiet, you wicked tease, and I'll tell my plans; but you needn't listen if you don't want to. It's nothing that you like, or care about. Let us all ride on horseback to Fernwoods. Martin can follow with the wagon full of eatables, shawls, chairs, and all such necessary things. It will be a lovely day; a trifle warm, perhaps, out. Who cares? And we can have, oh, such a splendid time. What say you?"

Everybody expressed their delight at Fay's plan. Turning to me, she said, "You'll go, won't you, Miss Edna?"

"You forgot my two pupils, my dear," I replied, with a smile.

"The 'two pupils,' namely, Nellie and Tom, are going to Fernwoods also. They will ride in the wagon with Martin. So, Miss Edna, there's nothing for you to do to-day, but to accompany us," said Mrs. Fairfax.

"Now, you'll have to go," exclaimed Fay, clapping her hands joyfully.

"Yes, Miss Dering, we shall all insist," said Allen. "And really you should see Fernwood; it is a beautiful spot—wild and romantic enough to suit any artist's eye."

My pleasure was somewhat dampened, by hearing Valerie D'Escourt say, in her clear yet low tones,

"There's going to be a complete revolution in society; did you know it? Governesses are to sit on the highest pinnacle, and we of the aristocracy are to sit on low foot-stools, and open our mouths for stray crumbs!"

She spoke to Miss Harwood, a gay young lady, who was somewhat wild and silly, perhaps, and who laughed at Miss D'Escourt's scornful remark, and then said,

"It is strange how much they do make of her. If she was in our house, I guess mamma would make her know her position!"

I very well knew that both young ladies were speaking of me, and I felt my cheek burn with indignation.

Allen, I think, heard their remarks, and saw the flush on my cheek, but he said nothing; only I noticed that his cheek burned, also, with an angry red spark, and I saw his eyes flash. I had before observed how cold and distant Miss D'Escourt had been to me, but I thought that was owing to her natural manner. But why had she spoken those insulting words about me. What had I done to offend her?

Allen Fairfax was supposed to be her exclusive property, for report said that they were engaged. Was she displeased because he had urged me to go to Fernwood? It was nothing but an act of politeness and kindness. Was she jealous? I

was not qualified to rival her in either riches or beauty. So why did she care, and why did she dislike me?

But I couldn't answer these questions, although they were revolving in my mind as we rode along.

Why did I care for her remarks, and why did they sting and rankle so in my heart? Why did their engagement—Allen's and Valerie's—give me such an aching pain, whenever I thought about it, or heard it mentioned? What was Allen Fairfax to me? Head said, "nothing!" heart said, "everything!" True, he had always been most kind and attentive to me; but then his nature was so noble and chivalrous, that it would see nothing, however insignificant, neglected.

So, then, I had no foundation, whatever, for building up this foolish love of mine.

Valerie D'Escourt was, as usual, looking radiantly beautiful. She managed her steed in a manner unequalled by even "Di Vernon," herself. Her habit was of black, unrelieved by any color, except the white plume in her hat, and a dainty bow of crimson ribbon that fastened her collar.

Fay, too, looked most beautiful, in her dark-blue riding suit, that made her appear still more fair. She was full of happiness, every now and then making us all laugh, by her witty remarks.

We had nearly reached Fernwood, when we were suddenly stopped by an unexpected accident.

Miss D'Escourt was riding a little in advance, holding the reins listlessly and carelessly, when suddenly her horse started at two men who came suddenly out of the woods, shied wildly, and threw his rider. Fortunately, the ground was thickly covered with moss and ferns. She was not injured, but hastily arose before any one had a chance to assist her. Allen offered her his arm, which she accepted. Just then, the two strangers, whose sudden appearance had so startled the horse, came up, and one of them, the better dressed of the two, began making profuse apologies.

At the sound of his voice, Miss D'Escourt turned abruptly around, and, for one instant, her eyes rested on his face.

Her own countenance, still pale from her previous fright, turned almost ashen in hue, and, muttering a few, inarticulate words, she sank, fainting, into Allen's arms.

To me there seemed something quite strange in this sudden fainting-fit, although it might be owing to her previous fright and excitement.

I glanced at the stranger—the one who had spoken. He was of medium size, regular fea-

tures, olive complexion, bald, black eyes, thick, curling, black hair, and a long mustache, with pointed, waxed ends, *à la Louis Napoleon*. His costume was that of a gentleman, so were his words and bearing, yet I could not help feeling a dislike toward him, for there seemed a cruel, wicked look in his large eyes. But that might be only my imagination, although I observed that Allen received his polite apology in no very good grace, and declined, in a cold manner, all the stranger's offers of help. "He is angry," thought I, "at this man, for so nearly causing the death of his future wife."

The strangers, seeing that they were of no use, as their offers of aid had been declined, mounted their horses, and rode away.

Soon after, Miss D'Escourt revived, and expressed a wish to return home. In spite of her entreaties, all of the party insisted on accompanying her.

She lay on the sofa nearly all day, looking languid, but extremely picturesque, covered with a scarlet shawl, and her black, shining braids and white face reclining on the embroidered roses of the sofa-pillow.

That evening, being in rather a meditative mood, I thought that I would take a stroll about the grounds. So I left the rest of the young people busily chatting in the parlor, and started out. Miss D'Escourt was not with them, but I supposed that she had retired, being rather fatigued after the day's exciting adventure.

It was a warm, sultry evening, with a great, golden moon, half-hidden among masses of black clouds, which looked as though they heralded an approaching storm.

I was standing in the shadow of a large evergreen, when I was startled by the appearance of a tall, white figure, a few yards from where I was.

I soon saw that this sudden apparition was Miss D'Escourt, and was about to speak to her, when a man bounded over the low hedge, and stood before her. The rays of the moon fell full on his face. It was that of the stranger, who, that very day, had so startled her steed.

He spoke in a low, metallic tone, and with a slightly foreign accent.

"*Ah! ma belle!* have you no tender welcome for me, after these two long years of separation? *Mon Dieu!* but I have had a long, long chase for you! How fortunate that I met you to-day.

"Oh, God, Leon! Then it is you, and I was not mistaken," said Valerie D'Escourt. In her tone, fear, horror, hate, and despair, all mingled together.

The moonlight, shining on her lovely, upturn-

ed face, showed it white and rigid, as if frozen into marble.

Then the two moved slowly away, and I could hear nothing more, only once I caught a few words. By the tone of her voice I could tell that she was pleading and beseeching him, and, apparently, with no success, for presently she fell on her knees before him, and exclaimed, in a voice that quivered and thrilled with terrible anguish.

"Take my gold—take every farthing that I possess, but, oh, Leon, for God's sake, do not betray me!"

"It is not your fortune, sweet one, that I would have, but it is your own lovely self. And may not a man have what belongs to him?"

Then he said something else, in so low a tone that I could not distinguish. Valerie arose from her humiliating attitude and stood before him despairingly, yet almost defiantly.

Just then Fay's voice was heard from the door, calling.

"Valerie! Valerie! Don't stay out in the damp any longer. Do come in, we all want you!"

Then Miss D'Escourt said a few words to the stranger, who disappeared, and she entered the house.

When I went in, I glanced in the parlor, before going up stairs, and I saw Valerie seated at the piano, playing a brilliant march. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes flashed with a strange, unnatural light, that added to her sparkling beauty. Surely she did not look much like the pale, terrified woman of ten minutes before!

About a week after this little scene, there was a fancy ball at Oakland; a grand, fancy ball, that had afforded the whole neighborhood a topic for conversation, for only the *élite* of the neighboring villas and the city were invited; and it was to be a very select affair.

Every guest was expected to appear in costume.

When the long-expected evening came, it found the mansion in a blaze of light, while gayly-colored lanterns gleamed from the shrubbery on the lawn. The conservatory was thrown open, and seemed a perfect Paradise, with its rare and beautiful exotics, intoxicating perfumes, and subdued lights. Strains of music stole in and out among the flowers, adding to the poetry of the scene.

The ball-room was thronged with guests, in odd or picturesque costumes. Queen Elizabeth and an old monk were whirling madly about, keeping time to the intoxicating strains of a Strauss waltz. Mary, Queen of Scots, was sitting by a window, calmly eating an ice, and flirt-

ing with Napoleon Bonaparte. Various other celebrated persons were mixed up in a manner quite regardless of dates, and in complete defiance of history. Besides historical costumes and characters, there were plenty that were merely fanciful: fairies, flower-girls, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, and scores of others.

Fay Fairfax represented "Titania;" and she looked very fairy-like, with her tiny form arrayed in a filmy lace robe, spangled with diamonds. With white wings upon her shoulder, and a wand in her hand, she moved about with a most airy grace, leaning upon her brother, Allen's arm, (he represented Robin Hood,) and received her guests.

Yielding to the entreaties of Fay, I had consented to appear in the ball-room, that night. I wore the garb of a nun, as most suitable for an orphan.

I knew, by this time, that I loved Allen Fairfax. I had striven to resist the passion, but my struggles were in vain, it conquered me! I had heard of, and believed the report, that he was betrothed to Miss D'Escourt. It is hard to know that he, whom you love with all your heart's deepest devotion, loves another woman; but when that woman is unworthy of his love, then, oh! then, how bitter is the cup.

And was Valerie D'Escourt worthy of his love? What did she have to do with that man whom she met in the garden? What was he to her, or she to him? What power had he over her? What terrible secret did he possess? And she, who was so proud and haughty to others, why did she sink at his feet in such humble entreaty? Ah! the dark, unraveled mystery!

I was sitting, in a little alcove, where, concealed by the curtains, I could, unobserved, watch the dancers, as they glided past. Suddenly, Allen's voice said,

"Why are you moping here alone, Miss Edna?"

I started confusedly. Observing my embarrassment, he turned the subject, and began talking about the dancers and their costumes. Presently he said, "Miss D'Escourt represents Cleopatra to-night. Look! Does she not do it royally?"

I had not yet seen her. I was quite dazzled by her beauty. Her tall, well-developed form was arrayed in a robe of white satin, trimmed with pearls, and over this was a long train of rich purple velvet, bordered with ermine. Her black hair was wound in shining bands and braids about her regal-shaped head, and upon it was a jeweled crown, or tiara of precious stones. Diamonds sparkled in her small, shell-like ears and on her snowy neck and arms; upon the latter I also

noticed the golden serpents, which Fay had called "old Egyptian things."

Valerie was standing in the centre of the room, under the full blaze of the chandelier, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, when suddenly a man leapt in at the low, open window.

What was my surprise, when I saw that it was the same man we had met the day we went riding, and the same, also, that I had seen in the garden.

He advanced with a calm, steady, determined air, toward Miss D'Escourt.

She had not observed his entrance, nor did she see him until he stood directly before her, with an evil, triumphant smile on his sensual lips.

A deep, ashen line overspread her beautiful face, whitening even her lips. For a moment she stood silent, then, with such a look of despair in her great dark eyes, and her white lips twitching convulsively, she reeled and fell.

Allen sprang toward her. I followed.

"See to Miss D'Escourt!" he said, to his mother and Fay, and then touching the arm of the stranger, he said, in a low voice, "Come with me, sir."

"Certainly, monsieur," replied the other, smiling, and showing his white, glistening teeth, as his lips parted.

Then he and Allen left the room.

"It is probably some drunken fellow," said the guests. "No wonder Miss D'Escourt was so startled, for she did not see him until he stood directly before her."

Miss D'Escourt soon revived, and declining all further offers of assistance, said that she would retire to her room.

As their enjoyment was rather broken up by this incident, the guests soon began to leave.

Passing through the hall, I encountered Allen Fairfax.

"Edna—Miss Dering—I presume that you have some suspicions in regard to this fellow. I, as well as you, was an observer of what happened in the garden that night. I know that you are one to be trusted. So come and let us hear what he has to say for himself. I sadly fear that he holds some great power over poor Valerie, or else he would not dare to be so bold. But come."

Trembling, I followed him to the library, where we found the stranger awaiting our arrival. After handing me a chair, Allen said,

"Now, sir, what is your name, and why do you persist in annoying Miss D'Escourt?"

"My name is Leon Joualle, and I have ze honor to belong to one grand family. I would

be a count, had I all my rights," said the stranger, bowing, and placing his hand upon his heart.

"We care nothing about your family, nor your rights; we desire to know what business you have here," said Allen, hastily.

"Monsieur Fairfax will be one great surprised, when I tell him that I am the husband of his fair guest, ze beautiful Valerie! We were, what you call, legally married, two years ago. I met her in Paris. She was traveling then, and one night we were married. Have ze proof of zat marriage if monsieur desires to see it. She was very beautiful; besides, she had a large fortune, and I was what you Americans call ze 'hard up!' So I was only too happy to gain such a rich prize. For a while all went well. I'm sure she loved me passionately. But, *helas!* as luck would have it, she found a letter that I had written to a friend, telling how I had married her for her money, and telling, too, how I indulged in ze innocent and harmless diversion of gaming. *Mon Dieu!* but didn't she fly at me though? Her eyes were like a tiger's. She said that she had been cruelly deceived and betrayed. She declared that she would no longer live with me: that she hated, abhorred, detested me. So I shut her up, thinking to tame her a little; but somehow she got out and went away, taking all her money and jewels with her. For a while I lost track of her, but thinking that she would return to America, hither I came also. How fortunate for me that we met! I saw her in the garden, one night, and she begged me not to betray her; but I would give her no promise. Then, in her desperation, she tried to bribe my valet—bribe him to kill me! and even gave him the poison with which to perform the deed! Fortunately he was faithful to me and my interests, and revealed her pretty plan! If I had hesitated to betray Valerie's secret before her murderous attempt, my hesitation was gone, and I was determined to have revenge! I will have it, too!" and a lurid light gleamed in his large, dark eye.

I glanced at Allen. My heart was full of pity, for I thought, "if he loves Valerie, how terrible this dreadful story will be." He bore it better than I thought. He said, calmly, "Well, sir, what do you propose doing?"

What a triumphant expression came to the other's face.

"What I said—have my revenge!"

"But will zo amount of money satisfy you, and persuade you to desist from persecuting Miss D'Escourt. Come," curtly, "what are your terms?"

"No, sir! I refuse all bribes! She must either come and live with me as my wife, or I

will publicly accuse her of her crime in attempting to murder me! *Sacre!* but that will bring madame to my terms!"

"Have you no pity—no mercy in your nature?"

"'Revenge is sweet,' monsieur!"

"Cowardly villain that you are, to torture a woman in such a way! Oh, shame, shame!"

"My terms are very easy. I have been deprived of my wife for two years, and I mean to have her now! *Mon Dieu!* I married her for her fortune, but now I love her! devotedly, madly—fierce tigress that she is!"

Allen's face was white with suppressed passion and indignation. He was about to reply, but was interrupted by a loud shriek, that rang through the mansion. It was Fay's voice, and came from Miss D'Escourt's room.

To that apartment we rushed—Leon Joualle and all.

My heart thrilled with a nameless and indescribable terror, for it seemed to me that something awful had happened—I knew not what!

We met Fay at the door. Her blue eyes were dilated with horror. She did not speak, but pointed into the room. We entered. But hardly had our feet crossed the threshold, when everyone paused, horror-struck.

Oh, God! what a sight!

The room was furnished with almost Oriental splendor. Curtains as delicate as frost-work hung from the windows. The carpet was white velvet strewn with blood-red roses, and trailing green vines. Rare tropical flowers bloomed in white marble vases curiously carved.

Upon a divan lay Valerie D'Escourt. Her regal head, still wearing its tiara of diamonds, rested on the rich, purple velvet of the cushions, and her face was as white as those of the statues in the room. Her heavy velvet robes fell in graceful folds about her, and dropped in a lustrous mass upon the carpet. Her hands were folded on her snowy bosom, and one held a paper, addressed to Allen. The other clasped a bracelet. It was one of the golden serpents, and its ruby fangs were still deeply imprinted in her soft, white flesh!

We took it from the cold, dead fingers, and only a tiny, purple spot on her bosom, showed what had probably caused her death.

By pressing a little spring in the head of the serpent, his tongue, charged with an instant and most deadly poison, would strike any object, giving it a fatal wound.

Valerie D'Escourt had represented Cleopatra that evening, and she had done it nobly, even to the terrible end!

We covered the poor, dead face, still beautiful, and now wearing a look of perfect peace, and then left the room.

"You see you have your revenge!" said Allen, sternly, to Monsieur Joualle, as we left the room.

"*Mon Dieu!* Yes!" he replied, with a shrug of his shoulders. We turned from him in disgust.

That evening, Allen called me into the library where he was alone. In his hand was the paper that he had taken from Valerie's dead fingers.

"Read it, Edna," said he.

It was written in a bold, unflinching hand, as if the writer were not at all disturbed by the thought of the awful deed she was about to commit. It ran as follows:

"Allen, it is all true what this man will tell you. I am his wedded wife! I was only a passionate orphan school-girl, with no one to watch over and guard me, as only a mother can, when this man—villain! married me.

"Oh, God! How I have suffered for the work of that one mad moment! I thought that I loved him, but I was only a foolish child, and knew not what love was then. Afterward, I met you, and loved you! Yes, I am not too proud to confess it, because, with my hand grasping Death's, I can lay aside all pride. Yes, Allen, I have loved you—loved you with all the intensity of my passionate nature!

"But you care not for me. You love one far more gentle and good than I could ever be. You know I mean Edna Dering. I have hated her for taking you away from me, but now my hatred is all gone, and I feel only love toward her, the sweet, gentle being, who is to bless your life, for I know she loves you! And may you both be very happy. As for me, I have done with earth. I cannot stay in this dreary world, and have the finger of scorn pointed at me. I never shall see Leon Joualle again. May God forgive him for the misery that he has caused me! He has told you that I tried to poison him? Yes, it is true. I did try, but did not succeed; and I am glad that I did not, for if my hands are to be stained with blood, I would rather it would be my own, than another's. It may be wrong, this deed I am about to do, yet I cannot, will not live!

"Shield my name as much as possible; the bitter memory of it is all I leave on earth.

"I am, oh, so weary—so weary! and would end these last miserable moments, all I have to spend here! Bless you, Allen! Bless you, Edna! and may you sometimes think a little lovingly of

"POOR LOST VALERIE."

Thus the letter ended.

My eyes were so blinded by tears, that I could not see Allen's face, but I felt his arms around me, and his tears mingled with mine, as he spoke words of love and comfort.

It was thus we plighted our troth. It was no joyous betrothal, for the shadow of another's deep woe lay too darkly on our path.

Three years after I was a happy wife and mother. We all lived at Oakland.

If the reader is interested in the fate of Leon

Joualle, I will tell him, that, on the very day after Valerie's death, he was arrested for a crime that will cause him to spend the remainder of his days in prison. He was, I believe, an accomplice in some murder, or it was rather doubtful if he was not the actual perpetrator.

Valerie had asked us to shield her name if possible; and it was shielded, for the universal opinion was, that she died of heart disease, and but very few ever knew of "VALERIE'S SECRET."

HIDDEN WORDS.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M. D.

I HAVE pondered Love's Lexicon over,
And volumes of minstrelsy
In vain, for I cannot discover
One word dear enough for thee;
Oh, had I fond words, never spoken
By poet or lover before;
Some sweet and immaculate token
Revealing Love's mystic lore,
I'd write thee a musical sonnet.
A song for thy light guitar,
With the breath of the flowers upon it,
And bright as Love's vestal star;

In the bower of royal roses,
Where sephyrns enamored stray,
I'd linger, as twilight closes,
To hear the impassioned lay.

But, alas! in my vain endeavor,
The wearisome days go by,
And the words I am grasping over,
Expire in the breath of a sigh;
Therefore, is the love unspoken,
That has filled my heart so long;
And silent—a dream unbroken—
Is the poet's unwritten song.

COMPENSATION.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Love, blind, expectant, and unwise,
Makes its demands, and trusting turns
To where its treacherous watch-fire burns,
In colors of the warmest dyes;
For well the kindling heart requires
Soft flame upon its altar fires;
And these expire, the heart will bleed,
The head adopt some fatal creed,
And life, whose opening hours were bright,
Is shadowed in the gloom of night.

Dear heart, so baffled with life's ills,
That promised bloom like budding May,
Shines still the sun in some glad ray
Upon the far-away green hills.
To those blest heights you may attain,
And sip the wine of life again;
The lotus taste, and there forget
The pain or loss you may have met;
Again believe the alloys hold
Within their mass some grains of gold.

NO WINE.

BY OLARA D. HEATH.

"THEY have no wine," the Mother said,
In tones with meaning fraught;
Ere yet the Church's living Head
A miracle had wrought.

Dear Saviour, at a word of thine,
The feast was well supplied,
The "conscious water" changed to wine,
Poured forth its blushing tide.

She has no wine! for many years
The wine of life ran low;
She drank the dregs 'mid hopes and fears—
How many days ago?

Return, oh, Lord! and let her know
The power of love divine;
'Till all life's springs once more shall flow,
Their waters changed to wine.

WHY SHE WOULDN'T MARRY A MINISTER.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"I vow," said Mary Vails, as she threw off her hat, "I will never marry a minister. No, not if I live to be a hundred. I'd rather live and die an old maid a thousand times over."

"Why, Mary," said her Aunt Martha, who just came into the room, "what can have made you change your mind so soon? Only yesterday you were telling me how delighted you were that your Cousin Kate had married the Rev. Mr. Merson. Indeed, I thought no one but a clergyman would suit you."

"I had not been to your horrid Sewing Society then; and if that's the way you good Christian people pull your minister's wife to pieces, I would say, no, I thank you, sir, if all the ministers in the world would ask me to marry them."

"You would certainly have to say no to all but one, my dear. But I really don't understand why you are so excited. Will you try to tell me?"

"I wish you had been there, Aunt Martha, to hear for yourself; but as you are such a friend of poor Mrs. Murray, they would not have been quite so free with their remarks, I am thinking. However, I will try to tell you what they did say."

"When I got there—at Mrs. Denton's, I mean—the room was nearly full, and the names of the members were presently called over. I was the only visitor, except Charlie Trevor, and he came with his aunt, to thread her needle and pick up her thimble, he said. Well, there was only one absentee, and that was Mrs. Murray. Some one asked if any excuse had been sent, or the fine for non-attendance? Nobody seemed to know anything; then Mrs. Deacon Fields, I think they called her, made quite a speech about non-attendance, and said it happened, unfortunately, that the minister's wife was very often prevented from attending the society. It appeared that she could not make it convenient, perhaps agreeable, to come; that this staying away was injurious to the interests of the society; that a great deal of work had to be done, in order to get the best of clothing ready for the little Africans; and she really feared that Mrs. Murray did not comprehend that the first duty of a minister's wife was owed to the parish in which her husband was called to labor; everything else should give place to that. Then Miss Gripp, I know she's a spiteful old maid, said, she quite agreed with

Mrs. Deacon Fields; that she saw no reason why Mrs. Murray could not be present as well as herself. 'Our family is just as large as her's,' she continued, 'and yet you see I find time to attend. I don't think she can manage her work well. She lies in bed too late, and sits up later than there's any need of, burning a good deal of light and fuel. I can see the lamps in their house from my window. But there are people who fancy they are doing a great deal, when they are sitting down with folded hands.' 'I don't think she sits down a great deal, Miss Gripp,' said Charlie Trevor, 'unless it is when you are sweetly sleeping, and she is sewing. She hasn't any girl, you know, and she does all the work; the children are too little to help her; and I am sure she is never idle.' Miss Gripp tossed her head, and said something in a low voice to Mrs. Fields, about impertinent boys; but I felt like giving him a hug; and Mrs. Trevor smiled, as if she were pleased with him; and then she tried to turn the conversation. But, no, they all seemed determined to have their say about Mrs. Murray. Mrs. Darke asked if it were true that the minister wanted more salary? 'Yes, indeed,' said Mrs. Deacon Jones. 'He says we do not pay him enough; that he cannot sustain his family, and he is getting into debt.' 'Getting into debt!' said Mrs. Deacon Fields, 'of course he is, with such poor management in the house. Does not the Bible say, owe no man anything? No Christian minister ought to be in debt. I wonder he is not ashamed of himself to bring such a disgrace upon the church. Such a nice house as he has too. It's the best Parsonage all round. Brother Ditford's can't be compared to it, and they call his a very nice house. I do wonder he can talk about more salary, for the house cost, I don't know how much.' 'But he can't eat the house,' said Charlie, to his aunt, in an audible whisper, 'and I should say a little less house and a little more money.' 'Hush,' said Mrs. Trevor, for the deacons' wives were looking daggers at him; and I dare say they, as Mrs. Fields afterward said, would have given him a bit of their minds, only they did not wish to offend the rich Mrs. Trevor, who had only lately come into the place. 'I have often thought it a pity,' said Mrs. Trevor, 'that such an expensive house was built. It involves greater

expense in the way of furniture than your minister can afford, and more fires. I think it a mistake to invest so much in a Parsonage when you give so small a salary.' 'We don't call it small,' said three or four at once. 'We think we do a great deal for them; but some folks never know when they are well off,' added Mrs. Jones, 'and I, for one, should say, cut the salary down, instead of raising it; then, perhaps, they will learn to economize.'

"Excuse me, my good friends," said Mrs. Trevor, 'but I hardly think we are in a position to pass sentence on Mrs. Murray's want of economy. I believe none of us here know what it is to pay the penny out for every article consumed in the house. We all have our butter, milk, eggs, and chickens, without sending to the stores for them. Then, again, we raise our own pork, and, in many cases, our beef also. The surplus butter, eggs, and chickens, we can exchange for groceries, etc. Such of you as are the wives of merchants, get what you need at first cost. Your clergyman has none of these advantages. Then, again, you can buy in large quantities, and consequently at reduced rates. A minister can seldom do so, simply because he cannot spare the money. I really think Mrs. Murray must be excused, if she does not always attend your societies. With all the burden of the household work, drudgery as well on her shoulders, and they do not appear to be very strong ones, I can believe that she has but little time to sew for little Africans, especially as she has several children to care for, and does almost all her own needle-work. As regards the social relations of a clergyman's wife, did it never occur to you that we really have no greater claim on her than on any other lady? We certainly pay her husband a salary, but I never considered that his wife's time or services were included, any more than the time or services of my physician's or lawyer's wife.'

"But, oh, Aunt Martha, I had almost forgotten about the dress. I must tell you that. Whilst Mrs. Trevor was talking, Miss Gripp had gone to the other end of the room, and was whispering with Mrs. Forbes; both were seemingly much excited. Once in a while I caught the words, 'It's no wonder,' 'it's too bad, that's where the money goes.' When Mrs. Trevor had finished talking, Miss Gripp said, 'It's no wonder the minister can't make both ends meet, when his wife gets dresses that cost I don't know how much. Why, Mrs. Deacon Forbes says that her dress-maker, Miss Snip, told her that she has fitted a new dress for Mrs. Murray, a real Irish poplin, no make-believe, or imita-

tion, the best she ever saw. It will almost stand alone, such a splendid thing. What do you say about her economy now, Mrs. Trevor?' said Miss Gripp, triumphantly. At this piece of information, every one's eyes opened as wide as possible, and, 'dear me,' 'how extravagant,' were heard on all sides. I noticed that Mrs. Trevor smiled at Charlie, and he left the room; and I supposed he did not care to hear Mrs. Murray's wardrobe discussed. As soon as the oh's and ah's had ceased, Mrs. Trevor said, 'Ladies, you must let me tell you all about that dress, though I think my nephew would rather that I did not mention the fact. The dress was a present from him. I believe you know, that when my brother and his wife went to Europe, Charlie was placed under the care of the Murrays. Their loving-kindness to him we shall never forget: and Charlie became very much attached to his kind friends. Boy as he was, he could not but respect and admire Mrs. Murray's unselfish devotion to her husband and children. It struck him forcibly that though the other members of the family occasionally appeared in some new garment, the good mother always seemed to wear the same dresses. 'I know them all by heart, aunt,' he said to me. 'I declare I believe she wears the same things she did when I was with them five years ago. There's that black silk, quite an old acquaintance. She has done something to it, to make it look different, but I know it's the same. I have seen all those dresses dozens and dozens of times. Now, I do want Mrs. Murray to have one real handsome dress, fit for a lady—and Mrs. Murray is a lady, aunt; and I want you to get her one. I have more spending-money than I know what to do with, and she never need know it came from me.' So, at his request, I selected and sent (as from a friend) this Irish poplin. Ladies, this is the true history of the dress; and I am sure, for I was with Mrs. Murray at the time, that she told the dress-maker that the dress was a present from some unknown friend, that she never dreamed of having anything so nice, for she could not afford it.'

"Now, Aunt Martha, do you wonder at my saying I will never marry a minister. Mother has always taught me to respect a clergyman, and to treat the ministry with kindness. She says we should reverence his office. She never likes to hear people criticise their minister. She thinks we have all enough short-comings of our own to think about and correct. Oh, dear, I do hope there are no Mrs. Deacon Fields and Forbes, or a Miss Gripp in the Rev. Mr. Merson's congregation, or, I am sure, poor Cousin Kate will wish her husband was not a minister."

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN Ruth Hurst came out of her fainting fit, and found herself in the dear old home, where her relatives had taken shelter from the buffets of fortune, a feeling of safety came upon her, and holding out her hand to Ellen, she tried to smile.

"Have I frightened you?" she said. "Do not look so anxious, cousin. It is only because I have taken a long walk later in the day than I thought of. Then the fog came on so gradually, that I was overtaken with its darkness unawares."

"It was imprudent—it was dangerous," said Ellen. "The Park is so large—part of it wild as a forest—that strange people get in sometimes."

"You have seen them, then?" questioned Ruth, eagerly. "What were they like?"

"A weird, wild girl, always with scarlet about her dress, roaming, gipsy-like, up and down the wilderness. I have seen her often."

"And spoken to her?"

"Yes, but she either looks me steadily in the face, without speaking, or asks if I have seen anything strange in the water. Her haunt is usually around the black tarn, if you know the place."

"Yes, I know the place. It was there the darkness overtook me. I saw the woman, too."

"You saw her, and in the gathering darkness. No wonder your face was so white," said Ellen, deeply interested. "That was the way I saw her first, like some unearthly creature wandering through a dream."

"Or out of a tragedy," answered Ruth, shuddering.

"There was a tragedy in that gloomy spot, once. I have heard of it," rejoined Ellen.

"The place itself is like a tragedy," said Fletcher. "I never saw such gloom. It is full of Rembrandt shadows. Sir Noel has been kind enough to recognize any little talent I may have, by an order for some sketches about the Rest, and this is the first I have chosen."

Ruth shuddered.

The artist, absorbed by his own imagination, went on with enthusiasm,

"It is the most perfect picture of its kind that I ever saw. The gloom of the fir-trees; the inky blackness of the water; that ruined Lake-House, with its broken balcony, struck me at once. Trust me, I will make a picture of it."

Ruth smiled. The young man's genius seemed to impart its own warm glow to the weird picture that was forever haunting his mind.

"But why have you selected this terrible scene?" she questioned. "It seems as if I should shrink from it even on canvas."

"On the contrary, it strikes me with a sort of fascination," answered the artist.

Ruth remembered the impulse that had drawn her into the wilderness that day, and ceased to marvel at the enthusiasm of the artist.

"I must go now," she said, rising. "They will miss me at the Rest."

"Not alone; we will walk with you," said Ellen, putting on her bonnet. "I have a feeling that the woods are not safe."

"The lady needn't be afraid anywhere, so long as Swark is about," said the strange creature bearing that name, who thrust his head in from the kitchen where he had been sitting close to the door. "Nobody in this world or out of t'other is going to hurt her while he's got a fist to strike with; and she may as well know that he's generally about."

"I know that you have done me good service to-night," answered Ruth, taking a piece of gold from her portmonaie, and holding it toward the lad with a little hesitation, for the free use of money had scarcely become a habit with her yet.

Swark, instead of coming forward, drew back into the shadows of the inner-room.

"Not for me, lady. Oh, don't," he said, shying away from the money like a generous dog at the sight of a whip. "I've begged, and, maybe, worse, many a time; but don't ask me to do that."

Ruth blushed, as if there had been a crime in her grateful act, and quick tears came into her eyes. When Swark saw this he came forward holding out his hand.

"If it makes you feel so bad, lady, I'll take

it and welcome. I'd—I'd rather take ten times as much than see them tears a trembling in your eyes, I would."

Ruth laughed, till the tears that had so touched Swark sparkled in her eyes. This laughter brought the miracle of a blush upon the lad's cheek; a strange evidence of emotion to have out-lived his vagabond experience of life.

"It is cruel to laugh, but I—I cannot help it," said Ruth, repenting of her nervous excitement, which, after all, was only a trifle between smiles and tears. "You will take the bit of gold as a keepsake of the night on which you helped me so much. Such kindness never can be paid for, you know."

"I'll keep it. Oh, yes, I'll keep it forever and ever—the beautiful shiner. Hunger won't make me part with it; no, nor cold, nor wet, nor sickness. A highwayman couldn't rob me of it, not if he held a pistol to my head."

While he said this, Swark rubbed the gold between his palms, and looked down upon it with gleeful fondness, ending in a deep-drawn breath, like a man who had just emboldened some delicious drink.

"Now," said Ruth, turning to her cousin, "if you will go with me a little way."

Swark ran for his hat, which he had thrown down in a corner of the kitchen.

"I'll only just keep in sight," he said, with the watchful pleading of a Newfoundland dog in his eyes, "that is, if no one objects."

No one did object, though Fletcher also took up his hat; but just as Ruth turned to go, a knock came to the door with rather startling suddenness, and directly Walton Hurst came in, breathing hard, as if he had been toiling up hill.

"So you are here, and safe," he said, dropping into a chair, as he held out one thin hand to his wife. "Quite safe, I hope, though the air is so raw down yonder."

"Down yonder! Oh, Walton! have you been there?" cried Ruth, taking quick alarm.

"Yes, they told me you had gone that way, and I followed. What a dreary place it is."

The invalid said this with a shudder, and held his shaking hands out to the fire, which, on account of the raw mischance of the night, had been kindled in the grate. Ruth saw that his lips were blue, and his eyes painfully bright.

"Ah, me! why did I go there? It was a wild impulse which dragged you after me. I might have known it—I might have known it," said Ruth, bending over him in regretful tenderness.

Hurst looked up and smiled.

"Well, why not. It is not the first time."

"But you were well, then," faltered the poor

young wife. "The damp of a night like this could not harm you."

"This does not harm me now," answered the sick man, testily. "The air is chilly, that is all."

The man was trembling from head to foot as he spoke. The damp chill had struck to his vitals, and after an hour or two would end in a flush of hot, hectic fever, more harassing than the chill; but, like most sufferers of his class, Hurst would not understand the danger, and resented all sympathy with obstinate unbelief.

"Come, now," he said, rising, "or we may be missed. My father, like all the rest of you, will insist on treating me like an invalid, though he ought to understand that it is you alone who may come to harm."

Ruth was ready to go, and in a moment the two went out together, he leaning upon the arm of his wife, rather than supporting her, as he fancied himself doing, and she, poor thing, casting dismal glances at the damp grass, over which they walked, and the humid tree-boughs that bent over them.

"Ah, me! I am always leading you into peril," she said, with tears in her voice. "It seems as if I never could conquer this wild desire to be abroad. There must be a spark of gipsy-fire in my nature." Hurst looked down upon her with the same loving adoration that had filled his heart when she did indeed roam those woods like a wild bird; but he saw that her face was pale in the gleams of gray light still left in the sky, and gathered her tenderly to his side.

"It is I that should be blamed," he said, "for standing first in everything, when you, my wife, have far more need of care. It was this thought that drew me after you. They were all so busy caring for me, that you stole out unawares; but I saw you, and followed. It is a long, long walk, however, and the place so dreary, that I feel the chill of it yet."

"Yes, I fear that so much!" said Ruth.

"Oh, that is nothing. Only I must be sure to get you home safely. I do not quite like this disposition to creep around your old home, darling; it depresses you."

"No, no. It was the long, dark walk to night, Walton. Compared to that the cottage seemed like Heaven. They are all so happy in its safe shelter. Would you have thought my father's little savings could have done so much? Then it was so generous in Sir Noel to let them come, as it were, into the very heart of his domain, and rest there with such independence. A less proud or generous man might have objected."

"Objected? No, no, my father is not so nar-

row in his pride. When he accepted the brightest and sweetest girl that lives, from that humble dwelling, it was in no niggard fashion. His heart opened to her, and all that belonged to her alike. The home her father had made so beautiful, will never be taken from her control. The relatives she has known in her low estate are not the less relatives now. They must not be made to feel like strangers among us."

"Strangers!" said Ruth, with touching enthusiasm. "No gentleman born has ever been received at The Rest with more cordial kindness than Fletcher Welsh. As for Ellen, the Lady Rose has been more than gracious."

"The Lady Rose is gracious to every one. The sweetness of an angel is her birthright. It is the great happiness of my life, Ruth, that you love each other."

"Who could help loving the Lady Rose?" answered the young wife, with a thrill of strange tenderness in her voice.

"Ay, indeed, who could?" exclaimed Hurst, sublimely ignorant of all that had won such tender admiration from his wife, and lifted her so far above the jealousy of common women. "A lovelier creature does not live, than my cousin. She has been the sunshine of our home always."

Ruth sighed faintly, not from any pain these praises gave her, but from a sense that she had been the means of breaking up the happiness of that young life; a fact that always filled her with astonishment, and a sense of unworthiness, which sprang out of her own sensitive nature. For this reason she was glad to let the conversation drift into another direction.

"Sir Noel has been more than kind to Fletcher," she said. "One day he went quietly down to the cottage, and introduced himself to Fletcher, examined his sketches, and left an order for pictures that will keep him at work a year."

"That was so like my father," said Hurst, with animation.

"Besides," added Ruth, "he has ordered him to draw plans for a studio back of the cottage."

"His way of giving a long lease and permanent favor, Ruth, and a proof of his love for the daughter I have given him."

"I think it a proof that he has discovered Fletcher's rare genius as well," replied Ruth. "Indeed, the young man is gifted beyond anything I dreamed of. Some day he shall bring his sketches to the house, and you can judge."

"There is one sketch that I would give the world to have," was the gentle reply.

"And what is that, Walton?"

"My own bright girl, standing under the honeysuckle-porch of her father's cottage, as I have seen her a hundred times."

"Waiting to see you pass, Walton. Ah, me! those were happy days."

"Not so happy as you and I will know hereafter, darling. That was the blossom season of our love. Wait till the harvest-time comes, when passion mellows down to exquisite contentment. Perhaps I am growing old before my time. This temporary illness may have had that effect upon me; but even now I feel how infinitely dearer a wife may be than the sweetheart; how deep and sublime love may become in full age. You and I will taste all its changes, and die a loving old couple."

There was something pitiful in the faith this man had in a future, which was never, never to be. These loving words smote the young wife's heart with a keen pang, and when he waited for a reply, a struggling sob was his sole answer.

Hurst paused in evident amazement.

"What is the matter? Why are you weeping, Ruth?"

"Nothing—nothing! I—I am not weeping."

"Ah, it was the sough of the wind; a cold, sharp wind, which cuts through one. Let us walk faster, or you may take cold. I am anxious about you, Ruth!"

Ruth was not weeping; the sob which her husband detected came from a deeper pang than finds expression in tears. It was with a great effort that she refrained from crying out in the midst of his hopes of the future; that even then they were entering the valley and shadow of death, whence she must come forth alone and a widow. But she restrained herself; and when he tenderly hastened forward, afraid of the cold for her, she walked on quickly, then begged for a slower pace, for she was frightened by his panting breath, and the shudders that passed through him from time to time. Thus they passed on to the old mansion, and went quietly up to their own apartments, where Hurst fell upon a couch, and for some minutes complained bitterly of the cold. Then a slow fire crept through his veins, his restless eyes grew bright as stars, and a hot flame rose to his cheeks, more alarming than the worst pallor; but in the restlessness of speech that followed, he still spoke hopefully of the future, and dwelt lovingly on the days that were to come, with a vividness of hope that startled that young wife like lurid flashes of lightning.

Still the young creature held back all expression of her pain, and sat by him, striving to smile, clasping his hot hands in hers, ready to faint

under the martyrdom of loving deception, an agony to her, and a delusion to him, which she dared not break. When the exhaustion of the fever was on him, Hurst dropped his wife's hand, and asked for the Lady Rose.

"Bring her to me, will you, Ruth. I want strength. With all your love, you cannot give me that. Indeed, I sometimes grow sadly weak from looking in your eyes. There is something so mournful in them that my heart grows faint. What is it troubles you, Ruth? Have they said anything to wound you? Not Sir Noel, I am sure."

"Sir Noel! Oh, how can you think it?"

"Nor the Lady Rose. But that can never be, for you love each other dearly. Is it not so, Ruth?"

"Yes, dearly. The angels are not brighter or better than the Lady Rose."

"That is well said, Ruth. She seems like an angel of health to me, and of love to you."

"Oh, yes. She is all that."

"There, now, she is coming. I hear her footsteps in the hall."

CHAPTER XIX.

PERHAPS there is no cunning like that of a brain disturbed by some great affliction, till it reaches the confines of lunacy. If the girl who had so terrified Mrs. Hurst was not in fact a maniac, her mind had been so fearfully wrought upon, that it had drifted beyond her own control into one perpetual channel of thought, which threatened to end in total aberration. One fearful scene in her life was perpetually present with her, that which had ended the passionate romance of her life, in the black tarn, where the man she loved had perished, in a desperate attempt to hurl her down to the death which waited for himself.

Out of all the crowding memories that haunted her after the marvelous accident that had cast her up from the blackness of the tarn, and drawn the man she worshipped into its lowest depths, this one became an abiding presence.

Richard Storms had been ready to murder her, that his way might be cleared to wed the gardener's daughter. From first to last, he had loved another. That other she had seen on the banks of the black tarn, and the sight drove her wild. The jealousy that had harassed her while her lover lived, became a fierce passion, now that he was dead. She hated her rival for the disdain which had driven the man she loved into the crime which ended in great peril to herself and death to him. That Ruth Jessup was now

wedded to another, and uplifted almost beyond the reach of her hatred, was a double cause for the bitterness of her dislike. She blamed her for insensibility to a love that would have been the glory of her own life.

These inconsistencies were no proof of lunacy. Many a person of sound mind has experienced them, before they became the bane of this perverted girl.

Martha Hart lived ten miles away from Norston's Rest, across the country, and on the outskirts of a village, which had little connection with the great roads of traffic. There, since the wretched night when all her wild hopes of love were wrecked, and her life almost lost, she had kept house for her father, who by his toil as a laboring man, barely saved her and himself from absolute want.

Since that time she had taken herself completely out of the scenes of her old life. The rollicking dash of a strong vitality which had formed the charm of her warm attractions had disappeared, leaving her sullen, silent, and at times fiercely bitter of speech. She held little intercourse with the neighbors, who had learned to dread her uncertain temper, and thus sunk into a sullen household drudge, if that term can be given to a person who sometimes let days drift by without remembering her own wants, or those of her patient old father. But wild breaks were at intervals made into the monotony of the life. Sometimes the girl would fling aside her work, or start out of a sullen reverie, hurry on her outer garments, and strike across the country toward Norston Rest. Down lanes, across fields and obscure roads, she would flit with the wild eagerness of a hunted fox toward the gloomy spot which was forever in her mind, and to which she was drawn at such times with a sort of fatality. Hart, her father, would follow her, tramping over the rough ten miles of heath and field, and watching her movements with the patience of a house-dog; but more than once she had spent whole nights in that old Lake-House alone, sitting on the damp floor, with both arms locked around her knees, her face bent downward, and her great, black eyes looking out upon the waters, as if she had buried her soul there, and was waiting for it to come back, and animate a body of which she had become weary unto death.

Sitting thus in a corner of the ruin, while her father roamed gloomily among the sedges, Ruth Hurst had found her old enemy, after believing her dead for nearly two years. If the shock was great to her, its effect upon the girl was still more dangerous. The slumbering hate in her bosom flamed up. She saw in this young woman

the being who had broken up her life. "But for her, he would have loved me; but for her, he would have been alive now. It was her beauty that lured him on to crime, and with him crime and death came together. This woman, who is now mistress of The Rest, did a fiend's work with her angel face. She drove him to death with her scorn, and is now among the great of the earth. But he is dead, and what am I?"

These thoughts wandered through that wayward brain, as the girl toiled wearily home that night. They haunted her—they stung her hate into keen action. Who was Ruth Jessup, that she should be so prosperous, beloved, worshiped, perhaps, by men to whom she, Martha Hart, must speak with bated breath and downcast eyes? Why, her father was a gardener, a man who delved the earth for pay, just as the old man who followed after her so patiently had done all his life. Why should one poor man's daughter be lifted so high, and another cast down beyond all hope of rising? There was no work done in that half-ruined house for many a day after this. The strong vitality, which seemed to have died out in the girl, was once more aroused to action. Her visits to the neighborhood of The Rest became frequent now, but they were made with such quietness that no one seemed to observe her with interest.

Yes, one person did. Swark, who spent much of his time in the high lands of the wilderness, sometimes snaring game—for he was a free rover in the preserves—sometimes catching fish in a stream of some pretensions, that emptied into the black tarn, saw the girl, time after time, as she made her way through the underbrush, and became strangely interested in her movements. There was something in her face that reminded him of another who had been the object of his humble admiration from the time she came, like an angel of light, into the squalid misery of Mrs. Carter's dwelling. The same cast of features was there, the same rich coloring; nay, Martha had even more warmth of beauty, for Mrs. Hurst was losing some of her bloom under continued anxiety, but nothing seemed capable of impairing the wild brilliancy that had led Martha Hart into such trouble.

One day, when Swark was sitting on a shelf of rock, idly hoping for a trout to rise to his hook, a shadow fell across his feet, and the strange girl stood beside him.

Swark's heart gave a great leap, and the pole trembled in his hand. Instantly he took off his hat, and placed it on the rock beside him, looking up into that handsome face with shy admiration as he performed this act of politeness.

"It is a fine day for fishing," said the girl, in a voice that went through and through poor Swark, "and this pool should be alive with trout."

"Not a bite yet," said Swark, jerking his fly about on the water with a nervous motion. "They fight shy of anything I can offer 'em."

"There used to be plenty here. I have seen half-a-dozen pulled out in a morning."

"There must have been some fellow at this end of the pole that understood the nature of fish better than I do," answered Swark, gaining courage. "But I haven't been about here long enough to get the knack of it yet, and one doesn't fish much in London, you know."

"You came from London, then?"

"Of course. Anybody ought to know that. I've tried hard enough to get the swing of the game-keepers, but it takes time. If I was to say I was one of them you wouldn't be no time in finding me out—now, would you?"

"Well, yes; I can tell a game-keeper when I see one, and, for that matter, a gentleman, too," answered Martha.

"But a fellow like me puzzles you a bit, I can see that. It isn't every day that you see anything but a gentleman fishing in this stream; but I'm no poacher anyway, no more than I'm a keeper or a gentleman."

"Yes," said Martha, with sorrowful dreaminess. "It was a gentleman that I saw here, for he had his right to the name—a gentleman from head to foot, though there may be plenty here to contradict me when I say so."

"Anyway, I aint going to do it. If you say he was a gentleman, I says it too," said Swark, with kindling enthusiasm.

Martha seated herself on the shelf of rock, from which Swark drew back to give her room.

"Don't move," she said. "I'll sit quite still. No danger of me scaring the fish away."

"I should rather think you might 'tice 'em up," said Swark, blushing at his own gallantry.

"I'll take off my mantle, and then there'll be no color that they aint used to," was the gracious reply.

"No, don't do that. The red of it is so stunnin' it lights things up famously. The trout aint a goin' to be took up with my fly, while they can look on you, and in that pertikler I agree with the trout."

A gleam of pleasure came into Martha's eyes. The evident homage of poor Swark was like balm to her wounded self-love.

Swark saw this, and grew bolder.

"See how the pretty picture you ought to make is broke up into red waves by the water,"

he said, pointing to the crimson shadow on the pool.

Martha followed the direction pointed out by his finger, and shuddered.

"The water covers awful things sometimes," she said. "Awful things."

The girl's voice was hoarser now, and her eyes filled with gloom. She drew the crimson mantle close around her, and looked around, as if impelled to go away.

"Don't go away. It'll seem dark as pitch around here if you do. I didn't mean nothin' to offend—far from it."

Martha settled back to her old position; but seemed to put force on herself, and did not again look on the water. She had sought Swark with a purpose, and found strength to carry it out.

"You've been staying about here some time!" she said, rather assuming the fact than asking a question. "I've seen you more than once."

"Oh, yes," answered Swark, proudly. "I live on the place. Got a right to fish, and snare, and shoot, if I want to. If any one don't believe me, let 'em ask Sir Noel or the young master. Was the other feller you talk about more of a swell than that?"

Martha turned her face on the lad, and startled him with the wild look in her eyes.

"More of a swell? You are talking about ghosts."

"Ghosts?" repeated Swark, laughing scornfully. "Haven't hearn of one since Mother Carter used to threaten us with 'em. Why, bless your eyes, there's no sich thing—all moonshine, don't you know."

"Who told you that?" demanded Martha, sharply.

"Why, Master Fletcher, Miss Ellen, and the young mistress herself."

"Master Fletcher. That is the young fellow that lives in the gardener's cottage?"

"Yes, it is. He's a painter. Oh, my! if you could only see the picters he makes—dashing his pencil out and in like that," answered Swark, swinging his hands to and fro in the air. "He'd make one of you, if he could only see us setting here, red cloak, black hair, and all. Wouldn't he pounce on 'em. He took old Mother Carter once, 'cause of handkerchir she had twisted about her head, striped red and blue. He streaked in a dash of yellor, and stuck her into a picter for a witch, which she is; if ever one lived."

"Who is Mother Carter? Does she live here about?"

"Here about? Now that is good. Why, her breath would poison all the flowers for half a mile round, and her eyes burn up the grass, if she got

mad with it. No, no, sich wimmin don't settle down in the country; but you'll find plenty of 'em in Lunnnon. Have you ever been in Lunnnon?"

"No, tell me about it—such women as you talk of. Where are they to be found?"

"Oh, in lones and shady places, like toadstools in the woods. The sunshine don't agree with either on 'em."

"And what do they do? How do they live?"

"What do they do? Everything, from kneeling on church-steps to priggish wipes from gentlemen's pockets. That's what they do."

"And Mother Carter was one of these?"

"Just that; cunning as a fox, and sharp as a briar."

"You knew her well, then?"

"Well, I should think so. The old woman a'most brought me up, if whipping and starving could do it."

"All for charity?"

"Charity? Oh, yes. Only most of her charity-boys are sent over the water, you know, or perched on the gallows, now and then. I got away in time to keep out of that, you see."

"And you like it better here?"

"Like it better? Do you know what it is to live year after year, and never draw a clean breath of air, then come all at once where the trees, the grass, and the pretty little flowers are drinking their fill of it from morning till night, thriving on it, drawing it in like wine, as I do now."

"And this woman lives yet?"

"In course she does. She's queen of St. Martin's Lane, just as much as Vic is Queen of all England—she is."

"St. Martin's Lane? Whereabouts is St. Martin's Lane? Not that it will do me any good to know, for I never was in London in my life, and never shall be; but to hear about it seems like a story-book."

"Does it now?" said Swark, highly delighted with his own powers of description. "Well, it may tell better than the livin' of it is; but I, for one, have had enough of it. That woman makes me quiver in my shoes when I think about her, and the wickedness she gave me with her feed."

"Then she took you early?"

"Can't begin to remember when, but them as lived in the lane told me it was when I was a baby, as some one as said she was my mother, gave up to her for a 'prentice like. So she kept me along till I was old enough to pay for my keep. After that I had to do it or starve, or get blows—sometimes both."

"Ah, that is what I want to know; blows and starvation for a little child! But what use

can she make of one before it creeps, puzzles me more than anything."

"Of course it does. Brought up among all these trees, how can you help being awful ignorant? Why, don't you see the use? Things, when well stowed, are worth their weight in pennies for beggin'. You should a seen Mother Carter put one of 'em into a gal's arms after she was well starved and send her out into the streets. Why, them was her gold mines, they was."

Martha drew a deep breath.

"Ah, now I understand all about it. Well, well, after all, one had better be drowned deep, deep down in the blackest water, than go into a life like that. No wonder you like this place."

The girl arose as she spoke, and looked around, as if animated with new life. "Everything looks so bright and happy here. All the great people are down at The Rest, they tell me. Lady Rose, with a grand old lady from London, who is next to the queen herself, all visiting the gardener's daughter. Who ever heard anything like that?"

"Why not?" questioned Swark, with grateful animation. "She is a lady, like the rest of them; a sweet, kind lady, handsome among the handsomest; sweet as the flowers you are treading down there."

"As I would tread on her," muttered the girl, under her breath.

"Sir Noel thinks the world of her. So does the Lady Rose," continued Swark. "There never was any one loved so much. The young master worships her."

"Ah, but she is used to being worshiped!" exclaimed the girl.

"That is what every one says. High and low, rich and poor, it was all the same. You should hear the game-keepers talk about that. When it got about that she was married to the young master, a young man, who lived over yonder, they tell me, went and drowned himself in the black tarn, down yonder, and never was heard on after. That is what gives the place a bad name. Anyway, no trout are ever found in its waters, nor nothin' that is good to eat."

Martha listened to this in weird silence. She stood a moment with frowns on her face, and stormy wrath in her eyes, then turned away suddenly, and left Swark gazing after her in open-mouthed wonder. He watched her as she plunged through the thick undergrowth, and disappeared in a downward direction, which led to the black tarn, but was lost to him long before she reached that dreary spot.

Once there, she entered the old Lake-House, went at once to the broken balcony, that shook

dangerously under her weight, and, falling upon her knees, there looked down into the water with wild and burning eyes.

"I have promised it. Oh, my beloved! I have promised it, over and over again. In darkness and despair, I have brought you my promise, not knowing how I was to redeem it, and leaving you unavenged, till my brain burned, and my heart grew sick in searching for the means. But now I am strong. The way is before me. If I have learned how to wait, shall I not know how to act, when the time comes—when the time comes? Up yonder are two old people, roaming about their home in silence, not caring to look at the grief in each other's faces, for all that they cared for went when you were taken from them. They, too, shall be avenged, heirless, childless, shut up in a tomb which was your home once, shall they go mourning to the grave, while the proud family over yonder glory in the hope of new generations, which shall carry their proud line on and on, while yours stops here, ending in those two white-headed mourners that had better be dead."

These wild words came in snatches from the girl's lips, that seemed to burn with unnatural inspiration, for the language she used was far above the level of her usual speech, and the purpose which filled her soul had its birth in the fires of a brain heated to desperation.

As the girl knelt there, upon the balcony, with her baleful eyes on the water, and the crimson of her cloak gleaming redly about her, a man, lingering in the shade of a fir-tree, on the border, cast his eyes that way, and, seeing this picturesque object swaying downward on the unstable timbers, forgot the peril of a fellow creature in his art, and taking a scrap of paper and a pencil from his pocket, made a rapid sketch of the scene.

"There," he muttered, lifting his face for another glance before he gave the finishing touches to his sketch, "I have got just the warm touch of life my picture needed. The creature must have come here by magic. Ha——"

When the artist lifted his eyes to the balcony, it was empty. Had the woman turned into the Lake-House while he was busy, or, still more probable, had she fallen into the black waters eddying beneath it?

Fletcher started up, and walked swiftly toward the building, but he found it solitary, and, far and near, saw no sign of the person who had given it that one gleam of life. Looking over the balcony, he saw that it had sunk nearer the water, and more of its timbers had become unjointed.

CHAPTER XX.

WALTON HURST had been worse since his walk through the chilling fog that night in search of his wife. So he spoke more confidently of the cold he had taken, and laid all the pain in his chest and the fever in his veins to that one imprudent act, thus appeasing the fears of his friends, and blinding himself to all danger with the pertinacity of a disease that deceives its victims at every step of its progress. Sir Noel, shrinking from the pain before him, would not be convinced that his son was in great peril, and no one there was cruel enough to force conviction upon him, but with the quick intuition, which is swifter than reason, Lady Rose and the young wife felt his danger in the bottom of their hearts, while they strove for unbelief, and would, from time to time, deceive themselves into absolute hope, knowing, with sure, inward conviction, that it was deceptive after all.

But one day a burst of sunshine broke upon the old Rest that swept every shade of gloom from its walls. The household that had been moving with anxious caution, seemed all at once relieved from some great fear that had held them in thrall. The servants smiled as they looked in each other's faces, and whispers of congratulation ran from lip to lip. The old housekeeper moved through them with smiles on her mouth and tears in her eyes. Down from the luxurious stillness of the state chamber came the old Duchess of St. Ormand with a flush of joy on her cheek, and the buoyancy of youth in her step.

Sir Noel was alone, walking up and down his library, somewhat pale, and so anxious that his usual self-control had for once abandoned him. The old Duchess moved so lightly that he did not see her till her hand touched his arm. Then he turned with a start, but could not speak.

"My friend," she said, smiling through her tears, "I have just laid your son's son in his mother's bosom."

Sir Noel took that little hand from his arm, and raised it to his lips, over which a smile broke that illuminated his whole face; a smile that was all the more manly, because of the tears that sprang into life with it.

"And the mother?" questioned the old man, true to the chivalry of his nature. "How is she?"

"Happier by far than she will ever be again on this earth," said the Duchess, trembling under her own sweet memories. "God does not give such joys to any woman more than once in a life time."

Sir Noel again pressed his lips on her hand,

drew her to a seat, and, for a time, they sat together in silence. Then Sir Noel spoke,

"Always thoughtful, always the first to bring me pleasant news. Oh, dear lady, how much happiness you have brought under this roof."

"And found there," said the Duchess, speaking the gentle truth with frank sincerity. "It has been a Paradise to me."

"It would be to all of us, if you would never leave it," said Sir Noel.

The old lady smiled, and shook her head.

"St. Ormand is coming, and he will insist on taking me away."

It was Sir Noel's turn to shake his head in dissent.

"I fancy that he may prefer to rob me of the Lady Rose," he said, with a sigh.

"You would not refuse him—for my sake you would not refuse him," pleaded the Duchess.

"How could I, when their union may, to some extent, draw us closer together. Indeed, how is it possible for me to deny a wish of yours?"

"Well, well! It may not come to that, not that I do not long and pray for it, but your niece is not a person to marry without love, and St. Ormand may fail to win her consent, to say nothing of yours."

"He has my best wishes, though I will not conceal from you that there was a time when I had other hopes."

"Yes, yes, I understand. But these young people will insist in choosing for themselves, despite our wisdom, and we must have no regrets to-day."

"Regrets?" said Sir Noel. "It would be unjust to the bright young creature who has given an heir to my house, were I to admit that such feelings exist."

"May I come in?" said a voice.

It was the Lady Rose, flushing, smiling, and ready to burst into grateful tears, because of the happiness that shone on every face she met.

"Hipple has just brought me news," she said, kneeling down before Sir Noel, and kissing his hand. "Oh, uncle, I am so grateful, so glad."

That moment young Hurst came into the library. Lady Rose went forward to meet him, holding out her hand. He took the hand, but without leaning upon her, as usual, advanced to his father, and knelt before him, as she had done in her first thankfulness.

"Father, father, I have brought the first kiss of my son to you. I have just risen from my knees, thanking God, that when I am gone, there will yet be an heir to Norston's Rest."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, one of the new plaid walking-costumes; but it is suitable for either

the all-wool, or wool and cotton mixtures now so much worn. Our design is a combination of plain and plaid. The under-skirt is of the plain material, which must correspond in color with the



the house or street. The material may be either soft-finish percale, checked gingham, or any of the all-wool, or wool and cotton mixtures now so much worn. Our design is a combination of plain and plaid. The under-skirt is of the plain material, which must correspond in color with the

bias, and either gathered or plaited two inches from the top, forming a heading, where it is confined by a narrow bias band, stitched down. The tunic forms an apron-front, ornamented on the sides by large, square pockets, trimmed by three large buttons. The back of the tunic is open, and fastens over the right half of the back breadth by four groups of buttons. The corsage is closely fitting, but with a seam up the back, where the plaids meet. A hollow plait of the plaid material



is inserted in the skirt of the basque, and ornamented with three buttons. Coat-sleeves of the plain material, with narrow plaid cuff. Eight yards of percale, and five yards of plain, will be required. If narrower material is used the quantity must be increased.

We give, on the preceding page, a dress of ecru batiste, linen lawn, Hermantie, or organdie

muslin. It is composed of two skirts, the front of the lower one is plain, the sides and back trimmed with five slightly full flounces, six inches deep, starting from a puffing which also serves to inclose the plain place in front. The upper skirt is without trimming, the front forming a round tablier, the back portion caught up in a pouf, and fastened near the waist. The neck of the corsage is trimmed with two deep frills lying flat. Sleeves finished by cuffs, simulated by rows of stitching. Twelve yards of yard-wide material, or fifteen yards of ordinary width, are required.

Opposite is a peignor of white nainsook, made in the Princess shape. The bottom of the skirt has a deep-plaited flounce, twelve inches deep, including the heading, which is one and a half



inches deep. This flounce is stitched on at the heading, and the plaits are tacked down to a narrow bobbin, on the under side, holding the plaits in position half way down. The coat-sleeves are trimmed to match, with a plaiting five inches wide, arranged to form the cuff. Pockets shell-shaped, finished with a bow of ribbon, or muslin, edged with Valenciennes lace. Their is a plaiting for the finish of the neck, and down the front of the peignoir. For a home breakfast-dress, this will be both comfortable and pretty for these hot summer days. The same model will look well in percale, or for cooler days. Soft cashmere, such as light-gray, piped with blue or crimson. Twelve yards of nainsook or percale, or ten yards of cashmere, will be required.

Above is a blue serge sea-side frock for a girl of four or six years. The front of the skirt is gored, and without trimming, except at the sides, where it joins the back, and is fastened

down by six simulated button-holes, with buttons. The back has four gathered flounces, cut on the bias, and put on with a cord, to form the heading. These flounces quite cover the back of the skirt. The basque has a plaited position at the back, finished with button-holes and buttons to correspond with the skirt. The front is quite plain, and finished with buttons, as are also the cuffs. This basque can either be worn with a waistband or without. Blue serge, flannel, or de beige, are the most suitable material for a sea-side costume; and all children should be provided with at least one of these servicable dresses.

Next is a school costume for a girl of five. The material in our model is checked wool de beige, but



it can be made of gingham or percale. The skirt is plaited at the back in deep kilted plaits, with one wide box-plait in front, where it buttons over from the right to the left side. The Paletot is long and straight, double-breasted, and with turned-down collar. Coat-shaped sleeves, with cuffs. The buttons are of smoke pearl.

Next, we give a front and back view of a braided frock for a boy of from two to three years. Either a woolen or cotton material may be used, and the color of the braid may be either a contrast, or a darker shade of the color selected. The frock is plaited both back and front. The

waistband, which commences at the side-plaiting,



is tied at the back. The braiding is worked on



the sleeves, plaits, skirt, and sash.

IN-DOOR COSTUME, WITH TABLIER AND BASQUE.

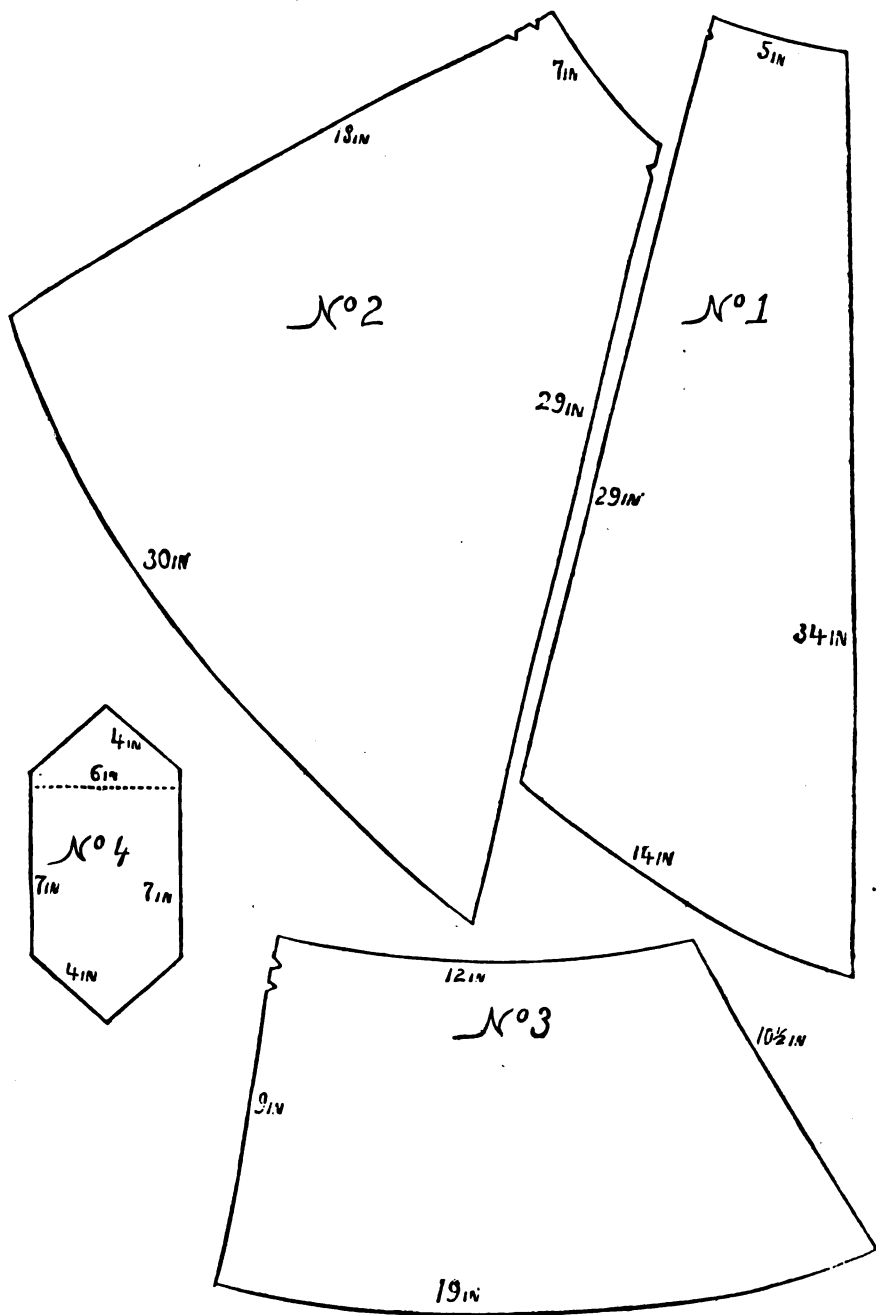
BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our diagram for this month consists of four pieces—two for the tablier, one for the basque, and one for the chatelain-bag. The first named three are joined by the corresponding notches on the diagram. The piece with two notches is plaited into the basque, which has also two notches, and these pieces represent one half of the pattern. The dotted line on No. 4, shows the form of the flap that is buttoned over on the bag. A bow is added at each side of the

bag suspenders. The bodice has a deep-pointed
basque in front, and a short, round one at the back.

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT OF TABLIER.
No. 2. HALF OF SIDE OF TABLIER.

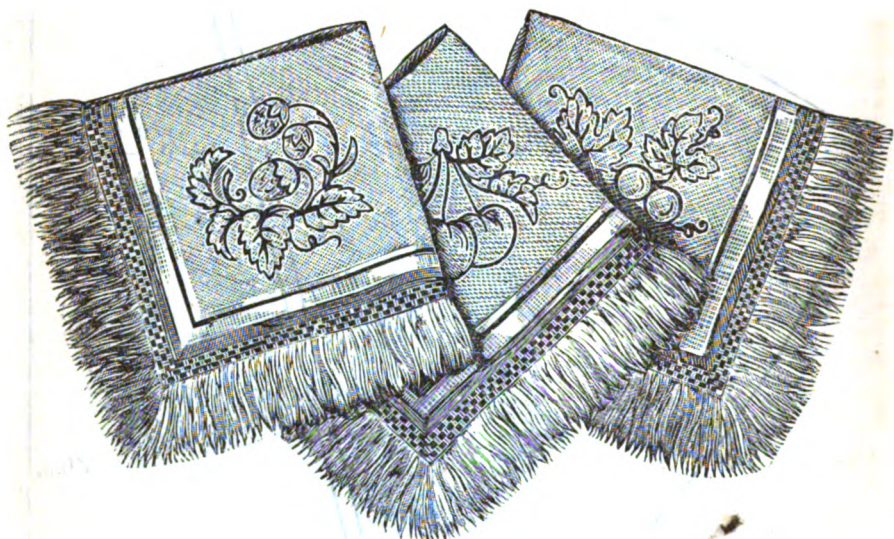


Cont-sleeve, either puffed or plain. This is suit-
able for soft, woolen fabrics, or washing material.

No. 3. HALF OF PLAITED BASQUE.
No. 4. CHÂTELAIN BAG.

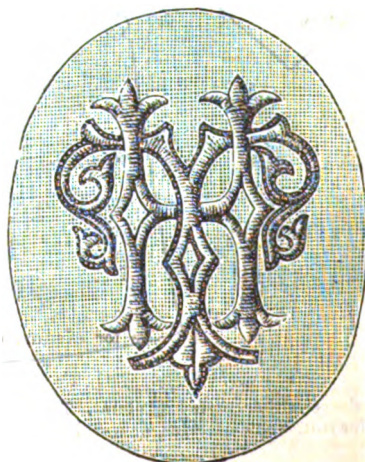
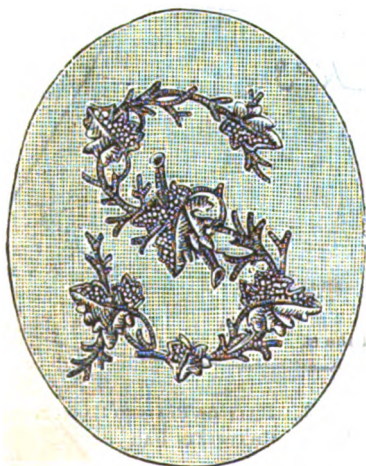
EMBROIDERED DESIGNS FOR DESSERT D'OYLEYS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give three charming designs for the corners of gray or white damask, with scarlet marking of napkins for dessert-plates. The groups of cotton in overcast stitch. It is very neat and fruit and leaves are embroidered on a ground useful.

INITIAL AND MONOGRAM.



TRIMMING—WAVED BRAID AND CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Materials: Waved braid, cotton No. 20, medium-size steel hook.

One double in the first point of braid, three chain for the first treble, one treble in each of the

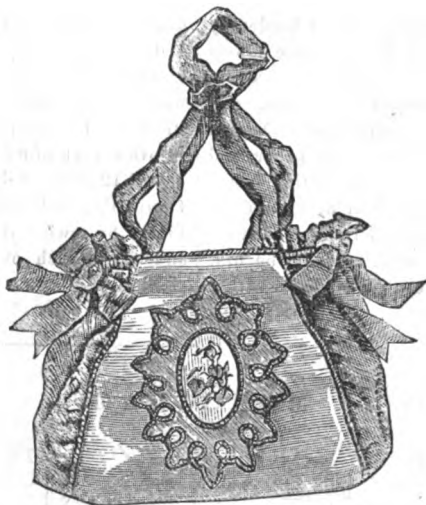


five successive points of braid; put the cotton three times over the hook, put the hook into the top of three chain worked for first treble; work off the same as for a quadruple treble, six chain,

one double in the next point of braid, six chain, six trebles as before in the successive points of braid; repeat. On the top of this row work one double in the end of braid, * five chain, one treble under the quadruple treble, one chain, one treble, two chain, one treble, one chain, one treble, all under the same five chain; pass over the six chain of last row, one treble in the next. Repeat from *. On the edge of scallop, work one treble in the point of braid lying in the middle between the scallops; one double in the next point of braid, * two picots (of five chain, one single in the fourth,) one double in the next point of braid. Repeat from last * three times more. One double in the next point, one treble in the next point of braid. Repeat from beginning of this row.

SACHET—EMBROIDERED.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

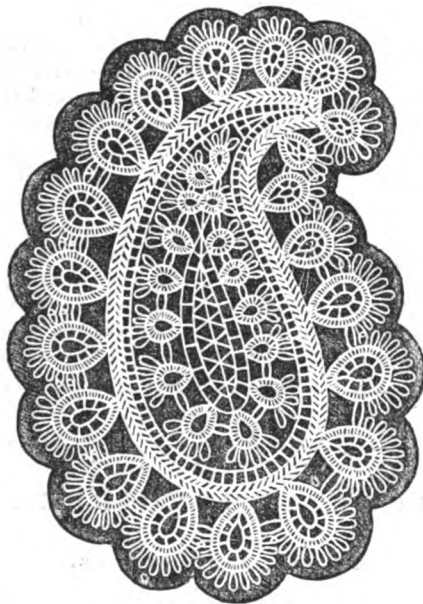


This pretty sachet is suitable for evening or dinner-dress. It may be made of silk of two shades or colors. The form can be easily copied from the design. The top has a double slide at the ends, in which strong elastic is run, to bring it into shape. Bows of ribbon ornament the ends,

and the sachet is suspended by ribbon, with pearl buckles for ornaments. Many suitable designs in embroidery will be found in our pages for the centre of the medallion. The outer part is in button-hole stitch. The whole of the embroidery is in purso-silk.

CONE PATTERN—TATTING.

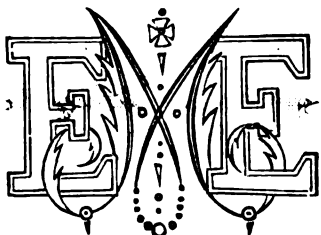
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The design may be formed into a border by joining the cones together by the three lowest side ovals, and filling up the spaces with bars of point lace work. You require some fine, soft lace braid, the kind like tape, and thread No. 60. You must first trace the design on paper, and the track on the braid. For the tatting inside the braid work 8 ovals, each oval at 5 double, 1 purl, then 1 double, 1 purl, 6 times, 5 double, draw up, join the ovals to each other in the first and last purl stitches. Now work 7 ovals with 4

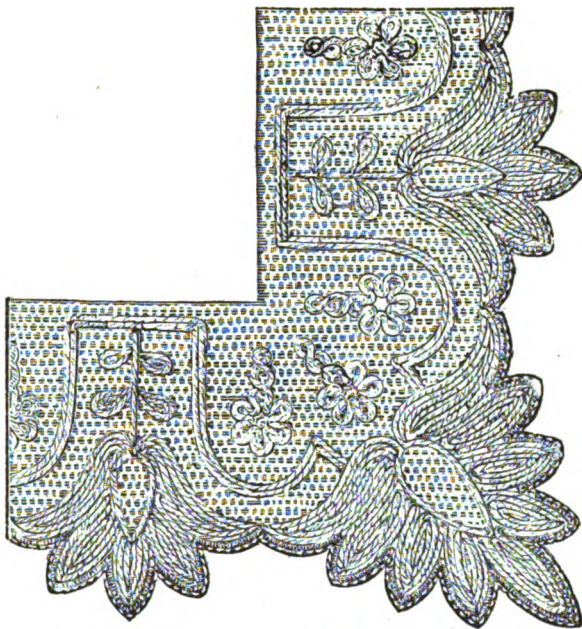
double, 1 purl, then 1 double, 1 purl, 4 times, 4 double, draw up; lay this tatting inside the braid, and join it to the same with a row of lace work; fill in the space in the centre with lace stitches. For the tatting outside the braid work 14 ovals, each of 5 double, 1 purl, then 1 double, 1 purl 12 times, 5 double, 5 ovals with 4 double, 1 purl, then 1 double, 1 purl, 8 times, 4 double. Finish by sewing this on outside of the braid, and fill in each oval with an open wheel in point lace.

MONOGRAM.

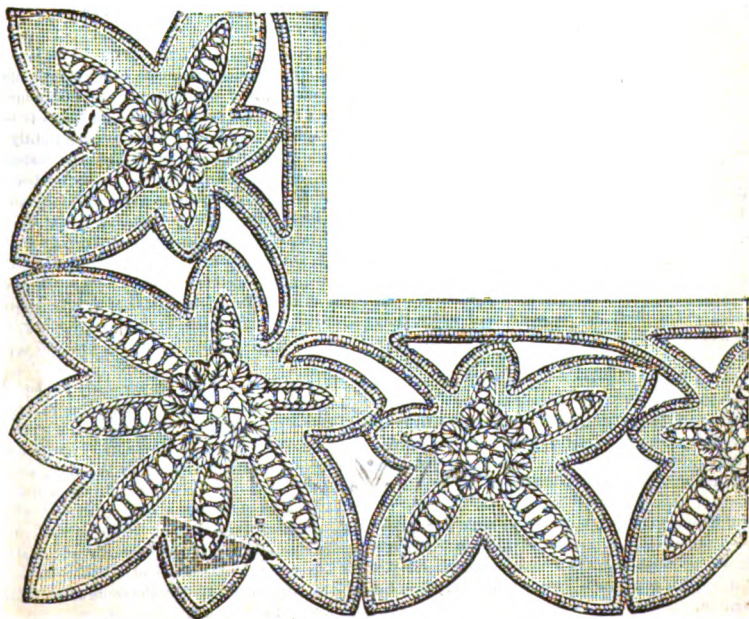


EMBROIDERED CORNER BORDERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The first is worked on Brussels net; it can be used either in black or white. In black it would be very suitable for veils; the design should then be done in floss silk. If used for tidies, coarse bobbinet lace, with the pattern done in linen floss. The second may be worked on lawn, batiste, cambric, or nainsook. The edges are done in button-hole stitch, and then cut away.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

COLLECTING RARE OLD CHINA is now all the rage. Enormous sums are being paid, in both England and the United States, for curious specimens of early pottery and porcelain. The taste is a peculiarly feminine one. It can be indulged in, moreover, not only by the rich, but even by persons of limited means; for it is not necessary to collect hundreds of specimens; very few will do. Thus, even a small cabinet, filled with choice old cups, plates, etc., is a very great addition to a drawing-room. The taste is by no means a new one. It existed in Queen Ann's time, and, after dying out, returned again in Goldsmith's, and even later; and here it is once more, as wide-spread as ever.

But this passion for collecting is liable, in private families, to one great error. So long as the selections are from beautiful old specimens, it is to be commended. But when hideous bits of crockery, neither elegant in form nor decoration, and that plainly show they were made in the infancy of the art, are sought for, and displayed with pride when procured, then, we cannot but think, a mistake is made. In public museums, of course, such things should have a place, for they illustrate the history of the ceramic art. But few private individuals can make collections large enough for this purpose; and therefore, in private houses, it seems to us, the artistic element ought to be the one to be considered. Buy only beautiful pottery or porcelain, ladies, for your drawing-rooms, and let the coarse, vulgar specimens alone, no matter how old they profess to be.

It is becoming more difficult, every day, by-the-by, to get real old specimens. The demand for rare pottery and china has led to wholesale forgeries, and the markets are now full of false Delft, Worcester, Chelsea, Bristol, Sevres, etc., etc. The marks are counterfeited as well as the style of the decorations, and the quality of the paste, so that it is almost impossible to tell what is false and what is not. Few can be absolutely certain that their china is really old, unless they have inherited it from their grandmother, or some other far-away ancestress. There is, however, a good deal of old china of this description, even in America; and we congratulate the fortunate housekeepers, who are happy enough to have any. They can exhibit such specimens with real pride, because they are sure the china is what it pretends to be.

SHOES, BOOTS, STOCKINGS.—We have not alluded to shoes, recently, but they have suddenly become so high in the heels, and so pointed at the toes, and so fatiguing to walk in, that they intrude themselves unnecessarily on the attention. The extreme *élégantes* always wear boots and shoes to match their dress. White kid boots are worn with white dresses; and if the toilet be black and white, then jet buttons and jet agrafe on the instep are added. Very high shoes are worn during summer, and in warm days, in preference to boots. The tip is either black or bronzed kid, and the upper part, or garter, is gray or brown armure, fastened with two ribbon bows. Iron-gray and dust-gray kid shoes are also worn; black satin boots, open and laced across the front, are seen for carriage wear; and pink silk stockings are invariably worn beneath them.

WE SHALL BEGIN, in the next number, Frank Lee Benedict's novelet, advertised for this year, "Lawrence Elster's Folly." It will be finished in the December number. We think it will be acknowledged to be one of the very best he has ever written.

MOTHERS ARE THE REAL TEACHERS AFTER ALL.—They have in their hands the moral guidance of their boys till the latter are at least twelve years old, and of their daughters till the latter marry. If mothers do their duty, their sons, in all but exceptional cases, will grow up good and honorable men. It is because lads are not taught, at home, and taught by example as well as precept, what is noble and right, that they so often go astray. But even if there is some excuse for a son not turning out well, there is hardly any in the case of a daughter. Bring a girl up to be a good wife and mother; give her the solid acquirements that will enable her to fill those positions properly, and she will make herself and others happy. But devote too much time to mere accomplishments, and you render her vain and frivolous. Of course, a girl ought to know how to attract, as well as how to keep; how to win love as well as how to retain it. Do not, therefore, make her too prosaic. But, on the other hand, remember that accomplishments are not everything.

THE REMAINS OF COLD CHICKEN can be converted into very nice little cutlets. The meat should be cut into as many small cutlets as possible, and as nearly the same shape as can be managed. Dip each into clarified butter, mixed with the yolk of an egg, cover them with bread-crumbs, seasoned with half a teaspoonful of finely-minced lemon-peel, a little Cayenne, and salt. Fry them for five minutes, and then arrange them on fried sippets of the same shape, the cutlets to be piled high in the dish. A sauce made as follows should be ready, which pour round: Put one ounce of butter into a stew-pan, add two minced shallots, one small bunch of savory herbs, including parsley, a few slices of carrot, six peppercorns, with just a suspicion of mace; fry all together for ten minutes, then pour in half a pint of gravy, made from the chicken bones. Stew all together for twenty minutes. Strain carefully, and serve. We give this in reply to a letter.

LADIES DRESSES are made every month more and more close-fitting, and the ingenuity that was brought to bear only a few years ago on expanding skirts is now employed in contrivances to cause them to cling tightly to the figure. Bands of elastic and strings are now fastened inside the skirt, in order to reduce its expansive tendency as much as possible. Sitting down in a dress of the latest fashion is almost an impossibility—that is, if sitting down means placing yourself straight and in the centre of a chair—and walking is not always easy of accomplishment. Perching sideways on the edge of a chair or sofa seems the nearest approach to sitting in these days of tightly tied-back drapery; and yet, uncomfortable as they are, the long, narrow trains, confined with elastic, have a very graceful appearance.

HEAVY, LARGE WREATHS are again the fashion, and generally consist of one flower, with a single and totally different flower at the left side. For example, a wreath of bunches of currants, with a tuft of streaked carnations; a wreath of white roses, with a rosebud in the hair, and a large, blue butterfly at the side; a wreath of saffron wall-flowers, with a black satin bow at the side, glittering with a diamond star; a wreath of pink and white carnations, with a white faillie bow, and a turquois butterfly at the side. A wreath of flowers on the outside, and another inside a bonnet, are universally worn. In fact, the trade of artificial florists must be a very thriving one at present.

A NEW VOLUME began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Clubs must begin with either that number, or the January number. Single subscriptions, may begin with any month whatever. We still take additions to clubs, at the same price paid by the rest of the club, and can always supply back numbers, if wished. The newspaper press unanimously pronounces "Peterson" to be the best and cheapest of the lady's book.

WE PRE-PAY THE POSTAGE, remember, on "Peterson" to all mail subscribers. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to those they ask to subscribe. Until this year, subscribers had to pay the postage, at their own offices, at an additional expense of twelve cents each, and sometimes of twenty-four. The prices now asked for "Peterson" include the postage, making it really cheaper than ever. Bear this in mind.

IN A PICTURE.—This is after a picture by Bougereau, one of the most celebrated of living French artists. It has often been said that Americans have no taste. But our experience is that those illustrations are most popular which are engraved from the best pictures.

THE COLORED FASHIONS of "Peterson" are everywhere acknowledged to be the most reliable and elegant that appear in any of the magazines.

"MORE FOR THE MONEY."—The Charleston (W. Va.) Press says:—"Peterson gives more for the money than any other magazine in the world."

"WORTH TEN TIMES ITS PRICE."—The New Holland, (Pa.) Clarion says:—"Every family in the land should take 'Peterson.' It is worth ten times the subscription price,"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Green Gile. A Romance. By Ernst Wichert. Translated from the German. By Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A good translation is almost as rare as a good original work. Mrs. Wistar is the best translator that we know of, whether in the United States or in Great Britain. The present novel reads exactly as if it had been written in English, and in pure, idiomatic English at that. It has not a trace of its German origin. Mrs. Wistar has also another conspicuous merit. She is apparently a woman of first-rate taste; at least her selections are always the best to be made. A new novel, translated by her, is sure to be desirable, in more ways than one. The present story has exceptional merit. It is full of stirring incident, the plot evolves naturally, and several of the characters are capitally delineated. Like all the publications of this house, the volume is neatly printed and bound.

Aurora Floyd. A Domestic Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is one of the two novels which first gave Miss Braddon her reputation as a writer. In re-perusing it, we find that she has not increased in power, as she has grown older: in fact most of her later fictions are tame compared to this. *The London News*, when it appeared, said of it, that it "had taken the town by storm." Certainly, it is better worth reading, as a specimen of intense, passionate writing, than nine-tenths of the new novels that come out.

Frances Hilgard. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is an entirely new novel, from the pen of that popular writer, Mrs. Henry Wood. It is a book that you cannot lay down, after you have once begun to read it, until you have finished the last chapter.

The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem. Edited by D. R. Locke (Petrozium V. Nashy.) 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Under the guise of a series of humorous sketches, a vast deal of sound sense is taught in this book. Abou Ben Adhem, the Seer of New Jersey, as he calls himself, is somewhat cynical in his philosophy; but his lessons are none the less worth heeding for that; and he gives his opinions, fearlessly, on almost every conceivable subject affecting life and manners. If his views were delivered more seriously, they would be far less effectual, and the book, most assuredly, would be duller reading. If you wish for a hearty laugh buy Ben Adhem.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble. By Miss Dickens. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—When the publishers claim for this novel, as they do in their advertisement, that it is "a charming story," we fully agree with them; but when they attribute its authorship to a daughter of Charles Dickens, they fall into an error which has long been exploded. It is, in fact, the work of a lady, who writes very much better than Miss Dickens, and who is author of "The Sacristan's Household," and other first-rate stories, and is the second wife of Alolphus Trollope, whose Italian novels are so delightful. This is a new edition.

Wolf Run; or The Days of the Wilderness. By Elijah Kellogg. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is one of that popular "Forest Glen Series," and is full of stirring incidents of frontier warfare. There is a time, in the life of every boy, when tales like this are absolutely absorbing to him. They seem to work off, in a peaceful manner, the instinct for daring deeds, which is a part of his nature, and in that way they doubtless serve a high and necessary purpose.

Philadelphia and Its Environs. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is something like a "Murray's Hand-Book," only the subject is Philadelphia, instead of France, Italy, or Germany, and the book, instead of being dry in text and barren of illustrations, is well written, and full of engravings. It is really a very handsome volume, and gives an exaggerated idea of the size, wealth and beauty of this city, its splendid edifices, and the picturesqueness of its unrivaled Park.

Sigma. A Story. By "Onida." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Few novelists write as unequally, in some respects, as this lady. At her best, however, she is exceptionally fine. "A Leaf in The Storm," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," etc., etc., are full of pathos, and breathe the truest, tenderest feeling of humanity. The present novel is mostly in this better mood. The descriptive passages, too, are toned down. Altogether, "Sigma" will be found one of the best stories of the season; and that is saying a very great deal.

Ocean-Dorn; or The Cruise of the Clubs. By Oliver Optic. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—What "Wolf Run," already noticed, is to life in the wilderness, "Ocean-Dorn" is to life on the waters. The story is one of the "Yacht Club Series." Tales like this fill a part of the place which the adventures of the early navigators, notably such books as "Maver's Voyages," filled when we were a boy. Oliver Optic always writes well, and here he is at his best.

The Mystery of Dark Hollow. Edited by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, by an anonymous author, but it is edited by Mrs. Southworth, which is a guarantee that may be considered all-sufficient, and will be, by her admirers, at least. The volume is very handsomely printed and bound.

The Dem of Denham. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—As with all of Mrs. Wood's novels, this is a story full of incident.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"EVERY NUMBER SEEMS BETTER."—The Lockport (N. Y.) Times says of this magazine:—"This popular periodical, brilliant with literature, sparkling with engravings, overflowing with fashion-plates, replete with fancy-work designs, and always welcome, is on our table. How so many good things can be got together between the covers every month for the small sum of two dollars per year, is beyond our conjecture. Suffice it to say that it is done, and every successive number seems better than the previous one. It is just as good a time now to make up clubs or forward subscriptions as any. Back numbers can be supplied from January 1st. Remember, two dollars covers the whole cost. No extra charge for postage. Address: Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address: PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

IF LADIES HAVE NOT a clear, white, smooth, and beautiful skin, it is their own fault. The use of Laird's "Doom of Youth" will produce the above effect. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVERSEY, M. D.

NO. VIII.—DISEASES OF THE EYES, ETC.

Probably there are no diseases to which the infant is subject, of more importance than those involving the sense of seeing, and which, if neglected by the mother, or nurse, are more prone to the most serious consequences.

Those various affections, some of them simple in their nature, will be treated of, in this and the ensuing numbers, in such a manner that mothers may be enabled to learn when and where there is danger and need of medical aid, to the end that she may never have cause to censure herself for neglect of duty.

The edges of the eyelids, in infants and children, are quite frequently subject to inflammation of a tedious character.

The follicles of the lids become closed by the disease, the bulbs of the eyelashes destroyed, and the state called *blepharitis* is produced. Mothers should be watchful of the approach of this condition, for, if long neglected, it becomes obstinate, and, to a certain extent and degree, incurable.

One of the most striking symptoms of the disease is a glutinous secretion from the Meibomian follicles, which causes the edges of the eyelids to adhere in the morning. This gummy exudation, increasing during sleep, binds the eyelashes so thoroughly together that the mother is often obliged to soften it with a little warm milk and water, or to use considerable and sometimes painful effort to effect a separation. This rude haste often tears out some of the eyelashes, aggravates the inflammation of the follicles, and gives rise to little abscesses and ulcers, which ultimately enfeeble, dwarf, or destroy the hair, and their reproduction ceases. The matter and inflammation keep up a constant irritation, with itching of the lids, and cause an increased flow of tears, which, dropping upon the cheek, chafes and excoriates it, until at length it is covered with scabs. Mothers should be made sensible that, from neglect, there is danger of the child losing its eyelashes entirely, if the inner margin of the lower lid becoming rounded off, overgrown, or turning out of the lid, ensuing, and an unsightly appearance the result.

In almost every case of this kind, the patient presents

marks of a scrofulous constitution, as is manifested in impairment of the functions of the skin, digestive organs, and health generally. Not unfrequently the lymphatic glands of the neck are enlarged, the upper lip swollen, sores behind the ears are seen, or scald-head arises, and a tumid abdomen, with restless nights, and morning perspiration ensue.

This disease of the lids frequently arises from affections of the eyes attendant upon measles, scarlet fever, and small-pox; whilst cold, impure air, smoke, and filthiness, are exciting causes. In adults, the habitual use of ardent spirits is well known to keep up these affections of the eyelids. Indigestible and unwholesome food perpetuates the complaint, and favors relapses in infants and children.

The mother should never attempt or allow the child to open its eyes in the morning till the purulent matter gluing the lids is softened. This is best affected by washing them with warm milk, or rubbing gently along the lids, with the finger, a little melted butter, and next apply a soft sponge, wrung out of hot water, to them for a few minutes. They will then readily open. The whole of the matter should then be immediately removed by the finger nail, or better, by the blunt edge of a small knife. This is absolutely necessary, for no lotion or salve can be of any possible utility, as it cannot come in contact with the seat of the disease until the pus and scabs are removed.

Any bland salve, as very weak citrine ointment, cold cream, or elder salve, may be applied to the edges of the lids at bedtime, to prevent adhesion. Further advice will be given in next number.

SOCIAL HINTS.

A PERFECT HOSTESS.—The art of entertaining company successfully is well worth cultivating, and should engage much of the attention of our ladies.

The pleasures of society depend more upon females than others.

Gentlemen expect to be entertained; children are out of the question, and, therefore, it rests upon women what society should be.

The pleasure of an evening's entertainment, therefore, is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget their own identity, or to be lost in the effort to make every one at ease.

That is the great secret of true enjoyment.

Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or a social circle, where every person's neighbor appears like an iceberg, and the atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy yet dignified cordiality that ever characterizes true breeding.

As a lady aptly expressed it, the hostess is the key-note, and upon her depends the concord of sweet sounds and their sweetest melody.

Your truly elegant woman is naturally an excellent hostess, and contrives to surround her guests with her own "atmosphere."

FLORICULTURE.

TO PRESERVE FLOWER SEEDS.—Those who are curious about saving flower-seeds must attend to them in the month of August, or early in September. Many kinds will begin to ripen apace, and should be carefully picked and supported, to prevent them from being shaken by high winds, and so partly lost. Others should be defended from much wet; such as asters, marigolds, and generally those of the class *syngenesia*; as from the construction of their flowers they are apt to rot, and the seeds to mould, in bad seasons.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every recipe in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

VEGETABLES.

Salad.—Wash carefully two heads of lettuce, one of endive, a handful of small salad, six very young onions, or one shallot; drain the water from them; slice them small; toss them about on a clean cloth, to take off as much water as possible, but do not press them, as that would take off the crispness; lay them in a salad-bowl. Boil four eggs hard, take out the yolks, cut the white in rings, to garnish the salad, rub the yolks down with two teaspoonfuls of dry mustard, one of salt, and one of white pepper, well mixed; add by degrees four tablespoonfuls of Lucca oil, and two of vinegar. Mix well together, and pour the whole over the salad; stir it up till the dressing has saturated the salad; put radishes round the edge, and garnish with the white of eggs. A dessert-spoonful of Worcester sauce is an improvement.

To Cook Onions.—Parboil some onions a few minutes; mince them thoroughly, and put them in a sauce-pan, with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Let them cool slowly, so that they do not take color, and add a tablespoonful of flour. When they are quite tender, pass them through a sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make it into a sauce. Make it hot, and serve.

Another.—Put into a sauce-pan some parboiled onions, sugar, salt, and milk, as above; add a tablespoonful or two of rice, previously boiled in water for ten minutes; let the whole cook slowly, and when the onions are quite tender, add a tablespoonful of grated Parmesan cheese; stir the mixture, and pass it through a sieve. Add as much milk or cream as may be necessary; warm the sauce, and serve.

Cauliflower and Cheese.—Boil the cauliflower. When done put on the top a tablespoonful of grated cheese, and one ounce of butter, in small pieces. Melt it well into the cauliflower before the fire or in the oven, slightly browning it. As a sauce for it, mix a teaspoonful of flour, two ounces of grated cheese, two ounces of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, or milk, two well-beaten eggs. Stir all well together in a sauce-pan over the fire, and strain through a colander, if not perfectly smooth.

Another.—The cauliflower is boiled, and then cut into small pieces, without any of the leaf. Put the pieces into a smooth, white sauce; on the top sprinkle some finely-grated cheese, and put the cauliflower into the oven for a few minutes to brown. If liked, pieces of toasted bread can be served under the cauliflower, as with vegetable marrow.

Baked Tomatoes.—Wash them, and cut them in two parts; round the tomato, that is, so as the cells can be divested of the pulp and seeds which they contain. To six tomatoes take half a pint of bread-crumbs, one large onion, finely-chopped, one ounce of butter, pepper and salt to the taste. Fill the cells of each piece with the dressing, put two halves together, and tie them with a piece of thread. Put them in a pan, with an ounce of butter, and a gill of water; set them in a moderate oven, and cook them till they are soft. When done, cut off the threads, and serve them.

Tomatoes Stewed.—Cut four ripe tomatoes into quarters, and remove the ribs and watery substance; cut an onion into the thinnest possible slices; put these into a sauce-pan, with a large piece of butter, and keep shaking the sauce-pan on the fire until the slices of onion are cooked, but not browned; then add the quarters of tomatoes, with pepper and salt to taste, and toss the whole on the fire until the tomatoes are cooked, which will be in about ten minutes.

Salade de Pommes de Terre.—Cut some cold boiled potatoes in slices, arrange them neatly on a dish, slightly rubbed with shallot or garlic, and pour the following sauce over them: mince equal quantities of capers and parsley, and a few leaves of tarragon and thyme, and oil and vinegar in the proportion of two to one, and pepper and salt to taste; beat all well together.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—Peel fine ripe tomatoes; cut them up in small pieces, and put in a pan a layer of bread-crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt, and some piece of butter; then put another layer of bread-crumbs and tomatoes, and so on till the dish is full. Spread some beaten egg over the top, and set it in the oven and bake it.

DESSERTS.

Baked Apple-Pudding.—This, when carefully made and well baked, is a very nice, wholesome pudding, the crust being remarkably light and crisp, though containing no butter. First, weigh six ounces of crumbs of a light, stale loaf, and grate it down small; then add, and mix thoroughly with it, three and a half ounces of pounded sugar, and a very slight pinch of salt; next, take from one to one and a quarter pounds of russets, or any other good baking apples; pare and take off the core in quarters, without dividing the fruit; arrange them in compact layers in a deep tart-dish which holds about a pound and a half, and strew amongst them four ounces of sugar and the grated rind of a fine fresh lemon; add the strained juice of the lemon, and pour the bread-crumbs gently in the centre; then, with a spoon, spread them into a layer of equal thickness over the apples, making it very smooth. Sift powdered sugar over, wipe the edge of the dish, and bake the pudding in a rather brisk oven for rather more than three-quarters of an hour. Very pale brown sugar will answer for it almost as well as pounded. For the nursery, some crumbs of bread may be strown between the layers of apples; and when cinnamon is much liked, a large teaspoonful may be used, instead of lemon rind, to flavor it.

Apples Surprised.—Peel, core and slice about five nice cooking apples; sprinkle the slices with a spoonful of flour, one of grated bread, and a little sugar; have some lard quite hot in a small stew-pan, put the slices of apple in it, and fry of a light yellow. When all are done, take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a good spoonful of grated bread, a spoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of milk; put into the pan, and when they boil up throw in the apple-slices. Hold the whole over the fire for two minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

Stewed Apples.—Peel and core six apples, put the cores and parings into a quart of water, and simmer gently. Strain off and pour the liquor over the apples, adding the juice of half a lemon and three ounces of white sugar. Boil gently till the apples are quite tender, then turn out into a basin, and beat up with a fork, gradually adding about a teaspoonful of cream. When the whole is about the consistency of cream, pile up in a glass dish, and put away in a cool place. Whipped cream, or the whites of eggs, well whisked, may be put over the top before serving.

Coffee Pudding.—Make a teacup of strong, well cleared coffee; beat four eggs with five ounces of sugar, one pint of milk previously boiled, and half a pinch of salt; add the coffee, strain into a pie-dish two inches deep; put the dish into a sauce-pan, with sufficient boiling water to reach to the middle of the dish; put into a moderate oven till quite firm; when cold, sprinkle powdered sugar over it, and glaze with a red-hot iron.

Poor Knights.—Cut a roll into thin slices, mix up two eggs with one pint of milk, sugar and nutmeg to taste. Put the slices of roll to soak in this custard; fry them a nice brown. When cold, put them round the strawberry fool.

Farney.—Take nice, clean wheat and soak it for thirty-four hours; boil it gently the day before it is required, until quite tender, which will be in about six hours. On the day you want to use it, put the wheat covered with milk upon the stove to simmer for two hours, half an hour before wanted; mix with it some currants, and a good custard made of yolk of six eggs, a little powdered cinnamon, and sugar to your taste.

Strawberry or Raspberry Fool.—Beat a pound and a half of picked strawberries or raspberries into a pulp; press them through a sieve, sweeten to taste; stir in gradually half a pint of milk and half a pint of cream; serve in a glass dish, and garnish with slices of sponge-cake, or with poor knights. For a more elaborate dish, instead of milk or cream, use half a pint of champagne, or enough maraschino to moisten them.

Red Currant Pudding.—Put two pounds of picked red currants into a pint of cold water, and boil till soft. Pass them through a sieve. Put the juice to boil again with half a pound of white sugar. When quite boiling, put a teaspoonful of sage, previously soaked in cold water; boil twenty minutes, till quite transparent; put it into a shape, and when cold (ice improves it) turn it out. It can be served with a custard round it, and is an agreeable change for children.

Velvet Cream.—Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in a cup of white wine; add the juice of a large lemon and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Strain it into a mould, and when nearly cold, fill it up with cream (about a pint,) and stir it up. Ice, if necessary, and turn it out. This can be made in a quarter of an hour.

Junket.—Put a quart of new milk into a glass dish; hold a piece of rennet in the milk till it be turned; mix in a cup a wineglass of white wine, a liqueur glass of brandy; fill the cup up with cream; add powdered sugar, a little nutmeg, and when the milk is firm, pour it over. Garnish with ratafia, or serve with stewed fruit.

Custard.—Sweeten one pint of milk with a little pounded sugar; boil it with a piece of cinnamon and the rind of a lemon. Strain, and when a little cooled, mix gradually the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir it over a slow fire until it thickens; keep stirring every now and then until cold.

Arrow root Cream.—Take one pint and a half of thin cream, two dozen bitter almonds, the rind of a lemon; sweeten to your taste; add two large spoonfuls of arrow-root; let it boil two minutes; put it in a mould dipped in cold water. It can be served with compote of apricots or any other fruit.

Coffee Cream.—Dissolve two ounces of isinglass in just enough water to cover it; put to a pint and a half of cream a teacup and a half of very strong, clear coffee, with powdered sugar. Let it just boil. Leave it standing till nearly cold, then pour into a mould, and when quite set turn it out.

Ground Rice Cake.—Take half a pound of fine ground rice, half a pound of crushed sugar, five eggs, three or four drops of almond flavoring; beat the eggs for ten minutes, then add the other ingredients by degrees, whisking all the while. It takes about three-quarters of an hour to make.

PRESERVES.

To Candy Any Kind of Fruit.—When cooked in the syrup, lay them in a sieve to drain, a single layer at a time: dip them very quickly into hot water, to remove any syrup which may adhere to them; then drain them, and lay them on a cloth before the fire to dry. When all the fruit is thus dried, sift thickly over finely-pounded loaf sugar, while the fruit is warm; then lay the fruit on dishes in a moderately-heated oven; turn them, and drain all moisture from them. The fruit must not become cold until perfectly dry. If done properly, they present a beautiful appearance.

To Make Conserve of Rhubarb.—Choose the large sort, when it is in its prime, not too early in the season; cut it in small pieces, taking away any strings. To four pounds of rhubarb add three pounds of sugar, and two ounces of bitter almonds, bruised. It is better to stew the rhubarb alone for a short time. Let it boil gently for thirty-five minutes after the sugar and almonds are added. To be put in jars, and tied down, as other jams.

To Make Rhubarb Marmalade.—Skin and cut into pieces about two inches long, two pounds of rhubarb, add one and a half pounds of loaf sugar, the rind of one lemon, cut very fine; put the whole into a deep covered vessel, and let it remain thus twenty-four hours; then strain off the juice, and boil it from half to three-quarters of an hour, after which put in the rhubarb, and boil for a quarter of an hour longer.

Cherry Marmalade.—Select ripe, juicy, sour and sweet cherries, an equal quantity of each; stem and stone them with care. To one quart of the pulp and juice, add one pound of the best New Orleans brown sugar. Mix these well together, and put into the kettle; set in a warm place to slowly heat, and simmer for one hour and a half; then put it into jars; cover with care, and cork tightly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

To Take Out Tea and Wine Stains.—A glass of white wine, or a cup of tea, upset over a dress, would spoil it if allowed to dry. When an accident happens, immediately get some clean towels, and rub the dress till dry, and in most cases there will be no stain left. If the tea is very strong, sponge with a little cold water first. Port wine or claret stains are seldom got entirely out, but the stain may be lessened by sponging with cold water before the rubbing.

Sunburns.—The best plan for removing the effects of sunburns is to wash the face at night with either sour milk or buttermilk, and in the morning with weak bran tea and a little eau-de-Cologne. This will aften the skin, and remove the redness, and will also make it less liable to burn again with exposure to the sun. Lathering the face several times in the day with elder-flower water, and a few drops of eau-de-Cologne, is also very efficacious.

To Clean White Kid Shoes and Gloves.—Dip a piece of flannel into cold milk. Squeeze it a little. Then rub it on some yellow soap, and rub the kid quickly with the flannel, and the dirt will be removed very readily. Squeeze the flannel again in the milk without any soap, and rub the kid again. Wipe dry with a clean linen cloth. The things will be ready to wear in an hour.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF GREEN TULLE, MADE OVER GREEN LAWN.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three plain flounces; the upper-skirt is double, each skirt being trimmed with rows of green satin ribbon, and edged with broad blond lace. Trimmings of large pink roses, and branches, with buds. A pink rose on the right shoulder, and in the hair.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—A scant flounce, headed by a ruffle of silk, and black lace trims the top of the flounce. Small, pointed apron of blue silk, which is finished by three deep puffs of white organdy. A small blue silk tunic at the back is trimmed with two rows of wide, black lace. Broad, silk sashes. The waist is trimmed with black lace, and standing ruffle of white lace. Blue ribbon band in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF VERY SHEER WHITE MUSLIN.—The under-skirt is made of puffs of white muslin, sepa-

rated by quillings of pink ribbon. The over-dress consists of a long, narrow train of pink silk, and large, pink silk loops, edged with white lace. The bodice is of white muslin over pink silk. Pink and white roses in the hair.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF PALE BLUE TULLE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a broad, white lawn flounce. The upper-skirt reaches to this flounce, and is finished by a ruching of tulle. A trimming of white tulle reaches from the waist at the sides, and is caught at the bottom of the over-skirt by a large, blue tulle bow, and then falls on the skirt behind. Blue tulle sash at the back, edged with white lace.

FIG. V.—EVENING-DRESS OF NILE-GREEN SILK.—The apron front of the dress is trimmed with three bias bands of green silk, and finished by two rows of black lace, with a row of white lace between. A train of very thin white muslin, caught back by pink roses, falls over the green silk at the back. Half-high, square bodice of pink silk, trimmed with black and white lace.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-GRAY BATISTE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a deep-plaited flounce, headed by an embroidery in white on the gray batiste. The upper skirt and sacque are trimmed with black velvet and field daisies.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF ECRU-COLORED LINEN.—The lower-skirt has one deep-plaited flounce, headed by four rows of brown molair braid. The upper-skirt and jacket are trimmed with the same braid; the skirt having a fine knife-plaiting around it. Straw hat, lined and bound with brown, and trimmed with long sprays of butter-cups.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, some of the newest varieties of hats, jackets, etc. One hat is of brown straw, trimmed with beautiful, creamy white ribbon, and large clusters of daisies, with brown velvet centres; the other is of black straw, and has a delicate pink plume, and a black jet algrette, with pink roses in the face, and white tulle strings tied under the chin. One of the jackets is of light-blue silk with blue silk applique on white, and the other is of black silk, trimmed with a bias band of blue and green plaid silk.

The style of dressing the hair, the collar, and the collar and sleeves, are entirely new.

The new, thin, summer goods have such a variety of names, that it is impossible to chronicle them all. Of the very thin woolen goods, Florentine is, perhaps, the nicest; it is made of light, brilliant wool, fine and soft in texture, and is admirable for travelling. Dark-blue and gray are the popular colors in Florentine. Then there is zephyr-cloth, which is as light as cashmere, and much affected for jackets and tunics, for morning, and especially sea-side wear. Madras is a copy of Indian cotton handkerchiefs, and is consequently always checked; it is trimmed with silk ruches, selected to match the darkest color in the check. All dresses of light materials, such as linen, batiste, fine cambric, colored muslin, and light foulards, are made in the Watteau style. They are looped, and gathered up in intricate, irregular folds, and profusely ornamented with bows, which renders them very elegant. The style of make called "the soubrette" is one of the prettiest. The material is striped pink and black linen. The under-skirt is covered with platings. The second skirt is round, forms a pouf at the back, and is bordered with a pink and black silk ruche, with notched out edges, fr. the centre of which there is a ruche of Valenciennes lace. The bodice has a cascade of Valenciennes lace, studded with bows in front; the pockets in the skirt are ruched round, and there is a black and pink silk bow in the centre of each pocket.

Pompadour foulard dresses, with creamy grounds, and flowered over with bouquets of tiny corn-flowers, looking like the old-fashioned services of Sevres china, are in the greatest favor; they are made up with navy-blue fallie.

Foulard costumes, of hues that look as though they had been washed in with water-colors, are also very delicate and pretty. The skirt is always made of self-colored twilled foulard, such as pale turquoise blue, while the tablier, or over-skirt, is striped pink and blue; but the shades are so delicate and tender, that the effect is most harmonious. This style of dress is frequently trimmed with narrow flounces of white organdy muslin, the edge being festooned or button-holed with silk.

Navy-blue linen is as popular again this year as it was last; it is trimmed with ruffles of white embroidery, or with many rows of white fancy braid, or sometimes with narrow ruffles of the blue linen, with a row of narrow white braid on each ruffle.

Ecru-colored linen and batiste is also very much worn; and white is more popular, perhaps, than anything else. White berage is again in high favor. Black velvet bows, and black velvet ribbon is profusely used on nearly all dresses.

China crêpe dolmans, to match the costume, are in favor, and many ladies are having their white shawls dyed with this end in view. The new form of dolman is very long in front, where it describes two points; the sleeves are slashed up to the top of the arm. The back falls no lower than the waist. China crêpe dolmans are trimmed with magnificent fringe, headed with a feather bordering. A shawl exactly cuts up into a dolman.

Old lace is greatly in favor. It is used in profusion on white neckerchiefs, and on the ends of soft silk neck-tyes, as a cascade on summer Polonaises, and mounted on bands of colored silk, contrasts vividly with the dress it is intended to decorate, and upon which it is arranged as lines of insertion.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

GIRL'S DRESS (BACK AND FRONT) OF BLUE AND WHITE MADRAS.—The under-skirt has a bias ruffle and inside plaits of the material. The upper-skirt and sacque are made the straight way of the stuff, but the bow and ends at the back are bias. A trimming of plain, dark-blue percale ornaments the top of the flounce, upper-skirt, pocket, and sleeves.

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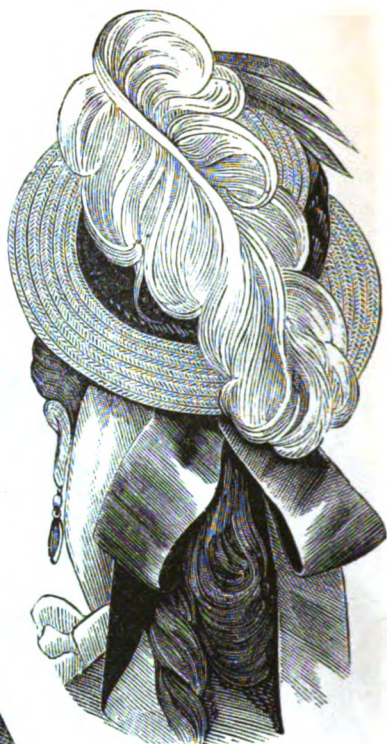
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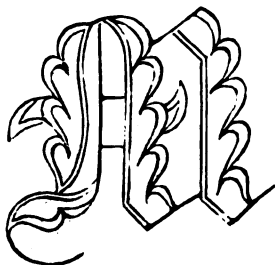
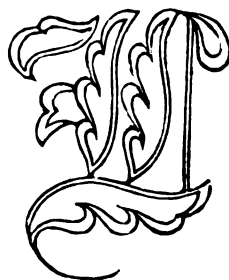
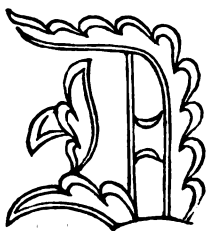
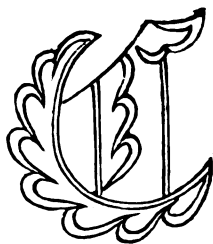
DRESS FOR MOURNING.



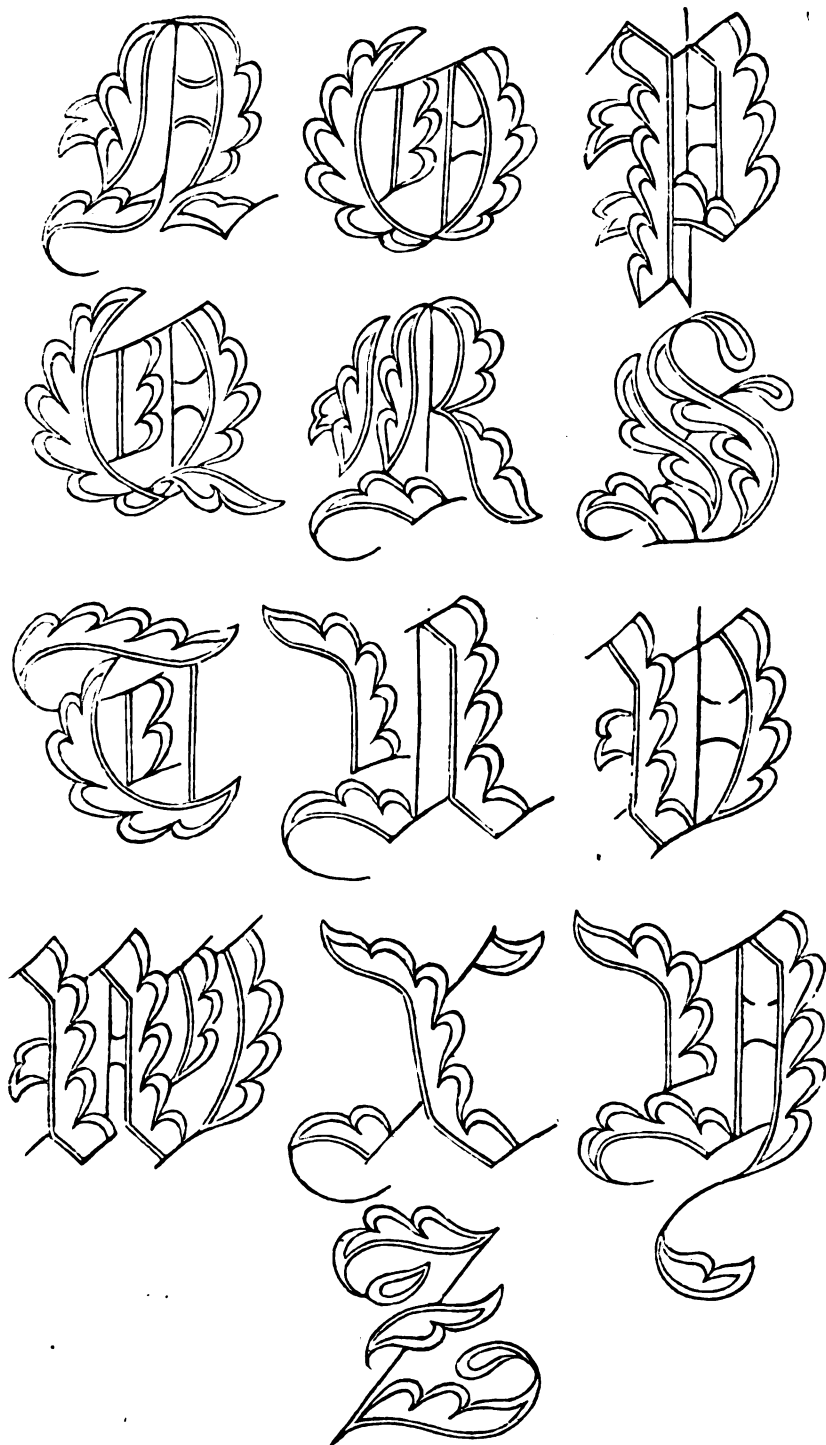
CAMEL'S-HAIR OVER-DRESS. BONNET FOR EARLY FALL.



PLAID OVER-DRESS. BONNET FOR EARLY FALL.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

"SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST."

FROM MARITANA.

Music composed by W. V. WALLACE.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in C major, 4/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a half note F#, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The bass line starts with a half note F, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piece concludes with a half note C in the treble and a half note F in the bass. Performance markings include 'Ped.' (pedal) and 'pp' (pianissimo).

1 Scenes that are bright - est May charm..... a -
 2 Words can - not scat - ter The thoughts..... we

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line starts with a half note F#, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note F, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piece concludes with a half note C in the treble and a half note F in the bass.

while..... Hearts which are light - est, And
 fear..... For tho' they flat - ter, They

The second line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line starts with a half note F#, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note F, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piece concludes with a half note C in the treble and a half note F in the bass.

eyes..... that smile : Yet o'er them, a -
 mock..... the ear. Hopes will still de -

The third line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The vocal line starts with a half note F#, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note F, followed by a quarter note A, and then a half note C. The piece concludes with a half note C in the treble and a half note F in the bass.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

dim.

bove us, Tho'..... na - ture beam,..... With
ceive us, With..... tear - ful cost,..... And

dolento.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a long note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words split across lines.

none..... to love us, How sad..... they
when..... they leave us, The heart..... is

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth notes, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

seem..... With none..... to love us, How
lost..... And when..... they leave us, The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth notes, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

sad..... they seem
heart..... is lost.

Fine.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line ends with a long note. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The system ends with the word 'Fine.' in italics.



BOURNOUS OPERA CLOAK. CLOTH JACKET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1875.

No. 3.

WHICH MADE THE PROPOSAL.

BY JULIA EVELYN DITTON.

DR. GIBSON, having made an unprofessional visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the gate with her daughter Matty.

Matty was twenty years old, and the doctor was thirty. Her eyes were brown, and his were gray. She "had on" a pink calico dress, and a white muslin apron; and he wore clean, cool-looking linen clothes, and a wide Panama hat.

The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses, one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her ear. She inquired, with considerable show of interest, about the Ruggles children, who had the measles. He told her, gravely, all about Tommy and Ben, Alice and Kit; and when he had finished, a silence fell upon them.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how funny it was for Mr. Scott to paint his new house pea-green, with lavender trimmings, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her.

He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said,

"Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

The very look in the bright, brown eyes would have told him, without a single spoken word, how thoroughly unlooked-for such a proposal had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson, thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But the tears came into her eyes, as she saw the quiet face grow a trifle pale.

"I hardly believed you did care for me," he went on, after a pause. "But I hoped you might learn to do it."

"But—but—" said Matty, with embarrassment. "I—I thought every one knew, I am engaged to my cousin Tom."

"Your cousin Tom!" echoed the doctor. It

was impossible to mistake the expression which passed over his face. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however; but directly said,

"Matty, I shall never get over this—I mean that I shall always love you; and if you ever need a friend or protector, or—or any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

She promised, and held out her hand to him. He shook it warmly, said "God bless you!" and left her hurriedly.

Matty, still leaning on the little wooden gate watched the retreating figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question.

"Tom, what would you do if I should jilt you?"

Tom stroked his downy upper lip, and looked pensive.

"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of reflection. "You might try it and see."

"Perhaps I will," she responded, more soberly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared very hard at her, but immediately forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day, Mrs. Kellicott's "help" rushed frantically into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced to that gentleman that "Mr. Tom would be dead'n a door-nail long afore he got there, if he didn't *jump*." For two seconds, thinking of Tom as his rival in Matty's affections, the doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good, stupid, old Dr. Wells; but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's, at the very heels of the excited servant-girl.

When he arrived, he found Tom in a high fever, and delirious. He pronounced it a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt that he would recover. He sent to

his own house for some changes of clothing, and prepared to devote himself to the sick man. Matty, too, was unwearied in her work, and, being necessarily much in Tom's room, consequently saw the doctor constantly. He and his patient presented a marked contrast to each other; the latter was cross, captious, and peevish to an unheard-of degree, and talked incessantly of some unknown being named Kate. On the other hand, Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong and helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in admiring astonishment.

One morning, as the doctor prepared a sleeping-draught for somebody, and dictated to Matty a prescription for somebody else, she said, with real solicitude,

"Dr. Gibson, you will certainly kill yourself, if you keep on at this rate, and 'tis my belief that you are overworked, and you ought to take a rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?" he inquired, straightening up, and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty," he continued, solemnly, though with a merry twinkle in the honest eyes, "'work,' as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, 'is a panny-kay.'" Matty understood him, and colored crimson.

At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the doctor felt that he must remove himself and his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honeysuckle-vines over the piazza, watched him go, and cried a little.

The morning after, Tom and Matty sat on the piazza; he reading, or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither had uttered a word for more than half an hour.

Presently Matty shook out the muslin cap she was making, and laid it on her work-box, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her hands, one over the other, into her lap. Then she looked up.

Tom was staring straight at her. She colored violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began, "don't be angry. Oh, do forgive me! I——" She paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly; but went on, bluntly. "I want to end our engagement."

"So do I," rejoined he, with difficulty repressing a whistle. Then both burst into a hearty laugh.

"You see, Mat," said Tom, when he could speak, "I love some one else."

Matty appeared to be taken quite by surprise at this declaration.

"But I couldn't help it; indeed I couldn't. She is——"

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate, and her eyes are the blackest, and her cheeks the reddest, and she sings 'Under the Stars,' with guitar accompaniment," rattled Matty, all in a breath.

It was Tom's turn to stare. "Where did you find all that out?" he asked.

"My dear, a little bird, etc. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin," and off she ran, glad to escape from the questions which she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me——" he called after her.

"And never shall," she returned, whisking into her own room.

In less than an hour she had reconciled her mother to Fate's decree; had written to Miss Kate Spencer; had persuaded Tom to write also, and had done much toward informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's wedding, bethought herself what she should do. There were her summer dresses to be made up, her music-scholars to attend to, the sewing-circle, and the flowers; but these occupied neither all her time nor thoughts. There ought to have been Dr. Gibson, too, she could not help thinking; but that gentleman, instead of falling at her feet, as soon as he heard she was free, paid her no more attention than before. She waited for him, in growing wonder and worry, an eternity—two weeks—and then took measures to bring him to his senses.

She employed only recognized and lady-like means, however. She began by flirting a little with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to our heroine on an average four times a year, ever since she was fifteen. She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically; but they were the best friends in the world. She now told him, in so many words, that she would accept all the attention he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded, not from any special regard for him, but was made in pursuance of some occult design on her part. Forthwith the pair embarked upon what seemed the stormiest flirtation Skinnersville ever saw. In the long mornings they drove or rowed together; they dined at Mrs. Kellicott's, and immediately after sallied forth on some other excursion. Both were excellent equestrians, and

Matty gloried in galloping "over hill and over dale," on one of Will's handsome horses, (Will, by-the-by, was the son of a rich man.) Then they drank an early tea on the veranda, and spent the evening at the piano, or in reading. At the hour of nine, Matty always sent Will home, without a particle of ceremony, or regret at his departure. In short, what appeared to Skinnerville as a serious courtship, was, in reality, a purely business matter, and so understood between the two parties to it.

This state of affairs continued for a week or so, during which time the doctor ignored Matty's existence, except as she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicott. And all the while the girl was raging inwardly at her quondam suitor.

"Why doesn't he ask me once again?" she queried, mentally. "I am sure he loves me, and any one might see that I love him; but he won't speak, and I can't. I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem; but he did not; he imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom, or had really decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last. She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of man; but she determined to try what a modest and retiring behavior would effect. So she dismissed Will, and became, to all outward resemblance, a little nun. Still, no advances on the doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope, finally, of ever coming to a better understanding with him, when something happened.

Dr. Gibson "dropped in," one morning, when Mrs. Kellicott sat sewing on the veranda, in the cool, refreshing breeze.

"You musn't come here," she called, as he tied his horse to the hitching-post. "My work requires my undivided attention; besides, you'll step on the ruffles. You may go and help Matty, if you like."

That young woman was making pies in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding, found herself presentable, and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she said. Wouldn't he come in?

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little brick pavement under the window, and lean over the sill.

So there he stood, under the grape-vine trellis, with little flecks of golden sunshine falling on his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unlover-like, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose. She also noticed a rip in his coat, and wondered who would mend it for him.

Someway, the talk veered round from the weather to Woman's Rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up.

She didn't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot-box through the agency of husbands and brothers. "When I vote," she said, "I want to march to the polls, and put in my vote my own self."

"What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty, with that rolling-pin in your hand, and——"

"I'm not at all sure that I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I just would like to make some laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the Legislature," suggested the doctor, gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws; only social customs and usages. I'll tell you just what I mean." She laid the rolling-pin aside, with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms a-kimbo, looking very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other. "Now, at a party, when a lady sits alone in a stiff chair all the evening, not dancing, simply because she hasn't a partner, and can't ask any one. Oh, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know——"

"How it is myself?" interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's, the other night. If I had been Anna Radcliffe, or Dora Collard, I'd have asked some of you men to dance with me."

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whatever they wish?" he retorted, with a half smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have this right in such a case as you mention, but also in more serious affairs. For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now, such an idea had never entered Matty's foolish little head, and she seized the sugar-box in great embarrassment. The doctor went on, with much gravity.

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that, in many instances, it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the filagree-work of vine-leaves above him. It was evident he was thinking of women in the abstract only, but a faltering little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to the concrete. And there stood Matty, smiling, blushing, dim-

pling, ready to extinguish herself in her brown gingham apron.

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much!" she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The doctor jumped through the open window, and made his proposal over again.

THE LEGEND OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Round and round the house they go,
All the night, in sleet and snow.
"Hush thee, darling, do not cry,
They will hear us by and by,"
Sobs the mother. "Wake! oh, wake!
Let us in for Christ's dear sake."

No one answers. "When I wed,
Loud you cursed him: he is dead!
I will go, for mine the sin:
Only take my darling in."
Vain her prayers, her sobs, her tears—
Pitiless her father hears.

Long she knocks, her baby breast
Wailing to her frozen breast.
Loud and louder storms the gale;

Foebler comes that piteous wail.
"Father, father," wild she cries,
"Hear my babe—oh, God! it dies."

Round and round the house they go,
All the night, in sleet and snow.
Faint the smothered sounds of feet,
Yet they reach Christ's Judgment seat!
Morning dawns, the storm is o'er—
Two white graves are at the door.

Years have passed, and gaunt and dread
Stands the house, its inmates fled.
For all night, with sobbings low,
Unseen footsteps round it go;
Weeps and prays a mother wild;
Wails and wails a dying child.

ATONEMENT.

BY HELEN A. MAXWELL.

And so 'tis no matter which way we may tread,
Some new hope is born of the hope that is dead;
Some Promise-star glitters athwart the deep blue,
When the one that has cheered us is lost to the view.
Death kisses our loved ones, and, lo! they are gone!
What then but to wait? we shall meet Further On!
Aye, none are so selfish, but that they will own,
The Past always had some new joy to atone
For the death of the Present. The Future, too, has
A curtain all rose-lined. Alas! oh, alas!
For the dream that is only a dream at the best,
Thank God that the goal for all nations is *Rest!*
There is, of a truth, some bliss to atone
For the bliss that we lose; we shiver and moan

O'er the graves of our loved ones. In Memory's urn
The incense of tender remembrance will burn
To the day of our death; the roses will die
That bloom on our cheek; the light of the eye
Will go out with the years; the snow on our head
Will fall all the faster, the while that we tread
Toward the sunset of life. Thank God, too, I say,
That this hope is still ours, while the years slip away.
There is a country aloof from the frost,
Where we shall gather the roses we've lost,
Where the hands that have slipped from our own, will again
Lie therein. There, the oft-broken chain
Of affection will show no link that is gone!
We will wait, oh, my heart! for the time Further On!

SONNET.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

My Love a dreaming sat one Summer day;
Methought warm tears adown her fair face stole,
Assuaging the wild grief of her sad soul,
The while she mused 'neath woodland shadows gray.
Had I, then, borne unto her heart these fears;
Her burdened breast had I weighed down the more;
Had word or act of mine impelled these tears?

Our old-time love, had it been given o'er?
Ah, no, indeed! My Love, she wept that day
Tears sweet as may from mortal eyelids flow,
For she was dreaming dreams of long ago,
When love began and brightened all our way.
And now a smile steals sweetly o'er her face;
Her lips meet mine—we close in love's embrace.

THE SISTER'S CHOICE.

BY KATHARINE F. WILLIAMS.

I.

ERMINIA WILLOUGHBY had before her mind a bright ideal, the only fitting bride for her nonpareil of brothers. Goodness without assumption, intellect without a tinge of pretence; all that was lovely, sweet and noble met in one delightful whole; the combination set off, of course, by perfect beauty and unrivaled accomplishments. No one whom she knew at all approached this creature of her fancy: some of her acquaintances, indeed, were handsome; several played, or sang, or sketched, with talent; one or two were even good, sweet girls, but that was all. However, there was no haste. Gerald himself never seemed to think of a choice; he simply enjoyed life, as why should he not? Bright eyes everywhere beamed kindly on him, fair cheeks blushed a welcome; there was no need to look beyond the present.

But among those who sighed, and those who smiled, two had set themselves to win the prize. The first, Mrs. Leroy, was a widow, rather older than himself, but still youthful and attractive. Having married once for prudence, she was determined to marry the second time from inclination. A plump and sprightly brunette, with every advantage which the toilet and its arts could give, she was hardly presumptuous in hoping for success; nor was a large fortune any drawback to her prospects. The other aspirant was a maiden, Millicent Whetmore, a tall, stately, gracious blonde, who might have served as model for the Blessed Damsel herself. Miss Wetmore had no worldly gear; her face was her fortune, and, in her own esteem, entitled her to a match of far higher consideration than Gerald. Still, on taking an unprejudiced survey of the field, she could not but note that unmarried men of large wealth were by no means numerous; far less so than the competitors for their possession. Gerald's prospects were good, his position excellent, nor could she contemplate without some elevation of spirits the triumph of carrying off its idol from the bevy of adoring fair. Whatever of heart was suffered to throb beneath her calm exterior, was enlisted in his behalf, and she felt herself justified in dropping all other pursuits, and devoting herself to this alone.

If Erminia Willoughby had been an only child, it is doubtful whether she would have been ex-

tremely popular with her own sex. She was clever, intolerant of shams, inclined to look into matters instead of judging them by the surface aspect. But being the sister of such a brother, her destiny was fixed; it was impossible that she should be otherwise than admired and beloved among her feminine friends. Mrs. Leroy was always sending around to beg her company for the opera, or to spend the day. She was dying with the blues, she would say, and nothing could restore her but Erminia's lively conversation. As she had been obliged to chaperon some silly girl night after night, and now felt that she must treat herself to a little congenial society, would not Erminia indulge her? Millicent appealed on the score of books and music, and was ready to yield her own judgment on the slightest hint. Erminia had penetration enough to know that these attentions were not disinterested, yet she was influenced by them, and an intimacy gradually established itself between her and her brother's pursuers; an intimacy, that is, of frequent meetings and familiar chat. Anything confidential she carefully avoided.

Neither of the pretenders, meantime, was very well pleased with the favor accorded to the other.

"Mrs. Leroy was quite surrounded at the theatre last night," Millicent would remark; "and, to tell the plain truth, she flirted like a girl of eighteen. I do think it is very unsuitable, almost indelicate, for a widow to do so!"

"That is one of the privileges of the condition," said Erminia.

"To me it is quite shocking! Think of her poor husband! If I had loved any one, and then lost him——" with a gentle sigh. "Oh! it is quite inconceivable that a woman should go on so!"

"No one ever accused her of loving Mr. Leroy, that I have heard of," said Erminia.

"You satirical thing! But I know you feel just as I do, if you would only own the truth."

On the other hand, Mrs. Leroy would observe,

"Millicent Wetmore would really be rather handsome if there were ever a spark of feeling visible about her. I think she must be like that woman of Miss Brontë's: 'Of blood her cool veins conducted no flow; placid lymph filled and almost obstructed her arteries.'"

"You are severe," replied Erminia.

"Perhaps. I am so impulsive myself, and that cold, impassible nature is a perfect mystery to me. I cannot see how you can tolerate it, for you are so different, Erminia; you have so much warmth of heart and real feeling."

"Certainly," agreed Erminia, laughing. "But I can bear with those who vary a little from my own pattern. I don't insist on strict conformity." And thus came, in its turn, the fair widow's accusation of satire and secret agreement with her own opinion.

Millicent paid one day a long morning visit to her sister-in-law elect, and allowed herself to be persuaded to remain to lunch, not without a hope. She had hinted to Gerald, whom she had met somewhere the night before, that she should call upon Erminia to-day, and she thought he might improve the occasion. He did not appear, however, and she was forced to content herself with female companionship.

"I haven't told you, Erminia," she said, as they sat at table, "of a little piece of domestic news. Margaret Vaughn is coming to stay with us for several months."

"I don't remember any such person."

"Nevertheless, you saw her at our house two years ago. She was a school-girl then; indeed, she is but just out of school now. Her mother had all sorts of peculiar notions about education, and instead of sending her where she could get a little polish, and knowledge of the world, nothing would do but she must go to Vassar. She went through the whole course, and so, though she only graduated last summer, she must be nineteen or twenty years old. Her mother died not long after she entered, and the relation with whom she stayed afterward is also dead; and as papa is her guardian, he feels obliged to offer her a home for the present. She has friends who are abroad now, but they are expected home in the spring, and then, I suppose, she will go to them."

"I hope, for your sake," said Erminia, "that she may prove a pleasant girl. It is rather a serious thing to have a stranger domesticated with one in that way."

"Yes, indeed. I don't at all know what she is like. They give quite a man's education at that place, I believe. I presume she will be terribly strong-minded."

"In that case, she may be very improving society for us," said Erminia. "I feel that my own mind can endure a little strengthening."

"I suppose we should none of us be hurt by it," assented Millicent, seeing that Erminia was disposed to take that view of the matter; but

neither she nor her mamma had received so amiably the news of Miss Vaughn's proposed arrival. A girl to stay with them, to be one of the family, for months together! A young girl, to be brought out; younger than Millicent, and perhaps a rival to her! The ladies were loud in outcry and opposition; but there was no help for it. Mr. Wetmore had decided that it was the proper thing to do, and he was accustomed to give the law to his own household. There was some consolation in remembering that two years before there had been nothing remarkable about Miss Vaughn, and that it must always be in their power to give her salutary snubs and set-backs should she seem disposed to be troublesome.

"I was at the Wetmores to-day, Gerald," said Erminia, one evening, not long after this.

"You seem to have struck up a great intimacy in that quarter lately," he remarked.

"I!" said Erminia, laughing. "That is a new idea, indeed! But let it pass. We will assume that I am the attraction and the attracted, and no one else has anything to do with it. I did not go to see Millicent, however, but to call upon Miss Vaughn."

"And how were you pleased, my dear?" asked Mrs. Willoughby.

"Very well; I hardly know. She is a quiet little person; not decidedly pretty, nor really plain; not stylish, nor the reverse. She did not say much, but she did not seem shy nor awkward, only as if she preferred listening to talking."

"One point in her favor, at any rate," said Gerald.

"I felt rather sorry for her," continued Erminia. "She is the kind of girl that would do very nicely in a home of her own; and I dare say that to those who are fond of her, and interested in her appearance, she would occasionally appear pretty and attractive; but, where she is, I am afraid she will be overshadowed and overlooked."

"You astonish me!" said Gerald. "I should suppose that our friend Millicent would act the part of a kind elder sister, encourage Miss Vaughn's timidity, caution her inexperience, and take every opportunity to set her off to advantage."

"You should!" exclaimed Erminia, surprised; but a glance at Gerald undeceived her. "Ah! I see you understand," she added.

"And now that you have sketched Miss Vaughn so clearly for us," said the young man, "I will inform you that it was not necessary in my case. I had seen her already."

"You had? Why, where could that have been?"

"At Lake George, last summer. She was there with some friends, and I met her in their company several times."

"You never mentioned it; but then, of course," said Erminia, obligingly explaining away her own difficulties, "she was not a person that we were likely ever to meet; and I suppose it did not occur to you to speak of her. She must have been just out of school."

"Oh, that school!" exclaimed Mrs. Willoughby, with something like a groan. "I wish I might live to see the day when colleges would be endowed to teach girls to make bread and puddings, to cut out their own clothing, and their brothers' shirts! I don't know which is worse for the comfort of all future families, the idle, pleasure-seeking way in which most girls are brought up, or this system of over-education; spending years and years of precious time on matters that are perfectly useless in practical life."

"That is a subject on which mamma is always eloquent," said Erminia. "How was it, Gerald? Did Miss Vaughn entertain you with the higher mathematics and classic quotations?"

"She talked much like other girls, so far as I remember," he replied.

"Altogether, I am disposed in her favor," pronounced Erminia. "I have made up my mind to cultivate her."

Gerald offered nothing for or against this proposition.

II.

THE Wetmores, mother and daughter, admitted to each other that, bad as it was to have an unwelcome inmate fixed upon them, it might have been a great deal worse. Miss Vaughn made her debut without producing the least sensation. She was not so pretty as to arrest attention from a careless eye, nor had she the *aplomb*, the air, that might have made lesser charms effective. Any one who had taken the pains to draw her out, would have found that she could talk agreeably, and was not an unintelligent observer of the things about her: but there is no great call for intelligence in society, nor much leisure to elicit it. On the other hand, she was not neglected, though the attention she received was not of a character to awaken envy. Millicent, therefore, was gracious to her. From the height of her own unquestioned bellehood, she bestowed occasional patronage, or gave valuable advice in matters of dress. So the two got on most amiably together. As for Erminia, she quite forgot all her good intentions in the young girl's behalf. Even Gerald, who had promised nothing, did more than she. It was not much, of course, that

he could find time to bestow, but even a little passing notice from a personage of such distinction must be gratifying.

It was a gay winter. One festivity succeeded another with never-failing brilliancy, and before it was over Erminia began to think that her long-sought ideal had appeared. Margaret Lacy was Mrs. Leroy's equal in point of fortune; in beauty she almost surpassed Miss Wetmore. Her accomplishments were exquisite; her bearing, grace itself. Erminia studied her, and the result was entirely favorable. Miss Lacy was gay without frivolity; she set no undue value on her beauty, and the gentleness of her manner could hardly spring from anything but a genuinely sweet nature. Added to this, it was evident that she was not insensible to Gerald's attractions. Erminia could sympathize with a preference of this sort, never forward in its demonstrations, nor urgent in its demands; and while circumstances threw her much into the society of the two rival claimants, her hopes and wishes were warmly enlisted for Miss Lacy. It rather surprised her that Gerald did not appear more impressed, more devoted. Still, the acquaintance was not of long standing, and he was so used to being adored, that it might take him some time to reverse the part. It seemed hardly possible that he should not yield ere long. Meanwhile, the earlier pretenders were by no means idle. If there was not much to encourage them, there was everything to stimulate to effort. Wherever their hero appeared, he was the cynosure of female eyes, and the advent of a competitor so formidable as Miss Lacy, only rendered the prize better worth the winning.

A trifling circumstance presently encouraged Erminia. She picked up a scrap of paper in the library, and was about to toss it into the grate, when the writing caught her eye. It was Gerald's. She read with a good deal of interest,

"Well art thou named La Marguerite,
A daisy or a pearl;
In either sense, the name is——"

Here a fragment was torn off, but she could still read,

——"a girl.
——sparkles like the gem,
Though modest as the flower."

Erminia smiled a smile of merry triumph, and put the scrap in her pocket.

"I have a piece of property to restore to you," she said, the first time she was alone with him.

She was hardly prepared for the crimson flush that mounted to his very brow as his eye fell on the writing.

"You may as well keep it," he replied, rather coldly, "as I suppose you have read it."

"Why shouldn't I read it?" demanded Erminia, hurt by his tone. "If it were private, you should not have left it on the library floor."

"Nonsense, Ermine!" he said, recollecting himself. "As if there could be anything private about a verse that you may have seen a dozen times already. I don't remember when I met with it, but it came into my mind one day, and I scratched it down, hardly thinking what I was about. Margaret is not an unusual name."

"Oh, no! But it isn't every Margaret to whom the verse would apply. It is a pretty good description. 'Sparkles like the gem'—that isn't well said. There is nothing sparkling in the soft lustre of pearls. It wouldn't be half so appropriate to her if there were."

"You admire her, then?" he asked.

"Of course, I do. I did from the very first. Who could help it?"

"I am glad," he began; but some one came in, and they were interrupted, and there was no opportunity to resume the conversation. Erminia, however, had heard enough to satisfy her. She was not at all deceived by Gerald's careless explanation. The deep flush, the nettled tone, were to her much more indicative of the truth. And then his last words! Oh, it was plain enough, and how delightful! She quite lost herself in visions of the future; the felicity of the lovers, the beauty of the bride, the wedding splendors, mingling together in bewildering brilliancy.

Lent was drawing near, and something of the carnival spirit seemed to possess people. They hurried to enjoy to the utmost the interval that remained. This very day was full of engagements, culminating in a ball, which was the most magnificent of the season. The next day every one slept late. Erminia did not come down till lunch-time, and even then had scarcely energy for a few listless remarks as she sipped her tea.

"I must give up, mamma," she said. "I don't know when I have felt so completely worn out. I must take to the sofa and a book. I can't think how you should be so fresh."

"I did not dance all night," said Mrs. Wiloughby. "But go and lie down. You will feel brighter presently, perhaps, when your tea has had a little influence."

But the tea, as it happened, was superseded. Fate had a more efficient stimulus in store. Erminia went to the library for a book; just the book that should fall in with her mind. To her surprise, she found Gerald in the room, deep in the recesses of a luxurious chair.

"You here!" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you come to lunch?"

"I did not hear the bell."

"It rung loud enough. You must have been asleep."

"Asleep!" echoed Gerald, with immense scorn.

"Yes—or lost in happy day-dreams," said Erminia, beginning with the intention to be playful, and concluding with a yawn.

"The table is not cleared yet. You had better go in and get something."

"Thank you; I am in no danger of starvation. I say, Erminia," he continued, after a pause, "if you would wake up, I could tell you something. I don't want to talk to any one that's half asleep."

"Oh, Gerald! you could! What is it?"—alert on the instant.

"I don't suppose it will be much news to you, after yesterday; but I think you may congratulate me."

Erminia jumped up. She pounced, as it were, upon her brother, and hugged him with delight.

"I do! I do, indeed!" she cried, and kissed him a dozen times, fatigue and listlessness all vanishing in this excitement.

Gerald took her demonstrations composedly.

"And now tell me all about it," she said, establishing herself at his side. "What did she say? And when is it to be?"

"As if I should tell you what she said! And I cannot tell exactly when it is to be. She talks about the short acquaintance, and that we ought to know each other better."

"Didn't she say yes, then?" asked Erminia, disappointed.

"Well—it amounted to that, I think. You can set your mind at rest. There will be a probation, but not a very long one, I trust."

"Oh, what conceit! Well, she is correct enough. It has been a short acquaintance. But then we knew people that she knew, and had often heard of her, though we did not actually meet her till this winter."

"You didn't. I had, you know, last summer."

"You! I never heard of it."

"At Lake George. Don't you remember?"

"What! was she there, too?"

"Certainly. It was there that the mischief was done, though I did not fully understand it at the time. She won't own to anything of the kind; says she never dreamed I had a thought of her. She had made me over, it seems, to Miss Wetmore; no great compliment to my taste."

"No, indeed! She is infinitely superior."

"Just compare her, so fresh and innocent, with that worldly, artificial girl, who never had an ingenuous thought from her cradle. Who could help feeling the difference?"

"No one. I am so glad, Gerald! She is so

lovely! Just what I would have chosen for you, if I had the choice."

"It is really pleasant to hear you say so, though I don't really see how you could feel otherwise. In mother's case, there may be a little prejudice to overcome; but you must use your influence; and when once they know each other, there will be no trouble."

"Oh, no! But why do you think mother has any such feeling? I never heard her say a word of the kind."

"Don't you remember, one day, when we were speaking of her, and mother expressed herself so strongly about over-education; thought girls ought to be taught domestic matters, and all that?"

Erminia stared at him, perplexed and silent. Then, in a moment, the truth broke upon her mind. It came like a flash of lightning, blinding, bewildering! It was Miss Vaughn of whom he had been talking all this time!

How she rallied from the stroke she never could have told; how she managed to hide from Gerald the intensity of her surprise, the keenness of her disappointment. But she did in some way achieve it; probably because he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to give careful heed to her demeanor. She managed to preserve appearances till she had seen him go off, happy and hopeful, to the appointed interview with his beloved, and she was at liberty to indulge her own emotions.

The wonder of it, past belief! That a man, who could have had anybody, for whom fortune, and fashion, and beauty, in so many forms, were waiting, should have turned from them all, to place himself at the feet of an insignificant girl! And to think how she, Erminia, had been misled! He might well say that Margaret was not an unusual name. She had not even remembered that it was Miss Vaughn's. What an exchange for Margaret Lacy, and how utterly Gerald was blinded by his feelings! The enthusiasm that was only the due of the one, seemed ludicrous as applied to the other; yet he had appropriated it, as a matter of course. Poor Margaret! If a sister's feelings were so severe, what must hers be? And Millicent, Mrs. Leroy,

what would they say? There was endless scope for amazeement and conjecture; but she was presently fain to break away from all, and impart to her mother the astounding news. She was rather chagrined that Mrs. Willoughby received it so quietly.

"It is most astonishing to us," she said. "But of one thing, Erminia, you may rest assured, young men will choose for themselves; and when I think of what he might have done, when I remember how I have seen people throw themselves away, we may consider it fortunate. There is nothing really objectionable, except her education; and perhaps even that may not amount to much, provided she has good sense. I have known very fine musicians to make excellent housekeepers, and hardly touch the piano when they have been married half a dozen years."

"I see you are determined to be hopeful," said Erminia, half smiling. "I can't feel so yet. I am too thoroughly disappointed. There is a kind of hypocrisy in letting it pass that all my enthusiasm was meant for this little personage, and yet it would be awkward to make the correction."

"Decidedly. The better way will be to bring your feelings up to the warmth of your expressions."

"That's impossible. I must leave such infatuation to Gerald himself; but I will do my best, mamma. I promise you that."

There were consolations in doing it, she found. A love affair, though shorn of its anticipated glories, was still interesting; and the match proved, on closer knowledge, more satisfactory than she could have hoped. Margaret was not beautiful, yet she could brighten, at times, into looks that were very pleasant to her friends. She had not Mrs. Leroy's fortune, yet she was by no means a dowerless bride, and it suited Gerald much better not to owe everything to his wife. Without near relations, she was ready to take her husband's family to her heart. And when a year or two of marriage had proved her good qualities, Erminia was willing to admit that Gerald had done as well for his own happiness as if he had wedded even his SISTER'S CHOICE.

ONE LINE FROM THEE.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

THE gems so brightly glowing,
In caves of earth or sea,
Though purest light bestowing,
Will shine in vain for me.

No treasure from the ocean,
No gem from shaded mine,
Can wake such fond emotion
As one short note of thine.

LAWRENCE ELSTER'S FOLLY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

THE demon of early rising took possession of Lawrence Elster. He had carelessly left the window-shutters open, on the previous night, and as soon as the June sun surmounted the twin-peaks, which shut in the village toward the east, its rays shone straight across his chamber, flinging a golden halo about his head that gave him rather the appearance of some recumbent saint, at least according to one's idea of saints, as derived from old pictures.

But Lawrence quickly disproved his claims to canonization, by waking with some impatient words and a good deal of bad temper. It was naturally enough, too, for in the brief seconds which elapsed between the intrusion of the yellow light and his waking, he had dreamed that he was a bit of brown paper, and that some curious wretch was trying to burn a hole in him, (for he preserved his identity all the while,) with a sun-glass.

He sat up in bed, and looked about. The room was glorious with an amber radiance. Through the open window floated a soft wind, redolent with flower-scents, and musical with the joyous anthem of the birds, and the refrain of the distant cascade. He could see, too, a long sweep of beautiful landscape—gardens, groves, pasture-lands, grain-fields, a capricious brook, twisting its silvery coils in and out the whole, then the twin cliffs shutting in the view beyond. The sun cast jeweled crowns upon their summits; their waists were bound with girdles of white mist, below which spread a soft, velvety darkness, like the fall of royal robes, across which flecks of light wove an embroidery of purple and silver. Over the whole stretched the turquoise sky, along whose dome the rainbow-tinted clouds drifted slowly, like great shallops, with gorgeous sails and banners fluttering in the morning-breeze.

Even an irritable man might have forgotten to be cross; and Elster was not one of those unfortunate wretches whose nerves are outside their skin, and they a nuisance to themselves and everybody about them. He darted out of bed, hurried to the window, and leaned over the sill, enjoying the beautiful scene as one does such loveliness, after months spent among brick walls and crowded streets.

Presently he got his senses back enough to remember, that if any other early-riser should pass, his appearance would be picturesque rather than proper. He looked at his watch. It was scarcely five o'clock yet. But he plunged heroically under the torrent of his cold shower-bath, dressed rapidly, and was soon out of the house, for a long stroll, before more prosaic mortals (or poets, into whose chambers the sun had not shone,) should think of waking to the glory of the new day.

Nobody was visible below stairs but a few of the hotel servants, who were busy among the long corridors, with pails and brushes. They were mostly phlegmatic Germans and wild-eyed Celts, who, one and all, stared in wonder at a gentleman insane enough to be up and out when he could lie in bed.

The half-dozen cottages scattered about the broad lawn, and among the adjacent shrubberies, gave no sign of life as yet. Down the straight, white road to the left lay the tiny village, likewise still asleep. Elster hesitated a moment, and then decided that he would not go in that direction. On the contrary, he passed through the plantations, took a path to the right, gained a wood, which looked as if it might have been the remnant of a primeval forest, and presently found himself on the edge of the broad plateau whereupon village and hotel were situated.

Here was a narrow gorge, down which he began to climb. Rude steps, cut in the rock, rendering the descent passably easy. On the opposite side of the gorge rose a still loftier wall of rock. A mountain-stream flowed smoothly enough to the top of this cleft, which, perhaps, some strange convulsion of nature had smitten out in the dim ages, then fell suddenly, in a great cataract, over its edge; fell, perhaps fifty feet, flowed again, for a considerable distance over its strong bed, then shot down in a lesser cascade, foamy and white, then flowed on anew, till another projecting rock broke it into a third.

It was a haunt among the Kaatskills. Of course, I need hardly tell you that. Having told it, no further attempt at description is necessary. Your own fancy can conjure up the beautiful scene which my poor pen would prove so vain to depict.

Elster toiled on, down to the bottom of the gorge, and stood, looking up. Great pines lined either summit, stretching away in solemn procession, their tops glittering like a host of golden spears in the sun; the vast depth of double precipice, still sombre and dark; down through the midst the three separate cascades foaming, so unlike, and each so beautiful. The waves of the upper fall were tinged with gorgeous rays, while the second showed slate-color and green, crested here and there with masses of foam, which took fantastic shapes of wreaths, and urns, and shields, as if some unseen giant host above had flung them down as an offering.

Then the marvelous loveliness of the third and nearest fall! It looked, more than anything, like a great cloud of white lace, studded with floating plumes flung over the rocks, which here were covered with a mantle of emerald moss.

This nearest cascade dropped into a vast fern-lined basin, beyond which the gorge narrowed still more, and the torrent rushed on over its rocky bed, and hurried toward the outlet of the defile, beyond whose gloom the waters swept across green meadows and past pleasant woodlands for miles and miles, till at length it joined the great river which flowed proudly on toward the sea.

The din of the upper cataracts had been deafening as Elster descended. Where he stood now, the united tones softened, till the highest sounded out like a grand organ. The voice of the second was like a hymn sung by deep bass voices, and the third became the melodious notes of the chorister-boys, young, clear, and shrill, ringing up to the roof of some vast Gothic cathedral.

But at any unusual moment of sublimation, one is generally brought suddenly back to reality, and just as Elster had reached that crowning fancy in regard to the organ, and the rest of it, he was thus brought now. Let me tell you how.

Just below the basin, a rustic bridge had been flung across the torrent, and it was there our early wanderer had stationed himself.

Hearing a dog bark, he looked around to see from what quarter the sound proceeded, and finally he caught sight of a young girl, on the hill-side above him, who was just emerging from the woods. She had reached the side of the stream, which there ran level for a space, and was amusing herself by throwing twigs in the water, and urging her dog to fetch them. The animation of her gestures; her sweet, girlish voice; her white dress, so cool and virginal; and her thick, flowing tresses of gold—all these made up a picture of innocent, childish beauty, that fascinated Elster, and made him wonder how he had never happened to see this fair vision be-

fore. Even as he looked, however, she disappeared again behind the trees, and, lost in his musings, he had quite forgotten the incident, when suddenly from the rocks, opposite to those he had descended, fell a shower of pebbles and earth, and the same girlish voice rang out, half in astonishment, half in terror. Elster looked toward the right bank, and saw a sight that curdled his very blood. The girl had attempted to climb the path, which here was much more difficult than that by which she descended from the hotel, but her dress had caught in some merciless bush; she had lost her footing in trying to extricate it, and was now slipping slowly down, and if not rescued immediately, would be precipitated into the basin below, when instant death would be inevitable.

Elster was, for a moment, so horrified he could not move. Then, recovering himself, he darted across the bridge, up the height, reached her, disengaged her dress, carried her down to the bridge, and placed her upon a mossy log, which ran along below the railing.

It was all the work of an instant. He had seated her on the log in safety almost before he realized what had happened. She had neither spoken nor stirred after he had reached her.

He thought now she had fainted, she leaned so helplessly back against one of the posts which supported the railing, and he was rushing away, with some insane idea of bringing water in his straw hat, perhaps thinking that, considering the service upon which he was bent, Vesta might aid him, as she did the damsel in old days with the sieve, but he was stopped by a voice, crying,

"Don't go! I'm not hurt—I'm not faint!"

Such a sweet, young voice—sweeter, even, than when he had heard it from the woods. It was musical as the ripple of the waves in the mossy basin.

Elster turned back and looked at her more closely. She did not seem so young as at first, still she was not more than sixteen, he was certain. The flood of sunshiny hair that streamed over her shoulder had auburn reflections across it: the marvelous pink-tinted ivory skin, which goes with such hair, was more lovely than words can describe.

Elster saw all this, but before he could study her beauty further, a pair of great brown eyes gazed up into his, eyes that were eager and solemn as those of a child, but with a certain depth which gave premonition of a womanly spirit, (or at least Elster fancied this was so,) which slumbered beneath, to wake, as girlhood matured into womanhood, into strength and perfection.

She looked at him with the most perfect com-

posure, though it was the composure of a child, too, for a moment, and then began to tremble a little, as if just realizing the danger from which he had saved her. She glanced up at the rocks; down to the fall and the basin, which suddenly gleamed cold and cruel to Elster, following her gaze; then looked back at him. Before he could find words of any sort—masculine nature is not quick to act when a surprise strikes it—she said,

"I'd thank you, if I could. I just begin to be frightened. Oh! wasn't it awful?"

"You did run a good deal of risk," he answered, as he might have addressed a child; she looked so childish as she spoke. "You oughtn't to have attempted that path. Indeed, it is not a path at all."

"But I wanted to get away," returned she, with a low, rippling laugh, which Elster thought the sweetest sound he had ever heard. "I didn't wish you to see me, you know."

"I am shocked to think there is anything about my appearance to frighten people," said he, half inclined to feel piqued, though he was three-and-thirty, and she only a child.

She laughed more gayly than ever. She was not a bit bold or unfeminine, but certainly she was self-possessed; as self-possessed a little maid as ever hero rescued from peril or awkward predicament.

"I was only afraid you might tell of me," she answered, "and then I should get an awful lecture. You see I've been forbidden to come here alone; but I was perfectly dying to climb those rocks."

Elster looked grave. He must, he found, speak to her as a child.

"I think it would have been wiser to defer the wish till you had a little assistance," he said, with quite a fatherly air.

"Oh, then, I might have waited forever," cried she, with a pretty petulance. "There's nobody to go with me but Therese or Miss Saunders; and Therese is too lazy, not to mention her weak head; and Miss Saunders would rather die at the stake than do anything plucky. She thinks it must always be unlady-like. Do you think so?"

"No, indeed," he replied, heartily, and, indeed, quite unconscious that he was telling a dreadful fib; not even remembering to be shocked at the horrible slang-word she had uttered so glibly.

"Oh, you don't?" said she. "I wish you'd tell the Saunders' so, then."

"I would, if she'd appear," replied Elster.

"Drowning would have been a better fate than that," cried Miss, shivering and laughing.

She took off her hat as she spoke, and looked demurely at it. It had received a twist in her fall. She glanced shyly at Elster, and seeing he was not looking—for he had turned aside on purpose—arranged the broken brim, rolled her curls over her fingers, and regarded certain rents in her dress with an expression of countenance half rueful, half amused.

Elster stood watching her, however, without betraying it. He was beset by a crazy fancy that the old mythological fables must be true after all, and that he had stumbled on the spirit of the woodland haunt. Then the girl looked up at him as if expecting that he would speak again, and he suddenly became conscious that he was a rather awkward, stupid man; he blushed like a girl. He could find no suitable words with which to address her. Like many another, he was tongue-tied. To express the thoughts in his mind would be an impertinence, and he could get at no ordinary speech.

"I suppose I must go home," said the sprite at last. "If I don't, Miss Saunders will miss me; and, oh, what a day I shall have of it then! Where's Dandy? Ah! here he comes," as the dog bounded forward. "He's my old, real friend, you know, beside grandma," she added, with childish frankness. "Not like Miss Saunders."

"I promise not to help Miss Saunders, if she comes here and rolls into the water," said Elster, speaking half-laughingly.

The girl looked up at him as if surprised at the change. "He is not so stupid after all," she thought. But she said aloud,

"Oh! accidents never happen to her. She is much too slow and precise. I don't suppose she ever tore her dress in her whole life;" and she held up the tattered remains of her blue overskirt, and began to laugh again. "Please," she added, coaxingly, after a moment, "You'll not tell of me, Mr. Elster?"

"You know my name?" he asked, in surprise.

"Why, of course," returned she, impatiently. "Dear me! I couldn't have stayed here to talk with you, if I did not. Miss Saunders has brought me up too decorously for that, although you mightn't think it."

Another laugh, so deliciously mischievous and childish!

"You have the advantage of me in every way," said he. "I do not even know who Miss Saunders is."

"I wish I didn't," cried this extraordinary maiden, with an energy which would assuredly have horrified the august spinster in question. "It's my belief she's an ogre in disguise, though that doesn't quite express her character either."

She's an odd mixture—yes, an ogre, whose grandmother was an arithmetic, and she fed on theorems instead of children. Can you understand?"

"I think I catch the idea," Elster said, laughing, too, as much at the comical twist she gave her beautiful arched brows, as at the absurd speech. "This arithmetical ogress of a Saunders——"

"Geological, philosophical, astronomical, and all the rest of it," broke in Miss. "Well, what about her?"

"She is the governess, I suppose."

The fairy looked very stately at once.

"I'm a little past that sort of thing, I should hope," said she, disdainfully. Then, just as suddenly, she dropped back into childish confidence again, with a doleful sigh. "Well, I suppose people would call her that. Isn't it a shame?"

"Yes, indeed," assented he, with a fervor which gained him a bewitching smile as reward; a smile as coquettish as if she had been a woman, instead of a baby or a fay.

She rose.

"I am going now," said she. "Good-bye."

"You will let me help you up the path?" he urged.

He bowed, as he spoke, holding out his hand as if to assist her.

"How droll!" cried she. "Why, you treat me just as if I was a young lady, and lived in a book."

As she spoke, she made a curtsy.

"I am rather expecting to see you spread a pair of wings, and fly away," said he, quite confused by her rapid changes from womanliness to childish fun.

"You'll not tell of me?" she asked; and again the coquette got the upper hand of the child, in the look she gave him. "You are sure you'll not tell?"

"How can I, when I do not even know your name?" said he.

"And I know yours, and when you came, and why you came, and ever so much more," returned she.

Then, with a laughing glance, she sprang from his side, as if she had been a real fairy, and was gone across the bridge like a phantom.

He followed her, of course.

"And you will not tell me how you acquired all this knowledge?" he asked, when he had overtaken her.

She stopped, and held up her hand.

"Hark! I hear voices!" she cried. "Oh, it's Therese! Please, go away! Oh, if they see me! Hide! Quick, quick!"

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In his confusion, Elster executed an eccentric circle; then started toward the path by which he had descended.

"No, no! You will meet them! What an idea!" cried she, stamping her foot. "Down by that rock—hide! Hark, they're coming!"

Elster could hear the voices now, sharp, dismayed, though he could not make out what he called. His wits came back.

"At least, let me know whose secret I am to guard," he pleaded, and his voice was earnest now, for she looked so lovely in her sudden excitement, that he forgot he had considered her a child.

Again, she gave him a quick, coquettish look. A great mass of blue violets grew just where she stood. She stooped, picked up one, and placed it in his hand.

"There's my name," she said, hastily.

Then the voices sounded again. She looked bewildered and frightened, and almost sobbed.

"Oh, do go!—they'll see you!" she cried.

Away he bounded. He dashed round a sharp bluff of rock, hid himself behind it, and remained quiet for several minutes.

When he ventured to look out from his place of concealment, the girl had disappeared.

He waited until the sound of voices had died in the distance, then he climbed up the cliff, and walked back toward the hotel, so perplexed that he was inclined to set the whole adventure down as a sudden craze of his brain.

But when he looked at the violet, which he held in his hand, he knew that the whole thing was real! With a gravity at which he smiled, a moment after, as if it had been another's folly, he took a note-book from his pocket, placed the flower carefully between the leaves, and wrote with his pencil the date, and under that the words, "Her name."

Then he walked on, trying to feel contemptuous at such a bit of nonsense, on the part of sober three-and-thirty. Still, one did not meet a fairy every day, he reflected; it was while making a memorandum of the matter.

CHAPTER II.

POSITIVELY, it was eight o'clock when he reached the hotel. He suddenly discovered that he was furiously hungry. Straight he made for the breakfast-room. There were already a goodly number of people assembled there, and, to his surprise, among them were old Mrs. Rolleston and her granddaughter, Genevieve. Then he remembered that an expedition had been agreed upon, the night before, which accounted for such punctuality on their parts.

Half-a dozen voices assailed him, as he walked up the hall.

"A little more, and you would have been late," they cried. "The idea of coming into the country, and lying in bed till this hour! Oh, fie, Mr. Elster!"

He answered, still in a sort of maze, and passed on toward the table, where Mrs. Rolleston and her granddaughter sat, the wittiest, sharpest-tongued old woman, and the handsomest, state-liest young one, that could be imagined.

"Good morning," said the old lady, busy with her egg. "Eat your breakfast, and don't talk; people are always stupid at this hour—unholy hour. I mean everybody except me. I'm always up with the lark, but it's only because I can't sleep. And, how I do hate it!"

Elster made some reply. He was still a little dazed. Then he remembered to turn toward Genevieve Rolleston.

"I see they accused you wrongfully. You have already been out," she said, pointing to a spray of fern he had put in his button-hole. "Had you a pleasant walk?"

Why, what a cold voice it was! He wondered he had never noticed that before. And the face, which he had always thought so handsome; it looked worn and faded, this morning. "The truthful morning light is cruel to a woman," he soliloquized, "when she has reached six-and-twenty."

Elster was conscious of saying this, and other things to himself, even while he answered Miss Rolleston's question, and talked the commonplace suitable to the occasion.

"Hey!" suddenly exclaimed the old woman.

Elster looked up. She had fixed him with her keen she-eagle eyes.

"Hey!" she repeated.

"I beg your pardon?" Elster said, interrogatively.

"You have been out," she continued, emphasizing her words by three separate nods. "At first, I thought you pinned the fern in last night, for a make-believe. What's come over you?"

"Nothing," said Elster, and yet feeling that he changed color.

"I don't know that face. I never saw you look so before," went on the old woman. "Have you had letters—a sensation? I shall hate you forever, if you have. I've not had one for half a century."

Elster knew that Genevieve's calm gaze was fixed upon him, too. He felt himself color again, but managed to say, composedly, "It is only the effect of an early stroll, and I have brought back a frightful appetite. You will think me an ogre, Miss Rolleston."

"Let her think what she likes," quoth the old lady. "In my day, people didn't mince. They wouldn't now, only their stomachs are as weak as their heads. The eggs are fresh, the stewed kidneys good, so are the cutlets, so is the devil, so are the croquettes. I know, for I have tried them all. Don't be ashamed to follow my example, though Mr. Low, down yonder, did call me an ostrich, a little while ago."

This, in audible tone, which caused all eyes to turn toward the unfortunate youth, who had perpetrated the mild witticism in his neighbor's ear. His face became a double rainbow at once; he tried to stammer denial, or excuses.

"Don't, if you please," said the ruthless old woman. "You'll choke to death, as sure as the world; then, in decency, we shall have to put off our expedition, and I've set my heart on it. Locke has gotten up a splendid luncheon for us to take. I ordered it—you young men can pay for it. That's your part, and lucky it is that you can be turned to any sort of use."

Five-and-seventy years had Mrs. Rolleston trodden the mazes of this wicked and much-abused world; but she was more active, physically and mentally, than many a woman of forty. She had been a great beauty in her day. She had been very rich, and a power. Most of her money had followed her youth; but she was a power still, and the grandest dame on Murray Hill was eager for her countenance and her good word.

I suppose her granddaughter, Genevieve, had been the greatest disappointment of these latter years; and the old woman could be as irate and bitter as if she had not long passed the age when people are expected to have done with hopes and their failures. The girl was barely seventeen, when the old woman introduced her into society. Her beauty made a great sensation, and her success still continued, though she was now several months beyond her six-and-twentieth birthday. It would have been difficult to say why Genevieve had not married, but she had not; so, socially considered, her life was a failure, in spite of her triumphs. Since she had passed her twenty-fourth birthday, proposals had grown unfrequent, and women did not hesitate any longer to say that she was angling for a husband.

The old woman was terribly bitter on what she called Genevieve's folly. The girl had failed, she said. She had not even been true to the aim so carefully instilled into her mind, that of selling herself to the highest bidder. In face, form, and voice, Genevieve was wonderfully like what her grandmother had been at her age. Oddly enough, most people will say—very natu-

rally to my mind—this very resemblance hardened the old woman's heart against her. Mrs. Rolleston's own youth had been a failure; she had given up the man she loved for wealth—the wealth was now lost; so she called Genevieve's youth a failure, too, and was terribly irritated, because, in certain ways, it reminded her of her own.

Quarrel, Genevieve would not; but the old woman led her a hard life. Shrewd as the grandmother was, of late years, she could not well conceal her eagerness to see the girl married. She flung her nets so openly at rich men, that Genevieve's name had become almost a by-word, especially with envious rivals.

The past winter they had spent in Havana. They went there in search of some rich Cuban. Being in a bad mood when the journey was mooted, Mrs. Rolleston put it just in that brutal form to her granddaughter.

"Get you off my hands, I will," said she. "I'm old. I want my little money for myself."

Genevieve only answered,

"I'll marry the first man that asks me. Any life would be better than this. You will not let me go away and take care of myself—"

"You're a fool!" broke in the she-eagle; "and you're bad-hearted, which is worse. Why, you'll soon not even be ornamental! Pah! I'll not be disgraced in my old age! Take care of yourself, indeed! Be a governess or sempstress, wouldn't you? Oh, you imp! You'll get married, and pay me back the money I've spent on you, and so prove that you have a little decent feeling in your atrocious composition. That's what you will do!"

Warped and enervated as she was, in many ways, by her life, Genevieve had strength of will and courage to have gone; but she was withheld by a better motive than she admitted even to herself. The grandmother needed her. Resolute as the old eagle was, age began to tell. She could not be left alone. This very voyage to Cuba had been commended by the doctors, who dreaded the northern winter for her, and secretly urged Genevieve to persuade her to go.

It was at Havana that they met Lawrence Elster—a very, very rich man; highly cultivated, too. A gentleman in more than the conventional sense. At the outset of manhood he had suddenly found himself deprived of the fortune which he had been brought up to expect. He set his shoulder bravely to the wheel; fate aided. At one-and-thirty he was one of the richest men in Wall street. He retired from business, and was known at home and abroad among the foremost patrons of art and philanthropy. Certain

youthful experiences had left him, he believed, powerless to feel love or enthusiasm; but when spring came, he told his story to Genevieve Rolleston, by whom he had been attracted as he had thought no woman's beauty or mental charms could ever again attract him. He feared that she did not love him. His intuitions were too keen for him to be deceived, nor did she stoop to dishonesty. She would not do this even in the dismal strait to which life had brought her.

"We are to part now," he said. "I must tell you the whole tale in a few words. I do not ask you to give me an answer yet. I do not want one. I shall soon follow you north; then you shall tell me if you can become my wife, being just to yourself and me. I fear you do not love me. Perhaps what at twenty we should have called love, would be impossible to either. But if you have courage to try, we will endeavor to live worthy of our lives, and take up the future together."

So he went away. Mrs. Rolleston was near bending her granddaughter when she found that they had parted without any engagement; but she soon consoled herself with the idea that, on this occasion, success was certain. It would only be an affair of time.

"Don't let him go again," she shrieked. "You can't afford to fool. You must marry."

Genevieve was surprised to perceive how much she missed the man's companionship. As the weeks went on, she smiled rather bitterly to find how much she longed for his arrival.

"I should almost think I cared," she thought, "if I did not know myself, and my poverty of heart, so thoroughly."

Mrs. Rolleston chose this Kaatskill retreat for the summer. Pleasant people were going there. Besides, she was able to make reasonable terms with the landlord of the hotel, who knew that her presence would be a sort of certificate of success for his newly-attempted scheme, which had threatened on the previous year to be a failure: he was anxious to secure her at any cost.

So, two days before the morning on which I have presented Lawrence Elster to you, he arrived in the pretty haunt, finding himself joyfully welcomed by the old lady, by Genevieve with her usual proud serenity, perhaps with a little more restraint than her manner often showed, because she felt her heart throb at sight of him, and was ashamed, she mentally pronounced, of "a girlish folly, unsuited to her age."

The day's expedition and picnic proved gay enough, yet Elster wondered why a sort of mist seemed to hang between him and its "oy-

ment: a mist which seemed even to shroud Genevieve's beauty, till it looked hard and cold to his fancy, and made him feel that what he had always termed her regal air went deeper than mere externals, and was in truth a sign of a cold, emotionless nature, which would leave her always a kind of beautiful statue. He caught

himself thinking that in a wife a man wanted more than regular features and elegance. He wanted what would form the elements of a home; and he wondered now that he could ever have believed that he could himself be content with less.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

TOGETHER they lie on the lonely plain,
In driving sleet and in drenching rain.
When nights are dark in the dreary pines,
Or hushed and solemn the moonlight shines.
The self-same flowers above them wave,
The same birds chirrup from grave to grave.
And the sunshine sweet is the same that is shed
By the gracious Giver on both the dead.
Now that the battle, the rage is o'er,
They sleep in peace, they are foes no more.

One had his birth in the North afar,
Where moan the firs to the midnight star.
There, at the foot of the gray old hill,
His widowed mother awaits him still.
Husband, and daughters, and sons are gone,
Stricken and broken she watches alone;
Daily she goes to the time-worn door
To look for her youngest, who comes no more,
For the tall, straight form, and the fair, proud head,
That have lain for years with the nameless dead.

One had his home where the rice-fields blow,
And dark Palmettos their fan-leaves show.
His bride, his darling, the wife of a day,
Has watched and prayed till her hair is gray;
But never a line has she had to tell
If he died at once where he fought and fell,
Or lingered forgotten, in sun and rain,
Through nights of fever, and days of pain.
Alas! no voice from the dead can come
To that broken-heart, to that widowed home.

Together they lie on the lonely plain,
Never to struggle, or suffer again!
And they sleep so calm, in a peace so deep,
They do not know that their loved ones weep.
They have gone to a land where the rush and roar
And thunder of battle are heard no more.
The snows may drive, and the winds may rave,
The rains beat wild on each nameless grave,
But they heed no sounds from the angry Past,
Together—as brothers—they sleep at last.

ROQUET.

BY KATE PEYTON.

"A CHARMING lawn!" Oh, yes! for you
Who know so well the game.
You say 'croquet,' and then 'roquet,'
To me, they seem the same."

Then Will looked up with beaming eye,
His mallet lightly awaying;
"I'll teach you, if you'll let me try,
'Croquetting' and 'roquetting.'"

The game sped well—almost too fast;
My ball was like a cricket;
Then Will and I—I played the last—
Were "for" the centre wicket.

"I'll teach you here," said Will to me,
The balls together laying.
"Now turn your blushing face this way,
And heed what I am saying.

"If I 'croquet,' our two balls there
Will surely fly asunder;
'Roquet,' they'll pass the wire, a pair.
Which will you choose, I wonder?"

He low'ered his voice. "My darling one,
Which shall it be?" he pleaded.
"Your choice for life?" I softly said,
"Roquet!"—"Twas all he needed.

A PICTURE.

BY MERLE W. CURRIE.

Low sang a maiden pure and fair
With wealth of floating, sunny hair,
With eyes the clearest, clearest blue,
And heart all innocent and true.
Soft, rippling on the slumb'rous air,
Her words fell, fraught with music rare,
From lips as yet unspoiled by scorn—
A maiden fair, in life's young morn.

Sing on, sweet child, a crown of care,
Ere long may press thy temples fair,
Thy heart will need all kindly cheer,
To comfort in this world so drear.
I would thy life could be as bright,
As this sweet day of Autumn light.
A better prayer for thee I'll breathe—
May Christian joy thy future wreath.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

BY ERMA LELAND.

"If you had had a grain of real love for me, you never would have dragged me out into this horrid wilderness," said Mrs. Rowland Hardy, half sobbing, and really angry.

As she arose, she flashed around to the window, and pressed her hot face so closely against the pane, that her nose immediately began melting a grotesque pattern of herself in the sparkling frost-work. "If you had been a gentleman, you never would——"

Rowland Hardy had been married about a year. He stood breathlessly silent for a moment, at his wife's words, his face slowly paling.

"Jane Hardy," he answered, at last, in tones hard and cold, "if I had not thought you were willing, I never would have consented to your coming, and you know it. Remember, I told you it would be a rough life, yet you would come."

Jane Hardy remembered very well. But the memory of her ardent protestations, her generous forgetfulness of self, only angered her the more just now.

"Go away! Go away! I want to be alone!" she said.

"I am going directly," he tranquilly answered. "Will you be good enough to put up my lunch-box? I shall not come back until night."

"With pleasure," she answered, icily, removing her face from the window, and proceeding to make a great clatter in the cupboard, which in this little pioneer cabin was a combination of pantry and china closet.

"I'm afraid there's a small allowance of wood. Will it last until evening?" said Rowland, after he had filled the wood-box, and dextrously brushed up the bits of bark that had fallen on the neat rag-carpet. His words were kind, but his tone was as chilly as an icicle.

"There is plenty, do not trouble yourself," responded Jenny Hardy, haughtily, her eyes bestowed on the bread she was buttering.

In five minutes, man, dinner-pail, ax, and dog, had vanished in the direction of the timber, and the young wife was alone, as she had vehemently desired to be.

The majority of young wives burst to tears at this point, but perhaps Jenny Hardy did not belong to the majority. At any rate she did not dissolve. She leaned against the rude mantel-shelf for a moment, when her husband's foot-

steps no longer sounded in the crisp snow, and looked unutterably sad and hopeless, as if the light of her life had suddenly gone out: looked remorseful, too, as if conscious of having had something to do with its going out.

Everything had gone wrong in the little cabin that morning. It is possible that many of us have such mornings—mornings when everything animate and inanimate conspires to bring to the surface the original gorilla that slumbers within the soul. Such mornings have to be beaten down promptly under one's feet, and Mrs. Jenny had stooped to squabble with hers. A dear little rose had been discovered frozen, though wrapped in flannel and placed in the warmest corner of the little burrow under the floor, called, as a matter of dignity, the cellar. To be sure, the potatoes had been kindly spared; but what were gross potatoes when lovely Lamarque buds drooped in death? Mourning over them, Jenny forgot the milk-toast, and the milk-toast indignantly boiled over. Catching the pan from the stove, lo! a splash of hot milk on the front breadth of her clean, crisp, French calico, and another on the ear of David, the dog, who howled responsively. At another time Jenny would have laughed, but the Lamarque's fate had rendered her cynical, and disposed to take gloomy views of things, so that when Rowland came into this atmosphere of burned milk and piteous dog-whinings, she was declaring, in her fervid way, that housekeeping out west was simply villainous, and that she hated—here she caught Row's provokingly-smiling eyes—everything!

Rowl had been fearful that a sort of suppressed discontent was taking possession of his wife. She was quieter, at times almost sad, and less given to laughter than in their old bright days, as he had got to calling them. He had hoped everything of her love and devotion—hoped that he might ever remain as near and dear, as much "all the world" to her as she had often declared him to be.

But he had begun to be afraid. It was asking too much of mortal woman, he argued, anxious to make himself wretched, to tear her far away from home, and friends, and all the comfortable little delights of well-regulated New England life, and to expect her to be always glad, and buoyant, and brave, and hopeful, keeping his

own soul high with the wine-like tonic of her blithe spirits. No! It was the same old beginning of the end, a mere question of time. Eventually she would become the indifferent, matter-of-fact sort of woman that most wives appeared to be; regarding him—the lover—as a kind of mild, inevitable evil, necessary to her support, and respectable to have about. Sooner or later, he grumbled to himself, all husbands and wives awake from their dream of love to the long, dreary reality of merely making the best of it. Nevertheless, Jenny's fierce outburst on this particular morning took him by surprise, and for the first time roused his indignation. Had it not been her free choice—this "villainous" house-keeping? Had he not given up his own sunny, single life, and submitted his proud neck, with joy, to this domestic yoke? Wasn't life harder for him now than it had been in his serene old home? And had he thought of getting petulant about it? Gad, it did seem as if she might be half as heroic as—as he was!

Out of these stormy thoughts leaped a few words that were to Jenny the crowning miserableness of the morning. She met them with what she considered a proper spirit, and by the time breakfast was over they had both become capable of saying the unpleasant things with which this story opens.

Jenny stood by the mantle-shelf almost five minutes, horribly miserable—more miserable than she had ever dreamed of being in any of the love-quarrels that had spiced their courtship. There seemed to be no "making-up" in this sort of thing; there was no "spice" in it; it was unmitigated, hopeless wretchedness. Rowd did not love her any more. He could not love her any more. This was the end of it! And she gave her hands one tragic, despairing wring.

"To call me 'Jane'!" she exclaimed, aloud, as if the word "Jane" contained all forms of vituperation. "Nobody has been cruel enough to call me that in all my life!" turning to the breakfast dishes with a bravely-conquered sob.

Work is such a good thing! Auerbach says it should have been the first commandment, "Thou shalt work!" Jenny was too unfamiliar with heart-torture to be conscious of how good her work was; but she could not but be aware, as the morning passed away, that something was driving the clouds out of her sky. Rowland could not despise her all at once, she was sure. She would gather up the remnant of his love, and guard and nourish it so tenderly, that, like her poor Lamarque rose, it must still lift itself to the sun again, and some time blossom into a little

beauty of sweetness, and so make life endurable. She would, in so many noble and heroic ways, prove to him—but no, there was nothing noble or heroic to do. Women's lives—ordinary women's lives, like hers—had no heroic chances. She could only keep his house in nice order, cook his favorite dishes, watch over his shirt-buttons, and never, never, never lose her temper again. It was all dreadfully commonplace, and of no account, but it was the only way by which she could hope to climb to the heights of his regard again. As for his old romantic love for her, his tender, chivalrous devotion, that could never come back, she wasn't worth it. And so, rolling herself in the dust of humiliation, and, like a genuine woman, having no mercy on herself, she went through her household duties, thinking all the time how dear to her were husband and home, and how she would strive to make herself endurable, please God, to them.

It was a decidedly pleasant little log-cabin. Log-cabins are always pleasant when an apt housekeeper presides over them, and enough of the world's lucre can be afforded to cover the walls with tasteful paper, and the floor with comfortable carpets. Those rude logs, of which we read, with their thatched roofs, clay floors, and chimneys built of sticks, are far more endurable on canvas, and in the rhymes of young poets, than in actual life, where they mean simply rheumatism and vermin.

So I rejoice with these young people, that they had not only a staunch roof, neat walls, and a carpet, but a few companionable things in the way of books and pictures, a rare little clock, and an easy-chair almost large enough to contain the family of poor martyr Rogers. The whole mansion, consisting of one room below, and sleeping quarters above, gave evidence of ingenious and tasteful powers, brought to bear upon its building and furnishing. Charming expedients, graceful rustic ornamentations, pretty and useful things that cost nothing, if one only has the knack to think of them, made the cabin seem very much of a cozy bower in the midst of an almost savage wilderness. It was the gift of "making the most of things."

By noon the small mansion was in the trimmest order. Fair, blonde loaves, just from the oven, were diffusing their fresh, yeasty fragrance, and the week's ironing hung white and speckless on the clothes-horse. On the table smoked an exceedingly lonesome cup of tea, and over it leaned the pensive young housekeeper, pretending to do justice to her solitary luncheon.

Her thoughts were away in the snowy woodland with him, who was doubtless eating frozen

prairie-chicken and clammy bread-and-butter about this time. "He might build a fire, and give it a little roast on a stick," she pensively murmured, and then she felt how very glad she should be when night should come, and she could, in many furtive ways, confess to him how sorry she was, how deeply in need of his dear love.

It was nearly three o'clock when, mechanically looking out in the direction of the forest, she was surprised to see the dog David making for the house in a wavering, uncertain way, as if half the time he had a mind to turn back to the woods. David had more than once wearied of wood-chopping, and come to the house an hour or two in advance of his master; so there was nothing startling in his coming now. He scratched at the door in his usual obsequious fashion, bashfully devoured a little bread and meat, and then did not go to his rug in the corner, as he was wont to do, but sat down before his mistress with the air of having something to say.

David was not a remarkable dog. He wasn't any dog in particular. He was yellow and undersized, with only a white spot on his forehead, by way of ornament, and was inclined to be lazy. He had come to them one stormy night, a lame, starving vagrant from some emigrant train, and kind-hearted Row! fed him, put liniment on his leg, and called him David, because a good Scripture name would make him respectable, if anything would. And David contentedly remained, exhibiting no marked talent for anything, and sometimes betraying a lack of decent intelligence. His mental faculties had been dwarfed by persistent ill-treatment. Row! said. There was, however, this peculiarity about David; he never asked for anything. He was the most unobtrusive, retiring sort of fellow that ever yearned for cold joints. If cold joints came to him, well and good. He would never utter a whine, or make one beggarly wag of his tail for one, though he was starving. He was poor, but proud. So, when he planted himself before his mistress, and looked at her with all the soul he had in his eyes, and whined like a professional beggar, he was regarded with a good deal of astonishment.

"More dinner, David? Is it possible you have brought yourself to ask for more dinner?"—going to the cupboard and carving out a bone for him.

David looked hurt. Nevertheless, he took the bone gently, carried it to his rug, and then returned to his old position.

"Oh, it is water, then!"

No, it was not water. He retreated from the

basin with an air of increased injured feeling, and continued to regard his mistress with appealing eyes. All at once Jenny's heart felt a thrill of fear.

"David! David! Is it Row!?"

The dog gave a bounce of joyous relief, as if glad of being understood at last, and then trotted to the door with a look over his shoulder that said plainly enough, "Come on!"

"I will come, old fellow," said Jenny, going to the wardrobe, and hurriedly getting out some wraps and her fur-lined overshoes. "There will be no harm in my running out to the woods," she said, with a nervous little laugh. "He needn't know what a fool I am. I can say that I wanted to find lichens."

The sun was disappearing behind cold, hazy clouds, a chilly wind whirled little snow-clouds across the levels, and ferreted out the fallen leaves that strove to hide from it, and sent them scudding again. The still radiance of the winter day was giving place to an early night, and to a night of such sort as will not be forgotten in this century by many a heart.

Jenny put on her staunch overshoes, short cloth skirt, and shaggy walking-jacket, a costume in which she had tramped many a time with Row!, on expeditions to the distant post-office, where a blacksmith's shop and a grocery store had put their heads together, and declared themselves a city. Then she unlocked a trunk, and excavated from its depths a sealed bottle, with "Catawba Grape" written in homely chirography on its deliciously dingy label.

"Dear old father!" she exclaimed, by no means addressing herself to the bottle, but, with dim eyes, thinking of the kind hands that were young hands when they made this wine; that were old hands now, and capable of little but writing her shaky letters from the old home. "Who knows but Row! may—but I won't think of it! I'll carry it, but I won't let him know. I will be laughing at myself to-morrow for these foolish fears."

Talking thus incoherently, but doubtless thinking connectedly enough, she poured out a little flaskful of the wine, buttoned it in her pocket, threw Row!'s scarf over her arm, and announced herself "ready;" at which word David gave another appreciative bounce, and fairly flew past her as she opened the door.

But once in the path leading to the forest, David seemed to have had his brief flicker of intelligence snuffed out. Instead of trotting on and leading his mistress in the right way, he shrank back, and declined to take any active lead. It was as if he were saying, "Go on; the

case is in your hands. I've done my part; just you go on and do yours.

"You are an awful idiot, David, or I am!" snapped Jenny; and David meekly curled his tail and continued to follow.

The forest, or the "wood-lot," as Yankee Row! called it, was a good mile away. His acres covered an amount of ground that would have turned his old New England neighbors dizzy with its vastness; and in the event of a certain phantom railroad becoming a real railroad, was to be a fortune. At present they yielded only a living.

The path was rough; Row!s boots alone had made it, going back and forth through a week of wood-chopping, and the snow drifting in had covered holes that treacherously tried to sprain Jenny's ankles. The wind growing every moment more violent, pushed her on as if it were a giant hand, and sharp needle-points of snow smote her neck. "It will be rather sharp going home," she said, shivering, and pulling her scarf closer.

In October she had come to the woods for autumn-leaves, and the spot was, in a degree, familiar to her, but the path seemed to disperse and lose itself after entering the timber, and she had to direct her way by the piles of wood that had been cut in places where the trees could be most conveniently felled. If they had not said such dreadful words to each other, if they were only where they were yesterday, when Row! loved her, she would have called to him, and he would have answered. But now——

There was no sound of the axe. As she paused, listening intently, she could hear nothing but the dreary whistle of the blast through the naked trees, and the sharp, sifting sound of the snow as it smote their trunks.

"David, where is Row!? Go find him this minute!" impatiently menacing the cowering dog. With drooping head he reluctantly crept to the front. "Find Row!, there's a good fellow," added Jenny, coaxingly, in a low voice, as if afraid the winds might bear her anxious tones to her husband.

David went on, then. In the lowest natures is sometimes enshrined the pearl of delicate feeling. This dog had bad news to tell, and shrank from telling it. He made no pretence to a light-hearted pace. He crept, halted, and seemed anxious to defer something.

He led the way over a freshly-felled log, then another, and turning a thicket of young oaks that caught at Jenny's skirts, as if they would fain hold her back from a painful sight, he came to a halt. There was no reason why he should go farther.

A tree had evidently fallen in an unlooked-for direction, or perhaps Row! had been a little reckless. It had swept him to the ground, and was lying across his legs as immovable, to him, as a mountain. On the rough bark, where he had been able to reach it with his knife, was cut "DEAR JE—" a partly-formed X, showing that he had not intended to call her "Jane" on this occasion. His arms were lying at his sides now, and a fleck of blood showed on his blue lips. Jenny thought it was the life crushed out of him, but it was only from his long and vain struggles to free himself.

It is not known that Jenny screamed. It was not her way. She rushed forward, flinging herself against the fallen tree, pushing it, beating it, bruising her shoulders against it, like some mad woman. This was her first impulse, and it availed nothing. Then she sank down at Row!'s side, wiped the red stain from his mouth, and covered his face with kisses that might have kissed the dead into life; kisses that made Row! faintly stir, moving his hand instinctively toward the knife that had fallen in the snow. He was wanting to finish his message.

"Row! Row!" she called, in an anguished voice, seizing his benumbed hands in hers, pressing them to her face, and to her warm, throbbing throat. "Oh, if he could only speak to me once more—only once more!" she piteously moaned.

"Is it—Jenny?" struggled faintly from his lips.

"Yes, I am here! I am here to die with you, my own blessed heart! Oh, what can I do?" raising his head tenderly to her breast. "Oh, Row!, look at me—speak to me! Are you terribly hurt?" Then, remembering the wine, she filled the tiny cup at the bottom of the flask, and held it to his mouth. Row! drank the wine with difficulty, partly because he was only half-conscious, and partly because Jenny, in her wild solicitude, seemed bent on pitching the wine down his throat without waiting for the little formality of swallowing. She continued to rain the tenderest expressions upon him. Over his features began stealing something that, under the depressing circumstances, looked singularly like a pleased surprise. He opened his eyes, and a heaven of love shone up into Jenny's terror-stricken face. He laboriously flung his arm about her neck, and murmured her name again, as if it expressed his whole soul.

"Are you crushed to death, dear Row!?" illogically cried Jenny.

"Not quite; but I'm so tired! I've been squirming under this infernal log these four hours."

"Thank God you are not killed! Tell me what to do."

"Poor child, you can do nothing! If a man were here—with a handspike——"

"I will do. I have studied Natural Philosophy, and I have muscle," said Jenny, cheerily. "Tell me where I can find a handspike. Doesn't somebody say he can move the world, if—if—he only has things conveniently arranged? I can cut down something for a lever, if necessary."

Rowl pointed to a pile of oak rails. "If you could drag one of those here——"

Jenny dragged one of them to the spot, inserted it under the log, and lifted, but the grim burden refused to move.

"Oh, Jenny——" began Rowl, as if he would make her desist.

"I see, Rowl! You think I am a ninny at this business. Wait! I am undertaking to do too much at once, you see."

Jenny partly withdrew the lever, making the resistance less, and lifted again, with some effect. Rowl's legs were too much like dead legs to be aware of the lightened pressure upon them; but he saw the log move a little.

Stars swam before Jenny's eyes, and the veins on her forehead showed like little knotted cords, as, averting her face from Rowl, she strained at the lever once more with all her might. "Now!" she cried. Rowl essayed to move his half-frozen limbs, but only succeeded in groaning. "They're dead as stones!" and appeared to meditate another faint.

Jenny paused a moment in despair, then gayly said,

"I must prop up the brute of a log. Just you have patience, Rowl, dear, and help me!"

Selecting a larger rail, she dragged it to Rowl, and commanded him to push it under the log while she lifted with the lever. Reviving under the influence of her cheerful courage, Rowl saw this as his golden and perhaps only opportunity. There was no man's aid within two hours of this lonely spot, and night was coming down, bringing a tempest with it. The rail was placed, and pushing it with all his remaining strength, he held each atom that the log yielded, while Jenny took breath to gain one more. Slowly and reluctantly the fallen tree was forced to acknowledge itself beaten. At last it rested on the prop. The man was free!

David got off his haunches, and approbatively wagged his tail.

Rowl stooped and pressed his lips to the snow-wet hem of her skirt. The mute, eloquent act made Jenny's heart overflow, but she caught her skirt away, saying, brusquely,

"I can't allow you one minute's nonsense, dear boy! It is to be a horrible night!" The stormy twilight was already filling the forest. "And we don't know but they are both broken. Can you stand on them, think?" caressingly touching his boots.

Rowl stood on his feet, but not until he had made more than one attempt. The returning circulation gave him intense pain. Leaning slightly on Jenny's proffered arm, he managed to limp and stumble along at her side, and the outskirts of the wood were reached before absolute darkness had set in.

They hardly realized, at first, the terrible might of the storm. David alone was able to distinguish the path that led homeward.

Around them appeared nothing but the whirling snow. The forest was shut out as by the sudden fall of a gigantic curtain, and before them could be discovered nothing but the wavering form of David, as he wrestled with the path.

"We must walk for dear life!" said Rowl.

He felt now the terror of their position. It was almost impossible to breathe in the face of this fierce gale. If they lost the path, or the strength of either gave out, it meant death.

They stumbled on, their arms intertwined, making no attempt to speak after this. Once Jenny caught at David, patted his shoulder, and murmured that he was a good fellow, then settled herself under Rowl's arm again.

It seemed to both that they must be nearly at home. Probably more than half the distance had been got over, when David was missing! Their pilot had deserted! Rowl shouted his name, but the wind dashed his voice down his throat, so that he scarcely heard it himself, and he had no hope of recalling the fugitive.

They were off the path—the softer snow told them this; and were very cold, and more exhausted than cold. They paused. Rowl clasped Jenny closely in his arms, and bowed his head on her shoulder. If he had not been half-dead at the outset, with suffering and exhaustion, he would have borne up more bravely, no doubt. As it was, he felt, with terror, his senses taking leave of him, and knew he was laying down not only his own life, but a dearer life still.

"Go on—leave me. Try to reach——" he began saying in her ear; but Jenny would not hear him. His despairing words filled her with frenzied strength.

"People talk that way when they are freezing! Dear Heaven, he shall not die!" She seized him by his arm, and dragged him on.

"I still know enough to keep my face to the wind. We must be somewhere near the house.

I'll not go to sleep, as freezing people do. I'll die fighting. I'll never give up! Oh, Father in Heaven! if we may only reach our sweet, sweet home once more! If I may only have strength to save my dear heart! If I may only live to make him know how I love him above everything in the world. Dear, dear Row! "

Thoughts like these were flitting through her brain, as she struggled on, almost falling at every step. Oh, the cruelly lengthened distance! Would they never touch anything but snow—blinding, stinging, murderous snow? Had it swept away house, fence, trees, everything, and left them nothing but this endless plain, where, sooner or later, they must sink down to their fatal rest?

Row! staggered, and fell heavily forward, casting Jenny's arm away from him. It was a gesture of farewell. For one instant it seemed to Jenny that it would be very sweet to fling herself down beside him and sleep. An aching weariness filled her limbs; her very heart seemed turning to ice.

Yet she would not give him up. She partly raised him from the snow, and tried to shout encouraging words, but her lips were benumbed, and it was like shouting behind the torrent of Niagara.

It was when Jenny began desperately to drag him on by main force, that Row! rallied a little, and showed signs of resistance. It was an ungallant thing for a man to permit a woman to carry him, he dully thought, freeing himself from her grasp.

It was while she was dragging, and coaxing, and lifting, and beating him, all at the same time, that a most heavenly sound swept across her half-delirious senses. The lowing of the cow! The cow, anxious for shelter and supper!

Then it was that Jenny felt most like swooning, like dying; the rebound from despair to boundless hope was so sudden. On Row!, if he heard it, the sound made no impression. In that stage of apathy he would have died, though the very firelight of home was beaming from its windows upon him.

"Oh, God! he will die even now!" cried Jenny, clutching him once more, and rallying with a desperate effort, she gained the house at last.

Fortunately, the fire had almost gone out in the stove, and the cabin had a healthful chill in its atmosphere, that was better suited than comfortable warmth to partly frozen people. It seemed an eternity to Jenny before she could command her fingers sufficiently to light the lamp. The lamp lighted, she had to crawl up

stairs and fling down blankets and pillows, in which she buried Row!, first gladdening herself with the knowledge that he was alive, and probably not badly frozen. Then she considered the fire. She regretted having said so haughtily, in that far-off morning—ages ago, it seemed—that there was plenty of wood. But this was a trifling thing. She had not survived the horrible tempest to perish for the lack of an armful of fuel. Row! might die yet, if not properly attended to. She could not rest, she could not breathe, until he was speaking to her again, and assuring her that he was going to live.

She carried the lamp to the window, and shading her face with her hand, looked out. The wood-pile, whenever the driving snow permitted a glimpse, was a discouraging sight, only a log showing here and there, like the fin of a buried whale. Jenny shrugged her shoulders ruefully, and turned away. Then she bethought herself of a stack of wonderful knots and grotesque little stumps, which Row! had from time to time stored away in a corner of the loft, to be worked up, when he had time, into vases and hanging-baskets for the house-plants. It seemed a cruel thing to do, but, without a moment's hesitation, she reascended the stairs, and made a generous selection from them. They were dry as tinder, and in a short time a noble fire crackled and roared in the big stove, and Row! was oh-ing and ah-ing under his blankets with the pain of returning warmth.

The glowing consciousness that she had saved him bore Jenny up like rare wine. Her own exhaustion was almost unfelt, her eyes sparkled triumphantly; and as she put the kettle over the fire, and got out Row!'s slippers, and some dry clothing, and hung them by the stove to warm, she murmured words of joy.

She drew the lounge, a rude but comfortable affair of Row!'s manufacture, near the fire, and put its cushions toasting. She stooped over Row!, and took his face in her hands. "Oh, Row!, do you know what a fearful tramp we have had? Do you know that we were freezing to death only a few minutes ago?"

Row! did not know anything very keenly as yet, but he was conscious of being by the fire, wrapped in warm blankets, when, as he vaguely remembered, his last act was to lie down in the snow.

"What was done? How did I get here?"

"Angels!" replied Jenny, sententiously.

"You have killed yourself," said Row!, a glimmer of intelligence beginning to light his eyes.

"Then how fortunate it is that there is a life

after death, for, being endowed with life, I can pull off your boots!"

"Oh, Jenny——"

But remonstrance was idle. He was thrust back on the pillows, and his boots removed, with many tragic flourishes and solemn remarks concerning his inordinate vanity in wearing such tight ones.

She was saying, as she put them away, that she would next put him to bed, and make him a cup of coffee; and Row! was struggling to free himself from the blankets, and vowing that he would have no more nonsense, when the room began whirling around her. "I feel so ridiculously faint," she said, and sank into Row!'s extended arms.

Her first consciousness was a consciousness of intense comfort, mingled with a luxurious, drowsy wish that it might last for ever. She fancied she was a child again, tenderly borne upon her mother's breast, and laid among soft pillows. She heard the lambs bleating upon the green hill-sides, the brown thrush singing in the sweet briar-hedges, and scents of clover-blossoms and June roses softly swept over her, touching her face like cool, sweet, shadowy hands, and she nestled closer among the pillows, and slept.

Her next consciousness was of a man stumbling over a chair, and uttering a mild imprecation. She opened her eyes. The gray light of the late winter-morning filled the little cabin. She was lying in one of her best night-gowns, tucked up in high state on the lounge; and it was the tea-kettle she had heard in her dreams, and the cologne on her face and hands, that had seemed to her like the breath of summer-fields. Close beside her was the arm-chair where Row! had sat and watched beside her. Her boots and snow-wet clothes were strewn recklessly about the floor; wine, camphor, the coffee-pot, and the chapped-hands lotion occupied the table; the bath-tub was tilted up by the wood-box; the wardrobe bore evidence of having been turned topsy-turvy; and David was calmly slumbering on her best shawl. The devastating power

of man had been let loose in that orderly little house.

The man, himself, anxiously regarding Jenny in fear that his movements had awakened her, looked half-bewildered. But his manly face, was softened by a look of keen and tender solicitude. He had just poured some water into the tea-kettle, and was looking helplessly about for the cover.

"On top the coffee-mill, dear," said Jenny, encouragingly. She was surprised at the weak, tired sound of her own voice.

Row! came swiftly to her side, and knelt down. Jenny drew his head closely to her breast, saying, "Dear heart, I am so glad we are alive!"

It was a long while before Row! spoke. Then he said, in a choked voice, "I talked to you like a brute yesterday."

"So did I to you, dear!"

"I remembered, after awhile, how you dragged me out of the jaws of death. You saved my life, Jenny."

"Because your life is so dear to me! I was only selfish, you see."

"And you risked your own life," Row! continued, softly, "and—and—the other, the little life! I'd have cut my tongue out before I said what I did yesterday, if—if I had only known; if you hadn't kept this secret from me, dear little wife!" And Row! lifted his head, and looked with bold fondness into her eyes. They closed very suddenly, and a beautiful blush stole sweetly over her face. She lifted her hands as if to shield herself from his eyes.

"You sweetest, bravest woman that lives!" exclaimed Row!, kissing both palms.

After a moment's silence, the dream of a smile began playing about Jenny's mouth, which was not hidden by her hands. It almost betrayed to Row! what was coming.

"If—if I only had at least half a grain of ordinarily womanly grat——"

But this sentence was never completed, for Row! drew her to him, rapturously, and smothered it in kisses.

A MONTH OF MEMORIES.

BY P. B. MARSTON.

Our month of many memories, good-by!

Ghosts throng your moon-bathed nights and sultry days;

They gather round me in some silent place,

Their breath is in the roses, and they cry

In songs of birds that dare the sunlit sky;

They meet me in the twilight face to face,

And when I walk through lone, night-cover'd ways,

In sadly murmuring winds I hear them sigh;

Then am I as a man who sees in dreams

Some dead, beloved face, and seeing, deems

The past a dream, the dream reality!

But, oh! the bitter waking, when, alas!

He knows the mocking dream for what it was,
And gazes on a new day, hopelessly.

FLOY'S HEART DISEASE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Mrs. Wilson came down late to breakfast. It was very unusual with her, for she insisted upon early rising in her family. In the winter she had them all out of bed, shivering and yawning round the candle-lighted breakfast-table long before sunrise. And if any of the family rebelled, she would silence them with the unanswerable logic and wisdom, that has brow-beaten and put to shame so many morning loiterers, "the early bird catches the worm." Though Bob Wilson, aged nine and a half, irreverently remarked to her once, "That was jest about what they ketch'd by gettin' up so early. Jest about as good as ketchin' worms, dragged up out of a warm bed, when it was dark as a pocket; sleepy, too. Make a feller feel like a fool all day. Jest as leve be a wormin' of it as to do it."

But when Bob had said this, Mrs. Wilson pierced his heart with such reproach in her glance, that Bob felt guilty, and wished he hadn't said anything. And when Bob was sufficiently agonized by her glance, she remarked, in her most martyr-like tone, "that she got up early for the good of the family." And then the entire family felt extremely guilty and depressed.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Bob, whom we have mentioned, and Florence, or Floy, as she was always called, a young girl of nineteen.

Mr. Wilson was a gentle, low-voiced man, with no whiskers, and but very little hair, and what he had was extremely light. A very amiable and innocent man, and engaged in the harmless profession of boot and shoe merchant. But this excellent bald-headed gentleman felt, nearly all the time, as if he were a brigand, or a corsair. Floy was generous and enthusiastic, but impulsive, and occasionally gave utterance to sundry hasty words, as is the wont of such natures, when they are made very uncomfortable. Poor Floy, her nerves were roused nearly all the time, and she was in a state of perfect agony, caused by the silent, reproachful eyes, and the plaintive, complaining tones of that exemplary torturer, her mother.

For Mrs. Wilson was a born martyr. I can imagine her in her bib and long clothes, lying upon her nurse's knee, and agonizing that ancient worthy with her silent reproachful en-

durance of her bib being tied too tightly, or of being trotted too much, or rocked too slowly.

That she was a good woman in the main, made it, I think, a little worse for the family. For if she had been as bad as she was disagreeable, they would have positively disliked her, and her words would have had but little power to annoy them. But her family loved her, and that love was their torture. She was very religious, perfectly truthful and honest, willing to work her hands off, if need be; but, unfortunately, she spoke of all this too much.

Nothing ever suited her. Her family never pleased her in anything. But she never manifested her general discontent, and her suicidal determinations, in any petulant, angry way, that would place her upon a pleasant equality with them, and with other human sinners. No! she never, for a moment, lost her martyr expression.

On the morning our story commences, she had come down to breakfast late, as we have said. Bridget, the hired girl, had got breakfast all on the table, and was looking uncommonly cheerful. Mr. Wilson was reading his morning paper. Floy was laughing a careless, merry laugh, that did one's soul good to hear, for one heard it from her so seldom. But it rang out now, sweet and clear as a bird's song in spring-time.

She was bending over Bob's slate, when he was drawing pictures. No wonder she was laughing. Bob had just before drawn an elephant, but as Floy had mistaken it for a sheep, he was now engaged upon a domestic scene, which he intended to be of a pleasantly sentimental nature. A man, looking exactly like a sea-horse, with a hat on, and undoubtedly feeling that it was not good for man to dwell alone, was just glaring across the slate, with his one eye, to a life-companion in the form of a skeleton, which Bob called a woman. And Bob was gleefully attaching a flowing waterfall to the place he called her head; and he and Floy were laughing over it when the door opened, and Mrs. Wilson entered.

What a chill fell upon the sweet morning air, upon the gay, bright, young faces! Mrs. Wilson looked first at Floy, and then at Bob, with a look of such suffering and patient reproach, that they both felt conscience-smitten to think they had

laughed, even before she spoke, and said, "she didn't feel well that morning."

Bob put away his slate, and stood in a spiritless position by the fire, with his hands in his pockets, seemingly searching their deepest possibilities; while Floy, with a depressed countenance, proceeded to set the chairs about the table.

Before Mrs. Wilson sat down, she glanced out of the window, and remarked, that "it was growing colder," infusing into the words a sort of mild reproach, as much as to say that, although she had too much principle to bear any enmity to the weather, still she was not unmindful of the injury it had done her.

Her first word, after she sat down, was this, "Coffee!"

She added nor diminished nothing. She only uttered that one word. But the glance with which she accompanied it, made Bridget feel, in her heart, that her place was not there, amongst Christian people, but with all the other Irish convicts who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law for their crimes.

"I will make you a cup of tea, mamma," said Floy, rising from the table, "if it will make your head feel any better."

"No! I will not have any tea made especially for me. I will drink the coffee, now it is made, although you all know that it makes my head ache much harder." And Mrs. Wilson proceeded, at once, to drink a large quantity of the harmful beverage. "No," she went on, after awhile, "I will not have tea made. I am not extravagant; your father never would have laid up his handsome property if I had been extravagant, and wasteful, and threw everything out of the window as fast as he brought it in."

Poor Floy felt as if she stood on the open window, scattering her father's property to the four winds of heaven. But she remained silent. Her mother continued, in a lower, more plaintive, and more deeply reproachful tone. "I helped your father along. I have always worked hard, worked beyond my strength, to bring my children up." Here her patient, martyr-like tone so impressed the children's sensitive hearts that they felt deeply condemned to think they had been "brought up" at all. "I have worked beyond my strength, made myself sick, many a time, to help your father along." Here Mr. Wilson felt agonized. "Although your father had a comfortable home when we were married. A man never ought to think of marrying till he has a comfortable home."

Here Floy's face turned crimson. For Floy had a lover, or had had one. For her mother

had opposed the engagement so much, that Floy had given him up. His fault was, that he was a poor man. When he had passed through college, and a medical school, he had used up every penny of his money. But when he bade Floy good-bye, he said, I will work hard, I will make a home for her, and then if the dear girl is true to me, we will marry in spite of opposition; for he knew that Floy's mother had set her heart upon Floy's marrying rich Dr. Dryfuss, whose beautiful place was about half a mile from Mr. Wilson's. And Floy had promised to wait.

Dr. Dryfuss was a bachelor of fifty, and was as deeply in love with sweet Floy Wilson as it was possible for him to be. In fact, he divided his affections pretty equally between her and a wonderful skeleton, obtained at a great price, in a German University, an Egyptian mummy, and his rare collection of skulls.

He had lived to be fifty years of age, without marrying. Not that he was blind to the charms of the fair sex; but he was a man of decision and firm principle, and he had formed the unalterable determination to marry no woman unless she was perfectly healthy. He had written a lengthy treatise upon the subject, and had it published to his pecuniary disadvantage, but to his great satisfaction; and so he felt his honor was concerned to let his practice conform to his precepts.

Almost every man has his pet hobby. This was his. He was firm upon all subjects; but upon this he was adamant. Twice had he been nearly engaged. But once he left the lady because he discovered a tendency in her toward erysipelas; and once his love had yielded to liver complaint.

He always dressed in a very impressive suit of black, with some stiff arrangement about his neck, that kept his head in a fixed, erect position, giving him the permanent expression of one who is sitting for a picture. He had very black eyes, a good deal of forehead, and a set (purchased at considerable expense,) of very white teeth. And, as he had a certain owl-like dignity, of course, he was called very wise, and a deep thinker. He had a habit, when he was summoned to a patient, of folding his hands beneath his respectable coat-skirts, and walking up and down the room, with an unnatural solemnity of countenance, not speaking a word to any one. At these times, admiring householders would look upon him with breathless admiration, and whisper to their awe-struck wives,

"See how his mind is working! What a deep thinker!"

Then, when he did speak at last, in what large

words were his thoughts clothed! And he never wrote a prescription, save in very dead language. Mrs. Wilson was always deeply impressed by a l this.

Now, Dr. Harry Earle had no such preternatural dignity. He was simple and unaffected in his manners, was cheerful in his temperament, and was much gifted in seeing the humorous side of life, as well as the pathetic. He was remarkably well-read in his profession, and had more intellect than would suffice to make up twenty like Dr. Dryfuss. But he put on no mere affectation of greatness. On the contrary, he was genial to all. Some people thought that this was a proof that his mind was of a very common order. Mrs. Wilson knew that it was.

And Mrs. Wilson had fully made up her mind to have Dr. Dryfuss for a son-in-law. She admired him exceedingly, for she, too, cultivated dignity extensively. She never laughed, for she thought it compromised one's dignity. Of course, she could not be so imposing and stately as Dr. Dryfuss was; but she did the best she could. She was sick a great deal, which brought Dr. Dryfuss constantly to the house. Here he saw our sweet Floy. He had been heard to say that he never met a young girl that he considered so perfectly healthy as Floy. And so he humored Mrs. Wilson, and flattered her in a certain grandiloquent way, and sent her flowers from the conservatory, wines from the cellar, and fruit from his hot-house. And in spite of his fifty years, his whimsical, fanciful ideas, Mrs. Wilson was determined that Floy should become Mrs. Dr. Dryfuss.

And so she victimized poor Floy, in ways probably not known to the ancient inquisition, but which would have been highly approved of by them, till Harry Earle was banished from the Wilson drawing-room, and the owl-like countenance of Dryfuss was seen there in his place.

Harry had settled in the town of Elliston, two miles away, and was waiting for the practice that did not come; for Dr. Dryfuss monopolized all the invalids for miles around. But Harry waited, keeping his heart from breaking, by occasional glimpses of Floy's lovely face, as she passed through the village streets, and meeting her faithful, wistful eyes on Sundays at St. James.

Mr. Wilson, mild, bald-headed gentleman that he was, and engrossed in the quiet details of the boot and shoe business, had occasionally chivalrous emotions. Perchance the soul of some ancestor, some gay crusader, or knight of chivalry, beat again at times in his mild bosom, for he pitied Floy's evident distress, nor did he share

her mother's dislike of her poor lover. In fact, Mr. Wilson had a strong, though secret attachment for Harry himself; and now, to draw his wife's attention from that subject, he said,

"What do you think, my dear, caused your headache this morning?"

His amiable torturer's eyes pierced him like an arrow as she replied,

"I think it was the strawberries last night."

Mr. Wilson had paid an exorbitant price for them, they being the first of the season. But he knew his wife was especially fond of them, so he had purchased them. He had regretted the transaction financially, at the time, and now, in spirit, he cursed the hour he bought them.

Bob always ate rapidly. It was a habit of his, moreover, not to remain at the table an instant after he had put down his own knife and fork. He had now finished, and stood at the window, looking out. He had stood there for some moments, and whatever or whoever he was looking at, or through what thoroughfare his mind had been wandering, he gave no token until he spoke out, in loud, excited tones,

"By John Harry! if he ain't a comin' in here! Looks like Tunket, too!"

"Who is it?" cried Floy, springing up.

A loud knocking was heard at the front door, the visitor utterly ignoring the bell. Soon the dining-room door opened, and Bridget ushered in an old gentleman, clad in garments, excellent as to material, but exceedingly ancient as to style.

He was a good-natured looking old gentleman, with a broad, genial face; and he advanced to Mrs. Wilson's side, not at all deterred by her unapproachable dignity of demeanor.

"Martha Ann, how do you ~~do~~?" he said. "I should have knowed you if I had met you in my porridge-dish! You look enough like Sister Almiry to be her, instead of her darter. I should have knowed you anywhere, though I hain't seen you before sence you was in your twenties."

"Uncle Joshua! I didn't know you at first."

"Didn't you? Well, like as not, not expectin' to see me. That is half the battle. I knowed where you was; inquired you out up to the village, of a young Dr. Earle, I believe his name was. Liked his looks first-rate. Tell you, I took right to him. He told me where you lived, and I sot sail for here; sot out before breakfast, too. I always take a walk before breakfast; good for the dyspep. Guess I'll set down and take a cup of coffee with you now. Can't bear taverns for a steady meal; too thin. The man will be along with my trunk in a few minutes.

Oh, there he comes now. I'll go out and see that he don't smash it into bits." And suiting the action to the words, Uncle Joshua went out, followed by Mr. Wilson.

Floy looked up in speechless surprise to her mother, as the door closed upon them; and Mrs. Wilson explained that Uncle Joshua was her mother's brother—an eccentric old bachelor; that he had seemed to be an odd one in the family always. He would never go to school, but had run away when he was fourteen; had first gone to California, and after wandering for years, had finally got rich in Australia, raising sheep and cattle. Mrs. Wilson said she had never seen him since the year before she was married, when he came home on a visit, and stayed with her mother for several weeks. But she said it was just like his odd ways, to drop down upon his relatives in just this manner. She added, in conclusion, that they must bear with his peculiarities, and be civil to him, for he was an old man, and had no nearer friends now than they were. She did not add, outwardly, that he was a very rich man, but I fear that that thought influenced her, as she prepared with her own hands a particularly nice breakfast for him.

Uncle Joshua partook of the breakfast with an excellent appetite, leaving off often to plunge into reminiscences and family histories. Indeed, he remained at the table so much longer than Mrs. Wilson considered proper or needful, that she began to spear him slightly with her surprised and reproachful glances; but they fell from the old gentleman like drops of water from the back of a duck; they disquieted him not in the slightest manner. He sat calmly as a summer morning, explaining, however, in a casual way, that "he always ate slow. He thought a good many cases of dyspep was brought on by eating too fast. He had learned to eat slow, to massicree his food thoroughly, so as to mix the sylvia with it. He had found out it wasn't the quantity of vittles that folks eat, but what they disgusted, that made 'em healthy. Big doctors had recommended eatin' slow to him. He had had the dyspep once; he never wanted it agin."

He sat at the table till the very latest moment his inclination prompted, and then he rose like a cheerful-faced old giant, refreshed and good-tempered.

As the days rolled by, Uncle Joshua became a prime favorite with Floy. She became attached to the odd, kindly old gentleman, with an affection that was very sincere and uncalculating, and which seemed to give him great satisfaction. Perhaps the old gentleman's hearty admiration

and warm friendship for Harry Earle, which he did not allow to drop, endeared him to her.

Bob looked upon this uncle with the admiring respect which one of his age would naturally feel for a man who had run away, who had lived amongst savages, and who had been shot in the arm. And Bob contemplated the same career for himself every time he was crossed by his family.

Mr. Wilson soon appreciated the hearty good humor, and good sense of his guest. Mrs. Wilson, propitiated perhaps by an elegant silk dress and by a real Cashmere shawl, treated him with respectful deference.

Uncle Joshua seemed pleased with them all, especially with Floy, of whom he made a great pet. And it is a proof of how high he stood in her estimation, that Floy, reticent Floy, one day when her mother had pressed her too sorely concerning Dr. Dryfuss, told him, with many tears, of all her trouble. She did not tell him, in plain words, of her attachment to Harry Earle; but the shrewd old uncle suspected it, I am certain. And it comforted Floy wonderfully to hear her uncle say, in contemptuous tones,

"Marry that old Dryfuss! Wall, you shan't marry him. I'd just as soon see you marry a pair of saddle-bags. Not but what I respect doctors. One in Melbourne, worth his weight in gold to me—heavy man, too—cured me of the dyspep right out and out. Says he to me, 'It hain't the vittles you eat that does the good, it is the vittles you disgust.' Likely man he was. I hain't nothin' aginst doctors. If it was that other doctor, Dr. Earle, that they was a talkin' to you about, there would be some sense in it."

Floy's pretty cheeks became so warm and rosy at this, that they almost dried the tears upon them. But as her uncle exclaimed again, decidedly, "You shan't marry him!" she said, piteously,

"But, uncle, you don't know mother. If I should refuse Dr. Dryfuss, she would make me perfectly wretched. You don't know how unhappy she can make any one who offends her." And Floy shed tears again.

"Yes, yes; she is something of a damper; I know all about it. Almiry did considerable in that line. But cheer up, Morning Glory." This was Uncle Joshua's pet name for her. "Cheer up! I'll arrange it in some way."

"But, uncle, you can't arrange it. Nobody can. For mother will never forgive me if I refuse him. And she is a good mother, and I cannot disobey her. It would kill her if I should. Her heart is so set upon it. And she will never, never forgive me if I refuse him.

And yet how can I marry him?" And Floy's tears fell faster and faster.

"I'll fix him, Morning Glory; you'll see if I don't," said Uncle Joshua, with a shrewd look. How Uncle Joshua was going to "fix him," Floy had no idea; but for all that, his confident assurance comforted her.

I think Uncle Joshua's own ideas were rather misty, as to the means he should take "to fix" Floy's dignified suitor. But he felt that Morning Glory needed comfort at that particular time, and, tender-hearted old gentleman, he could not endure the sight of his pet's distress. And from this time he was continually upon the alert to discover some means to circumvent the plans of Dr. Dryfuss.

At first he tried argument with Mrs. Wilson. But he might as well have tried to argue with and conquer the moaning north wind, that will have its way. In fact, his remonstrances only strengthened her resolves. "She rather thought she had some love for her child; some desire to see her well and handsomely settled in life; some little interest in her future prosperity. But maybe she hadn't. Maybe, after killing herself, in bringing her children up, toiling beyond her strength day and night for them, it might be she didn't have as much interest in them as some one who had never seen them only for a few weeks; some one who had no children of his own; some one, etc.—"

If Uncle Joshua had been one of the sensitive, thin-skinned sort, he must have been penetrated to the heart, by the shower of arrows this amiable martyr aimed at him. As it was, he told "Morning Glory," in confidence afterward, "that he never saw her mother do so much in the damper line in his life; she went beyond Albany."

As the days rolled by, Uncle Joshua, confident as he was in his remarks to "Morning Glory," was almost in despair at times, as to how he was "to fix" this obnoxious doctor. But one day, it chanced that he was in the village store, and he overheard a man conversing with the shop-keeper concerning the peculiarities and whimsical ideas of Dr. Dryfuss, and among them his stern determination to marry no one but a perfectly healthy woman; and the man said, with a cough, "I s'pose he thinks he has got on the track of one now, up to Wilson's." He ended his sentence with a low groan, by reason of the shop-keeper stepping heavily on his foot; he knew that Uncle Joshua was related to the Wilsons.

But Uncle Joshua was not offended by the plain speaking. On the contrary, judging by

the twinkle in his honest, gray eyes, as he walked homeward, one would say he had met with some pleasant news.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson had rode out into the country for a few miles, upon some business; the hired girl had gone to call upon some companion, and Bob had gone a fishing. And so, as Uncle Joshua walked into the sitting-room, on his return from the store, he found Floy alone, and her face was buried in the sofa-cushions, and she was weeping.

"What's the matter, Morning Glory?" said the old gentleman, in his cheerful, sympathetic tone.

"Oh, Uncle Joshua," said Floy, lifting her sweet, tear-stained face to his, "Oh, uncle, my heart is breaking!"

And then, emboldened by his kind and tender sympathy, and the knowledge that he admired and liked her handsome Harry, Floy told him that "Harry was going away. He had managed to get a note to her that afternoon, asking to let him see her once more, to bid her good-bye. He couldn't stay here and starve, and he couldn't stay near her, and see her given to another man. He must go away." But he adjured her, by the memory of their first, sweet love, to let him see her for the last time.

"And, oh, uncle, my heart is breaking!" This was the pathetic beginning and closing of Floy's story.

The old gentleman looked very pityingly on the pretty, drooping little figure, and still there was that same odd twinkle in his eye, as he asked her,

"You don't think you will ever get over it?"

"Never! Never! I never can live, if Harry is driven away. It will kill me! It will break my heart!"

"So I thought," said her uncle, musingly. "I thought there was something the matter with your heart, the first time I ever mentioned Harry Earle's name to you. I knew it. Thinks I she never will get over it. I do, too. I know it. Well, cheer up, Morning Glory. Trust in Uncle Joshua a day or two longer. Send word to Dr. Harry not to leave, for a day or two. I believe I can 'fix' that old Dr. Dryfuss yet."

With this somewhat vague and mysterious comfort "Morning Glory" was obliged to content herself. But she looked like her namesake, after a storm has swept over it.

The next morning Uncle Joshua rose up bright and early, and, immediately after breakfast, he walked over to the residence of Dr. Dryfuss, and was fortunate enough to find him at home. The dignified doctor, sitting in a dignified-looking

leather chair, in his library, was an imposing presence in his own estimation. But to Uncle Joshua he was no more awe-inspiring than one of the mild-eyed sheep that had formed one of his countless herds in Australian vallies.

He seated himself opposite his host, in a lower and less imposing chair, and they conversed for a while upon different topics. But gradually and warily Uncle Joshua led Dr. Dryfuss to mount his favorite hobby, upon which he de-scanted at great length, and in exceedingly large words. Indeed, encouraged by Uncle Joshua's sympathetic eyes, the doctor unlocked a ponderous-looking desk that stood in one corner, and took out a copy of that "Treatise commendatory of Perfectly Healthy Women, and Encouraging thereto. By Aminidab Dryfuss, M.D."

Hearing Joshua stood the trial, like a martyr, of hearing the whole thing read to him. And then the ponderous desk was unlocked again, and the book deposited upon a large pile of others like it. Indeed, Uncle Joshua thought the large desk was entirely full of them. But he sympathized with the doctor in his views; "he thought his ideas were prudent and praiseworthy. There was a sight of unhealthy women in the country. There was a great deal of dyspep, and a sight of heart disease, lots of women had it, that looked perfectly healthy." And then, lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, Uncle Joshua told him "that he had a secret, that he felt he ought to tell him. He said none of the rest of the family had told him, as it appeared, but he thought he ought to know it. He was an old man, who loved to see justice done to every one, and as a member of the family, he felt that he must tell him, if no one else would."

By this time Dr. Dryfuss manifested a decorous and dignified astonishment, and Uncle Joshua proceeded to speak more plainly.

"I have been told, and have seen for myself, that you have been paying some attention to my niece's girl, Floy. And hearing your mind on health, I made up my mind that I would tell you, if nobody else would, that, though you would never mistrust it by the looks of her face, she is afflicted with an affection of the heart—a permanent disorder, that is perfectly incurable."

Never, in the memory of man, had Dr. Dryfuss exhibited so much of the common curiosity of a mortal man as he did at that moment.

"Great heavens!" said he. "With her perfectly healthy countenance! Do you know it is so?"

"Had it from her own lips, last night. Set out bright and early this morning to tell you. Though I mistrusted what ailed her before she told me. She keeps it in check somehow, but

it is liable to break out in dangerous symptoms every minute. She suffers awfully now with it. Had a dreadful sinkin' spell last night; was in dreadful agony. It runs in the family, and none of 'em ever gets over it. Floy told me, last night, she knew she never should; told me she thought it would kill her. Curious, how it runs in the family, and how they never get over it. Now, I have known folks, after a good deal of sufferin', to get over it, but none of our family do, if they have it the natural way. Her grandmother had it, just about her age; healthy-lookin' woman, too, I have been told, as there was in these parts. Then Sister Alminy had it; she was my oldest sister, Floy's grandmother. She weighed about two hundred when she was took with it. Never got over it in her life. Then Solomon was took down with it. Then Artemas, the captain, he's my youngest brother; he had it bad. Every one of my brothers and sisters had it, and there was eight of 'em, all told; and not one of 'em ever got over it."

"And you escaped?" asked Dr. Dryfuss, looking at Uncle Joshua respectfully, as one who had maintained good health, against such strong hereditary disposition to disease.

"I escaped havin' it—leastways, as they did. But I had a touch of it, a pretty hard touch of it, when I was nineteen. I suffered awfully; hadn't no idee at the time that I should ever feel any better; and if it hadn't been for the strong remedies I took, I should have fell a victim to it, like all the rest. But I took a change of climate several times about that time. Sea air seemed to help me some. Went on a whalin' voyage; gone three years—and then I was careful. I am awful careful of my health now; eat slow, massicree my food thoroughly, mix the sylvia with it——"

Majestic Dr. Dryfuss winced at the thought of having an uncle liable at any time to drop in and meet his scientific friends, who abused and corrupted language so recklessly, humiliating him by the necessity of introducing him as his wife's uncle. How fortunate to escape this peril! How doubly fortunate his narrow escape from having an unhealthy wife! But Dr. Dryfuss was strictly and majestically honorable, and he said to Uncle Joshua,

"I am thankful to you, sir, for warning me. But I am a man of honor, sir, and how can I drop this affair with credit to myself? Although I have never made a formal offer of my hand to Miss Floy, still I fear my attentions have aroused anticipations in her young bosom that may, perhaps, prove fatal to her peace of mind. Mrs. Wilson, I know, considers me almost as one of her family, now. She and I have often talked it

over. How can I drop the matter, with credit to myself, sir?"

"I will tell you how to manage," said Uncle Joshua. "Leave the place at once. Sell out and leave the place. As your mind is made up not to marry Floy, any explanation you could make would be of no use, and would get me into trouble. My niece, Martha Ann, never would forgive my telling you. I rely on your honor, as a gentleman, not to say anything about it to any one. It is between you and me. In my native town there is a splendid practice, and if you are inclined to matrimony again, there is a fine, healthy woman there, who has never had a touch of this mysterious disorder. Sell out at once."

"But my place is very valuable, sir, and so is my practice. I am not aware that I could readily find a purchaser."

"I will tell you what I will do," said Uncle Joshua, with a sober face. "I feel as if I was, in a measure, accountable to you, bein' as it is a member of my own family that has placed you in this unpleasant predicament. I will buy you out myself; pay you just what you think is right."

"What will you do with it? You do not intend to practice medicine yourself?"

His tone was a little sarcastic. Dr. Dryfuss, upon rare occasions, had been known to unbend his lofty intellect, in a small sarcasm, with an effect something like an elephant waltzing on a tight rope. But Uncle Joshua took it in good faith.

"Oh, no, no! I don't know very much about doctorin', only some common rules that are good for dyspep. No, I don't think of settin' up myself as a doctor; but I think I know of some one where I can dispose of it to advantage."

"Oh, a sort of speculation!"

"Well, yes—somethin' in that line."

Uncle Joshua, however, was a true Yankee, and knew how to make a bargain; so did the doctor; and it was not until the third interview that the business was successfully accomplished. Dr. Dryfuss sold his beautiful place, his well-filled drug-store, and his excellent practice, to Uncle Joshua for a good round sum. It was an entirely private affair; for Dr. Dryfuss was upon his honor to not say a word that would bring Uncle Joshua into trouble with his niece and her family.

But it was not to be supposed that such a man as Dr. Dryfuss was to disappear so mysteriously and suddenly without causing great excitement. Eager, aged men gathered round Uncle Joshua, in the store and post-office, questioning him in vain. Cap-strings waved in the air, as women

leaped over fences, asking the kindly old gentleman questions that were not answered as they wished. Tea-pots shook with suppressed excitement as excited ladies poured the cup that "cheers, but not inebriates," at neighborhood gatherings where Uncle Joshua was an honored guest, but in vain. Uncle Joshua was reticent. All that the keenest gossips could extract, was the fact that "he had bought him out."

In vain Mrs. Wilson enacted the part of a damper of extraordinary capacity, in shutting off household warmth and brightness; in vain her arrows of reproach showered about him; Uncle Joshua was immovable. But, although he said not a word to create such an impression, he made sundry head-shakings and mysterious looks in her direction, that impressed her martyr breast with actual awe. I rather think she got from them the impression that Dr. Dryfuss had formed an unfortunate attachment for her, and had fled from mental wretchedness. But, at all events, whatever she thought, she dropped his name entirely from her conversation; and whenever he was spoken of, she would elevate her nose slightly, as if he had fallen miles and miles in her estimation.

And as Dr. Dryfuss sunk in her regard, so Dr. Harry Earle rose; for there being no other doctor now in Elliston, he gained a good practice immediately. It may be that a little private conversation which Uncle Joshua had with Martha Ann about this time, influenced her somewhat. He told her that he intended to give the splendid place he had purchased of Dr. Dryfuss to Floy, for a marriage gift, if she married to suit him, intimating plainly who would suit him; and that he intended to will the greater share of his property to "Morning Glory" and her husband, if her husband was one he approved of. Of course, Harry Earle suited Uncle Joshua, suited sweet Floy, and suited Mrs. Wilson exceedingly well, after this conversation.

And so Floy's mysterious heart disorder broke outwardly in alarming symptoms of white muslin and orange blossoms.

While preparations for the wedding were in progress, of course, Mrs. Wilson, although she was pleased with the marriage, still she often pierced Floy's tender, affectionate heart with the arrows martyrs' quivers are freighted with—of sad and reproachful complaints, and dolorous forebodings that her death must result from her over-labor, and reminiscences of past toil in "bringing up her children," that had nearly proved her overthrow."

But at such times, when Uncle Joshua would see a shadow falling over the sweet face, he

would motion Floy mysteriously to one side, and whisper loudly to her,

"Don't mind it, Morning Glory. Nothin' alarmin' at all. Your mother is doin' somethin' in the damper line, that is all. Almiry did a good deal that way. Nothin' alarmin'."

In Floy's sweet home, her husband finds the peace, and rest, and happiness, the sacred word home should ever typify. She is not given to domestic martyrdoms at all. Floy has good domestics, who relieve her of the greater burdens of labor. But she is not above caring for the wants of her household. She is a dainty house-keeper, who makes the home the very brightest and coziest spot in the world. So, at least, even her husband thinks, and so lively Joshua thinks, who makes them long visits, and who would resent it deeply if any one should say that Morning Glory was not perfect.

But, above all, she is a sweet, restful presence,

to cheer her husband when he comes home, tired with his long round amongst his large circle of patients.

Dr. Dryfuss never dreamed of the joke Uncle Joshua perpetrated upon him. He dwells, a respected and dignified gentleman, in his new home; and as he never commits himself in speech when he is baffled, never jokes, never laughs, but keeps the dignified and unvarying demeanor of an owl, of course, he is regarded as a very wise man, a man with remarkable powers of conversation, if he once give them vent.

As yet he has no companion, only the costly skeleton we have mentioned. But the maiden lady, of whom Uncle Joshua told him, smiles upon him. And although she is really troubled badly with rheumatism, as she conceals it perfectly, she puts on an appearance of hilarity under the worst twinges. Who may tell what the worst will be?

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

I AM dreaming of my darling,
And the days that long are past,
Sever not the blissful seeming,
All too bright and fair to last.
For the long-forgotten memories
Into deathless blossoms grow,
As before me floats the vision,
Of my love of long ago.

Softly breathe, oh, blushing roses!
Hold your breath of fragrance sweet,
Lest your breathing wake my slumber,
And my dream be incomplete.
Cease your warbling, robin redbreast!
Thrushees, chant your matins low.
Let me hear the old, old story,
From my love of long ago.

In the rosy hours of Spring-time,
I had given her my heart;
But a fate both stern and cruel,
Bade our paths lie far apart.
Only in the great Hereafter
I may learn why this is so;
Why, through life, I have been parted
From my love of long ago.

Though three times I have been wedded,
And each time I thought my wife
Was the best of noble women,
And the glory of my life;
Though my eyes have lost their brightness,
And my head is crowned with snow,
Yet I never have forgotten
My beloved of long ago.

SOME DAY.

BY MRS. MARY F. SOUYLER.

SOME day my cheek shall lose its bloom,
The flowers, for me, their rich perfume,
And 'mid the shades and gathering gloom
My feet shall stray;
Down, down the steep descent of years,
Through wearing cares and burning tears,
With heart half fainting from its fears,
I'll wend my way.

Some day my eyes shall dimmer grow,
My hair turn white as winter snow;
My voice grow timid, faint and low,
My mind decay;

But still my lonely path I'll tread,
And mourn, perhaps, my cherished dead,
The hopes and joys forever fled
So far away.

But, oh! some day, when life slopes down
To the night shadows, dim and brown,
I hope to see a starry crown
Waiting for me.
Then robed in calm content I'll lie,
With folded hands and fading eye,
And yield my breath without a sigh,
Glad to be free!

"DEAR SUE."

BY GEORGE GLEASON.

"I know you don't love me, John Kent! You have no feeling! You could not treat me worse if I were a dog!"

"Ida! Ida! for Heaven's sake calm yourself. Are we children that we quarrel about so trifling a matter? It is now two years since we were married, and this is our first disagreement. Come, darling, we will kiss, and forget all about it—"

But Ida waved him off as he approached.

"Keep away!" she commanded. "It is easy enough for you to say forget; and I have no doubt you would be very glad if it could be forgotten, as you are the only one to blame in the affair. But, I assure you, I am not to be so easily pacified. Is it my fault that your love for me has grown cold? You knew there was nothing I desired so much, for a Christmas present, as the silk dress you heard me talking about; and remembering that you never before failed to give me what I wanted on Christmas, I have a right to be surprised. I said nothing, however, supposing my disappointment would last only till New Year's Day; but now it has passed, and still you silently refuse to regard my wish. No word of explanation—no appearance of regret. Oh! it was not so once!"

Here Ida broke down, and began to cry. Her husband had listened to her excited words with rapidly-changing expressions of countenance. Now, with a look of the utmost tenderness and pity, he said,

"Ida, darling, I am sorry for this. Really, I did not dream that a word of explanation was necessary. I did not suppose that you were expecting the dress, knowing, as you do, my embarrassed condition at present. When I first began to pay monthly payments on the house we live in, was it not you who urged the practice of the strictest economy, until the entire amount should be paid? And have you not bravely adhered to your own established rule, by firmly refusing every little luxury for the table, or present for yourself, that I proposed purchasing? This is not like you, Ida."

"It is like me!" she cried, vehemently. "And I am sure you don't love me any more!"

She was ashamed of her tears, and without waiting to say or hear more, she swept out of the room.

"Poor thing!" the husband muttered, compas-

sionately; "she is evidently hurt. But I—I don't understand it. It isn't like her at all. Something besides the silk dress, I fear, has put her in this ill humor."

Mr. Kent was right. It was something besides the silk dress, for, on the evening before, the wife had found a freshly-written note on her husband's desk. She picked it up, though lessly, but a sentence in it arrested her attention. Breathlessly she read the whole. "Dear Sue," said the note, "in my next I will send you a sufficient sum of money for the purpose in view. Use it liberally. I leave all to your good taste and judgment. *She* suspects nothing, and aids us unconsciously by her persistence in practicing economy at home. Yours affectionately,

JOHN."

It was this that had done the mischief. Who was "Dear Sue?" Where did she live, and why was John writing to her? The poor wife was almost stunned by this sudden revelation. She had never known her husband to keep a secret from her before; had never suspected for an instant that he could be guilty of such deceit; and for several minutes, after reading the brief letter, she felt as though she would surely faint. But she bore up bravely, and resolved to be dumb on the subject of her discovery, until further proof of John's perfidy should come to light. She passed a sleepless night, however, thinking about it. The word *she*, which was emphasized by a line being drawn beneath it, evidently meant herself; and the hot, angry blood rushed to her temples whenever she recalled it to mind.

Who was this woman? Where had John met her? Why was he promising to send her money? Why did he call her "Dear Sue?"

"To think that I have discharged my servant," said Mrs. Kent, to herself, "and am working hard to save expense, while he was supporting another woman! To think that he has permitted me to believe that he has no money beyond what is needed to keep the table; that he has allowed me to go without the silk dress; and all this while he is doubtless providing that unknown female with all the luxuries she desires. Oh! it is too much! I will not endure it!"

Over and over again, through that sleepless night, the poor wife said these things to herself, and when morning came, her feelings of resent-

ment, jealousy, and indignation, led to the scene we have described.

When she broke down and began to cry, she saw that she must leave the room at once; for to tarry another minute would be to disclose the secret of her discovery, and demand then and there an explanation to the note: and for this she was not prepared.

"I could not have controlled my feelings," she said, to herself, as soon as she was locked in her own chamber. "Oh, it was too hard to stand there and hear him talk in that injured way, as though I were doing him a great wrong, and he was guiltless as an angel. I suppose he will buy the dress this very day. But I won't accept it. And I will watch and wait, and learn, if possible, who this woman is, and where she resides."

John Kent was a young lawyer, well known, and highly esteemed in Straptown, where he resided. His business often called him to Boston, which was the nearest city; and Ida supposed that it was on one of his visits there that he had met his "Dear Sue." This she could not be certain of, however, and she set her wits to work to find out something satisfactory in regard to it—always with a vague, unsettled purpose of confronting her hated rival.

John came home to his dinner, as usual, smiling and cheerful, as if nothing had happened. Ida did not meet him at the door, nor did she appear to notice him as he entered; but he walked straight up to her, and gave her a hearty kiss before she could think of evading it; and then immediately began to tell about an amusing conversation he had had with an eccentric old farmer. He did not seem to observe how pale and languid she looked, nor to be aware that she was silent and cold, while he was so gay and talkative. She waited upon him in silence. He talked and laughed constantly while he ate, and went away with a smile on his lips.

When he returned from his office, in the evening, his manner had not changed in the least.

"Where are you, darling?" he cried, stamping his snowy feet in the hall. "Ah! here, as usual, waiting for me," he added, as he entered the cozy sitting-room.

He walked toward her again, as if to kiss her; but she turned coldly from him, and went to the piano. He did not seem to notice her altered manner, but walked on across the room, and took a cigar from the mantle.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Here is a cigar. I was afraid I had none to smoke after supper."

After all, he had not brought home the silk dress, as Ida had predicted; and, in spite of her

determination not to accept it, she was disappointed, and angrier than ever.

"He has no heart! He will drive me mad!" she mentally exclaimed, and banged the piano unmercifully in her effort to hide her emotion.

The evening passed quietly. John persisted in not noticing his wife's pale cheeks, her silent, haughty demeanor. He evidently did not suspect that she knew of his guilt.

"If this goes on much longer, I am sure it will confine me to my bed," she thought, as she retired that night with an excruciating headache. "I wonder what he would do then? But, of course, he would be exceedingly attentive and innocent, and thereby kill me outright. Stay! I must not get too sick to leave my bed; for how then could I watch him? He might write a letter every day to his 'Dear Sue,' and I be none the wiser for it."

All the next day Ida was tortured by a thought that had not occurred to her before. What if John should fear detection, and write his private letters at the office, thereafter? She could think of no way to find out whether he did or not; nor could she devise any means of preventing it, in case he was disposed to do so.

But that night she had the satisfaction of learning that she had worried herself for nothing. John's flow of spirits had not abated in the least, and he was still apparently blind to his wife's misery. About an hour after supper, he went up stairs, saying that he had some letters to write before retiring. Ida was glad to hear that, for she was waiting for such a chance to learn something further in regard to the woman who had robbed her of her husband's affections. She had not a doubt that it was "Dear Sue" to whom he was going to write, and she resolved to see the letter before it went to the post-office.

"I never could have believed that he was so base," she thought, as the angry tears gushed into her eyes. "He is happy, too, even while he must see how my poor heart aches!"

She retired soon after, but not to sleep. For a long time she lay awake, counting the hours as they dragged slowly by. John slept soundly; there was nothing weighing on his mind to keep him awake. When the clock struck two, Ida got out of bed, noiselessly, without waking her husband, and went to his private apartment. There she struck a light, and discovered several newly-written letters lying on John's desk. Hastily scanning them, one by one, she found what she was looking for. It was almost as brief as the other one, and was even more exasperating. Snatching it up eagerly, she fairly held her breath while she read,

"DEAR SUE,—Inclosed find check for five hundred dollars. Don't use it sparingly, for money is no object now. I cannot think that Ida suspects, though there has been something weighing heavily on her spirits for the last two days. Unless she becomes more cheerful, I am afraid my conscience will begin to smite me ere long. Spend every dollar of the sum I send you, before you leave Boston. I will meet you at the depot, without fail, on the evening of the eighth.

"Affectionately, JOHN."

The room began to rock and surge, and Ida sank into a chair, faint and dizzy. In the beginning of the letter the "five hundred dollars" had nearly stunned her; further on she was almost suffocated with rage by the cool expression: "I am afraid my conscience will begin to smite me ere long;" and the work was finished by the closing sentence, in which the writer promised to meet his lady-love at the depot on the evening of the eighth. What depot did he mean! Was he going to Boston on the eighth, or was "Dear Sue" going to have the impudence to come to Straptown? The latter, no doubt. The tone of the sentence, and the one preceding it, went to show that the Straptown depot was the one referred to. Could she believe it? Would this woman dare come to meet her husband?

"I'll thwart them!" exclaimed Ida, vehemently; and with this resolution her strength began to return. "The day after to-morrow is the eighth. She will arrive on the evening train, and my husband will meet her at the depot. So will I! I will hold my peace till I see them together, and then I will confront them both."

She rose, put the letter where she had found it, extinguished the light, and went back to bed.

There being no envelope on the letter, she was still ignorant of Sue's full name. But it did not matter so much now, for she would see her, and learn more about her when she came to Straptown. As to her place of residence, Ida was no longer in the dark. It was Boston, just as she had suspected. The woman was, doubtless, a beautiful, artful creature, who had fascinated John with her dazzling glances and bewildering smiles, and caused his heart to turn cold toward every one else.

"And he used to love me so, and declared so often that nothing in the world could ever estrange him from me," sobbed the unhappy wife.

Would John Kent have slept so peacefully had he known the depth of his wife's misery?

The eighth of January soon came round. It was a clear, frosty evening. After supper John put on his hat and overcoat, and went out, saying carelessly that he had some business to at-

tend to, which would not admit of delay. He was no sooner gone than Ida hastily prepared to follow. Disguising herself in a long, black cloak, an old-style bonnet, and a thick veil, she locked the doors and sallied forth to the depot. The first person she saw there was her husband. With his coat-collar turned-up, and slouched hat pulled down, so that his face was half concealed, he was walking up and down the platform. She brushed against him as she passed, but he did not recognize her. She went on to the ladies'-room, and sat down to wait for the train. The slow, regular tramp, tramp, of her husband's boots on the boards without, kept her in a constant struggle with her feelings; but, with the assistance of the veil that hid her face, she succeeded in deceiving the people around her.

She had but a few minutes to wait before the train glided into the station, and stopped. Ida stood in the door, watching. She saw her husband step briskly forward, grasp a woman's hand, and shake it warmly; and then, good heavens! there, in that crowd, he folded her in his arms, and kissed her.

For a moment Ida's heart stood still; then it began to throb painfully, and she felt that she was growing dizzy. Just in time, however, she remembered that her task was not yet done, and she resolutely bore up. Although she could not see her rival's face distinctly, she noticed that her form was slender, and that she walked gracefully. Ida was sure the face was one of surpassing loveliness; and she hated it with all the strength of her newly aroused jealousy.

Arm-in-arm her husband and the lady elbowed their way through the crowd. She followed at a safe distance. They stopped, and she stopped. What were they doing now? They had selected two large trunks from those that had been put off of the train, and were giving directions to a porter, apparently, where to carry them. Ida was again overwhelmed by the impudence of the woman. From the size of her trunks she evidently intended to make Straptown her home for awhile.

The unsuspecting couple proceeded up town afoot. They strolled along in a very lover-like manner, unmindful of the cold, and appeared to have a great deal to talk about. She hugged his arm, and looked up into his face with the air of a trusting child; and he took it as coolly and naturally as though it were a matter of course. Ida followed them, trembling in every limb, and keeping them constantly in sight. They moved much too slowly for her patience, but she was too prudent to confront them on the street, and thus create a scene that would keep the town-gossips busy for months to come.

At length they paused. She saw that they were in front of her husband's law-office. She stepped into a dark door-way, and watched. The trunks now arrived, and were carried in; and her husband and the woman ascended the stairs after them.

Ida's heart was beating tumultuously. For several minutes she stood there, trying to recover her strength. Then she darted up the stairway, stepped boldly across the dark landing, and laid her hand on the knob. One moment she hesitated. The next she flung the door open, walked into the room, threw off her bonnet and veil, and stood revealed before the astonished pair.

The two trunks were there. One of them was already opened, and John and the woman were down upon their knees, unpacking its contents. Beautiful dress-patterns, a camel's-hair shawl, and other costly articles were lying promiscuously about.

"Ida!" exclaimed John, in surprise, rising to to his feet, and turning to his wife. "What has happened? In Heaven's name, what brought you here?"

"Ida? So it is," cried the woman, facing the intruder. "Don't you know me, darling? Have you no word of welcome for your sister-in-law?"

Ida looked at the speaker in dumb amazement.

"What! Mrs.—Mrs. Darley!" she exclaimed, with a violent start.

"Ah! then you do know me," laughed the lady, catching Ida in her arms, and kissing her. "I am so glad to see you. But I am half inclined to be angry; for John and I had formed a plot to surprise you; and here you have gone and spoilt it."

"And your name is Sue," faintly articulated Mrs. Kent. "I—I never thought of that."

"Never thought of what?" echoed Mrs. Darley.

"Why, what do you mean? My dear, you are ill. You're pale as a ghost. Here, sit in this chair—this easy-chair."

"Surely something has happened," said John.

"What is it, love?"

"I—I thought you were in Europe," stammered Ida, addressing Mrs. Darley, and not heeding her husband's anxious inquiry.

"I know you did," said the lady; "and it was my wish that you should continue to think so, at least until to-morrow; for then I intended

to give you an agreeable surprise. You see I was going to sleep at the hotel to-night——"

"To-morrow, you know, is your birthday," put in John.

"My birthday!" murmured his wife, like one a dream. "True—I had forgotten——"

"And sister Sue brought you this for a birthday-present," continued John, holding up the camel's-hair shawl. "She brought it from Europe. Isn't it nice? She wrote me about it as soon as she arrived in Boston; but told me to keep it a secret, as she wanted to surprise you. She also told me let you remain under the impression that she was still traveling in Europe with her husband. On the same day that I received her letter, I also received intelligence that, after long waiting, my claim on the estate of John Smith, deceased, had been recognized, and I was fifteen thousand dollars richer for having presented it. Of this I also concluded to keep you in ignorance, in order to complete your surprise, by making you a present of the article which I had not been able to procure for you on Christmas—a silk dress. But I came very near letting it all out, my dear, that morning we had the quarrel, when you seemed so hurt. I dare say I should, if you had not left the room so suddenly. Do you want to see your new silks? Look here, not only one dress, but three. Here are also a pair of bracelets and a necklace. You see, I sent a sum of money to sister Sue, and had her to select the things for you. Good heavens——!"

For Ida had suddenly thrown herself into her husband's arms, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. As soon as she could speak, she told her story: how she had read the letters, endured her misery in silence, and hated her supposed rival. And John held her in his great, strong arms, and kissed her tenderly, as he replied,

"My poor darling! I am so sorry for all this. Had I suspected, for an instant, that you were laboring under such a delusion, I should have disclosed the whole plot. Forgive me, dearest! Let us go home now, and never permit another mistake of this kind to occur."

And who do you think went home with them? And at Ida's suggestion, nay! entreaty. Why, "DEAR SUE."

FOR AN ALBUM.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

If on these words your glance shall rest,
When I have turned me back to earth,
And fondly pillowed on her breast,
Prove all that mortal frames are worth,

Oh! let the love that draws me here
Illumine that low, secluded spot,
And water with affection's tear;
Her fragrant flower—forget-me-not!

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138.

CHAPTER XXI.

As the heir presumptive of Norston's Rest throve in beauty, and counted its birthday by weeks, the heir himself was slowly fading out of existence. Satisfied that his place would be filled, he no longer strove to deceive himself, or those who loved him, into hopefulness regarding himself. The Rest would still descend from father to son, as it had for the last three hundred years. On that fair babe the honors of a noble house would rest, and with them the great love and mild forbearance that had made the happiness of his own life.

Where he had at first been hopeful, almost defiant in his determination to get well, a feeling of gentle resignation settled upon him, which served to deceive those who loved him more completely than any amount of resolution could have done. Of all the inmates of that house, Lady Rose alone saw the creeping danger, and was conscious of its swift progress. She alone marked the treacherous red burning more and more hotly in his cheek, and shrunk from the death-fire kindling in his eyes. While all the rest found something to hope for in the patient tranquillity of the invalid, her heart went down with each new symptom, and, in this mournful sympathy, the two were drawn together as they had never been in all their lives before.

The old Duchess should have known better; but pleasant days had come back to her, and the happy are always hopeful. So the Duchess took advantage of this brief sunshine, and invited St. Ormand down to Norston's Rest. In truth, the dear old lady pined for the young man's presence, for when he came, all that she most loved in all her great world would be gathered under the roof of that old mansion.

Lady Rose knew that this invitation had been given, but in the mournful pre-occupation of her heart, she scarcely thought of the time when he might be expected; just then each moment was precious as diamond-dust to her, and wasted utterly, if spent away from that sick man's presence.

One day she was sitting in her cousin's room,

which opened on the great rose-garden, over which a stone balcony, enriched with carving, hung, heavily drooped with ivy, which covered a very narrow flight of steps which led down among the roses. Some of the tallest roses had clambered up the ivy, and were looking in upon the cousins through the broad crystal sashes, and their faint perfume was almost imperceptibly breathed into the chamber. Hurst was looking at these roses as they were swayed languidly to and fro by the wind, and a faint, sad smile came to his face.

"What are you thinking of, Walton?" questioned the young lady, following his glance with a wistful look.

"Of the roses," he replied. "How long is it since we planted the bush whose flowers are smiling on us through the ivy?"

Lady Rose looked through the window, where both flowers and ivy were stirring in the soft, south wind.

"I was a little girl, then, Walton, and you were going back to college," answered the lady, and her blue eyes filled with tears, as they turned back to his face. Oh, how different, how different! A faint look of pain troubled the pale countenance of the invalid, and a sigh was broken as it arose from the chest.

"Yes, everything was so pleasant then. You and I had all the world before us, and a bright world it seemed. You never knew what a dreamer I was in those days, cousin. It seemed to me then, that you, and no one else, would be my wife. Did I never say as much?"

"Yes."

There was something in this little word that caused the sick man to lift his eyes with a certain look of anxiety. But Lady Rose had arisen, and was arranging the cushions on his couch, so that he did not see her face.

"I suppose so," he went on, in gentle thoughtfulness. "I can remember being very much in earnest, and jealous as a Turk, when any of the classmates I brought home presumed to fall in love with you. What a pair of foolish young things we were, Rose. Not that you had any

such nonsense in your thoughts, but that boyish love filled half my life at the University. What is that, Rose? Crying?"

"No, no!"

"Do you remember, when you planted that rose-bush, you knelt upon the earth, and held it in place while I pressed the soil about the roots. So we planted it, both upon our knees, and I named it. Do you remember what I named it, cousin?"

"Yes, I know."

"The Lady Rose.' To me it has always been the empress of the roses. Then it was more than that; for love's young dream was on me for the first time. After I am gone, you will find some of the dead flowers among my most precious belongings, and prize them a little for my sake."

A sound of weeping was the sole answer to this touching appeal.

"What, weeping, Rose? Is it because of the old times, or for that which is coming so silently and so fast?"

More deeply, more bitterly, the sobs swelled and broke from the wrung heart of this girl, who had suffered so bravely, and covered her wounded pride so long.

"Ah, cousin. I did not think you would care so much."

"Not care so much! Oh, how strange, how cruel!" she cried out, in her bitter anguish.

Hurst sat upright, struck with a sudden pang of thought. All the poisonous red left his face, and a wild light broke into his eyes.

"Rose!"

The girl dropped both hands from her face, and the eyes of those two met in sorrowful recognition. The girl's heart was full of sorrowful tenderness. The man reached out his hands, and took hers in their feverish clasp.

"Forgive me."

"Between us two there is nothing to forgive," answered Rose, with a smile that some angel might have given.

Hurst's eyes filled with tears.

"How good, how noble! and I so blind, so unworthy," he said.

"Blind because of the great love you gave another; but never unworthy, never less noble than the best."

Hurst was greatly disturbed. Thoughts swept through his brain with almost delirious swiftness. He had fallen back among the cushions, and lay there trembling with weakness, pallid from the memories that crowded on him. At last he opened his eyes, and turned them upon her.

"Who can answer for the course of his own soul?" he said, with gentle humility.

"Those who have learned to conquer it," answered the lady. "Here and now we are children again, loving each other as children do, without fear or shame."

"Ah, how have I deserved such love? How have I rejected it?"

"As an honorable man should."

"No, no! Rash, impetuous, selfish, I have always been."

"But not with me, never with me!" cried the lady, fired with generous ardor. "Loving and beloved, how could you act otherwise? The wife you loved so well was worthy—worthier than I."

"No, no! But you loved her. You were like an angel to her."

"I loved her well; love her this day better than ever. I could give you to her, and the child up yonder, by offering my own life. I would do it, Walton."

Hurst closed his eyes, and tears came strong, one by one, through the lashes.

"She will need your love," he murmured, sadly; "and you will not withhold it when I am gone."

Rose took the hand he reached toward her, and held it close.

"I could not help it."

"And the child—my boy! Ah! you will see him grow up, while I—"

The poor man broke off with a sigh, and turned his face to the wall.

Rose left her chair, and stole softly from the room.

While this scene was going on, a carriage came dashing along the grand avenue of the park, and swept up to the great front terrace, where Sir Noel had been walking with the Duchess. She had just gone in, but hearing the sound of wheels, sat down in one of the great oak chairs in the hall, hardly expecting her grandson yet, but willing to rest herself before mounting the great stair-case.

The young Duke sprang from his carriage, and came up the terrace-steps glowing with health, and more than usually ardent in his bearing. Sir Noel met him on the terrace with that quiet, but genial hospitality which no one understood better than the old-fashioned English gentleman. As they turned toward the entrance, St. Ormand saw the old Duchess moving about the great hall, watching them with a soft flutter of impatience. She had a strangely fragile and delicate look, waiting there among the bronze statues and old battle-shields of past generations.

The Duke went forward with a world of gladness in his eyes, but a manner so composed, that you might have thought him coming in from a sauntering walk.

"Shall I be welcome?" he questioned, in a low voice, kissing the little hand held forth in gentle greeting.

The old lady smiled. She rather liked coquetting with the passion that made the young man so eager.

"Has Sir Noel been remiss in anything?" she questioned, with the demure air of a child.

The Duke dropped her hand, with an impatient gesture.

"You know what I mean," he said.

"But how can I answer? Is it not enough that you are welcomed by her uncle, and more than welcomed by the grandmother, to whom, of course, your visit is made?"

"But your young friend."

"You mean the Lady Rose. Oh, she is quite well."

"What a tantalizing old darling you are!" said the young man, turning from her. "Well, I have come to question the lady for myself."

"Of course, men read hearts so easily. Especially those of proud and delicate women. I wish you joy on the experiment."

"But you will tell me nothing."

"How cruel! I, who have so much to tell," said the old lady, with tantalizing vagueness. "As if women worth having opened their hearts to each other as they unlock their jewel-boxes. There, now, go on. Do you not see that Sir Noel is waiting?"

The young Duke, baffled and half-vexed, obeying the graceful wave of that small hand, walked up the hall, and joined Sir Noel.

The Duchess watched him with a glance of proud satisfaction.

"His niece and my grandson! What a splendid couple they will make!" she thought. "I have so longed for a daughter, and Noel, poor man, will soon feel the need of a son. This babe, up stairs, can never fill a man's place to him, but St. Ormand will, and bravely too. In this young couple our youth will be united again; while we—— Well, well, there is another world."

With these thoughts in her mind, the old Duchess went up stairs, and moved slowly along the passage toward the apartments of Lady Rose. On her way, she passed the suit of rooms given up to the young mother and her child, and, seeing the door ajar, looked in. A beautiful sight met her eye. Upon a low couch, heaped with silken pillows, lay the young matron, with the infant in her arms. When the nurse had left her

apparently sleeping, she had stolen to the cradle and lifting the child from his pretty nest of azure silk and lace, carried him back to her own soft resting-place, and gathering the splendid warmth of an India shawl over herself and the nestling, was raining kisses, soft as flower-leaves, over its closed eyes, its working mouth, its hands folded up like rose-buds, and its tiny feet, which she searched for in their flannel hiding-place, and pounced upon as if her lips had been famishing honey-bees.

Ruth blushed, guiltily, and gathered the shawl over her treasure, when she saw the old Duchess standing at the door.

The old lady smiled, but tears stood in her eyes; for the memory of her own first motherhood was upon her, and her heart was tender with sympathy.

"I came in search of the Lady Rose," she said, advancing into the room.

"She is not here. No one is here," said Ruth, quietly. "The nurse has gone out for something, so I stole my boy from his sleep, and have kept him here, to myself. It is so seldom they will let me hold him. Oh, dear Duchess, don't you think it cruel?"

The Duchess drew a chair close to the couch, and, turning down the shawl, took the sleeping child from its mother's most reluctant arms.

Then another picture of gentle, womanly affection formed itself in that pleasant chamber. The young mother, smiling upon her cushions; that dainty old patrician, with the sleeping child in her lap, and a nurse, swelling with brief authority, standing in the open door, looking the anger she dared not express.

Then Lady Rose came in, with sweet gravity in her eyes, and a heart so stirred with tender sadness, that she could not look on that young mother and child without a pang, for she knew that a dark cloud hung over them both.

Rose knelt down by the old lady, and laid her own fair cheek against that of the infant so lovingly, that a thrill of jealousy stirred in the mother's bosom, followed by a swift pang of remorse.

"Poor boy, sweet darling!" she murmured. "How can we ever love you enough?"

"What is the matter? What threatens him?" questioned Ruth, reaching out her hand, and grasping at the child's garments. "Why do you pity him so?"

Rose was so full of her last interview with Hurst, that it seemed to her that others must feel its sadness as she did; but the shock her unguarded words had given to Ruth, brought back cooler reflection, and, she answered, with

some calmness, that "nothing was the matter. She had spoken at random. Indeed she was always doing that. What could threaten an infant so guarded and cared for?"

"Let me have him. Please, let me have him," cried the mother, frightened by the sad tremor in that voice. "Something has happened, I know. What is it? Oh, Lady Rose, what is it?"

"How foolish you are, child. Nothing has gone wrong; on the contrary, we have a guest you will like to meet," said the Duchess, just a little impatient with this nervous outburst in the young mother. "St. Ormand has come."

"St. Ormand? Oh, my husband will be so glad!" exclaimed Ruth.

"St. Ormand!" repeated Rose, and a faint color dawned on her cheek. "I did not know that you expected him."

"It was Sir Noel who asked him down, I think," said the Duchess. "At any rate he is here, and we must do our best to entertain him; at least to make him feel that he is not unwelcome."

"Unwelcome! And the relative of your grace! How can that be possible?" said Rose, with quickened interest.

"He may think it possible, if we spend half our time with this young gentleman," said the Duchess, dropping a kiss on the child's face, and rising to go.

"I had almost forgotten," said Rose. "Excuse me for the moment, Duchess; but I came up for the child, if Ruth will spare him. Walton has not seen him to-day."

Ruth flung back the shawl, eagerly.

"Take him—take him at once, Lady Rose. How could I be so forgetful, so miserably selfish? To-morrow, perhaps, I may be permitted to come down myself. Indeed, I am quite well enough. Tell him so; and say I left a kiss just here, on the little fellow's mouth. I shall be very patient till you bring him back."

Lady Rose took the babe in her arms, and carried him down to young Hurst, who had been asking for him with no little impatience. As if some vague feeling of insecurity possessed him, he had each day requested to see his son, not from the fond lovingness that made up the sweet slavery of its mother, but with a vague anxiety, as if some harm might befall it.

When Rose placed the child in its father's arms, he gazed on it sadly and earnestly, until tears stood in his eyes, and a slow look of pain gathered on his face.

"He is safe, he is well! The dreams that harass me are all false. It is kind in you to in-

dulge me, cousin. I hope Ruth is not haunted about the little fellow as I am."

"Ruth is haunted only by her own great love," said Lady Rose. "In my whole life I never saw anything so beautiful as her pure motherhood. The child seems a part of her own soul. I never thought that human affection could be so absorbing, so grandly beautiful."

"You will love my son, also, Lady Rose?"

There was pathetic longing in the sick man's voice, that went to that generous heart.

"I do love him dearly, and always shall," she answered, in low but very impressive tones.

"How could I help it?"

"And his mother?"

This question was put more directly from the wistful eyes than through the voice.

"His mother is very dear to me," answered the lady; "so dear, that nothing can make me love her less."

"When I am gone, Rose——"

Lady Rose interrupted this mournful speech with a faint sob of pain.

"When you are gone, if it must be so, Ruth will be dearer to me than ever. Then she will be not only beloved, but sacred—she and her child."

"My father is an old man, Rose, and without him these two will be very helpless, very desolate."

"Never, while I live, Walton——"

Rose was kneeling at the young father's side. He stooped down and kissed her forehead with tender reverence.

"I am not the first man who, all unthinking, has had an angel by his side," he said. "Take the child, Rose. I cannot tell why it was that I could not rest without seeing him; but it seems as if a holy light had broken over me to-day, and I must give those I have loved into your gentle care. Now I am content."

As he spoke, Hurst stooped his head and kissed the child, whose weight was bearing down his strength.

"Not there," said Rose; "not there! His mother left a kiss for you on his mouth."

Hurst looked down on that small face earnestly, sadly, until a flood of tears filled his eyes. Then his head drooped slowly, and he gathered the wife's kiss from his son's lips.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Nor now, your grace. I cannot speak of these things now; the shadows around this house are too dark for the future."

"But I love you, sweet lady; and to an honest love there is no place too sacred, or time too

solemn. I do not ask you for oblivion of your friends or their sorrows, only to remember that troubles may exist deeper and darker than death can bring."

"I know, I know!" was the pathetic reply. And the Duke felt that something deeper and more absorbing than he had dreamed of lay between his love and that young heart.

"You can understand how little life itself is worth when love is taken out of it," he said, with tender pleading. "What would all that fortune has bestowed on me amount to, if the one hope, dearer than all the rest, is taken from me? That hope, Lady Rose, rests with you, to complete or destroy; that is, my life is in your hands."

They had been walking up and down the grand terrace, where the moonlight was falling with soft radiance, flinging down shadows from the stone balustrades, that seemed solid and heavy as themselves, and duplicating the great carved vases which were crowded with cacti and vast tropical ferns, all turned to grayish silver in that dim atmosphere.

Lady Rose paused by one of these vases, and leaning her hand on the edge, stood in the deep shadow of the ferns.

"Yes," she said. "I can feel deeply all that you say, because I, too, have loved hopelessly, and know what the suffering must be to a stronger, perhaps prouder nature."

"You! You, Lady Rose! So young, so protected! Impossible!" broke in the young man. "Love! Yes, that is possible; but—but, hopelessly with you! I cannot comprehend it."

"Still it is true; and for that reason I tell you of it. You have conferred on me the great honor of desiring me for your wife, thinking, as is natural, that a young lady, presented only a few months ago, must enter the great world with a free heart. I think," she added, with a faint blush, and fainter smile, "that mine was given years before that."

"Years before that! Why, Lady Rose, you were but a child then."

"Yes, I must have been a child," answered the lady, after a moment of gentle thoughtfulness. "Had this feeling been one of later growth, I might not have found courage to speak of it here."

"But now is this feeling strong enough to bind you to another? Is this the misery for which your words are preparing me?"

"I am bound to nothing, or rather to no one, your grace."

The Duke heaved a deep sigh of relief.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Then you are not pledged, either in honor or in heart!"

"Only as a sister is pledged to the brother who needs her help, and who knows no feeling but that of the most tender affection for her."

Again the Duke drew a deep breath.

"And you?" he questioned.

"I have nothing but tender compassion, a boundless wish to give help, a solemn resolve to go hand in hand with the soul, that God is calling down into the dark valley."

"Ah!"

It was a simple ejaculation, but enough to satisfy the Lady Rose that she was understood.

"You will understand that such feelings give place to no thoughts of the future. When shadows are around one on every hand, it is impossible to turn to the sunshine."

The young Duke bent his head in unconscious reverence.

"I wonder if the angels are more gentle, or more lovely," he said, in a low voice. "If so, I almost envy my friend, even in his last journey. Lady Rose, you shall find that I have the patience to wait, and compassion enough to share your mournful duties, if that be permitted."

Lady Rose reached out her hand.

"Ah! how kind you are!"

The Duke took the fair hand, so frankly given him, and pressed his lips upon it.

"We must be watchers while the rest sleep," she said, with tears in her eyes. "Even Sir Noel, has lost all consciousness of the close danger in the birth of his grandson; and all the rest share in his security. It would be cruel to arouse them."

"It is always cruel to force inevitable sorrow on any one," said the Duke. "Unconsciousness is a mercy where vigilance can give no help."

"My fears may be ill founded, for I have been so much in his sick room, my nerves are shaken. His physicians give hope yet, but I have none—I have none," answered the lady, with profound hopelessness.

"And his wife, that bright young creature—how is it with her?"

"She is in a new world. In her great joy, death, or any other evil thing, seems impossible. Before, she had many fears; now, a doubt angers her."

"Poor young thing! With her, delusions are a blessing!"

Here the Lady Rose moved away from the vase by which she had been standing, and walked slowly along the terrace, quite unconscious that her conversation had been listened to by a woman seated in a corner of the steps, within the deep shadow cast downward by the balustrade. As soon as they were gone, this

figure slid noiselessly down the steps, and fled into the Park, baffled and terrified by the close danger of discovery she had braved. As she ran along the footpath leading to the gardener's cottage, a man came whistling through the shadows, and across the patches of moonlight, carrying a string of fish in his hand, which caught the sudden silverying of light on the inky blackness of the gloom with swift changeness.

"Halloo! What's this?" Swark called out, coming to a halt in the path as he saw the gleam of red garments among the leaves. "Sir Noel is kind as kind can be, but he won't have gipsies tramping through the Park at this hour, I can tell you. Well, what are you waiting for? Do you want to make me set the gamekeepers on your track? If not, face about and march. I don't want to hurt you. Been a vagabond myself too long for that."

Instead of plunging into the dark undergrowth of the ravine, as Swark had expected, the gipsy-like figure came out in the moonlight and confronted him. Then he recognized the young woman, who had once before waylaid him in the Park with such an air of pleasant companionship.

"What, you again, my handsome night-bird, so close to the house. Well, what brings you here?"

"I had an errand at the great house, but am afraid to go in so late at night, especially as there is sickness up yonder."

"Yes, sickness and sorrow, sickness and joy," answered Swark. "A man going to his grave, a child smiling in its cradle; the beginning and the end close together. But what have you got to do with either?"

"Nothing much; only thinking of the baby, as the poorest of us may. I have knitted some little socks out of silk and wool, carded with my own hands; the softest and prettiest things you ever saw, which I thought perhaps the lady—the gardener's daughter, I mean—might take off my hands. She can find nothing so soft and dainty at the shops, I can tell her, not even in London."

"But you don't expect to see the lady to-night?"

"I did not know. It is a long walk I am taking, and the dark came on before I knew it. So, when I got in sight of the house, I turned back without seeing any one, for the whole house seemed lighted as if it was full of company."

"Full of company, and double sickness in the house! That is likely, now, isn't it? Not a soul but the family are at the Rest, except the

Duchess and the young Duke, both of 'em such old friends, that they are part of the Rest."

"But the whole front was lighted up."

"The whole front! Nothing but the drawing-rooms, and no one in there, I'll be bound, more than the baronet and the old lady, who may be playing chess or talking across the table. As for the Lady Rose, she is always in one sick room or the other."

"Yes, yes, that is it. The lights come from their windows," said the woman. "That was why they struck me as so many."

Swark began to whistle again, but only gave out a few sharp notes, that sounded more contradictory than words.

"There you go again, knowing everything at the first jump. Why, young Mr. Hurst's room looks out on the rose-garden, as everybody knows—his old room since he was a boy; and the nursery is right over it. The roses, that hang so thick about his balcony, climb to the upper windows, and peep in at the open sash—to look at the baby, I dare say. You saw no light from the front from these rooms, I'll be sworn to that."

"Well, never mind. Any one can be mistaken. How was I to know where each light came from in all that blaze? At any rate, there was enough to frighten me away."

"And you came so far for nothing?"

"Worse than that; for I have got to walk back empty-handed, and lose my work, too; for no one about here will think of buying it," answered the woman, with a touch of bitter disappointment in her voice; "and we are in sad want at home."

"That's hard," said Swark, always ready to offer help. "Awful hard! You, so good-looking, to go hungry! I've tried it more 'an once, and know what it is. Look here, now. I'm going up to The Rest with this string of fish—trout fit for a prince, if I do say it. The young gentleman took a bit yesterday morning, and relished it famously. So, I have been out all day, thinking he might take to them more than once, and am carrying them up in the cool to the housekeeper's room. Now, just give me them little socks, and tell me how much they ought to bring. Don't be afraid of a shilling or two, more or less; and who knows but I may bring back a mint of money, that'll send you home singing. Besides that, luck being uncommon to-day, I don't mind leaving a brace of fish just here, on this bit of opening, which will be something to depend on to-morrow. Don't put up your hands and say no, when your mouth is a watering for 'em. There is more than enough left. Now, hand out them baby's socks, and I'll see what

can be done for you with Mrs. Mason. If I could but get speech of the Lady Rose, it would be easy enough."

"Or the other lady," suggested the strange girl.

"Just as if she ever left her room at this time of night. Now, just leave this thing to me, or let it alone, as you like best. Where are the socks?"

The girl hesitated a moment, then drew a package from the folds of her dress, and gave it to Swark.

"Get what you can for them, for we are in sore want," she said.

"There lie two of as fine fish as ever stirred fin in the water," he said, laying the trout down upon a patch of turf by the path. "Wait here till I come back."

Having performed this generous act, Swark walked off, whistling joyously to himself, glad to have helped this wanderer, proud of the treasure of fish he was taking up to the great house, and anxious to complete his work of benevolence by interesting the housekeeper in the delicate articles he was intrusted with.

The girl stood up and watched him as he moved away, with a look of eager interest. The moonlight shone full upon her face, softening its vivid tints, and revealing the keen expression in all the wild, fierce intensity of an animal ready to spring upon its prey.

"Now—now I have found the path. Now I will break in upon them, while his enemy lives to suffer. The old room over the rose-garden. That same room. I saw her go up to the balcony once. She little thought that was showing me the way to her nest years after. He is out of the shadows; he turns into the thicket. Now is my time."

Leaving the two trout silvering under the moonlight, the girl stole swiftly up the path, and when Swark disappeared in the shrubbery, near the servants' entrance to The Rest, she darted across the open space, entered the rose-garden, and, guided by the faint light in a second-story window, never paused till she stood under a thick cloud of ivy that draped a stone balcony, into which the light streamed. Pushing back this ivy with both hands, she saw a narrow flight of stone steps built close to the wall, and so completely covered with ample foliage, that no careless observer would have discovered them.

"Here yet! Choked up with vines, but strong as ever," she thought, wrenching the ivy from its clasp on the wall. "Now, if all the way is as clear."

The girl drew back from the steps, allowing

the ivy to close over them, and, stealing off among the roses, took a hurried survey of the building, especially of the window that opened into the stone balcony.

"If it is only open," she thought. "I can hardly make out if it is or not, the light is so dim. Yes, yes, the lace curtains float, I can see them move. The sash must be open. I can find no bars across them. Of course it is open: the night is so warm. That other window just above. The way to that is more dangerous, but I shall find it, I shall find it."

Back through the rose-garden, across the lawn, and into the foot-path, this strange girl made her way, after taking these observations, afraid to linger in the neighborhood of the great house, lest Swark should miss her from the path where she was to meet him.

Meantime, the good-hearted fellow had found his way to the kitchen, where he deposited his trout, with many anxious directions about the way it was to be placed on ice, and dressed for the table, joined to anxious inquiries about the young master, and the fair lady of the mansion.

"If I could see Mrs. Mason now, just for a minute or so," he said to the cook, when that functionary was won into good nature by the sight of this fine array of trout. "You see I have just a trifle of a favor to ask, and you might help me a bit if you would."

"But the housekeeper isn't to be seen at this time of night. You might know better than that, Swark."

"Is she in bed, then? So early, too?"

"In bed? No. Do you take us for laborers here at The Rest, to go to our retirement before ten at night? But, poor soul, you are London-born, and know no better."

"Yes," said Swark, humbly, "I am nothing but London-born. How should I know better? Then her honor, the housekeeper, is not in bed?"

"In bed? No. She is at supper with the steward. Mrs. Hipple and Mr. Forbes are of the party, with the head nurse, as a compliment to the little heir. Quite a distinguished party, to say nothing of Mr. Wells, the master's own man, and Mrs. Hurst's French maid. I have just sent up a course fit for a prince. So, you understand, that seeing Mrs. Mason is out of the question entirely——"

"But, then——"

"There is no but in the matter. Will you never understand, my lad, that the etiquette of a great house descends—descends, I say? You might take a liberty with Sir Noel, or my Lady Rose, but with the housekeeper, or even myself, Swark, never!"

"I should never think of such a thing. Far from it, knowing my place. But people do sometimes ask to see the Queen, and she lets 'em. Maybe, with her condescension in mind, Mrs. Mason might——"

"Might what, Swark?" questioned a pretty housemaid, who delighted in snubbing the cook. "If you want anything very much, why not come to me? Now, what is it all about?"

"I want to see Mrs. Mason, only for a minute, you know."

"Well, who says you shan't?"

"I said that she had a supper-party in her own room, and I maintain it," said the cook, austere.

"And I say that isn't of the least consequence," said the maid. "Come with me, Swark, if you have anything particular. This way."

Swark followed the girl, looking back at the cook with a deprecating smile, as he went.

"Mrs. Mason, here is some one as wants to say a word, not wishing to intrude," exclaimed the maid, when her knock was answered at the housekeeper's door by an order to come in. "Always being respectful, he was going away, but, says I, Mrs. Mason is always meanable, and condescending to them as approach her 'spectfully, which Swark does, mem; I answers for him."

Mrs. Mason arose from her chair, which gave up the rotundancy of her person with a groan, and desired Swark to approach her with an air of good-natured condescension worthy of the queen herself.

"What is it, Swark? You need not hesitate to speak, though my god-daughter is mistress here, and I may be said to hold relationship with the young heir. No one need be afraid to approach me on that account. I am not a person to put on airs, far from it. Now what have you brought? What do you want of me? Speak out, and never mind my guests; they will excuse you."

Here all the upper servants looked toward the poor lad benignly, ready, by encouraging smiles, to bridge over the vast difference that lay between them and the unknown youth from London, who had doubtless come to make some humble request of the housekeeper.

"It is this," said Swark, taking a parcel from his pocket, and unfolding half a dozen pair of tiny socks, soft as down, and exquisitely fine. "A young woman as I happened to meet coming to The Rest with these things, got frightened, and was a going home without daring to come in, though she depended on what they'd bring to get her next meal with; so I up, and says I to her, 'Give 'em to me, says I. If you knit 'em for the young heir, why Mrs. Mason is the per-

son to give a good price for 'em, being his female ancestor in the church on the mother's side, says I.'"

"And you were right in saying it," observed the housekeeper, spreading her hands benigly. "If these little articles were knit for our young heir, and no one else, who should be, so likely to pay their price as myself. Mrs. Hipple, and you, Mr. Forbes, give me your valuable opinion. If the Prince of Wales wanted socks for his last, would he want anything better?"

Mrs. Hipple took one of the socks, and fitted it on her two fingers, with critical exactitude.

"It is fair, a very fair thing, indeed," said Mr. Forbes, before Hipple had time to give an opinion.

"Perfect!" exclaimed the French maid. "So soft, so delicate!"

"They seem very well done," observed Hipple, releasing her fingers. "But really I am not a judge, having charge of a young lady. Indeed, I would rather not give an opinion under the circumstances, never having been married."

"Well, I ought to be a judge, anyway," broke in the nurse, gathering up the dainty parcel in her hand. "Soft as silk, fine as a cobweb, stretch to the foot beautifully. Really, Mrs. Mason, I think my lady will be delighted, indeed I do. Shall I speak to her about them?"

The housekeeper drew her pretty figure up with great dignity.

"There is no need of speaking," she said.

"I propose to buy these socks of the young heir myself. Your duty is to put them properly upon his feet, without interfering between me and Mrs. Hurst, my own god-daughter, as always clung to me as if I'd been her mother. Swark, please to inform me how much the person values her articles at."

"She didn't name any price," said Swark, with some of his London craft; "knowing who I was going to offer 'em to, there was no need of it."

Here Mrs. Mason drew a long silken purse from her pocket, rested it on the table, with a little crash of gold, and took a sovereign therefrom, which she held toward Swark, beaming with pride and swelling with benevolence.

"I—I haven't got no change," stammered the poor fellow.

"Change! I had no idea of change, young man. Take the gold, and tell the person that Mrs. Mason is well satisfied. You have my permission to retire."

Swark accepted the dismissal with alacrity, and backed out of the room smiling with delight, and clasping the gold in his hands, while Mrs.

Mason turned to her guests, and, with great hospitality, entreated them not to permit this interruption to spoil their supper, which they all protested was not likely, such liberality in the hostess being more exhilarating than the wine.

This delicate compliment was uttered by the steward particularly, and repeated by the whole company, when he arose, with a brimming glass in his hand, and proposed the housekeeper's health.

Swark left this basement festival in its full glory, and hurried into the Park, glowing with the genuine benevolence of a kind heart, and not unmindful that the person he was hastening to relieve had looked wonderfully pretty as he left her sitting there in the moonlight.

She occupied the same place when he came back, but it seemed to him that her face had changed, he could not tell how, but there was deeper fire in her eyes, and a force in her speech, that he felt, without thinking how it had come about.

"There is the money—a golden sovereign," he said, with generous exultation. "I wonder when I shall have as much money."

The girl started up, and fairly snatched at the gold. The greed in her eyes drove back the generous feelings with which Swark had approached her. She saw that, and controlled herself.

"I wanted it so much—so much! You cannot guess the need I had of it," she said, with eager apology. "It was all I wanted, but how could I hope for it?"

"Well, I'm glad you are satisfied," said Swark. "I had to break in upon a grand supper-party in the housekeeper's room, to get speech with her. But here is the gold. I did not keep them long from their feasting."

"A supper to all the servants! Did you say that?"

"All worth mentioning—stewards, ladies'-maids, gentlemen's valets, and, most pompous of all, the head nurse!"

"Ah!" muttered the girl. "This is better than the gold."

"What did you say?" questioned Swark. "I did not hear."

"Nothing; only that I could never thank you enough."

"Oh, never you mind that. But if you've got a long walk before you, now is the time to start. The moon won't last forever."

"Yes, this is the time," said the girl, preparing to move on.

"But you are forgetting the trout."

"So I am. How stupid! But you see the gold has half turned my head."

"I don't know how you got into the Park, but this is the way out," said Swark; and leading the way to a side gate, that led into the high road, he saw her pass through, and locked the gate.

Swark had not been gone five minutes, when a key was turned in the lock outside. The gate opened again, and this same girl came through. She had flung the trout into a ditch near by, and appeared empty-handed. Soon her red cloak was taken off, and hung, with the dark lining folded outside, on her arm. Up, through the darkness of the Park she went, along the same path she had just left, till she came to the lawn. This she crossed with the fleetness of a bird, and paused in the rose-garden to take breath.

Everything was still. The same faint light shone from the stone balcony, touching both ivy and roses with pale gold. The lace curtains swayed tremblingly. Threading the same bushes, like a bird afraid to betray its nest, she reached the house, tore the ivy apart, and trampling the stray tendrils firmly under her feet, stood before the open window.

Through the lace curtains she saw a man, thin as a shadow, and deadly pale, lying upon a bed, breathing so quickly, that she could mark his respirations by the linen that rose and fell on his chest with a feverish flutter.

The girl gave one glance that way, parted the curtains, and passed with swift noiselessness to the opposite door. It scarcely seemed a minute before she returned again, carrying a child in her arms. Fleet as a bird, and noiseless as a snow-fall, she sped through the room, and out upon the balcony. There she was checked, spell-bound, for a wild, shriek rang through the great mansion, with such terrible sharpness, that every creature within its walls started up to listen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MINNIE.

BY ALMEDA E. WRIGHT.

NIGHT's gloomy shadows rest o'er hill and dale,
The fitful winds their strange weird music wake
Which to my soul seems like a funeral dirge,
By nature chanted for sweet Minnie's sake.

And from my heart there comes a bitter wail;
Oh, darling! come, come back to me once more;

And fill this dreary void, and be again
My light, my joy, my comfort, as before.

But to my soul no answering word is brought,
The lonely pathway I must tread alone,
Up to the haven where my dear one rests;
With her to share the joys now all unknown.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a simple costume for a young lady, made of plain material, trimmed

and at the same distance above, a similar band to the one at the bottom, completes the trimming of the skirt. The tablier, which is trimmed with a band to match those upon the skirt, is slightly pointed in front, and is drawn up and tied under the basques of the bodice at the back. The tight-fitting bodice, which is edged with a bias band of the stuff, is made of the striped material, but is



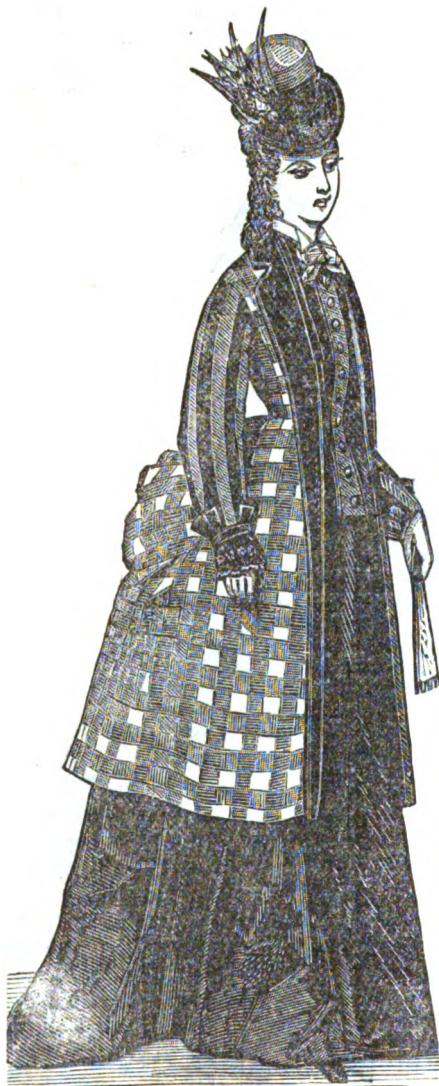
with a striped one of the same character. The skirt, which just touches the ground, is made of the plain, trimmed quite at the bottom edge with a band of the striped material, cut on the bias. At a short distance above, say four inches, are three puffs, also of the striped material, cut bias;

opened in front, over a waistcoat of the plain, upon which it is fastened down by little straps,

each having a button. The waistcoat buttons all the way down. Tight coat-sleeves, with cuffs of the same, cut on the bias. This costume may be made of gray de beige, for the plain, and striped for the trimming. Ten yards of plain, and six yards of striped material will be required.

On the preceding page we give a Watteau wrapper, made of cashmere, either gray, trimmed

plait. If trimmed with a contrasting color, edge and line the top frill of the flounce with the color, and put it on with a narrow band of the same. Cord and trim the pockets, cuffs, and collar to match, and the bows upon the Watteau, cuffs, and front of wrapper, make entirely of the color. From nine to ten yards of cashmere (according to the height of the lady) will be required. Two yards of silk to trim. This design is only suitable for soft, woolen material. Merino would be less expensive than cashmere; and we have seen a very pretty wrapper made in gray de beige, and trimmed with the same material, several shades darker.



with blue or crimson, or a pretty solid blue, with trimmings of the same color. This wrapper is cut all in one from the neck. Princess shape, cut into the figure, but not quite tight. At the bottom there is a plaited flounce, nine inches deep, just in front, widening to twelve at the sides and back, where it meets the Watteau-



Opposite, we give a walking-costume for a

young lady. It consists of a silk or alpaca skirt and a checked poplin Polonaise. The skirt is plain, and the waistcoat is of black silk, or poplin, trimmed with a silk plaid, and fastened with buttons to match. The poplin Polonaise is Princess in form, and has black silk or poplin revers in front, piped with the same. The sleeves are black, trimmed with bands put on lengthwise; and the cuffs are made of cut-out squares, turning-up, and lace, or plaitings, to form the bottom part of the cuff. Five yards of double-width plaid material will be required for this costume, in black and white, or shades of dark gray.

Next is a nursery frock of plain and striped cambric, or fine woolen material. The front is of the striped, and the back of the plain material. A band, cut on the bias, borders the back of the

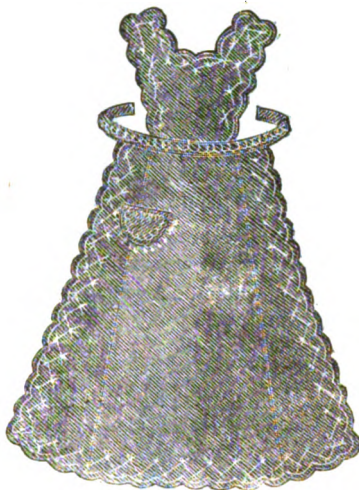
bodice has deep basques, trimmed to match. Trimming at the neck put on heart-shaped, terminating with a bow of silk. Tight coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs, finished with a narrow plaiting of silk, and three buttons. Twelve yards of double-width goods in cashmere, merino, or poplin, and five yards of silk, to trim. Cashmere for the over-dress, will look well over partly-worn black silk; using the surplus for trimming will be a good way to renovate a black walking-suit, which is indispensable to a lady's wardrobe.

An apron in pique, braided and scalloped on the edge, for a miss of eight to ten years, and

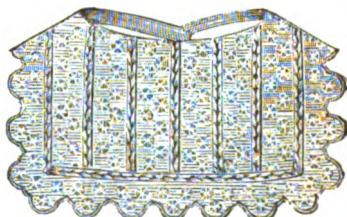


plaited skirt. Coat-sleeves, with striped cuffs. This frock buttons on the right side from the shoulder down, and is for either a girl or boy of three years.

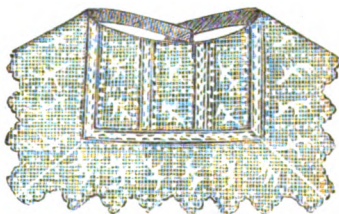
On the preceding page, we give a promenade or house-dress of black silk, cashmere, or poplin. It is composed of two skirts, the under one entirely plain, and made somewhat fuller than when trimmed. The front of the upper-skirt forms a round, draped tablier; the back is slightly puffed, and forms a broad, square-shaped piece; the whole edged by a scalloped or plain plaited trimming of black silk. Below the tablier the same trimming is put upon the under-skirt, in a square shape at the sides, thus forming a double tablier. The



two designs for sailor collars, for either boy or girl from two to four years, made of insertion



and edging of Hamburg embroidery, put together with narrow linen bands, worked in coral-stitch



with white embroidery cotton, completes our list for this month.

We give, next, a suit for a boy of four years, made of either gray or dark-blue cloth, trimmed with black worsted braid and buttons. The skirt



is kilt plaited, and sewn to an under-waist. The loose jacket is double-breasted, trimmed with black braid and buttons. A rolling collar, faced with black silk.



Next is a costume for a little girl of eight years; it is made of de bege, trimmed with brown. The

skirt is bordered at the back with a kilt plaiting, and the front ornamented by two bows. The redingote, or loose-fitting Polonoise, fastens slantwise, and is trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the brown. It is belted at the waist with sash and ends, and a chatelain-bag is suspended from the waistband. The trimming may be silk, or a darker shade of 'be de bege material. Ten yards single-width material is required.

Next, we give the front and back of a walking-suit for a little girl of five to seven years. The front is cut like a loose sacque, double-breasted. The back fits the figure, ending in short, slashed



basques. From the sides the kilted skirt begins. Tight coat-sleeves, with deep cuffs. The material is dark-brown camel's-hair cloth, trimmed with a worsted braid in a lighter shade. Smoke-pearl



buttons. Sash ribbon to match. Four yards of double-width material, twelve yards of braid, one dozen and a half of buttons, one yard and a half to one yard and three-quarters sash-ribbon, will be required.

EDGING.



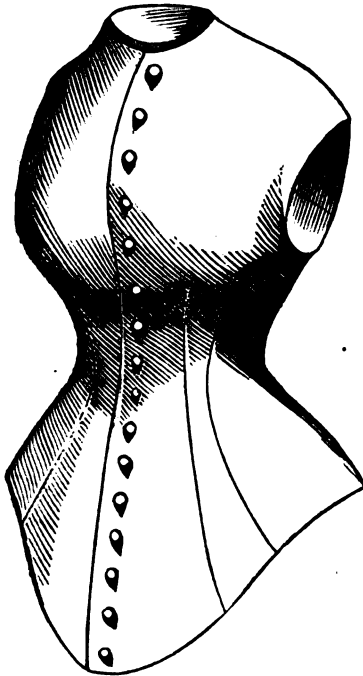
ANTIMACASSAR NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a pattern in netting for an antimacassar, or tidy. The engraving represents a third only of the design. The work is netted in plain, simple netting, using linen thread, and a mesh of loops for the width of the work, and net the length half as long again as the width, unless a square cover is required. The design is darned in stripes, as illustrated; between each stripe leave the same number of plain rows; add a No. 6, by the Bell gauge. You require 102 fringe of the thread.

CUIRASS, BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

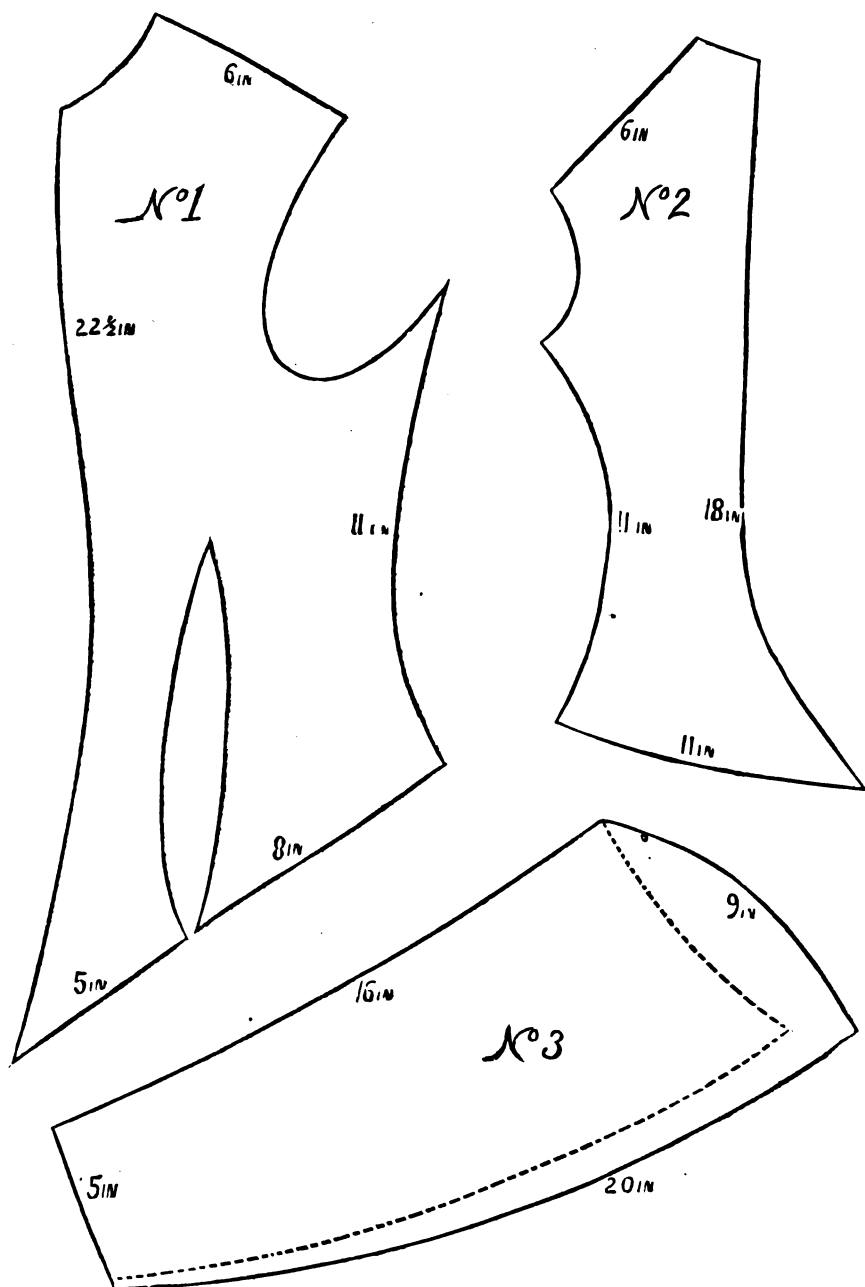


Make of cashmere or cloth, and braid all over (but we give on the diagram a sleeve for those with mohair braid. Our design is sleeveless, who may prefer it.

Bust measures thirty-four inches; waist twenty-four inches.

No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.

The dotted line shows the under-side of the



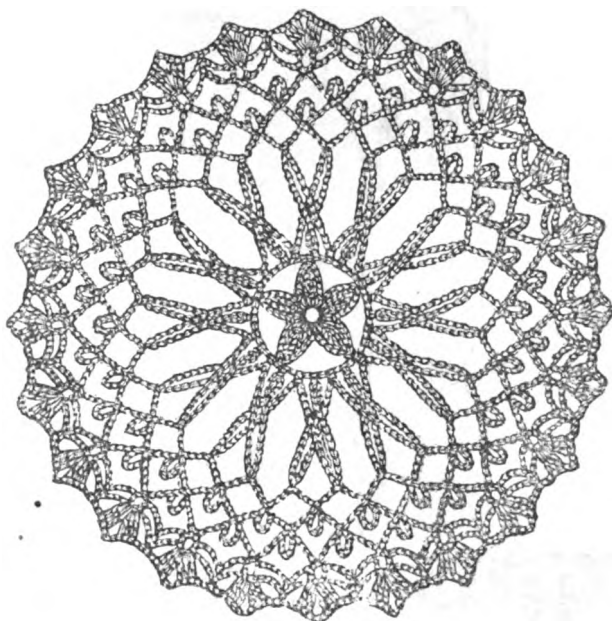
No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

sleeve, which may be used by those who wish it.

CROCHETED ROSETTE FOR ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Crochet into a circle of 7 chain the 1st round, as follows: 10 times alternately 9 chain, 1 double.

2nd round: 5 chain, 5 times alternately 1 double in the centre stitch of the 9 chain and the centre stitch of the next loop of chain, 9 chain.

3rd round; 24 loops of 25 chain each, and 1 double in the next stitch but one of the previous rows, working in 2 stitches, because the last round had 50, and this only requires 48. Fasten and cut off the thread.

4th round: With new thread, 1 double in the centre stitch of the loop of 25 chain, * 7 chain, 1 double in the centre stitch of the loop before the one in which the last double was crocheted. Consult illustration for the crossing of these loops, 7 chain, 1 double in the centre stitch of the next loop but one; repeat from *.

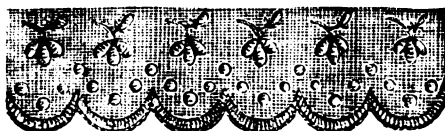
5th round: 3 slip stitch, 1 double, * 7 chain, 1 double in the centre of the next 7 chain, 5 chain, 1 double where the last double was crocheted; repeat from *.

6th and 7th rounds: Like the 5th, except that 7 instead of 9 chain are crocheted, and the 2 stitches separated by 5 chain are worked in the centre of the 9 chain.

8th round: 4 slip stitches, 1 double, alternately 9 chain, 1 double in the centre of the next 9 chain.

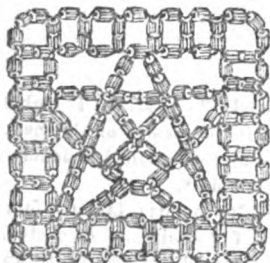
9th round: * 3 chain, 8 treble in the 5 chain of the last row but one, taking the scallop of chain of the last round, 3 chain, 3 treble, like the last in the same 5 chain, 3 chain, 1 double in both parts of the double in the preceding row, repeat from *, and close the round as usual with slip stitch.

EMBROIDERY, EDGING AND INSERTION.



NECKLACE IN JET BEADS.

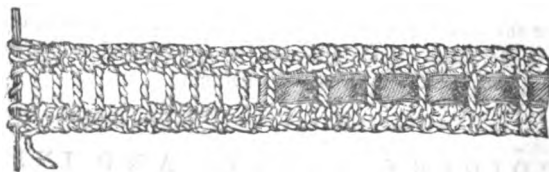
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give the full-size design of the squares which form the necklace, all of which squares are made separately, and joined together by passing the silk or wire through the side beads in making the fringe. For the fringe, beads of three sizes are needed. These may be counted and threaded from the design. The necklace is tied at the back by a ribbon bow.

INSERTION AND KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: Crochet cotton, No. 12; steel pins, No. 14.

Cast on six stitches.

1st Row. Plain knitting.

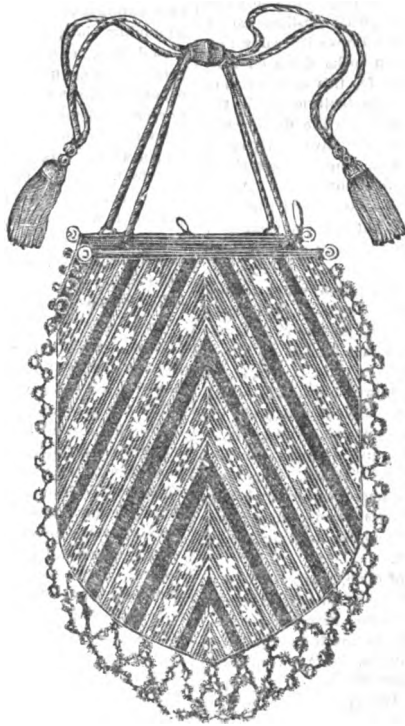
2nd Row. Slip one as if for purling, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, make one,

slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, knit one.

3rd Row. Slip one as if for purling, knit one, knit one, purl one in the made stitch, knit two. Repeat the two last rows for the required length.

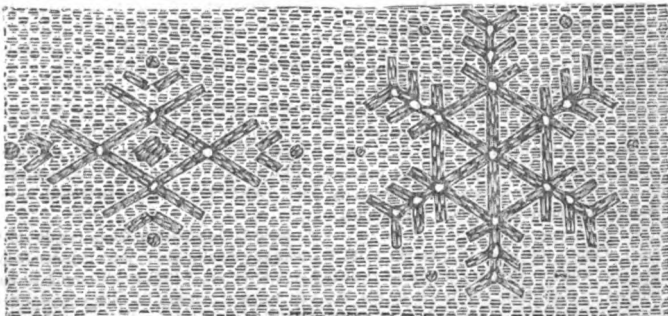
FANCY WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The slight frame-work of this pretty bag consists of two strips of fancy straw braid, each 12 inches long; these strips are placed crosswise under a bag of scarlet satin, which is drawn up by cords and tassels of scarlet silk. Similar cord holds the straw braid in its place, and between each strip is an ornamented rosette of fancy straw.

DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT IS SOCIAL SUPERIORITY?—A lady writes to us as follows:—"Pray do tell me, if you can, what constitutes social superiority? In our little town, Mrs. Brown looks down on Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Smith in turn looks down on Mrs. Jones. The only reason I can find for this assumption of superiority is that the Browns made their money in the last generation, and the Smiths in this, while Mr. Jones is only now beginning to make his. They live pretty much alike. If anything the Smiths make the greatest show, while the Joneses are really the most intelligent. As for the Browns, they know nothing and do nothing; take no magazines, and never read a book; but boast of what they call 'family,' which means, I believe, that they were born in a double house."

Our fair correspondent asks us a question rather difficult to answer. In a republic like this, where no distinctions of rank exist, no one person can really be said to be better than another. Any assumption of that kind is an impertinence. So much for theory. But in point of fact, as we all know, there is not a village, however small, in which there are not families who hold themselves aloof from the others. In most cases, too, this assumption of superiority is tacitly acknowledged by the community at large. But the reason why it is so, is difficult, always, to tell. Sometimes it is because they are richer; sometimes because they belong to the learned professions; sometimes because their father was a Senator, or other prominent public official; and sometimes it is mere fashion or caprice.

It is curious that this feeling of caste, it is nothing else, is common to all the nations of Western Europe. It is more deeply rooted in those of northern race than of southern; but it prevails everywhere, quite as much in republican Switzerland as in monarchical Prussia. We Americans have inherited it in our blood, and it always clings to us, in spite of our democratic institutions. Among other people, however, it is quite unknown. The Turkish races have no such feeling. Neither have the Mongolians. In China it is merit, not family, which gives rank. In a word, this sentiment of caste, in its true sense, appears to be confined to what ethnologists call the Aryan race, and with them it prevails universally, most marked, indeed, among the Brahmins of India, but rampant even in this country, and in the smallest villages of it.

Of course the true test of social superiority ought to be culture. By this we mean, not only education, not merely intellectual pre-eminence, but refinement of manners and purity of morals. The perfect individual ought to have the heart and the behavior cultivated quite as much as the brain. A man may know a great deal, yet be rude in his demeanor: we have met many very eminent characters utterly regardless of the feelings of others. Or he may be a profligate, or drunkard: more than one of our statesmen were. Of all claims to social superiority, however, that of mere wealth is the most vulgar. Next to that is what is popularly called "family," as it is a claim based, not on personal merit, but on the supposed merit of an ancestor. Everybody, of course, has a right to choose their acquaintances, but this can be done without any offensive assertion of superiority, a thing of which no well-bred man or woman is ever guilty.

TO CLEAN CORAL.—Place the piece of coral in a thick lather of soap and hot water. After a short time rinse it well, brush it with a very soft brush, and set it in the sun to dry. We give this in answer to an inquiry.

How We Afford It.—A subscriber asks us how we can afford to furnish five-dollar engravings for fifty cents. The explanation is very simple. Every year we have to engrave a premium plate, at a cost of from one thousand to two thousand dollars, in order to have a first-class picture to give to persons who get up clubs for "Peterson." But once engraved, and the impressions struck off that are necessary for this purpose, every additional impression over and above these, costs us only the price of the paper and printing. As we do not wish to make any profit on these additional copies, we offer to supply subscribers, but *subscribers only*, at the cost of production, which is fifty cents. Of course, this is a competition in which no other magazine or newspaper publisher can engage, because no other one has such a series of fine premium engravings. Recollect, our premiums are not cheap lithographs, or flashy-colored prints, but first-class works of art, and such as really sell, at retail, for five dollars.

ECONOMICAL PARTY DRESS.—Young ladies find no expense so great as that of party dresses. For this season of the year, however, one not too expensive may be made by taking a white silk gored petticoat, with a train not more than three inches on the ground, and wearing over this, a white net, grenadine, or clear muslin skirt with three graduated flounces, headed with open-worked insertion, which may be lined either with white or colored satin, the front breadth trimmed *à la bébé*, that is to say, with alternate goffered frills and insertion, revers to correspond, Grecian bodice and sleeves, wreath of natural flowers from the left shoulder across the bodice. This costume may be varied by wearing a colored slip under it and trimmings to match; its chief merit consists in the fact that it may be got up by a clear-starcher, to look as good as new, again and again.

HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART?—The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says:—"Peterson's Magazine appears, this month, with more attractions than ever. If we had a sweetheart we don't think we could find a more suitable present for her than this valuable and interesting fashion periodical, and we are confident it would please her, that is if she was a sensible lady. Young man subscribe for it for your sweetheart." We will add, that if you haven't a sweetheart, the sooner you get her, the better; and when you get her, the sooner you subscribe for "Peterson" for her, the better also.

FASHIONABLE COLORS.—Cream color is the most fashionable one at present. Next is gray, from the most delicate silver tint to the darkest steel, according to the occasion for which the toilet is prepared. Green of every shade and hue, from the deepest bronze to the magnolia, which has a pale yellow tint through it, is much worn, and more universally becoming to blonde and brunette than a few years ago would have been thought possible.

OUR COLORED STEEL FASHION-PLATES cost us ten thousand dollars, every year, more than if we used colored lithographs, as our cotemporaries do. But they are vastly more beautiful, as any lady can see for herself; and our rule always has been to *give the best of everything*, no matter what the cost.

NOW IS THE TIME to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about subscribing for "Peterson" for 1876. Whatever else is taken, "Peterson" ought to be taken first. Old friends and patrons, let each of you, for next year, make a point of getting one additional subscriber!

A NEW VOLUME began with the July number, affording an excellent opportunity to subscribe. Subscriptions will be taken, if desired, for the six months to the end of the year. No other two-dollar magazine in the country, we claim, can be compared with this one. "Peterson" gives, in every number, not less than eight pages more of reading matter than other magazines at the same price; gives also a colored pattern, which no other magazine gives; and gives a double-sized colored fashion, printed from a steel plate, while others give only lithographs, or plates of only half the size. Many magazines, that charge three or four dollars, are not so good as "Peterson." The Portland (Me.) Monitor says:—"Only two dollars a year, and equal to the best three-dollar magazine. Everybody ought to have a copy of it." If persons wish back numbers from January, they can be supplied. Additions may be made to clubs, at the price paid by the rest of the club.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—You cannot begin, too soon, to get up your clubs for 1876. We have, every year, letters that say, "If I had begun earlier, I could have sent you twice as many subscribers; but, when I went around, I was told, constantly, 'We are sorry, but we have promised to another magazine, and we find now, that we have made a mistake.' Next year I will begin earlier." Being the year of the "Centennial," the magazine will be better than ever.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Queen Mary: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. H. Osgood & Co.—The dramatic power shown in this play is a surprise even to Tennyson's warmest admirers. Hitherto the English laureate has been celebrated rather for lyrical than for dramatic excellence; and there is a very general opinion, even among good critics, that the two are never found united. Shakespeare was an example, however, which ought to have taught them better. Yet even Shakespeare, there is reason to believe, held, to the day of his death, that he would be remembered, if remembered at all, as a lyrical poet, and not as a dramatic one. It is certain, at least, that he placed more store by his sonnets, and by "Venus and Adonis," than even by "Hamlet" or "King Lear." But those of our cotemporaries, who say that Tennyson, because he resembles Shakespeare, in showing dramatic as well as lyrical force, also resembles him in surpassing all other dramatic writers, vastly exaggerate the merits of "Queen Mary." The truth is that the critics, not expecting anything like so great a success as this play exhibits, have now rushed to the other extreme, and are overrating its ability. The drama will live in the language, we admit; but it will live, less by its own strength, than as a curious specimen of Tennyson's comparative success as a dramatic writer: people will say, as Pope said of the fly in the amber, that the thing itself is neither rich nor rare, the wonder is how it got there at all. But when a writer has once become famous, everything he does, in the eyes of his cotemporaries at least, is extolled to the skies. To compare "Queen Mary" to even the earlier plays of Shakespeare, much less to his later ones, as some even of the London journals have, is simply absurd. The play follows history very closely.

The Works of Caroline Lee Hentz. 12 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. E. Peterson & Brothers.—A generation ago Mrs. Hentz was one of the most popular of American authors, and her novels still have admirers, especially with those who wish to know something of phases of Southern life, which have now passed away forever. This is a very handsome edition, each volume bound in morocco cloth, with full gilt back. The twelve volumes may be had separately, or together, in which latter case they are put up in a neat box.

In The Kitchen. By Elizabeth S. Miller. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—In the beauty of its type and paper this new "Cook-Book," for that is what it really is, far surpasses any of its rivals. The merits of its receipts appear to us to be no less incontestable. The author, in a modest introduction, says that some of the receipts are French, some German, others English, and many American. "No small number," she adds, "are taken from written receipt-books of families famous both at the North and South for their savory cooking." Most of the receipts have been tested by the author herself. Those relating to the making of bread are quite numerous. This is a valuable feature in the book, for first-rate bread is rare. But we think the author is mistaken in saying that as good bread can be made with acid and alkali as with the old-fashioned yeast. The best bread in this country is made in the Middle States, and certainly no good cook here uses "self-raising flour," or other artificial yeast.

Tuted To Be Free. By Jean Ingelow. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Those who have read Miss Ingelow's former novel, "Off the Skellings," will be glad to hear that this is, in a way, a continuation of it. One of the charms of this story, as of the preceding one, is that it gives so much space to children; as the author well says, "In real life they run all over, the world is covered thickly with the print of their little footstep;" and why should they not, therefore, have prominence in a novel? Miss Alcott has shown us, in our own country, what can be done with children, as heroes and heroines. Miss Ingelow has another conspicuous merit: she does not pretend to make her characters perfect; for she knows that in real life, even the best have faults. The volume is neatly printed and bound, as indeed are all the books of this firm.

The Mystery, or Platonic Love. By G. S. Crosby. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is a novel "with a purpose." It is intended to teach that persons of "congenial tastes and sentiments and dispositions," we quote from the preface, "and with a similarity of mind and purpose," should marry, and no others; and the author calls this "mating of intangible affinities," we still quote, "Platonic Love." The story is well-told. But it would be a better one if its didactic purpose was less obvious. It is bad art, as we have often said in these columns, to preach, when you ought to narrate. A moral may come in incidentally; and it always does in works of real genius; but to write a book in order to prove a moral is both logically and aesthetically a mistake.

John Dorian. By Julia Kavanagh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—This is a very disappointing story, so much so, that if it was a first effort, the author would never be heard of again. Heretofore, Miss Kavanagh, though rather too romantic, has always been interesting; but this is a dull, a very dull book, with meagre incidents, and those much spun out. We look in vain in it for the charm we found in "Nathalie."

The Physician's Wife. By Helen King Spencer. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This, we believe, is a first production, and, regarded in that light, is full of promise. The plot, though romantic, can hardly be called improbable. There is a sprinkling of English high life in it, which will give it an additional flavor to many readers, for there are not a few, even in this republican land, who, as Byron said of Moore, "dearly love a lord."

Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge. By Hamilton Aide. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A very readable novel, though most persons, we think, would have liked it better, if the heroine's cousin had been younger, and he and she had married as a finale. But the interest is so well maintained, the plot so skillfully concealed, that, in spite of this, the story is one of unusual interest.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper press, in all sections of the country, indorse the claims of "Peterson," to be the cheapest and best of the lady's books. The Philadelphia (Pa.) Centennial says:—"The July number of this 'Queen of the Ladies' Books' has been received; and we take pleasure in calling the attention of our lady readers to this *pet* ladies' magazine. Inside and out, it is a better combination of illustrations, and instructive and interesting reading matter, than any two dollar book published." The Covington (Tenn.) Record says:—"Peterson is the cheapest of all the really good magazines of literature and fashion. Its steel and fashion-plates are wonders of beauty, its literary contents fully up to the standard. No wonder it has an immense circulation." The Seneca Falls (N. Y.) Courier says:—"We have long considered Peterson's the very best ladies' magazine published, and, like wine, it seems to improve with age. It is unrivaled in its literary department, and its fashion department is universally admitted to be the very best." The Mannheim (Pa.) Sentinel says:—"It is a magazine which should be in every lady's parlor." *Now is the time* to begin to get up club lists for 1876. By being early in the field, you can secure twice as many subscribers. The premium plate, for getting up clubs, will be entirely new, a superb affair, engraved expressly for us by Illman Brothers. Three subscribers, at \$1.00 each, will earn this. By getting up a larger club you can secure an extra copy also. Remember, too, the postage, to all subscribers, is pre-paid by us.

WE PRE-PAY THE POSTAGE, remember, on "Peterson" to all mail subscribers. Persons getting up clubs should be particular to explain this to those they ask to subscribe. Until this year, subscribers had to pay the postage, at their own offices, at an additional expense of twelve cents each, and sometimes of twenty-four. The prices now asked for "Peterson" include the postage, making it really *cheaper than ever*. Bear this in mind.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication, and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LEEZEY, M. D.

No. IX.—DISEASES OF THE EYES.—Continued.

After the lids have been carefully freed from their foul secretions, as directed in the previous number, fomentations of warm water, poppy heads, chamomile flowers, or weak green tea, should be used two or three times during the day; whilst cataplasms of bread and water, elm, linseed, etc., inclosed in a fine linen bag, and laid over the eyes at night, are useful.

In chronic cases, it is often of service, nay, necessary, to keep up an open blister behind the ears; and salve to the lids at bedtime, is an essential part of the treatment. This salve may be citrine ointment, diluted with five or six times its bulk in lard, or weak red precipitate ointment, either of which must be well rubbed into the mouths of the follicles of the glands studding the margin of the eyelids.

Purgatives are useful in the first place, followed by tonics and alteratives—the iodides in cases of scrofulous constitution. The warm bath, with sea or salt water, is always bene-

ficial to weakly or sickly children, if properly applied. The child's stomach must not be overloaded at bedtime, nor disturbed with improper or indigestible food during the day. A delicate child is easily chilled, and the skin, stomach, liver, and bowels, are thereby disordered, and an attack of this disease occurs, or, if present, is aggravated; and mothers will soon find that the disease is always increased, or the cure checked, when the weather is damp and cold. Late hours must be avoided by young and old, if liable to this disease.

This is all the advice, as to treatment, that can be put in practice by the mother. If the case does not yield to this mild, rational, and generally successful treatment, a physician, well versed in ocular surgery should be consulted.

EYE-WATERS, made of sugar of lead, are often injurious, in certain conditions, forming spots upon the eyes, and should never be used by mothers without advice.

There are several other affections of the lids, concerning which a few words may be appropriately written in this connection. *Herpes*, or *tetter*, of the eyelids, is often met with in children, as well as in adults, which, under gentle laxatives, light diet, fomentations, some mild salves or ointments, runs its course in about two weeks, leaving pits, like small-pox, in some instances. *Orcula lactea*, or milk scald, which is often seen about the mouth and cheeks of children, often spreads to and attacks the eyelids. It manifests itself in pustules, followed by thin, yellowish, or greenish-yellow scabs, or crusts, which, extending to the very edges of the lids, seals them up to such a degree that the infant cannot open them. After a time the scabs fall off, leaving the skin red, and tender to the touch, which process may repeat itself again and again.

If the disease is neglected, the lymphatic glands beneath the jaw often become affected; and if diarrhea and hectic fever set in, the mesenteric glands of the abdomen are evidently involved, and the child perishes in a state of great emaciation.

Hence the importance of mothers giving even this generally simple affection due attention, not letting it alone till the above-described mischief ensues, by administering some gentle laxatives to correct the secretions of the stomach and bowels; by prescribing a plain, simple diet; and after abutions of milk and water, etc., anoint the lids with citrine or other ointments, much reduced with lard. This simple course, if proper attention be paid to the child's diet, will generally avoid the calling in of medical aid, a matter of considerable importance to the industrious poor, who are struggling for a home. The admonition to mothers not to resort to drying salves or washes, without first giving a little rhubarb, senna, or magnesia, and withholding salt meats, fish, gravies, pepper, cheese, nuts, cakes, etc., cannot be too often repeated.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

SPLINTERS IN THE EYE.—It is quite common for bits of coal, steel, or other dangerous objects, to get into the eye; and often it is found difficult, almost impossible, even for a physician to remove them. A medical practitioner, writing to the *Lancet*, gives a simple, yet certain means of cure. "In consequence," he says, "of the difficulty I experienced in removing a portion of steel deeply bedded in the cornea, which did not yield to spud or needle, some other means of removal became necessary. Dry, soft, white silk waste suggested itself to me, and was wound round a thin piece of wood, so as to completely envelop it. This soft application was brushed once backward and forward horizontally over the part of the cornea where the foreign substance seemed fixed. To my astonishment it was at once entangled by the delicate but strong meshes of the silk, and was with-

drawn with the greatest ease, caught by the same. A gentleman in turning steel at a lathe, suddenly felt that a portion had entered his eye. He went at once to a surgeon, who with the most skillful manipulation, failed to extract the same, saying it would soon work out of itself. The next morning the patient saw me, having suffered severely since the accident, and on the first application the portion of steel was extracted." We give this as a remedy needed for almost daily use.

ETIQUETTE.

WE GIVE HERE replies to various questions we have received as to matters of etiquette. Occasionally, we have questions put to us, under this head, which are not matters of etiquette, but of womanly delicacy, and those of course we do not answer, as every case depends on its particular circumstances.

1. Young ladies do not have cards of their own: their names are printed, or written, on their mother's card.

2. In introducing two persons of different sexes, the gentleman must be named first: Mr. A, Miss B.

3. If a young lady is asked, by a young gentleman, if he may accompany her to, or from, church, or elsewhere, she should answer civilly "Yes," or "No," according to her inclination.

4. A young lady should not, as a general rule, exchange her picture with a young gentleman, unless she is engaged to him. This is rather a question of propriety than of etiquette, however.

5. If you send out cards at all, on being married, send to all your acquaintances, bachelor or otherwise, whom you may wish to see. But if you wish to drop acquaintances, this is a good time to do it; and to such do not send cards.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Clear Soup with Poached Eggs.—Cut up in small pieces one pound of lean veal, put it into a sauce-pan with a couple of onions, two or three carrots, a head of celery, all cut in small pieces, and a large piece of butter. Shake the sauce-pan on the fire until the contents have become a nice color; moisten with half a pint of common stock, hot, and keep on stirring over the fire for some time longer, adding, during the process, half a pound of ham, cut up small. Then take the sauce-pan off the fire, and when the contents are cold, pile up on them a small knuckle of veal, chopped up, bones and all, into small pieces; fill up the sauce-pan with common stock, cold, and add parsley, sweet herbs, spices, pepper and salt in due proportions. Set the sauce-pan to simmer gently by the side of the fire for about three hours, then strain the liquor. When cold free it absolutely from fat, and to every quart of liquor add the white of an egg, whisked to a froth; keep on beating the liquor on the fire at intervals, and as soon as it boils strain it through a fine tammy or a napkin. Put into a shallow stew-pan some water, salted to taste, a little vinegar, a few peppercorns, and a few leaves of parsley. As soon as the water approaches boiling point—it should never be allowed to boil—poach some eggs, one for each person and one over, in it, just long enough to set the yolk slightly. Take out each egg with a slice, brush it clean with a paste brush, and cut it with a round, fluted paste-cutter, about two inches in diameter, so as to get all the eggs a uniform shape, and leave neither too much nor too little white round them. Turn the egg over carefully, brush it clean, and lay it in the soup-tureen, ready filled with boiling hot, clear soup.

Sheep's-Head Soup—(Equal to Mock Turtle.)—Wash and well clean a sheep's-head and pluck. Cut the liver, lights, and heart into small pieces; stew them in four quarts of water, with some onions, turnips, and half a pound of pearl barley. Stew till well done, then put in the head; when it is tender, take it out and strain the liquor. When cold, take off the fat, add a little browning, and pepper and salt to taste, with a good tablespoonful of mushroom catchup. Cut the meat neatly off the head, the same as for neck turtle, about an inch square. Add the meat to the soup, with egg-balls, and two glasses of sherry. If more herbs are liked, they can be added when the stock is made. Should the meat not be required for the soup, slices taken neatly from the head, and served with parsley and butter, will make a nice dish. The remains of the meat and vegetables, if cut a little smaller, and more onions added, make a good dish for the poor.

Carrot Soup.—Have ready about four quarts of liquor in which a leg of mutton or some beef has been boiled; put in it a few beef bones, two large onions, one turnip, some pepper and salt to taste, and simmer in a stew-pan for three hours. Scrape and cut thin six large carrots; strain the soup on them, and stew them till soft enough to pulp through a hair-sieve, or coarse cloth; then boil the pulp with the soup, which should be of the consistency of pea-soup. Add Cayenne. Pulp only the red part of the carrot, and make the soup the day before it is wanted.

MEATS.

Fricassee of Lamb Cutlets.—Cut a leg of lamb into thin cutlets across the grain, and put them into a stew-pan. In the meantime, make some good broth with the bones, shank, etc., enough to cover the collops; put it into the stew-pan with a bundle of sweet herbs, an onion, a few cloves, and a little mace tied in a muslin rag, and stew gently for ten minutes. Take out the collops, skim off the fat, and take out the sweet herbs and mace; thicken it with butter rolled in flour; season with salt and a little Cayenne pepper; put in a few mushrooms and morels; wash clean some force-meat balls, the yolks of three eggs, beaten in half a pint of cream, and some nutmeg, grated. Keep stirring it one way, till it is thick and smooth, and then put in your collops. Give them a toss up, take them out with a fork, and lay them in a dish. Pour the sauce over them, and garnish with beet-root and lemon.

Beef-Cake.—The remains of cold roast-beef; to each pound of cold meat allow a quarter of a pound of bacon or ham; seasoning to taste of pepper and salt; one small bunch of minced savory herbs, one or two eggs. Mince the beef very finely (if underdone, it will be better;) add to it the bacon, which must also be chopped very small, and mix together. Season, stir in the herbs, and bind with an egg, or two should not one be sufficient. Make it into small square cakes, about half an inch thick; fry them in hot dripping, drain them, and serve in a dish with good gravy poured around.

Pigeon Pie with Tomatoes.—Cut the pigeons in halves; put them into a stew-pan with sufficient meat-stock to cover them, a little pepper, salt, and cloves, and cut up two tomatoes and put in. Stew them from half an hour to an hour, according to size and age. Line the sides of a pie-dish with paste; lay the pigeons into a dish, and fill up with the gravy. Shake in a little flour to thicken it, and put in a piece of butter if it is not rich enough. Cover it with a nice crust, and bake it about three-quarters of an hour, until the crust is done.

Mock Sweetbreads.—Beat three-quarters of a pound of veal in a mortar, then put to it a little suet or bacon, and the yolks of two eggs, with a few bread-crumbs. Season it with pepper, mace, and salt; add a spoonful of cream. Make it in the shape of sweetbreads, and brown before the fire. Serve them up with a good gravy.

Stuffing or Foremeat for Fowls or Veal.—Shred a little ham or gammon, some cold veal or fowl, some beef-suet, a small quantity of onion, some parsley, a little lemon-peel, salt, nutmeg, or pounded mace, and either white pepper or Cayenne, and bread-crumbs. Pound in a mortar, and bind it with one or two eggs, beaten and strained, adding thyme or marjoram, or both together, according to fancy. This is suitable for foremeat patties.

PRESERVES.

Siberian Crab Apples.—One quart of water, two and a quarter pounds of loaf-sugar, one lemon-peel. Put two pounds of loaf-sugar into a preserving-pan, with the peel of a small lemon and a quart of water. Boil till it becomes a thick syrup. Take some fine red crab apples with their stalks on, prick them with a needle, and put them into the syrup. When the skins begin to crack, take them carefully out, and drain them separately on a dish; add the rest of the sugar to the syrup, and boil it up again to thicken it; then take out the peel, put the apples into wide-mouthed bottles, and pour the syrup over them. When it is cool, tie down tight, to exclude the air.

Another.—To preserve Siberian crab apples whole, boil in half a pint of water a little cinnamon, in sticks, ginger, cut in pieces, and a few cloves, till the flavor be extracted; strain, and boil with one pound of pounded loaf-sugar for ten minutes. Let it stand till cold, and then add a pint of fine Siberian crabs, which make scalding hot in the syrup. Take them off the fire till nearly cold; heat them in the same manner three times. If the under ones look clean, take them out carefully and put into a jar, and let the rest simmer till quite clear.

Apple Jelly.—To every pound of apples add a pint of water; boil till all the goodness is extracted, then to every pint of juice add half a pound of sugar. Boil till reduced to half, then add a shilling packet of gelatine to each half-gallon, and the juice of two lemons. Or, pare and quarter the apples, put them into the oven in a pot without water, with a close lid. When the heat has made them soft, place them in a cloth, and wring out the juice. Put a little white of egg to it, add the sugar, and skim it carefully before it boils.

To Preserve Pears.—Pare and cut twelve pears into halves, leave the stalks on, and core; place in a baking-jar, and add to them the rind of one lemon, cut in strips, the juice of half a lemon, six cloves, ten whole allspice, sufficient water just to cover the whole; to every pint of water allow half a pound of loaf-sugar; to be baked in a very cool oven until done. They will take at least six hours. The more steadily they are done, the better. To improve the color of the fruit, a few drops of prepared cochineal may be added.

Almack.—Plums, pears, and apples, two pound of each. Pare, core, and stew together; rub through a sieve; add half a pound of moist sugar. Boil until it is quite stiff; spread on dishes to dry. When set, cut in squares and put by for use.

CATCHUP AND PICKLES.

Walnut Catchup.—Boil or simmer a gallon of the expressed juice of walnuts when they are tender, and skim it well; then put in two pounds of anchovies, bones and liquor; two pounds of shalots, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of mace, one ounce of pepper, and one clove of garlic. Let all simmer till the shalots sink, then put the liquor into a pan till cold. Bottle, and divide the spice to each; cork closely, and tie a bladder over. It will keep twenty years in the greatest perfection, but is not fit for use the first year. Be very careful to express the juice at home, for it is generally adulterated if bought. Some people make liquor of the outside shell, when the nut is ripe, but neither the flavor nor color is then so fine, and, the shells being generally taken off by dirty hands, there is much objection to this mode.

Nasturtiums so much resemble capers, both in flavor and the mode of pickling, as to be frequently used in the same manner. The seeds should be allowed to get ripe after the buds and flowers have gone off. Gather them on a dry day, put them in salt and water for a few days, drain them, put them into a jar, and pour boiling vinegar, well spiced, upon them. When cold, cover the jar. They will not be fit for use for some months, but will be finely flavored after keeping, and are sometimes preferred to capers, for which they are an excellent substitute, being useful also in serving up all dishes in which pickles are warmed with the gravy. Young red capsicums may be done in the same way.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, TRIMMED WITH FIVE PLAIN FLOUNCES.—A scarf, trimmed with fringe, passes above the top flounce, and is tied in a large bow, with ends behind. Black velvet jacket, with Hungarian sleeves, trimmed with black ostrich feathers. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with black velvet bow and blue feathers; a band of blue ostrich feathers under the brim.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF VIOLET.—The petticoat is of the darker shade, and is of silk, trimmed with one deep flounce. The over-dress is of a much lighter shade of violet, is of fine cashmere, and finished with a ruffle. The jacket is of the silk, with the sleeves of cashmere, with cuffs of the silk. Bonnet of velvet of the darker shade, with plumes of the lighter shade of violet.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY AND DARK-BLUE SILK.—The front of the dress is of the gray silk, finished at the bottom with a scant ruffle, above which is a deep, loose puff. A band of the blue silk heads this puff. The sleeves are made with two puffs and a ruffle. The back part of the dress forms a train, and it is lined at the edge with the gray silk. The jacket-waist is made of blue silk, and is trimmed with black lace put over the gray silk. Full ruche of white crêpe at the neck. Bonnet of blue velvet with gray plume.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF RICH FAWN-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is made rather long, and perfectly plain; over it is worn a jacket of black silk, covered with lace and braid applique. From the waist of the jacket, in front, pass long ends, made of black silk, with the lace and braid applique, which pass around to the back, and are tied under the point. Bonnet of black velvet, with white tulle veil, and feathers of rich fawn color.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The bottom is trimmed with a broad band of velvet of a darker shade of brown. The back of the skirt is plain; the front is puffed lengthwise, the puffs separated by rows of dark velvet. The apron over-dress is trimmed with a band of brown velvet, edged on either side by narrow plaitings of the camel's-hair, and is tied back by a large bow of the brown velvet at the back. Waist of the brown velvet, buttoned diagonally from the left shoulder to the waist, and trimmed with a band of the camel's-hair. Sleeves of the camel's-hair, puffed lengthwise, with bands of the velvet between. Cuffs of the velvet, and large pockets of camel's-hair, with flaps of velvet. Bonnet and feathers of the two shades of brown.

FIG. VI.—BOY'S DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The skirt is made with full kilt platts. The over-coat is of the same material, has a seam down the back, follows the outline of the figure, and has large pockets.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR MOURNING OF BLACK CASHMERE.—The skirt at the back has one deep flounce, headed by two narrow stand-up ruffles above a bias band of cashmere. The front of the skirt is trimmed by six narrow ruffles, put on in clusters of two, headed by a bias band. Over-dress short

and open in front, long at the back, and finished by a bias fold of the cashmere. Black crêpe bonnet and veil.

FIG. VIII.—MOURNING-DRESS OF BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTH.—The skirt is trimmed all around with six knife-plaited ruffles, headed by bias bands. Sacque trimmed to correspond with the dress. Bonnet and veil of black crêpe.

FIG. IX.—OVER-DRESS OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR, trimmed with many rows of black braid, fastened down the front with large buttons, and looped high upon the hips. In the front the waist and cape are cut in one. Deep, square collar. This is a very nice traveling dress, especially if made of water-proof, and worn over a water-proof skirt.

FIG. X.—OVER-DRESS OF PLAIN COLORS AND WHITE PLAID FOULARD, trimmed at the bottom with ruffles of the silk. The waist is trimmed with two folds of plain plum-colored silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, a Bournoise opera cloak, which can be made of blue, pink, gray, buff, or white opera cloak or flannel, trimmed with black velvet, and a worsted fringe of the color of the material. Also a dark-green cloth jacket, fastened in front with some of the oxydized ornaments now so popular, and trimmed around the neck, sleeves, and bottom, with Astrakan fur. Also two of the prettiest fall bonnets; one is of white chip, trimmed with a long pink feather, and pink loops at the back, underneath, with a black wing in front, and a black velvet twist around the crown. White tulle strings tie under the chin. The other is of brown straw, trimmed with brown and sulphur-colored feathers at the back.

It is too early in the season to note any decided change in dresses, if a decided change is to be made; but this we doubt. Dressing has become so much a matter of individual taste, that the styles will change very slowly, because so few styles can be said to be "not the fashion." The skirt, drawn and tied tightly back, is one of the few things absolutely necessary for the present mode, and a more uncomfortable and unreasonable fashion could not well be imagined. But skirts rather long, or just touching the ground, for walking; very long apron-fronts, or shorter ones, or no aprons at all, are equally worn. Then we see cuirass waists, and round waists, (especially on thin dresses,) with sashes, and basques of all styles, worn indiscriminately.

Plaid goods are still very much used, but the striped material is rather newer, though it is almost always like the plaid goods combined with a plain material. Some of the richer and more expensive goods are braided, as satin or velvet braided on silk, but almost invariably of the same color.

Ruffles are still used for under-skirts, but gallons are never for upper-skirts and waists.

Woolen and cotton galloon and velvet ribbon, according to the material, and all very narrow, are very much used. These are arranged in a hundred different ways, but in general they are finished at the ends with a small buckle, or little spiral, attached to a button. These buttons, which are small, are made of wood for dark, plain woolen stuffs, of white pearl for cashmere, and of gilt or silvered metal for Sicilienne and poplin. Many of the new apron front are trimmed with three rows of braid, gimp, or fringe, to simulate three tunics. At one side only there is a pocket; and this fashion of a single pocket is growing daily. Pockets, whether single or double, are no longer plain. They are gathered or plaited, trimmed to match the skirt, and further adorned with bows; but Fashion decrees only one of these handy receptacles must be worn on a tablier. Now that dress-pockets must perforce be relegated to the back of the skirt, these dainty, fanciful pockets in front are most welcome.

MANTLES, BASQUES, JACKETS, etc., are very much worn, the figures being much more covered than formerly. But to describe the more elaborate mantles would be impossible, the shapes are so peculiar. The newest trimming for jackets

and over-basques is rows of braid that follow the contours of the garment, and are so close together that they almost hide the foundation. Each row terminates with a loop of braid, and this forms a pretty edging to the jacket, and finishes it so well, that it requires no additional trimming.

BLACK OR BROWN STRAW HATS AND BONNETS are still worn, the old summer ones being usually re-trimmed with poppies, carnations, wall-flowers, etc.; anything that looks warm and bright. Some of the most stylish are of the coarsest straw. Feathers are much used. As yet the shape of bonnets has undergone no change; in fact, the styles are so numerous that it is almost impossible to find anything new. Possibly the hat most in favor in Paris, is the one turned up at the back, with a rose resting on the hair, and the most of the trimming is at the back. **FELT HATS AND BONNETS**, to match the dress, have been imported with some of the new woolen and silk costumes. The three prettiest that we have ever seen are a navy-blue, a chestnut-brown, and a bottle-green. These three bonnets were trimmed inside and out with ruches of silk of the same color as the felt. Flats of wide ribbon were placed at the back, also the wing of a lophophore, with the exception of the navy-blue bonnet, where the wing was replaced with a white rose.

GRENADINE VEILS are very long, and are arranged in the fashion adopted for tulle veils last summer. The middle of the veil is passed smoothly over the face; the ends are crossed behind the head, then brought to the front, and tied under the chin. Blue, cream color, and white, are most used.

Very soft, low **COIFFURES** are worn in Paris, and, it is said, nets for the hair will shortly be revived. A few ladies have appeared with thin, almost invisible nets protecting their plaited hair.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WATER PROOF CLOAK OF DARK-GREEN AND BLUE PLAID, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The cloak is made in the pelisse shape, with two small, plain capes, the top one being not much larger than a large collar.

FIG. II.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK OF NAVY-BLUE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is made looser than the other cloak, is fastened down the front with straps and buttons, and has large pockets.

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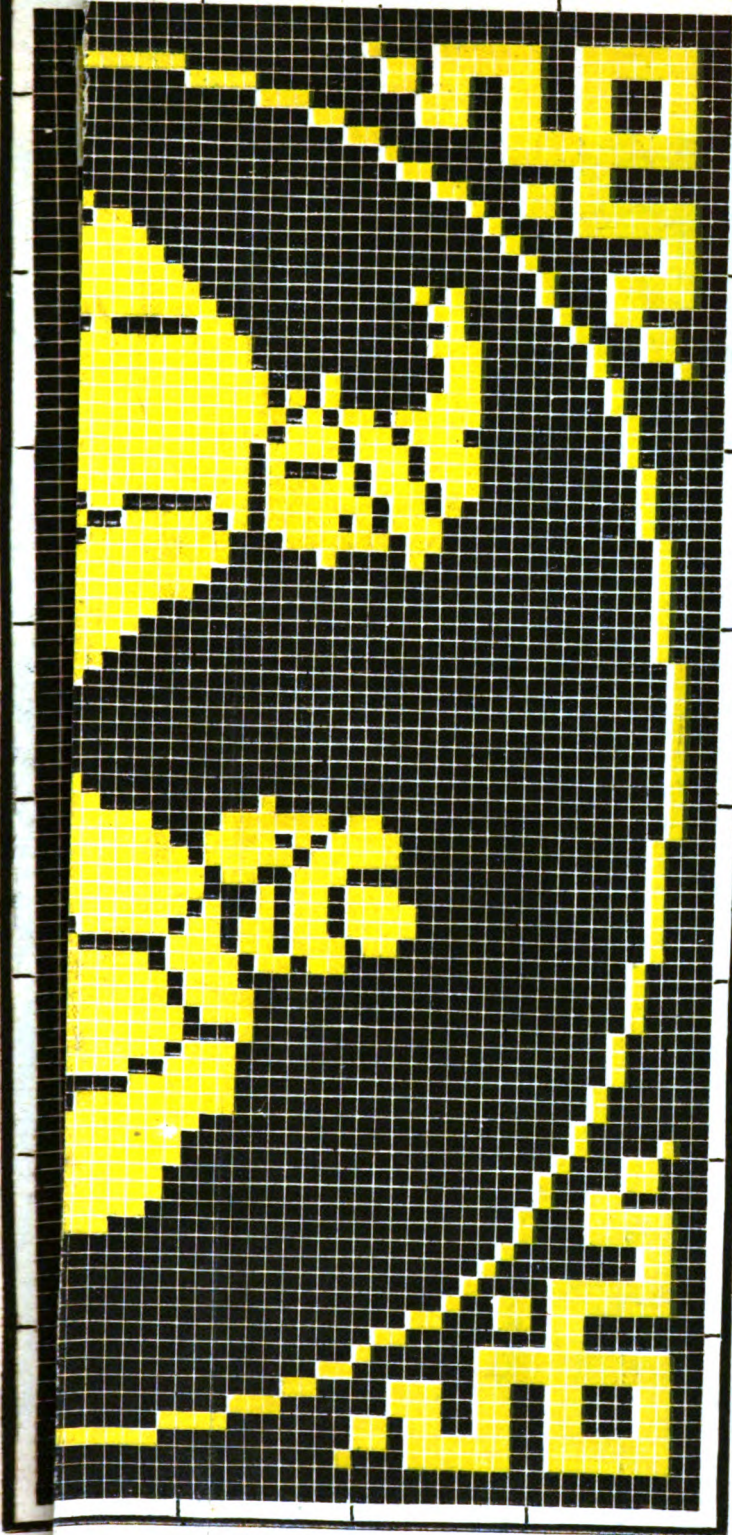
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AZINE.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE—OCTOBER 1875.



TIDY ON JAVA CATHYAS.

КТО ОН ТАКЪ СЪНЪ

БЕЛЛЕПЕЛЪ ТАКОУ СЪНЪ ОН ТАКЪ СЪНЪ



GENEVIEVE.

[See the *Novel*, "Laurence Elster's Folly."]



NEW STYLE MUSLIN FICHU.



WALKING-DRESS FOR FALL.



WALKING-DRESS FOR FALL.



VELVET BONNET. METALISSE AND FAILLE PALETOT.



FALL HAT. BLACK VELVET SPENCER AND POCKET.



NEW STYLE FOR CLOTH JACKET. AFTERNOON HEAD-DRESS.



DOLMAN WITH BEAD BRAIDING. MORNING HEAD-DRESS.

WAIT TILL THE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THE WATER.

Words and Music by S. BAGNALL.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

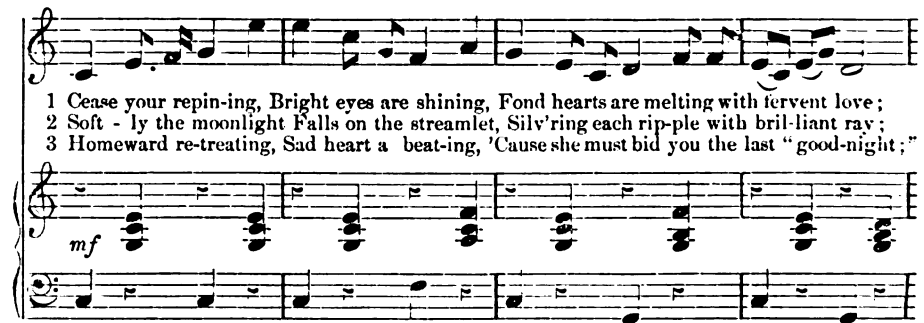
Tempo di Marcia.

PIANO. *f*



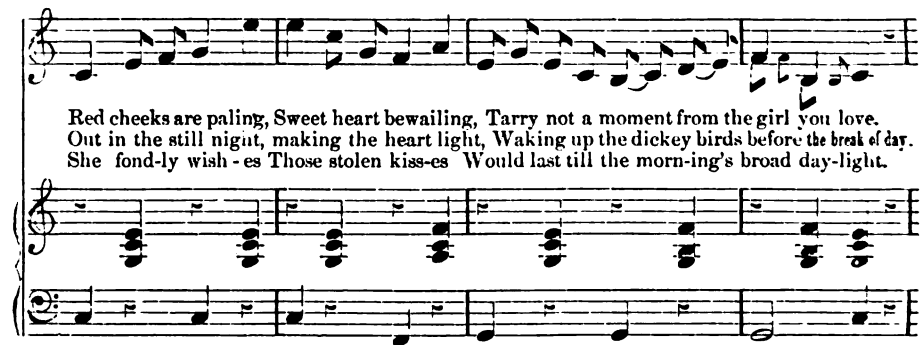
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a half note E. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note B-flat, followed by a quarter note G, a quarter note F, and a half note E. The music is marked 'PIANO' and 'f'.

1 Cease your repin-ing, Bright eyes are shining, Fond hearts are melting with fervent love ;
2 Soft - ly the moonlight Falls on the streamlet, Silv'ring each rip-ple with bril-liant ray ;
3 Homeward re-treating, Sad heart a beat-ing, 'Cause she must bid you the last "good-night ;"



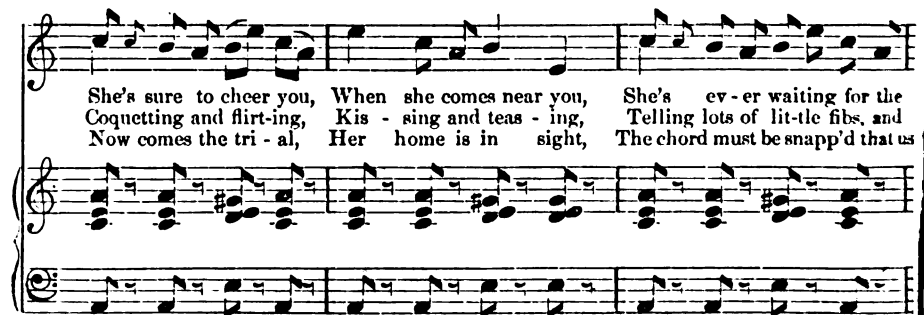
The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is marked 'mf'.

Red cheeks are paling, Sweet heart bewailing, Tarry not a moment from the girl you love.
Out in the still night, making the heart light, Waking up the dicky birds before the break of day.
She fond-ly wish-es Those stolen kiss-es Would last till the morn-ing's broad day-light.



The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef.

She's sure to cheer you, When she comes near you, She's ev-er waiting for the
Coquetting and flirt-ing, Kis-sing and teas-ing, Telling lots of lit-tle fibs, and
Now comes the tri-al, Her home is in sight, The chord must be snapp'd that us



The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef.

WAIT TILL THE MOONLIGHT FALLS ON THE WATER.

sweet, sweet kiss;
saying they are true;
fond - ly u - nite;

If you're in-clined for a mid - night ram - ble,
Some say it's naughty, but still it's ver-y pleas - ing,
Her face she upturned for a last fare - well kiss,

CHORUS.

Tell me what you think about a scene like this.
Just wait a moment, and I'll tell you what to do. Wait till the moon-light
And she whisper'd some words which fill'd me with bliss.

f

falls on the wa - ter, Then take your sweetheart out for a walk; Mind what you say, boys;

that's how you court her; Tell her that you'll wed her when the days grow short.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER. FELT HAT FOR FALL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1875.

No. 4.

HELENA'S FIRST SUITOR.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"If there is anything I am surprised at," said Timothy Binder, talking to himself, as he foddered his cows, "it is the way that Enos Maxwell has left his property. The heft of it goes to that seventeen-year old girl, and a thousand dollars a year to that old-maid sister, who is to keep up the house for her. Such a great house for just them two women-folk and a parcel of servants. It's a sin and a shame to waste money so, when it could be put out at good seven per-cent., and be piling up like a snow-ball. Then to think that old lawyer Lynx is her guardeen, and manager of all her property; and here I am, her own mother's second cousin, and never so much as mentioned as administrator, nor anything. And if anybody can keep money closter than I can, I should like to see 'em. Enos knew well enough how sharp I was in money matters, and yet he never mentioned me, nor consulted me. Speaks pretty poorly for his Christian character, in my opinion, slighting his relations."

Timothy was a widower of six months standing, with a family of four children, who were just now being hustled about by a hired girl, at an expense of "two dollars a week, clean cash." Hence the new turn which Timothy's meditations took.

"Now if I had been left guardeen to that girl, I'd have cleared off the old woman, and brought Heleny right home here; and if I couldn't manage such a young thing as that, I'd give up business. The day she was eighteen, I'd have married her; and then I guess that black pony and basket-wagon would have gone to the highest bidder. I couldn't jestly say whether I'd rent the mansion on the hill there, or sell it at a good figure. One thing I do know, I wouldn't live in it, nor she should not. He, he, he!"

The foddering was done, and as Timothy stuck up his pitchfork under the barn-stairs, he also made up his mind to one thing; he'd "marry the girl, whether or no, if it cost him ten dollars."

After that desperate resolution, he walked into the house, with appetite sharpened by the frosty air, quite ready for his supper. But Miss "Hanner Ann" had been out visiting, and hadn't been in a great hurry to get back; so the fire in the old stove was only smoking, and the tea-kettle not even humming.

Now Hannah was a woman of a very different spirit from the late Mrs. Binder. Meekness was not her forte. So Timothy did not dare to slam things around as comfortably as he used to, and talk loud. Moreover, she was not "tied" there, and he had "changed help" five times within the past six months; and he knew how handy it was to be left with a tubful of washing, and a bread-pan full of dough, besides all the rest of the house-work, while a seven-year old boy was the oldest child in the house. The servant-girl question might have been a means of grace to him, if he would make the right use of it. It had certainly put a bit in his mouth of late.

Timothy groaned at the heavy pancakes, slapped on the table for his supper, and thought of the good old times when he could grumble as much as he liked over the feathery "buck-wheats," and the delicious pumpkin-pies, which his wife had been expected to keep on hand at every meal. The memory of that wife was now always very affecting to him.

"Just wait until Heleny gets here among things," he said to himself, with a grim smile; and his green-gray eyes snapped as he thought how exultingly he could then snap his fingers at the autocratic Miss Hannah.

That evening found him arrayed in his Sunday best, and seated in Miss Maxwell's parlor.

The sad-hearted girl came down to see him directly, clad in deep mourning. He had known her father for years; that was a sufficient passport to her attention. She had spent some pleasant hours at his old farm-house, in the time of sum-

mer fruits; and her father had bought many a basket of the choicest pears of his wife's cousin: and, of course, Helena could not know that the price paid was always considerably in advance of that asked in the market.

"How do you do, Uncle Timothy," she said, sweetly, as she advanced and gave him her hand. She had always called him "Uncle Timothy," as he was so much her senior. It nettled him now though. But when the fair girl sunk down in an easy-chair and burst into tears, as a flood of old recollections came back to her heart, poor Timothy was utterly taken aback. Sentiment was not in his line. The deep grief of a daughter for a beloved father would have been touching, if he had owned a heart to be touched. Worldliness had turned into stone what might have been a heart.

Still he felt called upon to make some remark, so he twiddled his thumbs, as he said, patronizingly,

"Don't take on so, Heleny. It won't do any good. I know just how it is. My wife has been dead six months, and yet I thought, to-night, when I sat down to supper, that I couldn't eat a single mou'ful, I missed her so."

Helena's kindly sympathy was ever ready for another's sorrow, and her gentle tone and words were a great encouragement to Timothy.

"Yes, Heleny, home isn't home no more without a wife in it; and nobody knows how the poor children miss their mother. Hannah is as cross as two sticks to them, and hustles and boxes them about in a very different way from what they were used to, in their ma's day."

"Poor little things!" said Helena, with real pity for her white-headed, distant cousins.

Timothy's face gleamed with pleasure, as he thought how famously he was getting on. There is no telling how foolish he might have become, if stately Aunt Susannah had not at this juncture walked into the parlor.

"The meddlesome old maid" received anything but Timothy's best wishes at that moment; but he waited in vain for her to disappear. He "hung around," until the clock struck nine, and then angrily took his leave. It was long past his usual bedtime. But he could hardly sleep for turning over in his mind his prospects of securing Miss Helena to preside over his kitchen, his children, his calves and poultry, and of investing her fortune in government bonds, when he once got it fairly out of the hands of that crafty lawyer, Jonas Lynx. With these pleasing prospects before his vision, he at length dropped off to dreams, such as visit souls of his stamp.

Poor Timothy had reason to realize that "the

course of true love never runs smoothly," at least his suit did not advance according to his wishes. That "everlasting old maid" was "always around," and even his dull perceptions showed him that she was no ally. But Helena was always kind and courteous, if she was sometimes extremely weary of his talk and surprisingly frequent calls. The quiet of a house, whose shutters were still bowed with black, was favorable in one way. He was not likely to meet gay company coming and going. So little used was he to the civilities of good society, that he construed every kind remark of the young lady, every civil inquiry about Malvina's cold, or little Tim's broken arm, into so much encouragement. If he could only once get her away from that hateful old jailor of hers, he felt he could settle the business in half an hour.

Fortune smiled at last. Aunt Susy was called away, unexpectedly, to visit a sick relative; and as Cousin Lucy was expected, in the afternoon, to spend a week or two, she left home with no anxiety.

There was a ring at the door-bell, an hour or two afterward, and when Ryan came down stairs, Norah inquired,

"Who did you let in?"

"It is that country sticking-plaster," he replied, in disgust. "I wonder the mistress allows him around so much."

"She'd be kind to a dog her father had whistled to, poor thing!" said Norah. "Miss Susannah don't parley much with him."

Meantime, Timothy made known his errand, and begged and besought her so fervently to "ride out to his place," and see poor little Tim, whose sad condition he set out so pathetically, it would have moved a stone, that Helena, on the impulse of the moment, decided to go. The orchards were just budding, and it would be delightful to take a run through them, she thought, after a long winter.

"Thank you ever so much for the invitation, Uncle Tim," she said, brightly. "You'll surely bring me back by three o'clock, so I shall be here when Lucy comes."

"I'll bring you back at any hour you'll set," exclaimed the delighted Timothy, who almost felt he was soaring in the clouds.

"Well, then, I'll be ready in five minutes," and she donned the cloak and hat, and put up a little box of sweets for the Binders, drew on a pair of gloves, and was all ready for a conquest, if she had only known it.

It was a very commonplace affair to her, this riding out with elderly Uncle Tim, in his old "one-horse shay;" but to him it was almost the

consummation of his highest earthly hopes and ambition. Yet, now his chance had come, he was slow to improve it. He hardly knew how young men proposed in these modern times. He would not be in a hurry. She was chatting so brightly, he liked to hear her. Perhaps it might sober her down to talk over such serious matters.

She sprang down lightly at the old green gate, and was soon in the midst of the delighted, neglected children, who did not see such a vision of beauty every day. Poor little Tim was made more comfortable, and all the children rejoiced over the unaccustomed sugar-plums.

While her visit lasted she did good missionary work in the motherless family. She even conciliated Hannah to such a degree that the latter got up a famous dinner, at the sacrifice of the finest pair of market chickens. But Timothy was reckless of expense that day. He remembered the extravagance afterward, though.

Dinner was over, and Helena sat in the little green parlor, culling over a bouquet of wild flowers she had gathered. The children had been sent out on one pretext or another; and then Timothy arose and carefully closed the door. Helena, busy with her flowers by the window, did not observe that he drew his chair up nearer the table.

"How much good you have done us, Heleny," he began, flattering, "in one half day's time."

"I am very glad of that, Uncle Tim," she said, cheerfully, holding her flowers off at arm's length, to observe the effect of her arrangement.

"Just think how much good you could do us, if you were only here all the time."

It was remarkably well put for Timothy, considering his unsophisticated ways generally.

Helena looked up with a curious expression in her eyes. Timothy's next hit was hardly as happy.

"Yes, Heleny, I have had my eyes on you over six months, and I know there isn't anybody that feels a deeper interest in you than I do. I have often thought how unprotected you was, with no men folk about your house. Then, too, them pesky fortin-hunters are sure to come flut-terin' around; and how is a young girl like you to help from being deceived."

"Now for any amount of your advice," thought Helena, "poor old uncle. I must take it well," and she grouped up her graceful spring beauties, and delicate liver-leaf blossoms, in an absent way, half wishing herself at home.

"Now what you need, Heleny, is a protector, some capable man, who will treat you well, to take care of you and your property, and keep

them sharks of lawyers from stealing it all away from you."

"My father had every confidence in Mr. Lynx," said Helena, a little warmly.

"That's more than some folks have," said the other, nodding his head knowingly. "But at the best, he could not have the interest in your affairs that—ahem! hum!—that, ah!—your husband would have," he stammered out, at last.

Helena laughed, and answered, though with a blush.

"Time enough for that, uncle. I am young yet."

"You shouldn't make a mock of so serious an affair, Heleny," said Timothy. "You are quite old enough to marry. And the very best step you could take, would be to marry somebody that would do well by you, and manage your money for you; some respectable man, not too young, that knew the value of money; a suitable man in every respect. You'll soon get to the bottom of it, at this rate. You'd oughter think twice before you refused such a man."

"He hasn't offered himself yet, uncle. Shall I go and hunt him?" said the girl, with a mischievous look in her merry eyes.

"You don't need to," said the delighted Timothy. "Here he stands," and he arose, and stood smiling benignly upon her.

Helena dropped her flowers on her lap and looked up. There was something so supremely ludicrous in the sight of that ancient figure arrayed in his old wedding-coat of bottle-green, that the girl burst into a peal of laughter, that shook the red-worsted tassels of the paper window-shades.

"You are certainly crazy, Uncle Tim, or the funniest man to joke I ever saw," she said; and again that laugh rang out so clear and bright, that the children came trooping in to learn the cause. They were sharply ordered back by their father, who, sitting down, asked Helena, with asperity, what she meant by such actions.

"Oh, no offence, uncle. Only your remark was so funny, and so utterly absurd, that I couldn't think you meant it."

"But I do mean it, most decidedly," he said, bringing his fist down on the table with authority.

"Then I must plainly tell you that I respectfully decline," she said, with a little dignity, "and hope you may find some one better suited to your years, Uncle Tim."

"You don't dare to tell me," he said, in his own natural, harsh tone, "that you won't have me."

"I do, most emphatically," she said, shrinking with disgust, as he advanced toward her.

It was a losing game, and the old man grew desperate. He would try the pathetic dodge again.

"Oh, Heleny," he continued, "think of my poor children, and how much you could do for them. Think of my lonely condition. If you don't want to live here, I'll sell out, and come up to your house to live. I'll——"

"Do hush, Uncle Tim," said the girl, drawing on her coat and gloves. "I don't know what-ever put such folly into your head: but the best thing for you to do is to get it out as soon as possible. There! Not another word. You'll believe, I suppose, how hopeless it is for you, when I tell you, I am engaged to Mr. Henry Lynx——"

"Not Lawyer Lynx's eldest son; him that's at college?" broke in Timothy.

"Yes! We've been engaged these two years. Father knew all about it, and we are to be married when Henry has graduated at the Law School. Now, you know for certain that there's no chance for you. No! I won't trouble you to take me home. I prefer walking." And she was gone before he could even lock the door, and imprison her, as he frantically thought of doing, rather than have all his golden visions vanish into darkness.

It was a weary evening for the poor family of the petty tyrant; but not so bad as it would have been, without the presence of the waspish Hannah.

"He dassent go against me," she boasted, though she did hint, in a tantalizing way, that he "acted as if he had got the mitten."

Helena rejoiced to find herself in the fresh, pure atmosphere of her own sweet home again. She passed over her muddy boots to the little waiter, Ellen, with the remark that she might have them, if she would make them nice and clean. She thought of throwing her gloves into the grate, where a little fire was glowing, because "that ogre" had touched them when he helped her out of the carriage. But she sensibly passed them over also, to the delighted Ellen, who wished her mistress would often take such a trip into the country. Helena herself, however, considered one such excursion enough for a lifetime.

About eighteen months ago, there was a merry wedding, the chief actors in which were Helena and young Mr. Henry Lynx. It was the universal verdict that a handsomer couple was never seen. But in this verdict Timothy had no opportunity of joining, for he was not present at the ceremony, in fact he wasn't even invited.

OCTOBER.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

BIRD of brown and mottled wing,
Near my window perch and sing.
Trill me some sweet parting song—
Winter cometh now ere long.

In the Spring that is to be,
Birdie, shall you sing for me?
Though, mayhap, I shall not hear—
Life is passing, Birdie, dear.

On the brooklet's glassy wave
Float the leaves that April gave;

Croaks the raven all day now,
On the laurel's naked bough.

On the meadow, shorn of grain,
Falls the slanting Autumn rain;
Nuts are dropping, one by one,
And the lonesome day is done.

Birdie, make thy song more glad,
Why must parting songs be sad?
In the Spring that is to be,
Surely thou'lt return to me.

EVENING.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Now tinkling bells are heard no more,
The busy wheel is still,
That all day long was wreathed in spray
Within the clattering mill.

The evening breeze has stirred the leaves,
And woke the slumbering rills,

That twinkling wind, like silver veins,
Away among the hills.

And we who gather 'round the hearth
From busy toil have come,
To render thanks for health and life,
Within our dear-loved home.

LAWRENCE ELSTER'S FOLLY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER III.

A vision was before him all day, look where he would, of a young girl, lithe and graceful in figure, with floods of sunshiny hair streaming over her shoulders. He heard again her voice and laugh, the latter like the tinkle of silver bells, and saw the half-shy, half-grateful glance, with which she had parted from him.

After all, youth, as mere youth, has its charms. Let us be just even to Elster's weakness. There is something in seventeen. We will even frankly confess that it is still more winsome than six-and-twenty. The woman may be more matured, her beauty may be really of a nobler type, but there are times when even the best of us are more fascinated by the younger rival. The latter is like the first, sweet days of Spring, that come, balmy and fresh, intoxicating us with a charm we cannot analyze. All we know is, that they take us captive.

Lawrence Elster was taken captive now. As yet, however, he was unconscious of it. All he realized was, that a feeling of unrest had seized on him. Months, nay, years, so far as his inner life was concerned, seemed to have passed since yesterday. He wandered about, unable to interest himself in what was going on, and making more than one fair acquaintance wonder what had come over him.

"He is always so polite, so thoroughly well-bred, attentive to the last degree," said one, a rather elderly spinster, addressing her confidant. "To-day he seems quite absent, talks to nobody, wanders about as moodily as Hamlet. Can he have lost money? Everybody loses money who speculates in stocks, and I suppose he has been speculating in stocks."

Of course, Elster did not hear these criticisms. He was absorbed and silent because he was thinking of Violet, though unconscious of it, as it were. Somehow, freshness of feeling, impulse, enthusiasm, all the troublesome qualities which make early youth so charming, looked very attractive to him this day, and it was because they were, to his fancy, incarnated in Violet; and he said to himself, "Genevieve has outlived all these, if, indeed, she ever possessed them."

He gazed at her now, holding her little court, and doubted within himself if, at any time, such

feelings had ever quickened the beat of those calm pulses, or stirred the ice of her pride. She was looking more superb than ever, and the very fact that her beauty remained so untouched, he decided to be a proof of the charge he was mentally bringing against her. A woman, thoroughly alive in heart and soul, capable of real, earnest feeling, would have passed through too many tumultuous seasons to preserve this undimmed loveliness at six-and-twenty. He felt sore and irritated against her; and the gloom of his spirit deepened as the day wore on.

Old Mrs. Rolleston's eyes were too keen not to perceive the slightest change whereby her schemes could be affected, her intellect too shrewd not to go straight to the bottom of the matter. While she talked more animatedly even than usual, told more droll stories, ate and drank in a way which needed the ostrich stomach poor Low had accused her of possessing, she studied Lawrence Elster, and read his mind like a book. Only one thing she did not understand. What had caused this change, and put such fancies in his mind? He had talked with her for awhile, and had unintentionally revealed something of his thoughts, less by words, however, than otherwise. Having no clue to the real cause, a cause which he had not himself, as we have seen, yet faced, she put the whole blame on Genevieve, and anathematized her in her soul. And so the picnic came to an end.

There was a tempest in Mrs. Rolleston's room that night, where the old woman sat in her flannel dressing-gown, with her marvelous white hair streaming over her shoulders. She used neither paint, nor other artifices; so her dishabille did not turn her from an old picture into a hag. Genevieve sat leaning her head on her hand, looking straight before her, and allowed the storm to rush on.

"If you were an idiot, I could excuse you," the old woman cried, at last, of course rendered more furious by the fact that she could not provoke her victim into any show of emotion—could neither make her cry nor scold. "But you're a cat—that's the word—a leopardy, tigery, panthery cat! You want to be married! You want to be married! You want wealth, power! But you're so obstinate! You're your grandfather all over! Most people have one devil; you've

seven of your own, and all his added! You'll not descend from your pedestal. A man must fawn, worship, forsooth; and you sit all the while like a marble woman! You'll lose him, mark my words, you'll lose him! Then look out! I am tired and old, but I'm not decrepit yet, nor in my dotage; and I'll make you repent if your impish folly loses this chance—this last chance! Do you hear?"

"Something has happened. I saw it in his face this morning," Genevieve said, speaking almost for the first time; speaking in a meditative way as one might who was dispassionately considering some abstract psychological phenomenon; "but I cannot tell what it is."

"Something happened!" retorted her grandmother. "It's just you, and your grandeur, and your ice, and all the rest of it. Don't tell me! I could box your ears! I could stamp on you!" she cried, giving full vent to her rage. "Oh, go to bed before I spoil your white, china face! I know you'll make me lose my soul at last! Go to bed, I say!" She stamped angrily.

Genevieve left her without a word. It was not the first scene of the kind, disgraceful as it was, which she had had to endure.

In spite of putting all the blame on Genevieve, during the sleepless night which excitement brings to old age, Mrs. Rolleston went over and over the mystery in her mind, and rose the next morning convinced that, independent of Genevieve's share, there was a change, a conflict, in Elster's mind, and she raged more fiercely than ever in the secrecy of her passionate old soul, which all her three-score years and ten had not served to calm.

The day wore on toward sunset. Mrs. Rolleston sat alone in her little salon. Genevieve was gone to the Falls with a party; the old woman lying on a sofa, and dozing over a French novel.

There was a knock at the door.

"Well, come in!" she cried.

She spoke irritably, for she was annoyed at being disturbed.

The door opened, but not for a servant, as she had expected. Lawrence Elster appeared. The old creature was all smiles and courtesy in a moment, and no one could be more high bred when they chose. She thought that now she might get at the bottom of all that worried her.

She sat up graciously.

"I beg your pardon," said Elster, "for disturbing you: but I have just received the new book you wanted, and so brought it."

"Thanks! Anyway, I'm delighted to see you. I was tired of myself. Sit down, do, unless it will bore you too much."

"It is very kind of you to let me," he answered. "I have been bored by my own company for the last three hours, and was desperate."

"I thought you were off to the Falls, with the rest of the young people."

"No. I had letters to write," he replied.

They talked pleasantly for a few minutes. The old lady sparkled like fire-works. But all the time she was wondering how she was to get the conversation round to the subject she wished to reach.

Suddenly the door opened again. Elster's back was toward it, and before he could move, a girlish voice cried,

"May I come in, granny? I've exhausted Miss Saunders' patience and my own. I know I'll do her mischief if you don't keep me quiet for a little."

To the old woman's astonishment, Elster, at the sound of that ringing voice, started to his feet, turned, faced the beautiful vision, and uttered a quick exclamation of wonder and delight!

Like a flash, this thought rushed through Mrs. Rolleston's mind.

"I have it at last! It's all clear! He has seen the child. Genevieve is done for now." Then she was smiling sweetly, and saying, "Come in, Violet. Mr. Elster, this is my granddaughter, too. Come, child, I say."

Violet stopped on the threshold as her grandmother uttered the visitor's name, and stood there, looking the prettiest picture possible of mischief and confusion. Elster remained staring straight at her, so dazed with wonder, that he was perfectly oblivious to any and all rules which regulate people in civilized lands.

The old woman looked from one to the other, and again whispered to herself; and this time her confidence ran thus:

"Confound her! All her own fault. She might have married him in Havana! Oh, it'll be a mercy if I keep my hands off her. I'll shut her up. I'll put her in a mad-house! She shan't touch my baby-girl, that she shan't."

Then she was saying, aloud, sweetly, and with her most beaming smile,

"Come in, Violet, you dreadful child! Mr. Elster, this is the little girl you have often heard me talk of. The worst child in the world. Come and kiss my wrinkles as a penance, Miss Wickedness."

Violet made a girlish curtsy to the astonished Elster, and, with that merry laugh he remembered so well, darted upon her grandmother, and nearly suffocated her with caresses.

Elster saw the old woman's face beam with a

tenderness which he had not believed it capable of expressing, as she gayly pushed Violet back, and said,

"You must have rubbed all my paint off on your lips, young badness, they are so red."

"You don't wear paint," pouted Violet. "I'll not have you tell fibs about yourself."

"No," said the old woman, recklessly. "I leave that to the younger women. It would only be lost in my wrinkles."

Violet's eyes danced with fun, and she whispered something in her grandmother's ear.

"Mind your manners," said the latter. "What do you suppose Mr. Elster will think of you, whispering in company?"

But Mr. Elster was past thinking. His mind was a chaotic confusion, with, perhaps, anger the uppermost sensation—anger, of course, against Genevieve. This was the sister of whom she had spoken as a child! Whatever might have been her motive, she had used deliberate deceit, if not falsehood; and his creed was a stern one in regard to such weakness.

"And where had you seen Mr. Elster before, my poppet?" suddenly demanded the old woman.

Violet blushed, but said, bravely,

"You know I ran away yesterday morning?"

"I should think I did. Therese and Saunders would have it that you were lost, or dead; and it was somehow popularly supposed to be my fault, as usual."

"Well, Mr. Elster came down the gorge, just in time to save me from a dreadful fall," pursued Violet. "Please thank him, granny; for I think I forgot to; and don't scold."

"It was very good of you," said Mrs. Rolleston, turning toward Elster. "You needn't go yet," she added, as he moved toward the door.

"Sit down again, unless this child deafens you with her babble."

"Dear me!" cried Violet, with a pretty petulance. "One would think I wore bibs yet, and drank out of a mug, by the way you talk. And old Saunders is worse. I told Genevieve, this morning, I did not mean to put up with it any longer."

"Doubtless, Miss Rolleston sided with you," said Elster, speaking for the first time, a certain irritation audible in his tone, which did not escape the grandmother.

"Oh, she only looked me through and through, till I felt as if I were not more than two feet high," sighed Violet. "Then I tried to be stately, too, but I caught my dress in her flower-stand, and upset it, and so spoiled the effect. I was glad to run away, and I've not seen her since."

"You will never be satisfied till you get yourself sent back to school," said her grandmother.

"You'll not let me be sent, you dear old granny?" returned Violet, coaxingly. "Wouldn't it be a great shame, Mr. Elster, at my age?"

"Indeed, yes," said he.

"At her immense age!" laughed the grandmother.

"I shall soon be seventeen," retorted Violet, defiantly. "How old did you think me, Mr. Elster?"

"About ten," he replied, before he thought what he was saying.

"Oh, you wretched man! Grandma, I hate him!" cried Violet, looking half vexed, half amused, but infinitely coquettish.

"I think I know what Mr. Elster means," said Mrs. Rolleston. "Before he saw you, he thought that. It was all my fault, too, for I have a habit of thinking and talking of you as my baby."

"And so I mean to be all my life," replied Violet, sitting down on a stool at her grandmother's feet, and leaning her head against the old lady's knee. "It's awfully nice to be a baby, after all, Mr. Elster."

She looked up at him with a charming frankness as she spoke.

"Yes," he assented, rather absently; for he was still engrossed by his irritation against Genevieve.

The old woman read his mind easily enough. She began to talk in her most delightful manner. Violet talked, too. Presently, Elster forgot everything except the charm of the moment.

"Genevieve has lost him," the old woman said again to herself. "It serves her right. Yet it mustn't be, all the same," she went on. "I'll not have an old maid on my hands. She shall keep him to his word. Only she's so diabolically proud, that she'll be the very one to break up the whole affair, if she only sees the half of what is plain to me. He's just at the age to be caught by this baby's caprices, too. Men at his age are fools about very young girls. I ought to send her off at once. But I'll not have her made unhappy. Oh, what a beast of a world!"

With which very philosophical conclusion, she ceased her soliloquy, and joined aloud again in the conversation.

An hour later, Genevieve Rolleston entered the room where the three sat, Violet talking bewitching nonsense, and the other two listening and laughing. There was a light in Lawrence Elster's eyes which Genevieve had never before seen there. Like a flash, she realized the truth. The

riddle of the past day, his abstraction at the picnic, all at once became clear to her.

Calm as ever, however, she swept up the room, laid her hand on Violet's shoulder in passing, and received from the girl a quick, rebellious look, touched her lips to her grandmother's forehead, and said to Elster, in her slow, haughty voice,

"Everybody scolded about your defection. They expected you to go to the Falls with the rest of us. I am rather ashamed, now, of my part, since you were good enough to come and help grandmama forget that she was not quite well."

Sore and irritated as he felt with her, Elster somehow had a sensation of guilt in presence of her cool stateliness. He began several sentences without being able to finish any.

"Now I'm in disgrace," cried Violet, with a rueful face, that was provokingly pretty.

"Indeed, I fear so," returned Genevieve, smiling at her; "for I met Miss Saunders, who said you had run away again. Grandma, I fear we must be rude, and send Mr. Elster off, else you will be late for dinner."

"Good-bye, Mr. Elster!" exclaimed Violet, rising, and looking, as she stood near her sister, like some old master's impersonation of Aurora by the side of a snow-queen. "I shan't escape the Saunders again for a month. So, once more, thanks and farewell. It may be four years, and it may be eleven," she sang, in a wicked parody on Kathleen Mavourneen.

Away she ran, her curls floating out like a golden veil about her shoulders.

She turned at the door, to cast back one fleeting glance, her beautiful face beaming with mischief and glee. As she disappeared, Elster's gaze wandered toward Genevieve. What was it he read in that face? But the emotion was gone before he could give it a name, and she was answering quietly, as Elster made his exit, with rather lame words.

The old woman and the young one were alone. The two faced each other. A mingled dismay and triumph shone in the aged countenance; a sudden tempest disturbed the proud composure of the other.

"Don't look at me like that!" cried Mrs. Rolleston. "I'll not bear it. Your grandfather all over! It's not my fault. He saved her life yesterday. She ran into the room awhile ago, without knowing that he was here. Now you understand what has ailed him. All your own fault. You might have been married months ago, if you would have come off your stilts, and used your common sense. It's no good glaring at me. I'm

not to blame. I could play your cards for you better than you could play them yourself: but you won't let me. So, don't complain when you lose."

Then Genevieve's icy voice answered,

"When I complain, when I accuse you, it will be time enough to defend yourself."

She looked steadily at her grandmother as she spoke, literally looked her down; and then, with a superb air of disdain, swept from the room.

"Her grandfather over again," shivered the old woman, and rang the bell viciously for her maid.

Much as she tyrannized over Genevieve in general, there were times when the latter cowed the old creature. Strength of will is relative, and Genevieve's will, when it came to a crisis, was more powerful than Mrs. Rolleston's. The old woman knew this, and shrank, at such moments, from the encounter. When her granddaughter was fully roused, Mrs. Rolleston became a coward. She was a coward now, for she knew the signs, and she knew that Genevieve was at white heat. Brave as she was, she shivered.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was to be a croquet party the next day. Certain of the guests had challenged certain others; and in making up the sides, Elster had been fixed upon to lead one, and Genevieve the other, these two being considered the best players. This projected trial of skill had really grown out of a playful discussion among the company, one day, after dinner, as to whether Genevieve or Elster would win in such a struggle; and, to decide it, a game had been made up, and then Genevieve and Elster told they must be leaders and antagonists. There had been a good deal of laughing banter, afterward, between Elster and Genevieve, as to the result. Genevieve had insisted, with pretty vehemence, that she was sure she should win, and as everybody was betting, had ventured a pair of gloves with her opponent. Never had she so unbent from her pride, never had she appeared so charming to Elster, as on this occasion. The game had not been played at once, but arranged for several days ahead, because one of the best players on Elster's side, a young lady, had to go away for a few days, but expected to return on the afternoon fixed for the contest.

It was not, however, till the players had actually begun to collect on the ground, and the guests at the hotel were in full force as spectators, that a note came from the absentee, regretting that she was unavoidably prevented from

coming. "In fact, I have joined a party for the White Mountains, and will not be able to return at all," she wrote. "So you will have to find some one else to take my place."

This note was addressed to her aunt, who had been chaperoning her at the hotel, and who now brought it in at the eleventh hour, saying that the messenger had just arrived with it.

"What shall we do?" cried several of the players, in dismay. "It is such a pity to give up the game."

"But who can you get to take her place? The match was as near perfect as it could be," said Elster.

"We have no one here that would be a fair substitute," said Genevieve. "It wouldn't be fair to make the other side fight under a disadvantage."

"We will take the risk," said Elster, chivalrously. "Better be over-weighted on my side than yours, Miss Rolleston," and he bowed low.

"That is very polite, but it isn't fair," retorted Genevieve, the least bit icily. "No, we will not go on."

"Stop," said Mrs. Rolleston, who, of course, was one of the spectators. "I have it. Violet is a capital player, as near like Miss Edson"—this was the absentee—"as possible. It was only the other day that Miss Saunders and I saw the two playing here; and at the end of four games, they came out even. My granddaughter shall play. Send for Miss Saunders, and tell her to bring the child here."

Genevieve gave one quick glance at her grandmother's order. She knew that all Mrs. Rolleston said about Violet's playing was correct; she herself had been a witness to the trial of skill between the two young girls, for Miss Edson, though "out," was only a year older than Violet; and she saw, at once, that the proposal was a fair one. Yet she more than half suspected her grandmother of a sinister purpose in making the suggestion. "Can it be that she wishes to thwart me?" said Genevieve to herself. "Was she only pretending, last night, when she said it was my fault only? Does she think she would rather have Violet Mr. Elster's wife than myself?" She fired up at the mere idea of such treachery, as well she might. Her color went and came; her bosom heaved; it was with difficulty she could retain her composure. She knew what a dreadful old hypocrite her grandmother was, how treacherous, and how revengeful. "Yes," she said, after an instant, "it is done only to humiliate me, and before all these people, too."

She was roused from her reflections by the voice of Elster.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Rollinston," he was saying, "pardon me for one moment. Your granddaughter here must first be consulted. She leads the other side, and unless she thinks the substitute a fair one, I do not consent."

"Hoity-toity," said the old lady, "you young people put on airs. Isn't my word sufficient? Don't interfere, sir." And half-decisively, half-smilingly, she waived Elster aside.

"But pardon me," he began again.

At this crisis Genevieve interposed,

"Grandma," she said, coldly, not even looking at Elster, for pride, shall we say also incipient jealousy? made her unjust to him, so that she quite ignored his courtesy, "send for Violet. I think, with you, that a better substitute could not be found. Even if she is a little more skillful than Miss Edson, though I don't think so, we are not afraid of the odds." And she moved promptly off to take up her position.

Elster, on his part, took up his also, saying to himself, "How cold and haughty she is," and wondering that he had ever thought otherwise. He gave an almost imperceptible shrug to his shoulders, which no one but Mrs. Rolleston saw, and she only because she was watching him keenly.

"What, grandma, play with all these grown-up people?" whispered Violet, when she appeared, with Miss Saunders, directly. "You didn't mean it? You would never let me do it before. I'm not 'out' yet, you know," and she demurely drew down the corners of her mouth.

"Go away, you baggage, and do as I tell you," whispered the old woman. Then aloud, "And mind you play your best. I bet half a dozen of gloves with Mr. Low, the other day, that Genevieve's side would be beaten; and don't you dare to make me lose them."

It was a long and arduous game, severely contested to the last. The fluctuations in it were unusual; for now one side, now the other seemed to have the advantage, a lucky stroke continually changing the whole aspect of the conflict. Neither Genevieve, nor Elster had ever played better; at least so all the spectators said; and the rest of the players ably seconded their respective leaders. Frequently the lookers-on broke out into applause, when some particularly effective play was made. This happened several times when Genevieve restored, for the time, by a triumphant run, the fortunes of her party.

"You must show me how to play, Mr. Elster," said Violet, fixing her great eyes appealingly on her captain, as his side drew together preparatory to beginning the game. "You know, in spite of what grandma says, I am but a novice."

Some young girls are unconscious coquettes from infancy even. They have a way of addressing men in soft, low voices, and looking up innocently, and soliciting advice, as if they were utterly helpless without masculine assistance. Violet was one of these. We do not mean to say that she practised her little arts with "malice aforethought," as the lawyers would say. She really did not think about the matter, one way or another, but acted from the natural impulse of her character. It was born with her to do these things, and she did them, and did them well.

All through the game she was continually calling on Elster for advice. "Shall I do this?" she would say, and the fine eyes would look up, appealingly. "Hadn't I better do that?" "If you say so, I will croquet Miss Potter's ball." Sometimes she would go a little further. With her pretty little foot arched over a ball, the sole holding it firmly, preparatory to striking it with the mallet, she would say, "Now, is that right, Mr. Elster? I'm really so awkward, I'm afraid I shall miss. Would you, please," with such an emphasis on the "please," and such a beseeching glance, "would you, please, just fix my foot right yourself?" And then Elster would have to stoop down, and take the pretty little foot in his hand, and adjust it; and when the stroke had been delivered, and the enemy's ball sent almost out of sight, Violet would glance up at him, while the rest were applauding, and say, with such a look in her brown eyes, "Oh, thanks! I owe it all to you, Mr. Elster. If you hadn't fixed my foot, it would have slipped, and I should have missed altogether."

The players, on the opposite side, began at last to murmur a little. "It isn't fair," said one outspoken girl. "We're fighting Mr. Elster all the time. It is he that plays, and not Miss Violet." Some of the gentlemen would have protested, but they hardly liked to, as a lady was in the case. Others did not do it because they were as much a captive as Mr. Elster. Those on Elster's side remarked on Violet's proceedings in a different strain. "I declare, it's shameful, the way that little child is flirting with Mr. Elster," said the mature spinster. "And he seems completely her dupe. But what fools men are!" The speaker was on the shady side of thirty, quite plain, and rumor said had never had an offer. "Any one, with the least sense, could see that Miss Violet's ignorance is all put on. I detest such creatures!" said another. "I wonder how Miss Rolleston likes it. I understood that was a fixed thing; but this doesn't look like it, does it? For my part, I think the elder sister much the handsomer. Don't you?"

Genevieve certainly was much the handsomer, at least such would have been the verdict of most impartial observers; for what she lacked in freshness and youthfulness, she made up in style and figure, and in that character in the face which the years between seventeen and twenty-five alone can give. Nor had she ever looked more beautiful than she looked now. As the last speaker finished, both ladies turned to gaze at her. She was just in the act of driving her ball through the hoop. Both hands held her mallet, and she was slightly stooping. With her graceful attitude; with the color that excitement had brought to her cheek; with her gauzy summer-dress, ruffled to the waist, fluttering faintly in the breeze; the whole brought out against the back-ground of trees; she looked the very impersonation of high-spirits and high-breeding. But, alas! at that particular moment, her spirits were anything but high.

She had not been blind, all this afternoon, to the proceedings of Violet. The little, coquetish arts, with which her sister had striven to engage and monopolize Elster's attention, had, at first, only awakened a smile, partly, of contempt, for as Genevieve had nothing in her nature even of insensible coquetry, she not only despised such arts, but could hardly understand how any woman could stoop to them. But it was only in part contempt that she felt. Violet was young, and hardly knew what she did, was her explanation; and this, as we have seen, was in one sense true. But as the game progressed, and she saw Elster yielding to the subtle flattery thus brought to bear on him, her pride rose in arms. "Was this the man who wanted to marry her? Could he not even resist the transparent wiles of a child? Had he no respect for her position, and for what people would say, were, perhaps, at this very moment saying?" She colored with mortification at the thought.

At that very moment, the two ladies, whose conversation we have recorded, spoke, and they were sufficiently near for her to overhear part of what they said. She was a girl of rare presence of mind, but even she felt the sting of those words, and could not help being affected by them, if only for an instant. But that instant was fatal to her play. Her stroke was uncertain, she missed the point she intended to make, and as the crisis was important, the game, from that moment, passed out of her control. "How could she have played so badly?" exclaimed one of her own party, who was ignorant of the conversation we have repeated. "The victory was sure, if she had only showed her usual skill; and now——"

Now, Violet, whose turn came next, was looking sweetly up at Elster, and saying,

"What shall I do? Here are two chances for me," and she swung her mallet to and fro, hesitatingly. "One is certain, but not so effective; the other involves more risk, but if I succeed, the game is won."

For once, Elster would not answer. He saw that the present was a critical point in the game, and that advice now would hardly be fair.

"I cannot advise," he said.

"That's right," cried several voices, approvingly. "Too much is at stake."

Violet took no notice of these exclamations. She turned again to Elster, with a little pout.

"I don't think it fair," she said, with a look of reproach in her eyes. "Just when I want your help the most, you desert me. Well, I'll risk everything," and, with a little effusion of girlish spite, she added, "if I lose, it will be your fault."

But she did not lose. It was what would be called a long shot, quite across the croquet-ground; but she had a capital eye, and a wrist like steel; and her ball went hissing over the short grass, and striking her opponent's far away, with a dull thud, sent it spinning quite out of bounds.

A general shout went up. Such a brilliant stroke had not been seen that summer. Violet turned to Elster, with a counterfeit look of humility; but triumph lurking, hidden, nevertheless, in those fine eyes of hers.

"It was all luck," she said, "as you know. But I shall never forgive you, mind, for not telling me what to do."

Genevieve, at this stroke, so unexpected, and so fatal, turned to her lieutenant.

"It is all up with us," she said. "That play has decided the game."

"You don't mean to give it up," was the answer. "There may be a chance yet."

"I never give anything up," said Genevieve, with an almost imperceptible shutting of the lips,

and a nervous stamp with her exquisitely booted foot. "That is when I'm bent on winning. I always play it out. But we shall be beaten, all the same."

And beaten they were, though Genevieve, especially, struggled desperately. She had played well before; but she played better now. The odds, however, were too heavy. She was like Napoleon, in the plains of Champagne, in that fatal winter of 1814; she ought to have won, even against the odds. And those not actually engaged against her, sympathised with her so much, that they insisted, one and all, that she would succeed. Even Elster wished it in secret. He could not help feeling all his old admiration come back, in full force, as he watched how gallantly she struggled, now assisting this one of her party, now rushing furiously at one of her antagonists, (for she had got to be what is called "a rover," in the technical language of the game,) nor could all the little wiles of Violet, who had recovered from her affected pout, and smiled as sweetly as ever, fascinate him as they had done earlier in the game.

"So Genevieve is benten," said her grandmother, as the game was brought to a close, and spectators rose to go. "I said Violet must win, and you see she obeyed me. Come, my pet, and let me thank you."

All this was galling to Genevieve, and perhaps the old woman meant it should be. But the cup of mortification for the defeated girl was not yet filled to the brim; for as she returned to the hotel, she overheard the amiable old spinster commenting on her defeat.

"Miss Rolleston has lost another game beside this, if I don't mistake," the spinster was saying, as Genevieve went noiselessly by. "And Miss Violet wins both."

This was the speech that her proud spirit had to endure, and to carry with her to meditate over; and you may judge if her sleep, that night, was sweet, or her dreams pleasant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HER SOUL IS IN HEAVEN.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Her soul is in Heaven! While I
Still suffer and bleed in the fray.
I look at the pitiless sky,
And ask "are we parted away?"

Her soul is in Heaven! At night
I wake, for such singing I hear.

The room seems illumined with light;
I dream—oh! what bliss—she is near.

Her soul is in Heaven! Ah, woe,
She thinks not of me—my lost love.
Why should she? They look not below,
Who walk with the angels above.

"SOLELY FOR THE SAKE OF THE MONEY."

BY L. E. HAMILTON.

I.

It was near the close of a lovely afternoon in June. A long train of railway-conches stands in the station of U—, a little town in the North of England.

Into one of these carriages, just as the train is about to leave, the guard assists a young and lovely girl, a child she seems, at first sight, so slight and small of stature is she. But her face, bright, *piquant*, and laughing though it be, is not that of a child.

The coach is full to unpleasantness, for at this season of the year all who can do so are leaving London's blistering streets for cool country-seats, or fashionable watering-places.

One seat only remains unoccupied, and that beside a young, handsome gentleman, who is, figuratively speaking, buried in his newspaper.

The lady is left no choice save to seat herself here. This she does, settling her wraps about her as comfortably as possible, and tossing her traveling-bag into the rack above her head, as her *vis-à-vis* does not offer to assist her, but, instead, frowns rather crossly at the disturbance, and sinks even farther into his paper.

"The old bear!" pouted pretty Clare Vánderyn. "He doesn't know what politeness means!"

"What a troublesome, noisy child she is!" thought the gentleman.

But the girl seemed bent on mischief. She could not restrain her natural propensity for teasing. She leaned forward, ostensibly to settle more firmly a refractory little rubber, but at the same time dropped a heavy book which she held, on the gentleman's immaculate boot. Evidently the boot contained a foot, for it was hastily withdrawn, though the handsome martyr spoke not a word, only the frown on his brow deepened a little.

For a few moments Clare tried to read, but never before had she been treated in so calm, so cool a manner, and it piqued her vanity not a little.

"I will make him speak!" she thought.

She shivered a moment, as if from the air that blew in at the open window, then rising, she tried to reach the pretty traveling plaid, which had followed the bag into the rack above. But as she knew, before attempting it, she could only reach the fringe of the shawl. A mild lit-

tle pull effected nothing. Then a tweak, with the same result. A violent jerk, and the shawl fell—where? On the head of the gentleman by her side, the folds completely blinding him!

Clare sank into her seat, overcome with laughter, and the success of her experiment.

The stately Mr. Ashburton drew the shawl from his flushed countenance, to find the occupants of the coach smiling broadly, and his little neighbor convulsed with laughter. He gravely laid the wrap on the seat beside her, saying only,

"Little girl, you are exceedingly careless. Your mamma should not allow you to travel alone."

She blushed rosily, but replied,

"And you, little boy, are exceedingly ill-mannered. Your mamma should teach you better."

With a heavier frown than before, he turned back to his newspaper, and she, throwing side-glances at him, secured at length his picture.

Six feet tall, with shoulders proportionately broad. A grand head, and a wealth of troublesome chestnut curls. Deep, hazel eyes, tender eyes they could be, and a firm, handsome mouth, shaded by a silky mustache.

All this my lady saw, and it pleased her. But she determined to show this handsome, lordly man of the world that not every woman would fall down at his feet and worship him.

The ride was a tedious one to both, and both were relieved when at length it was over. Clare left the car with one parting side-glance at her companion, saying to herself, "I wonder if I shall ever see him again?"

But he was soon forgotten in the pleasure of meeting her old school friend, Kate Durante, with whom she was to spend a month of the warm weather.

As the carriage rolled smoothly along toward the delightful country-seat of Sir Harry Durante, the two friends chatted busily, endeavoring to tell of all that had happened in the two years since they parted as school-friends.

"And so you are not married yet, Clare!" exclaimed Kate. "Why, I thought you would have been Lady Somebody by this time!"

"The fact is, dear," replied the pretty Clare, "that I am not left a free choice in this matter at all. You know I have been brought up to believe myself sole heiress to all Grandfather Van-

derlyn's estate. But when I came home from school, and went to live with Guardly, I was informed that, by a clause of the will—I can't explain it, for I never did understand their old papers—I was to marry my third cousin, Paul De Lacey. If I do not obey this, I lose the entire property."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Kate, who had listened with much interest.

"And have you ever seen this cousin?"

"Never."

"Does he know of the will; and is he ready to fulfill his part of the engagement?"

"Yes, he knows of it; and, of course, he'll marry me for my money. He is coming to Sunnyside to settle everything, when I go back, next month."

"Dear me," said Kate, laughing, "how provoking! To tell you the honest truth, I had other plans for you. I believe I wrote you that you were not to be my only visitor. We have made up quite a party. You are nearly the last. One more gentleman I do expect. In fact, I looked for him this evening, but I see he did not come. He's just splendid, Clare, and I did so hope you two could fancy each other."

"Well, Katie, dear, you'll have to give over your match-making, for I have promised to marry my cousin, and 'an oath's an oath,' you know."

As Clare said this, gayly, the carriage turned into the broad "approach," leading to the manor-house, shaded on either side by lordly elms, and, soon after, our pretty heroine found herself seated in a cool and dainty chamber, enjoying the delightful view from the window.

Fatigued by her journey, Clare did not appear at dinner that evening; but the next morning she descended, as fresh and lovely as ever.

As she entered the breakfast-room, Kate met her, and introduced the guests who stood near. Then turning to a gentleman deeply engaged in a political discussion with her father, she said,

"Mr. Ashburton, allow me to introduce to you my old school-mate, whom you did not see last evening. Miss Vanderlyn, Paul."

The gentleman turned, and Clare met the deep brown eyes belonging to her acquaintance of the previous day. The recognition was mutual, and both seemed for a moment confused, but quickly regaining their composure, bowed politely.

"Papa," said lively Kate Durante, at the breakfast-table, "Paul says he passed through here, on the afternoon train, yesterday, but was obliged to go up to L— on business, which accounts for the truant's late arrival last night." Then turning to the gentleman himself, she

added, "I hope you had a pleasant journey, Paul?"

"I must confess to the contrary. The car was unpleasantly full," was the reply.

Pretty Clare bit her lip until it bled, and vowed, inwardly, "He shall repent that remark!"

Breakfast over, the company sauntered out into the broad, cool halls, and into the vine-shaded verandas. Ashburton was just about to draw his host into a further discussion, when Lieut. Akenside, strolling up, said,

"Well, Ashburton, we go on a trip to 'Devil's Cave' this afternoon, but just at present the ladies propose a game of croquet. Will you join?" Not waiting for an answer, he turned and said, "Miss Vanderlyn, may I have the pleasure?"

She slipped her little hand through his arm, and walked, chatting meanwhile, to the croquet-ground.

"Really, Lieutenant, it is so long since my last game, that I fear I have lost the art entirely."

Paul Ashburton, just behind her, bent his handsome head, and said to the lady on his arm,

"It requires a certain temperament to play this game scientifically."

Wayward, saucy little Miss Vanderlyn had more character than Paul gave her credit for; and, hearing his remark, which she was quite certain he intended her to do, resolved immediately that she would astonish him.

She stood, leaning gracefully on the dainty mallet, awaiting her turn. It came, at length, and she gathered the balls of her own side together, and gallantly assisted them on their journey, making sad havoc among the forces of the enemy, and never pausing until she had touched the turning stake, and started on the return journey. And yet she did it all so quietly, and so gracefully, that she was immediately put down best-stroke by all the gentlemen, and envied accordingly by all the ladies.

She did not once glance at the rather discomfited Paul until, passing him once alone, the temptation was too great; and turning with a saucy little toss of her head, she said, in a demure voice,

"It takes a 'certain temperament' to play this game scientifically, you know, Mr. Ashburton."

After dinner, the carriage drove round to take the party to "Devil's Cave."

It so happened that nearly all the gentlemen had engaged their companions the day before, and so Kate Durante, coming to Mr. Ashburton, said,

"Now, Paul, you will take Firefly, and the phaeton, and drive Miss Vanderlyn, won't you?"

"Thank you, Kate; but I prefer your company. May I have the honor?"

Kate laughed; but saw no better way than to submit.

"I'll be back in a moment." And she ran away to find other company for Miss Vanderlyn.

The drive was pleasant, and Kate witty and agreeable.

"You bad boy! Why didn't you take Clare, as I wanted you to do?"

"Clare?" said Paul, inquiringly.

"Miss Vanderlyn, I mean. She is lovely."

"Excuse me, my dear Kate, but I really do not admire the young lady in the least. She's not my style."

Kate was disappointed, but had the good sense quietly to drop the subject.

Having reached the cave, a villainous place, overhung by dead moss, and nearly concealed by low shrubbery, the merry party rambled in its nooks and crevices until wearied; and after a dance on the smooth sward beneath their feet, rode gayly home by moonlight.

The next day was spent much as usual; lounging about, reading novels, and whiling away the moments with friendly badinage.

Fanny Pierson buried herself in a novel. One of the "lost arts," Captain Ferde called her. Miss Cleveland and Kate betook themselves to their rooms to write letters. Major Camden and Philip Granger went shooting.

But pretty Clare Vanderlyn declared she hated books, and couldn't be induced to write letters; so she flirted with Lieut. Akenside, and was content.

At length, a game of billiards was proposed. Ashburton determined to make himself a universal favorite, and, withal, almost piqued at the Lieutenant's privileges, approached with a graceful bow, and said,

"Miss Clare, may I have the honor?"

She drew herself up haughtily, and replied,

"My name is Miss Vanderlyn, sir," and coolly slipping her hand through the Lieutenant's ever-ready arm, she walked away, leaving Ashburton mentally raging.

That evening, Sir George Halrod's ball claimed the attention of the Durante party. It was really the "affair of the season," and the ladies vied with each other in bewitching toilets.

This time, Alice De Launey fell to our hero's lot. But he was accustomed to pretty, insipid little girls like his companion, and paid no more attention to her than he thought positively necessary, until Miss Vanderlyn entered the room

with Lieut. Akenside. Then he directed all his attention to Miss De Launey, and made himself so fascinating, that the poor child's head was nearly turned.

Once only did he glance at Clare Vanderlyn. She stood surrounded by a score of gentlemen, seeming to possess the happy faculty of entertaining all, without devoting herself to any one.

She wore a heavy, pure white silk, worked stiff with threads of gold, and over its surface, in rich profusion, lay wreaths and falls of blue corn-flowers, while the delicate foams of lace were caught and held with wisps of straw, wrought by some artist hand. On her fair neck and arms gleamed elegant diamonds, and in the largest of these stood, cut in turquoise, Cupid with arrow drawn.

Paul looked in silent admiration at the beautiful dress, and the still more beautiful form within it, fearing that, at a breath, the lovely vision would vanish, the dream fade.

Suddenly he remembered it was only saucy little Clare at whom he was gazing, and, with a wearied expression, he turned to his companion.

"Will you waltz, Miss Alice?"

With a gratified smile, she assented, and he found himself flying down the room with Miss De Launey.

The evening was over at last, and Ashburton rode silently home, with a queer feeling of dissatisfaction somewhere about the regions of his heart.

II.

THE days flew merrily by after the night of Sir George's ball. The hours were spent in picnics, drives, parties, private theatricals, and masquerades. Not a moment was left unfilled.

One evening, as Miss Vanderlyn sat by her open window, gazing rather sadly out on the stars, a knock was heard at the door. She expected to see Lizette, and rose to unlock it: but there stood, smiling, Kate Durante.

"Clare, dear, I've come to visit. I have hardly spoken to you since you came. It's a shame, for I have anticipated your visit so long."

Kate sat down, and Clare laid her head, covered with its golden brown tresses, in her friend's lap.

Silence for a few moments, broken at length by Kate.

"Clare, how do you like my friend Paul Ashburton?"

"I don't like him at all," replied Clare, vehemently. "I think he is ungentlemanly and unkind."

"Oh, dear!" sighed gentle Kate. "Whatever possessed you two to take such a dislike to each other, I can't see!"

"And so he dislikes me, does he, Katie? I am happy to say his opinion is of very little moment to me," she replied, haughtily. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, so common to natures like hers, she burst into tears.

"Dear Cal, what is the matter? Are you ill? Do we not take good care of you?" asked Kate.

Clare raised her head, and dashed the tear-drops from her eyes.

"No, no, Katie! Nothing is the matter, only I'm a silly little goose. Let's go down. And don't, please, tell any one how I've been acting."

So these two friends, with locked arms, as symbolic of the tie between them, went guily down the broad old stair-case, and met Lieut. Akenside at the foot, inquiring for Clare.

As soon as her sweet face appeared, he bowed, and said, gallantly,

"Miss Clare, I have been looking for you everywhere. We wish your opinion. We are agreed upon a moonlight sail out on the lake. What do you say?"

"I say that, of all delightful excursions, this is the best," answered Clare, enthusiastically.

"Very well. Ladies, we shall be ready in exactly fifteen minutes."

For a few moments all was bustle and excitement; then, for a while, silence reigned supreme.

Miss Vanderlyn summoned that marvel of deft fingers and ingenious brains, Lizette, and proceeded to make her toilet.

In twenty minutes she was ready, and appeared in the hall below in a bewitching suit of dark, sailor-blue. The sunny locks were let free, and hung in dancing curls all over the shapely head. On these was perched a tiny sailor hat. She was altogether a bewilderingly lovely little picture.

So thought Lieut. Akenside, as his eyes followed her with a look which would have made her flush rosily had she seen it. And even Paul Ashburton acknowledged "She has a beautiful face."

But the other ladies coming down at that moment, he secured a companion in Miss Lanville, and drawing her hand within his arm, had the pleasure of walking directly behind the Lieutenant and Miss Clare, the latter throwing so many sweet, shy words, and glances, too, at her companion, that more than once Paul found himself listening to her raillery, and forgetting the lady by his side.

A few moment's walk brought them all to

the lake, and the two velvet-cushioned boats being brought from their moorings, the ladies were settled in them.

Paul, Maud, Lanville, Miss De Launey, Phil Granger, Lieut. Akenside, and Miss Vanderlyn, occupied one boat, and the rest the other.

Handsome Paul Ashburton, the oars lying idly in his hands, sitting with his hat thrown off, the wind and the moonbeams playing through his hair, and the outline of his splendid head plainly marked against the background of silvery waves, thought he had never seen Clare Vanderlyn in so bewildering a mood. She laughed and sang, and the sweet sounds rippled away over the water, and died in an echo on the opposite shore. She drew Lieut. Akenside into a discussion, and was so witty and sparkling, that he fell back in dismay. All were silent, to listen to her brilliant repartee.

She sat in the bow of the boat, now leaning to one side, for a glimpse of the shadowy bark in the water; now to the other for a stray lily floating on the surface, dashing the water about with her small white hand, and gleeful as a child in the beauty of the night.

Suddenly, "Be careful! You will be over!" shouted Phil. Granger. His words were well-meant, but untimely. Startled by the sudden exclamation, Clare lost her balance, and then—a flash of bronze-brown hair, a gleam of blue boating-dress, then only the little ripples going round and round on the surface.

"Oh, somebody save her! I will protect the ladies!" shouted the lieutenant.

Without pausing to inquire from what danger the gallant lieutenant would "protect the ladies," Paul Ashburton sprang into the water.

Down once, and up again, with no success.

Lieut. Akenside wrung his hands in distress, but was too much of a coward to risk his precious life even for the woman he loved.

Again Ashburton rose, and this time a gleam of golden hair met his eyes, and in a moment he was up again with the senseless, beautiful face of Clare Vanderlyn resting on his shoulder.

He well knew the danger of attempting to carry his burden to the little boats, and with his disengaged arm he did his best to reach the shore.

But it was hard work. His water-soaked clothes were heavy.

He looked down at the fair white face on his shoulder, and suddenly, like a revelation, it came to him, "What would life be worth without her? Heaven give me strength to save her!"

The boats had come ashore. The ladies were, some of them, fainting, some in hysterics, but

most of them watching, with breathless interest, the manly form battling its way through the water.

A moment more, and, with his precious burden, Paul Ashburton had reached the shore, utterly exhausted. Laying Clare gently down, he said.

"Take care of her quickly, for Heaven's sake! Don't mind me."

It was a sad ending to a merry day. As Clare was carried to the house, Paul walked beside her, and acknowledged to himself that while he had been so persistently and ungallantly quarreling with her, he had learned to love her with a love stronger than life.

As soon as Clare was safely in bed, with the doctor watching her, and administering restoratives, Paul went to his room, but not to sleep.

Kate came to his door,

"Have you everything you want, Paul?"

"Everything, Kate. How is Miss Vanderlyn?"

"Safe, thanks to your noble conduct. Indeed, a few days of rest is all she needs, the doctor says. You shall see her in the morning. Good night."

"Thank God!" was the low prayer Paul Ashburton breathed all through that long, still night.

True to her word, soon after breakfast, the following day, Kate came to him, and said,

"Now, Paul, you may come. She wants to see you."

Leading the way, Kate pointed to Miss Vanderlyn's door, and then discreetly left.

Miss Vanderlyn was seated in a deep, sleepy-hollow chair. She wore a soft, mouse-colored wrapper, with rose-trimmings, and her pale face and lovely hair offered a striking contrast to the dark velvet of the chair.

As Paul entered she rose, and, holding out her hand, said, simply,

"Mr. Ashburton, can you forgive me? I have been altogether in the wrong, and I beg your pardon. And—and—I can never thank you—," and she burst into tears.

Paul felt that he must do something, and, without pausing for thought, he bent, and pressed his lips to the fair head bowed before him.

Then, frightened at his own daring, he quietly left the room.

The blushing face came up from the laced-handkerchief the moment he was gone. She was very angry. Of course she was! And yet she could hardly feel as much so as she ought.

Three days passed. One more, and the party that had spent so many happy hours under the hospitable roof of Sir Harry was to break up.

This last day was to be spent in rambling among the ruins of an old castle, some miles from the Durante manor-house.

Miss Vanderlyn, who had kept her room, declared herself perfectly well, and fully able to go.

Paul had not seen her since the morning when he retired from her room in some confusion. Meantime many bunches of sweet, blue violets and forget-me-nots had found their way into her chamber. Whose souvenirs these were she did not know, but laughingly gave the honor to Lieut. Akenside, though she blushed as she said it. With the last tastefully-arranged bunch came a delicate card, bearing these words, "Will you forgive me, and allow me the pleasure of your company?"

At that moment Lizette entered with another card, which she laid on her mistress' lap.

"Compliments of Lieut. Akenside," and would she honor him?

This was enough. She had become thoroughly disgusted with the cowardly lieutenant, and a dainty little embossed card was sent to Paul Ashburton, containing only two words, "I will," and another to the lieutenant, "Excuse me."

The morning dawned bright and beautiful. Never before had Clare Vanderlyn taken such pride in her own beauty. Lizette racked her brain for some new mode of hair-dressing.

At length the toilet was complete, and bewilderingly lovely it was. A dress of silver-gray velvet, strewn with tiny Roman pearls in flowers, looking as if the breath of the summer wind had fallen and lodged there. A scarf of pale blue silk, and a hat of the same, relieved the picture.

Paul was enchanted, as he assisted his companion to her seat, and took his arm beside her. The ride was a silent one, for both felt strangely ill at ease with each other. Even the pleasure of rambling among the lofty rooms and grand old halls of the deserted castle, was marred by the thought that on the morrow they were to part—perhaps forever.

At length a game of hide-and-seek was proposed.

"You see," said Lieut. Akenside, "it will be very romantic here, in this haunted dwelling, for, of course, it is haunted! Only be sure and don't any of you get shut into a closet with a spring-lock, as did the famous lady of the song."

So they separated. Here and there, through the long, silent halls and dusty old corridors glided the merry party. At first, many a light laugh was heard, and much consultation took place; but at last all was quiet, and Ashburton,

who was to be the "seeker," sallied forth on his journey. Up the old oaken stair-case, into the deserted chambers, and even clambering up into the tower at the northern wing of the house, until, at length, all were brought, laughing and covered with dust and cobwebs, from their hiding-places.

All? No! Where was Clare Vanderlyn?

Again Paul started on his journey. In all the nooks and crevices, in all the niches and corners he sought her—in vain. Even the so-called "haunted chamber" was empty.

At length he remembered an old tapestried room at the end of a long, dark corridor, so far removed from the rest of the mansion that even the more courageous of the party had shunned it.

Hardly thinking to find Clare here, he crept noiselessly along, and came suddenly upon her, seated in the broad old window-seat, and crying!

She looked up, and seeing him standing in the door, turned to him, blushing rosily.

He took her boldly in his arms, and spoke with all his soul upon his lips.

"Clare, I love you! Love you as I never can love again. Darling, may I teach you to love me? Will it be a hard lesson? Oh, Clare, remember! all the sunshine will be gone from my life if you go. And I will make you so happy if you will be my wife!" And the words lingered lovingly on his lips.

As he paused, he looked at Clare for the reply he so longed for, and which he believed she could truthfully give him.

But she answered, in a low, cold voice,

"I cannot marry you."

The strong man grew pale, and his voice trembled as he said,

"You cannot? Do you not love me, Clare? Oh, my darling, do not trifle with me! If you love me, tell me so. Let me hear it from your own dear lips."

Almost as if she were turned into a beautiful statue, she repeated,

"I cannot marry you, Paul Ashburton. My hand is promised to another."

He dropped the trembling hand that he held, and a dark frown gathered on his brow. Once again he spoke.

"Do you love this man, Clare?"

The soft, brown eyes filled with tears.

"I—I—have never seen him," she faltered.

"You have never seen him!" he exclaimed, passionately. "And yet you turn from me to him! Oh, Clare, Clare: You are not worthy of love."

She put out her hand in a supplicating way, and grew so white, that Paul was frightened, and said, penitently,

"Forgive me, darling. I was beside myself. But I will not leave you so. Say that you love me, even if I may not claim you."

"Yes—I love you." The voice was so low, as to be almost inaudible. "But oh, Paul, I have promised, and my word is sacred. I cannot be your wife."

He took her in his arms, and pressed one long, lingering kiss on her fair, white brow.

Then he led her away.

And "Lovers' Retreat" had witnessed, perhaps, the saddest scene of all its long experience.

III.

A BARE old garden it is, full of delightful flowers; some in trained luxuriansness, some in nature's wild profusion.

Nooks and corners, and quaint little vine-clad arbors, too, it contains, and the whole old enough to attract the eye of an antiquarian.

But who is the pale, sad-eyed girl who stands in the midst of all this beauty? Can it be that it is bright, laughing, mischievous Clare Vanderlyn?

Ah! suffering makes the rosiest cheek grow pale, and dims the brightest eye. And Clare has suffered much since that short, bright visit at M——.

Many times has she told herself that she was wrong, to take the happiness from two lives for the sake of one promise. But then, if the promise be not fulfilled, Miss Vanderlyn, the heiress, becomes Miss Vanderlyn, the beggar. And Clare's proud spirit chafes at the thought of going to any man a penniless bride, even if it be to the man whom she loves.

But even if she could bring her pride to this—it is too late! Too late! The words rang through her ears as the death-knell of all beautiful hopes.

He has gone, she knows not where; and she could not call him back if she would.

But at least she will never marry the hateful cousin. Never! This, with a flash of her old spirit. And he is coming to-day—this lover, whom she has never seen, "and never wants to," as she stoutly declares. But Guardy, good, kind Guardy, has insisted upon the young man's visit, and so he is coming.

"But I will never marry him! No, never!" she cried, and in her excitement she speaks the words aloud.

"Will you not?" asks a strangely sweet and familiar voice behind her. She turns, and is im-

mediately caught and held fast by a pair of strong arms, while the same dear voice whispers joyously in her ear,

"My darling! Mine by every law of Heaven and earth!"

Without a struggle, she yields to the happiness of the moment, scarce thinking why he is here instead of the expected cousin.

After a time, Clare said, in a low tone, as if reluctant to break the beautiful spell around her,

"Paul, why are you here? You should not have come to tempt me again."

"Should not? Why, my darling, you were left to me in your grandfather's will; bless him!"

"Left to you? I was to marry my third cousin, Paul De Lacey."

"Yes, my little girl, I know it. My father's name was Ashburton. But when Grandfather De Lacey died, and left his fortune to his daughter's husband, he desired him, also, to take the family name. So, as long as father lived, we were known as the De Laceys. But I had a strong liking for the old name, and when father died, I became Paul Ashburton again."

"But, Paul, did you know who I was when we were there together? At M——, I mean."

"No, my darling; certainly not. I knew you were my queen of hearts, but I did not know that fate had long since given you to me. You see, when the will was first made public, I was abroad, just out of college, and heard nothing of it. When I came into possession of the property, my lawyer, of course, told me the story. Having never seen any woman whom I could love, fool that I was, I thought I never should, and so readily agreed. Just before I went on that fatal trip to M——, my lawyer informed me that my cousin's guardian wished me to visit him in August, if convenient. I assented carelessly, supposing, of course, that this little cousin, whom I was to marry, was a little Miss Ashburton. And now, my queen, you see you are really to be my precious wife, unless you want to forfeit your fortune, and I know you are too mercenary for that."

Clare looked up at him with glowing cheeks, and the light of happiness sparkling in her eyes.

"Yes, you are right. I could not endure poverty. And so, my knave of diamonds, I accept—SOLELY FOR THE SAKE OF THE MONEY."

TO A CAGED BIRD.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

Oh, wild-bird captive, beating 'gainst the bars
Until the blood encrimsons thy soft breast,
No more canst thou look up unto the stars
From out thy wild-wood nest.

Before thee rise the walls of larger gaols,
And human faces pass thee to and fro;
And men's fierce voices sound like angry walls,
From depths of hopeless woe.

The green leaves cast their shadows on the ground,
And dance upon the sunlight day by day;
The water-fall goes laughing to its sound,
And smiles along its way.

At last, thy song breaks forth, sad as the wind,
That sobs along a tarn all desolate;

While thou, bereft of all thy winged kind,
Dost call and call thy mate.

The bird uncaged shakes dew-drops from its wings,
And flits from bough to bough, from tree to tree,
And throbs with pure delight, and sings and sings
In breathless ecstasy.

Thou shakest blood from thine, thou captive bird;
Oh, would, oh, would that I could set thee free!
The fibres of my inmost soul are stirred,
For I am bound like thee.

Of all the cruel deeds that man has done,
'Tis cruel most to bar from liberty
The beast or bird, which, glad in rain or sun,
The Lord created free.

THE WIND.

BY P. D. MARSTON.

Oh, gentle, murmuring wind of this soft night!
I would, oh, wind, that thou shouldst bear from me
Some message to my lady o'er the sea.
Take all sweet perfumes with thee for thy flight;
Sigh gently through the falling summer light;
Nor, happy wind, would I begrudge to thee
The right to kiss her face most tenderly;

The face so loved, so distant from my sight.
If from the tides of memory, that roll
In long, and waves, to-night, upon my soul,
Thou wilt bear up some echo of their speech
Unto her ear, then shall she turn, and feel
A tender sorrow through her spirit steal,
For one who toils, yet hath no goal to reach.

MY KING.

BY MISS A. J. BERJON.

I LOVE my fellow-creatures—no woman ever loved her fellow-creatures better than I do; but, in the middle of a summer afternoon, I love them at a distance.

It was the middle of a summer afternoon, and Mr. Cornwell would not keep at a distance. He insisted upon walking close by me, and whispering. What he was saying was this. "I think I prefer mountain-scenery to any other; in the first place," etc. All of which, from "the first place" to the last, might have been proclaimed upon the house-tops, and no one the worse or the better for it.

"How warm it is!" I said, making a wide space between us. Mr. Cornwell filled it immediately. "Shall I fan you?" he asked, with an amiable smile.

I like people to understand things without having to put them in plain black and white, and I came very near making a demonstration. But I only said, with great dignity, "No, thank you, I don't like to be fanned, and I wish I had left my fan at home."

"Allow me to carry it for you," said Mr. Cornwell, seizing it gently. Of course, I could not struggle with him, so I let him take it. Then he said—but I will not repeat what he said.

"What a goose you are!" I thought. Now, when a woman thinks that a man is a goose, and has reasons to believe that he is trying to "make love" to her, politeness becomes one of the highest Christian virtues. I practiced it by remaining silent.

Mr. Cornwell did not understand my silence, for he repeated his remark, with the addition of a sigh.

This was aggravating in the extreme, for we were nearly a mile away from the hotel, and there was no telling what he might say during that mile. I must change the subject.

"Don't you think it would be cooler on the other side of the road?" I asked. "The rocks reflect the heat so much."

If you will believe it, Mr. Cornwell made his speech for the third time! The manner thereof was slightly altered, but the matter was one and the same. I was roused, at last.

"Mr. Cornwell," I began. But my oration was nipped in the bud. My foot slipped upon a smooth rock, and I went down like—like one

hundred and twenty pounds, which is my weight. It did not hurt me in the flesh, but the spirit grieved exceedingly. I was not afraid of the sea, for, like the dear gazelle, it knew me well, and loved me; and I loved it with an assured love, for I knew it would not die before me. But, put yourself in my place, standing ankle-deep in the water, with your lower flounce submerged, and your equilibrium seriously endangered. How would you feel?

Mr. Cornwell felt very badly, only to look at me. "Are you hurt, Miss Isabella? What can I do for you?" he asked, imploringly. Then it suddenly occurred to him that perhaps I might wish to return to my native land. While assisting me to do so, he happened to think of Venus arising from the sea. I thought of something entirely different, but I would not let my angry passions rise till I stood once more on terra-firma.

But then, when I looked at myself, and saw, and beheld, I knew that forgiveness was my duty, and peace my salvation. I could not return to the hotel, in broad daylight, looking as I did.

I trembled at the thought of Mrs. Grundy, sitting on the wide piazza, and greeting me with that stony smile, those bitter-sweet glances! I knew too well how, in the bosom of her elective family, she would pick me to pieces, and putting two and two maliciously, together, find that they made six.

It is written for our encouragement that, "while there is life there is hope." Being encouraged thereby, I tuned my dulcet pipes, and said, mellifluously, "Mr. Cornwell, will you do me a great favor?"

Mr. Cornwell was ready to do, or die.

"Would you be so kind as to go to the hotel, and ask my cousin Matilda to bring me my kid boots, and my black over-skirt? She must bring them herself, and come alone. And you must not say a word about it to anybody, because people would laugh at me, and I can't bear to be laughed at. Will you, please?"

It is not in the nature of mortal man to resist the entreating voice of woman. Benevolence is man's strongest weakness, and his best. Yet he is so unconscious of this moral beauty, that he often spoils it by over-doing. Mr. Cornwell was

willing to go, but he was also willing to come back.

"Please do not do that," I begged. "And perhaps it would be safer to go through the woods, so that no one would see you."

Mr. Cornwell yielded, and departed. I sat on a predestined log, near the edge of the wood, and dried myself, peacock fashion, while I admired the landscape.

For nearly two hours I was as patient as the Washington Monument. Then I got tired of it, and, having discovered in my pocket the remains of a pencil, I scribbled on my fan, "When this you see, remember Mr. C." For my angry passions, so long repressed, were rising in spite of my patience. Why didn't Matilda come? And, why, oh, why, had I boasted of being a good walker, and accepted Mr. Cornwell's escort? I would never forgive him—never!

There was some comfort in that, but it was the only comfort I had. The sun went down, and the dews of night fell fast; but no human form divine approached the place of my exile. If I had not sent for Matilda, I might have gone on my way rejoicing, but she would probably come after supper, and I must wait for her.

So I waited till I could wait no more. It was a beautiful night. The moon was rising behind the woods, and, inspired by the calm and poetry of nature, I started on my homeward journey. I had not gone far, when I heard a rustling among the bushes on the shady side of the road. I stopped, and waited.

"Miss Isabella," whispered the evening breeze. The voice was the voice of Mr. Cornwell, and that gentleman once more stood before me. I was so glad that he was not some one else, that I forgot I was angry with him. In his arms were two parcels; a brown one, and a white one.

"Where is Matilda?" I asked. "Did she request you to bring me these things?"

"No. I have not seen her. I am very sorry I made you wait so long, but I lost my way in the woods; and when I came to the grove, near the hotel, all the young people were starting on that moonlight picnic they were talking about yesterday; and I knew that your cousin was going, because Mr. Smith was there. So I waited, and laid my plan. When everybody had gone down to supper, I rushed into the house, and—I hope you will forgive me, but I took the liberty of entering your room, and seeing a pair of boots on the floor, I wrapped them up in a newspaper, and here they are. Then I went out like a shadow, and, as I thought you might be hungry, I bought a pound of crackers; and here they are, too."

Poor Mr. Cornwell! He looked so tired, so

penitent, so happy, that I could only laugh and be thankful. I did not need the boots any more, but the crackers were welcome.

We sat on the rocks, and had a delightful little picnic on moonlight and nonsense; but as it was not sentimental nonsense, I enjoyed it. We partook of a few crackers, and used the rest to make silver rings in the sea. Finally, we went home, to all human appearances the best friends in the world. Near the hotel I took the boot-parcel, and leaving Mr. Cornwell to his fate, I ran up the back-stairs, and reached my room without further misadventure.

I was sound asleep when Matilda returned; but, on second thought, I deemed it best to wake up.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" she asked. "We rode up to the North Cape, and had a most delightful time."

"Did you?" I answered, sleepily. "I took my walk, and came back again, just in time to miss the picnic."

Then I closed my eyes, and repented. Alas! I was soon to learn how hard is the way of the transgressor.

The next day was Sunday. My aunt had a headache, and did not go down to breakfast, and I was much relieved to find, by one of her remarks, that she believed I had joined the moonlight excursion. It was an innocent delusion, and I did not attempt to undeceive her.

Matilda and I went down to our morning meal, and met my beloved Cousin Tom in the hall. The moment I looked at him, I saw he was up to mischief. His eyes "so sparkled with a lively flame," that I cast mine down, and put on my Sunday look.

"Good morning, ladies," he said, affectionately. "You are as fresh as roses. I know how Matilda feels, but——"

"We want our breakfast, Tom," said Matilda.

"So do I. I have been waiting for you. I wished to be the first to congratulate Belle——"

"Don't be silly, Tom," I said, politely.

"Oh, it is to be kept secret, is it? It is too bad! Everybody knows it already. But I congratulate you all the same."

We entered the dining-room, and sat at our adopted table. I unfolded my napkin, and desired a cup of coffee; then I looked up. The Grundy family was all before me, where to choose. I gazed at them collectively; they gazed at me individually. I smiled vaguely; they smiled back with a meaning. There was not much in it; but I am not made of brass, and I blushed. I was defeated, so far. But while I buttered my toast, I vowed a vow—and kept it.

I would scorn running away from the enemy ; so, after breakfast, I betook myself to the piazza, to see what manner of a day it was.

"I hope you had a pleasant walk yesterday," said Aunt Grundy, sweetly.

"Very pleasant, thank you," with equal sweetness.

"I fear you are too tired to attend the sanctuary, my dear," suggested a benevolent Mrs. Grundy.

Happily, Mr. Cornwell appeared upon the scene, and Mrs. Grundy subsided.

The rest of the day was in my favor. Mrs. Grundy's devotion is apt to make her sleepy in the afternoon. But when softly the light of day fades upon her sight, she resumes the cares and duties of her arduous profession.

At that soft twilight hour, I happened to cross the parlor, and at that same moment Mrs. Grundy began to sing,

"Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice,"

Her voice might have been better, but I am so fond of vocal music, that I stopped and listened till she had done; then I went to the piano.

"It is a lovely hymn!" I said, "and it always reminds me of my grandmother. She used to sing me to sleep with it."

Which was perfectly true.

"I think you might have told me; I told you," said Matilda, when we were alone in our room.

"Told you what, my dear?"

"About Mr. Cornwell."

"There is nothing to tell; not one word."

"Everybody thinks there is; and Emma Beals says——"

"Oh, never mind everybody. And I know exactly what Emma Beals says, and how she says it. Don't you remember how she tried to flirt with him, and he wouldn't flirt? She hasn't forgiven me that yet. But she may have him, if she can, for all I care."

"Oh, don't say that, Belle! He is so nice."

"Yes, he is very nice. Too nice, I think. It would be overwhelming; and I don't want to be overwhelmed. But if I ever have anything to tell, I will tell you first, because you told me first. And now let us go to sleep."

How I hugged myself, mentally, when I thought how clever I had been, how bravely I had fought my little duel with Mrs. Grundy. I had told Matilda a story to save myself; but that would be the last. I was very sorry for it, but my adventure was a dead secret; and now I was going to be good for the rest of my life.

How little I knew what a week was before me!

Monday.—Cousin Tom, and some of the practically useful members of society, had returned to New York. The morning had been dull, the afternoon was heavy. About a dozen "girls" sat under the trees, talking.

"Why didn't you manage to get back in time for the picnic, last Saturday, Belle?"

"Oh, because I had forgotten all about it."

"Dear me! Mr. Cornwell must have been killingly interesting! And, oh, Belle! what do you think? Emma Beals says that she saw him in the grove, just as we were starting. She says she is perfectly sure of it."

"It must have been an optical illusion," says Belle.

"Of course, it was. But she insists upon it that you had returned before we started, and had your own sweet reasons for staying away."

"I don't know what reasons I could have, and I hardly think I got back quite so early. Besides, I would have seen Matilda, for I went directly to our room: and I was so tired, that I went without my supper, too."

"Poor girl! The course of true love, you know. But I don't pity you very much; for, as mamma says, you have caught the biggest fish in the market."

"I haven't caught anything," says Belle, indignantly.

"I don't mean that you fished for him, my dear; only he is caught, and he shows it dreadfully."

Tuesday.—In the afternoon, a fishing excursion is proposed. The ladies retire to put on their walking-dress. They assemble on the piazza. Enter Emma Beals, much excited.

"It is the most peculiar thing! I could not find my thick boots. I looked everywhere! And they are marked with my name, in full, too. So I had to wear these." Shows her pretty little foot.

They start; walk as far as the brook; look at it, and thinking it a pleasant spot for private fishing, pair off according to the laws of attraction. Belle is pensive. Mr. Cornwell wastes his sweetness on the desert air.

They return home. Belle rushes up to her room, takes up a white parcel, opens it. A pair of boots become visible. She looks inside of them. "Emma Beals," is the name that greets her eyes! She sits on the floor, and stares at the boots. Tableau.

Wednesday.—Early in the morning, a solitary female pedestrian might have been seen wandering on the beach. She disappears behind the rocks, takes out a pair of boots from under her shawl, fills them with stones, and throws them into the sea.

Thursday.—Emma Beals has been out walking; comes up to Belle with a smile on her face, and a fan in her hand.

"I found this near the wood, and I knew it was yours, because his name is on it," she explains, pointing with her eyes to that absurd, "When this you see, remember Mr. C."

Friday.—But I must return to the first person style, because what happened to me on that day was of a strictly first personal nature.

My feelings during that unfortunate week can better be imagined than described. I was afraid of the girls, ashamed of myself; but, above all, I hated Mr. Cornwell. It was his perseverance in making sentimental speeches that had brought all this trouble and wickedness upon me, and he deserved to be hated. But the day of reckoning was at hand, and revenge is sweet.

I had gone to the sea-shore that evening, to admire the sunset, and be alone. But I was not alone for long. Mr. Cornwell always seemed to have an intuitive sense of my whereabouts, and was now coming, as a lamb to the slaughter. After the first remarks about the beauty of the evening, my sense of intuition told me that Mr. Cornwell was going to speak. I could have prevented the explosion even then, but I would not prevent it. There must be an end to everything, and the end of this had come.

Mr. Cornwell spoke. I was not as cool, inwardly, as I had expected to be. Perhaps he did not speak distinctly, or else my hearing was disturbed, for I hardly knew what he said. But I remember quite plainly how the little waves kissed the rocks at my feet, and sent up drops of foamy spray around us; and the sunset was so beautiful! No—so horrible! For now Mr. Cornwell was silent, waiting for his answer.

It was a solemn occasion, and must be met solemnly. Therefore, I said, only half-looking at him,

"Mr. Cornwell, when, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a woman—"

Gracious! I must have read that somewhere, and I wouldn't for the world, quote Shakspeare to him just then; so, in my own prose, I told him frankly and explicitly that I would always be his friend, but nothing more.

Then he left me; and I made myself admire the sunset long after the last ray of glory had departed.

Saturday Morning.—Mr. Cornwell returned to New York.

Saturday Afternoon.—People began to ask me how long he would be away. My course was plain. I looked pleased, but modest; pensive, yet hopeful. It was awfully wicked, but I had

vowed to circumvent Mrs. Grundy—and she was circumvented.

Matilda scrutinized my expressive features, but said nothing, till Sunday afternoon, when, as she was composing herself for a nap, she suddenly asked,

"I suppose it is all settled. When is it to come off?"

"Things that are not settled cannot come off, my dear. So, please don't talk any more about it."

Then Matilda, leaning on her elbow, said, impressively,

"Isabella, I am ashamed of you! Ever since last winter, you have let that man follow you about; you know you have. And now, I wonder what sort of a husband you expect to get. A king?"

Matilda's wrath died away in a small groan. Her fair head sunk upon the pillow, and I knew that she was going to comfort herself with dreams of John Smith; so I let her alone.

What she could find in him to dream about, was a wonder to me. To my impartial vision, he was a good, but deeply uninteresting young man; yet she had raised an altar to him in her heart, and, whatever befell, she could go there and find peace. What did she see in him, behind what I saw, that she was willing to forsake all others, and keep only unto him, so long as they both should live?

That brought back Matilda's question, "What sort of a husband did I expect to get—a king?" Yes, my king.

I was not all ambitious. If a woman wants to sell herself, she naturally likes to command a good price. But I was not a woman of business. I wanted neither "the best catch," nor "the biggest fish," nor anything connected with "the market." I only wanted to fall in love, and I couldn't do it!

Why should Matilda be ashamed of me? Was it my fault if I was not in love with Mr. Cornwell? I had always liked him; and if he had not made me hate him, I would have liked him faithfully to the end. But that was not love.

I knew perfectly how I would feel if I ever met my king. He would look at me, and I would look at him, and we would look at each other. Then a throb of exquisite bliss would thrill my whole being. One hundred and twenty pounds of exquisite bliss! Only think of it! Then a rapturous sensation of rapture. I forget how it goes, but I had read descriptions of it in several poems, and I knew what to expect.

When I had first met Mr. Cornwell, I had felt no throbbing emotion. I had thought that he was a good-looking, gentlemanly, middle-aged

man, very quiet, and rather reserved. Then, as he had seemed to like me, I had liked him. That was all. And now he was gone, and it was all ended. I was glad of it; very glad, indeed; truly and honestly glad.

I took more exercise during the next month than I had done during the whole summer. I took delightful walks all by myself, and got into a settled habit of resting on the rock where we had taken our moonlight lunch. People are so connected with places, that it sometimes recalled Mr. Cornwell to my mind; but the recollection did not disturb my happiness. I could even think of what he had said, and how he had looked while saying it, without the least feeling of anger. I had forgiven him, you see. And it was a blessed relief not to have him there, talking nonsense to me.

In fact, everything was extremely blessed and delightful, but, for some unaccountable reason, I became desperately tired of it all. Even Mrs. Grundy lost her attractive charm, and I began to think that this world was, indeed, a fleeting show, for woman's delusion given. So I was very willing to return to the city. I had always liked New York, but now I loved it.

Strangely enough, I soon discovered that New York was as much of a delusion as the rest of the world. I went to one or two quiet parties, but, somehow, I did not enjoy them. So I decided to give up worldliness, and devote myself to study, and the production of Christmas presents.

But even that useful path had its thorns, for I found out, from Emma Beal's conversation, that as Mr. Cornwell had also given up the world, it was supposed that we spent our evenings together, in old-fashioned blessedness.

"And what is the use of making a mystery of it?" she asked. "Everybody has known it since last summer. And, for my part, I wouldn't shut up myself in this way for any old man, if he was ever so rich."

"Old man," indeed! Horrid creature! And I had not seen him for an age, except twice, on the street, when he had bowed to me, and I had bowed to him; and we had not spoken one word to each other.

New Year's Day came, and we had a great many calls, but Mr. Cornwell did not come. Of course, I did not care much about it, personally, but it certainly was not polite in him to slight the family.

The family survived it, however. Matilda was busy with her own concerns; Tom had found some one else to tease me about; and Mr. Cornwell's name was seldom mentioned by any of us.

One day, Tom came home to dinner with a

piece of news. "What do you think, Belle?—'Cornwell & Co.' have gone to smash. You have had an escape!"

"An escape from what?" I asked, severely.

"Don't be savage on poor Tom," said Matilda. "I am very sorry for poor Mr. Cornwell, because he is so nice; but, of course, money isn't nice, too."

"I don't see what money has to do with people. Don't you suppose some poor people are 'nice,' as you call it?"

"My dear Belle," said my aunt, "you did not understand Matilda. Poor people can be very nice in themselves; but, when you keep house, you will find that money is very useful."

"I have no doubt of it, but a little is as good as too much. I have more money than I can spend, and I am sure it adds nothing to my happiness."

"Give it to me, Belle," said Tom, "it will add a great deal to my happiness."

But I did not feel like joking. I went up to my room, after dinner, and, opening my writing-desk, I happened to see that unlucky fan; and when this I saw, I remembered Mr. C. I did more than that, I deliberately sat down and thought about him.

I was very sorry for him; it must be so hard for a man to fail! I wished I could do something to help him; but, if he wouldn't come near us, of course, I could not run after him. And it was so ridiculous in Matilda to call him "nice." Nice! why, he was worth a thousand men like John Smith. I like to be just to everybody, and it was evident that Mr. Cornwell was greatly superior to—well—to the majority of people.

But, thinking does no good. Nothing didn't do me no good—if I may be allowed a strong expression. I did not understand much about business, and Tom had such a mixed-up way of explaining those things to "women," that you could hardly tell which was which. But I understood this much, that, by some peculiar arrangement, other people wouldn't lose much, if anything; and that Mr. Cornwell had found some employment in a bank.

Just think of his going to work again in that way, while I had more money than I needed! It was a shame for me to be spending so much on foolish things, when some people had to work hard to earn their bread. I wouldn't do it any more. For I think we ought to sympathize with other people in their misfortunes. Don't you?

The winter passed very slowly. But "time and the hour runs through the roughest day." Spring came again, and with it the last party of the season.

"You must go to this party," said Matilda. "We are all going, and it wouldn't look well to stay away."

"I don't intend to go. I have done with parties," I said.

"I wish you would come," pleaded Matilda. "I don't understand what has come over you. One would think you were a disappointed woman."

"I am a disappointed woman. I would not consider myself fit for heaven, if the empty vanities of the world satisfied me," I answered, piously.

I am not sure that I was the more fit for heaven for being cross to my cousin; but that I was cross was an undeniable fact, and I remained in that angelic frame of mind all the morning. I had an engagement with the dress-maker in the afternoon, and prepared myself for a walk, sternly refusing my aunt's offer to take me down town in the carriage. "Nature had given me feet," I justly observed, "and I intended to use them."

And so I did; but it was a long walk, and I felt very tired when I found that the dress I had come to try on had not even been taken out of the paper.

My heavenliness was increased by this disappointment; and as I walked to Broadway, deeply disgusted with everything, I decided to ride home in the stage. Nature had not deprived me of feet, but she had neglected to clean the streets, and mud is not one of my weaknesses.

I entered the stage, took a seat, handed my fare to my neighbor, and relapsed into meditation. It was soon disturbed.

Our stage met another stage, and being probably old familiar friends, they rushed into each other's arms, or wheels. A free and independent stage always goes ahead, regardless of intricacies. That's what it is made for. Both stages went forward in opposite directions. There was a short struggle—a powerful wrench—an earthquake. Then a sudden settling of the contending elements, and some one ventured to remark that we were "all right."

When I looked around for my mortal remains, I found them at the other end of the stage, stranded on two narrow strips of broadcloth, and partly surrounded by two black sleeves of the same material. I turned to view the owner, and found myself face to face with Mr. Cornwell.

I was very glad to see him; so glad, that it

made me forget Mrs. Grundy. One look at Mr. Cornwell told me that he was very glad to see me; so glad, that it made me remember Mrs. Grundy; and, rescuing myself, I sat down decorously by his side.

"I believe you have saved my life for the second time," I remarked, with assumed ease.

Mr. Cornwell did not answer, but I understood him. I was equal to the occasion; he was superior to it; and bowing before his greater truth, I remained silent, too.

When we reached the corner of —— street, I cast an aspiring glance at the strap. Mr. Cornwell pulled it, and assisted me to alight.

"Now he will leave me," I thought. But he did not leave me. He walked on with me demurely, and I walked on with him, wondering when he would speak. Perhaps he did not know what to say, but he certainly did not speak.

In my heart of hearts, I did not believe that Mr. Cornwell had forgotten me. In some cases, forgetting is one of the most difficult things to accomplish. We may forgive, but no amount of perseverance can enable us to forget.

I could not tell him that, however; and thinking it best to say something, I said,

"I fear, Mr. Cornwell, that you have forgotten your old friends."

Why would he look at me like that, instead of saying something for me to answer? I was almost sorry I had met him. No, I was almost too glad, and I ought to show it. Why could I not be true? Because I was a woman? Then I would not be a woman, and I would tell the truth. So I said,

"Mr. Cornwell, we hope—that is, I hope—I mean——"

Then he began to speak. He told the truth, too, better than I had done. It pleased me better.

When we parted, near the house, the last thing he said was,

"May I come this evening?"

And the last thing I answered was, "Yes."

He came that evening, and several other evenings. But when summer came, he came no more. For, in the leafy month of June, I had dressed myself all in white, to say "Yes" to him worthily.

SUMMER RAINS.

BY MAGGIE M'CLINTOCK.

PATTER, patter, falls the rain,
Down against the window-pane;
Slowly dropping from the eaves,
Strung, like jewels, on the leaves;
On the grass, and on the flowers,
Falls the rain, in misty showers.

On the apple-blossoms sweet,
Drops the rain, with silver feet;
On the hills, and through the dale,
Hangs the rain, a misty veil;
Travelers on the dusty plains,
Welcome the sweet Summer rains.

AUNT PORTIA'S DIAMOND.

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

We were under great obligations to Aunt Portia Dundas, and, of course, feeling this, we were very grateful to her, and were naturally inclined to submit ourselves to her wishes, uncomfortable as they sometimes made us.

In saying "we," I refer to my younger sister, Blanche, and myself, and by "obligations," I mean the obligations Aunt Portia had placed us under, by offering us a home, when our father's death left us, two lonely girls, at the mercy of the world. Not that we were poor, by any means, but we had very few friends, and no relative but Aunt Portia; so when she sent for us to come to her, and offered us the protection of her house, Blanche and I accepted it gratefully; and I am sure we tried our best, in the years that followed, to adapt ourselves to our maiden aunt's somewhat rigid views. I really don't know which of us succeeded the best. Aunt Portia seemed to be fond of us both, in her way, and was very generous, indeed, when I married, and as I did a few years after we came to the house in Portman Square.

People always said I had more character than Blanche; as far as that goes, I believe they were right, inasmuch as if ever there was a little creature without a will of her own, or an atom of resistance in her nature, that little creature was my sister, Blanche Burnham. When we were children together I remember, distinctly, that I used to tyrannize over her as only a strong-willed child can tyrannize over a yielding one, and when we were older the tyranny only took a milder form. I found out, as time progressed, that it was absolutely necessary that she should be tyrannized over to some slight extent. It was actually impossible for her to exist happily without it. When Aunt Portia made herself disagreeable, as she sometimes did in a very human manner, I, for my part, always favored her with a brisk breeze, but Blanche made a point of crying until her dear, little cream-colored nose was as red as a strawberry, and no amount of reasoning would ever convince her that she could possibly have incurred her relative's displeasure, without being previously guilty of the basest ingratitude, and so standing self-convicted, as a criminal of the deepest dye. The fact was, she cried upon every available occasion. Tears were her weakness, and, in the respect of shedding

them, she was more like that charming, affectionate little nonentity, Amelia Sedley, than any one else I have ever heard of.

Dear me! How she did cry when Aunt Portia persisted in snubbing Fergus Beswicke—Capt. Beswicke, of the Guards, who had fallen in love with her—Blanche, not Aunt Portia—at a military ball. But I knew how it would end, when Capt. Beswicke called again and again, and pulled his big mustache, and looked as if he saw no one but Blanche when one was talking to him. I knew Aunt Portia would act unpleasantly toward him, poor fellow, for she had been almost a man-hater ever since the disappointment she met with in her youth, when her betrothed-lover deserted her for some actress or other; and I knew, also, that she would never have permitted me to marry Arthur, if he had not chanced to be the son of her dearest friend, and so had grown up, as it were, under her own eye. But it was not so with poor Fergus. In the first place, his profession was against him, for, as ill-luck would have it, the recreant lover had been a military man; and, in the second place, he had been rather reckless, though, of late years, he had tried to retrieve his character, and was a very amiable, brave, straightforward individual. But, at first, Aunt Portia would not listen to us when we tried to gain her consent to the engagement, and was so distressingly and discouragingly rigid when Fergus came, that I thought Blanche would fret herself into a consumption, or something equally dreadful. However, Capt. Beswicke was very persevering. I must say, and bore the snubbings and discouragement with a coolness of demeanor that was highly creditable, taking all things into consideration. But no coolness on his part could console Blanche. She would persist in saying that she could never be happy if Aunt Portia did not approve of her engagement; and then she would shake her poor little brown head, and cry on Capt. Beswicke's shoulder until, I am sure, that if he could conscientiously have poisoned Aunt Portia, he would have done so, without a sting of remorse.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when, after an absence of a year, during which I had received fifty-two pathetic tear-stained letters from Blanche, I returned to London to pay my annual visit to Portman Square, and was greeted by my cor-

respondent with the brightest of faces. I was positively bewildered at first, but a very short time showed me where the secret of the change lay. At length Aunt Portia had relented; at length Blanche and her lover were to be happy.

"It only occurred yesterday," said Blanche, when she crept into my room that night to tell me the particulars, after the rest of the household had gone to bed. "I was never so surprised in my life, Clara. You see, I had been very low-spirited for a long time, and I was writing to Fergus, and—and crying, when Aunt Portia came into the parlor, and asked to see the letter, and then I really believe she cried a little, too, for I saw tears in her eyes, and at last she told me that I might tell Capt. Beswicke to call upon her."

"And, of course, he called," I said.

"Yes," she answered. "This morning, and everything was settled, Clara, and he is to come to-morrow night to take us to the theatre, to see Kate Galloway, the Irish actress, people are talking about so. But that is not all, there is something else—the queerest fancy of Aunt Portia's. She gave Fergus a ring."

"What, in the name of eccentricity, for?" I ejaculated.

"To wear until—until we are married," Blanche explained.

"She did not say why. But, do you know, Clara, I fancy her motive has some connection with that old love-story of hers. The ring has evidently been worn by a man, for it is too large, even, for—for Fergus," making a pretty little stumble, as she always did, over her lover's name.

"What kind of a ring is it?" I asked.

"A diamond solitaire; a very handsome ring, indeed! Dear me, Clara!" in a sudden little tremor, "what should we do if anything happened to it?"

"Nonsense!" I said. "What could happen to it?"

But Blanche shook her small head in great uncertainty. She was not so sure that nothing could happen to it. Suppose Fergus should lose it; or suppose it should be stolen; or suppose a hundred other improbable calamities should occur, "Aunt Portia would never forgive us," she said. "Oh, dear, Clara, how anxious I do feel about it!"

Of course, I scolded her a little, and laughed at her a little, as I always did, but the result was not so successful as usual. Her anxiety revealed itself in two pretty little wrinkles on her pretty, babyish forehead, and no eloquence could smooth them away. They were there when she lifted

her affectionate lips to mine for a good-night kiss, and the last glimpse I caught of her face, as the door closed, showed them to me still.

There were slig'it traces of them to be seen even the next day, but that did not interfere with her looking bright enough as she ran about coaxing Aunt Portia in her lovable way, and playing with my baby. Baby was very fond of Blanche; indeed, every one was fond of her, and it was the least of wonders that Capt. Beswicke had fallen furiously in love with her.

She looked bewitchingly nervous when she came down, dressed to meet her lover after tea. Her big, soft, mouse-brown eyes looked like velvet, and the satin lining of her opera-cloak itself was not whiter than the bare shoulder, rising above the lace trimming of her crisp pink silk dress. We were alone together when Capt. Beswicke came, and she was making a sweet, inconsistent picture of herself, by kneeling in the fire-light over Baby's bassinet, and swinging the fluffy, white tassels of her cloak for the little creature to catch at.

It was plain enough to see that Fergus was delighted. The big, handsome fellow glowed and brightened like a boy when he saw her, and, of course, the shy little goose jumped up, blushing as if she had been detected in a crime.

"And so your probation is ended, Captain," I said to him, when we had exchanged greetings. "I hope I am the first to congratulate you."

He took hold of Blanche's hand, in its rose-leaf of a glove, and drew it within his arm, and then, being tempted further, held and slipped the arm about her slender, silken waist.

"Thank you," he said. "I am much obliged to you, Mrs. Kirkpatrick. It was a trifle hard on a fellow, you know, and of course I feel my luck all the more, now it has come. If it would not be rank heresy in Blanche's eyes, I am afraid I should be tempted to say that Aunt Portia——"

Blanche's pink glove covered his brown moustache, and stopped him.

"Don't, Fergus, please," she said, after the delicious, pleasing fashion that was all her own. "If you please, Fergus."

Fergus subsided at once. Great, good-humored fellows, of his style, are always the men to be overruled by a coaxing tone in some timid little woman's voice, or a coaxing touch of her hand. I was so thankful Blanche had chosen him, instead of any one else.

A few minutes after, Aunt Portia came in, looking stately and grim in her lustreless silk and black laces. She was not in a comfortable mood, it was evident to me, at least; and Aunt Portia's uncomfortable moods were terribly try-

ing. She shook hands with Capt. Beswicke in her most impressive manner, and glanced at the ring upon his finger with as suspicious a scrutiny as if she rather suspected him of the intention to dispose of it as soon as an advantageous opportunity presented itself; but she said nothing unpleasant, I was devoutly grateful to find. These uncompromising moods of Aunt Portia's were all due to the renegade military lover, Blanche was charitably willing to believe; but, for my part, they always put me out of patience, and suggested the idea that it would have been a blessed thing for her friends if the military lover had been strangled early in life. Fergus bore her rigidity with great self-poise of manner. He was used to it, I have no doubt; and, besides this, as he folded Blanche's cloak more closely around her, I saw her slip her hand coaxingly up to his shoulder, and heard her whisper,

"We are so happy, you know, and poor dear Aunt Portia has lost so much. Oh, Fergus! just think—if I had been Aunt Portia?"

Whereupon, under cover of my charitable presence, Fergus bent and kissed her blessed peace-making mouth quite reverently.

The theatre was crowded to excess when we entered it.

Kate Galloway was a star, and her ephemeral glory was at its brightest. She was rather a mystery, too, and perhaps this added to her popularity. The people who knew most about her said that some theatrical manager had picked her up in some wild Irish village, and that, with the aid of her wonderful talent and rare beauty, she had rushed headlong into the vortex of public favoritism. Suffice it to say that she was a magnificent creature, with a ringing voice, a ringing laugh, and big, flashing Irish eyes. We had an excellent view of her, for our box was close to the stage, and not a gesture or an inflection of tone was lost to us.

But Aunt Portia was not to be wrought upon even by the popular actress. When the round, ringing laugh shook the whole theatre with the sympathetic echo it elicited from the audience, Aunt Portia sat grimly unresponsive; and when even I had fairly melted to tears, and Blanche was sobbing ecstatically behind her lace handkerchief, Aunt Portia was as unmoved as if she had been fossilized centuries ago.

When the fourth act came, bouquets and knots of rare flowers were showered upon the stage, and Blanche, sharing the general excitement, flung her pretty bouquet after her lover's, and then bent toward him, flushed and smiling.

"She is lovely!" she exclaimed. "She is perfect! It is no wonder——" and there she broke

off suddenly, and turned so deathly pale, that I was terrified.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "Blanche, what is it?"

She glanced at Aunt Portia fearfully, but Aunt Portia was looking at Kate Galloway, and then she turned her pale face toward us again.

"The ring!" she gasped. "Aunt Portia's diamond! Fergus, it is not on your finger."

The poor, victimized fellow gave a nervous start, looked at his hand, and then turned pale, too.

"Confound it!" he ejaculated. "It is gone! Where the—— I ask pardon, Blanche, but I can't help it," desperately.

It was really too bad! It was gone, indeed! In the shadow of our corner, and under the cover of Aunt Portia's rather unexpected interest in the stage, we scanned the floor eagerly, while Blanche trembled, and changed color a dozen times in a minute. But it was not on the floor, a single glance might have convinced us, and poor Fergus was beginning to look more wretchedly uncomfortable, when, to our consternation, Aunt Portia turned to us, showing her stern face fairly white with some suppressed emotion. In the sudden shock of her terror, Blanche broke out into a smothered cry, and Capt. Beswicke drew back, so far shaken out of his habitual coolness as to exclaim, in utter bewilderment,

"By Jove!"

"Blanche," she said, in a voice tremulous with a most inexplicable passion. "Clara! Capt. Beswicke, I wish to return home at once."

Blanche, of course, believed that this could mean nothing but that miserable diamond, and she got up looking like a convicted female burglar; but I retained self-possession enough to ask Aunt Portia if she was unwell.

"No!" she flashed back at me, and condescended no other explanation.

Naturally, there was no alternative, and in five minutes more we were all in the carriage, rolling over the stones, on our way homeward, and feeling as wretchedly absurd as is possible for three people to feel. I speak for Blanche, Capt. Beswicke, and myself; of Aunt Portia, I can say nothing more than that she sat erect in her seat, and never uttered a word until we alighted, and were marshaled, under her stern guidance, into the brightly-lighted drawing-room. But the moment the door was closed, she turned upon Capt. Beswicke like an enraged Pythoness, every line on her haggard face deepened to a furrow of wrath.

"Fergus Beswicke," she said, hoarsely, "Are you mad?"

It is my impression Blanche was convinced that Aunt Portia was mad herself, for the poor child drew near to her lover's side, and clung to him in sheer terror.

"Oh, Fergus!" she pleaded. "Oh, Aunt Portia! Oh, dear Aunt Portia!"

"Come away, Blanche," commanded Aunt Portia. "I command you to come away! Listen to me. He has deceived you, this man—this brave lover of yours. He is a liar, a scoundrel! Ask him where the ring is—the ring I gave him in your name."

"By Jove!" thundered Capt. Beswicke, red-dening until he rivalled his own epauletted regimental coat. "By Jove, madam! do you suppose I have stolen your miserable ring? I am an officer in Her Majesty's service, and I demand an explanation. What does all this mean?"

"Ask Kate Galloway!" raved Aunt Portia, all the long-gathering, long-smouldering misery of her wretched, blighted girlhood bursting out in her fiery wrath. "Ask the painted Jezebel what she took from the bouquet you threw to her, and what she had the brazen daring to wear upon her hand, under my very eyes! Great Heaven, man! are you a fool, as well as a knave? Did you think I was blind, that I would not know the ring that was my love-pledge to a villain so like you, that I have hated you for it; the ring I have cursed, and blessed, and kissed, and wet with scorching tears, for thirty-five long years! Blanche will you come away?"

Blanche dropped her lover's arm with a little cry, and, after looking at the dumbfounded face for a second, slipped down upon the sofa, and hid her face in the cushions. Aunt Portia was too much for her, as usual.

Naturally, when Fergus found his breath again, he was furious. In his wildest days he had been scrupulously honorable, and the mad absurdity of the charge drove him wild. But for that wretched old love-story, which tallied so strangely with Blanche's, even Aunt Portia would have seen what a frantic thing she was doing; but this love-story had been the bitterness of her life, and it had changed her from a trusting girl to a suspicious, unrelenting old woman. The suspiciousness arising from it had led her into more mistaken rashness than she could ever retrieve, and now it was making her commit an absurdity greater than any that had gone before.

She had been a passionate girl, and she was a passionate woman; and, as might have been expected, Fergus was not spared. In the storm that followed I stood aghast, and Blanche sobbed through her terror in the folds of her opera-cloak upon the sofa. Once or twice I tried to speak,

but it was a useless attempt, and I was compelled to subside into silence until all was over, and Capt. Beswicke was going, and so turned to bid me farewell, his good-looking face pale with fiery contempt and despair. All his protestations had been unheeded, and he was to leave us forever, at least so said Aunt Portia, and, to my indignation, Blanche had done nothing but sob.

"Mrs. Kirkpatrick," he said to me, with all most sardonic bitterness, "it would be presumption in a liar and a scoundrel to offer his hand to you, I suppose?"

I held out both mine, in defiance of Aunt Portia.

"It would be no such thing," I said angrily. "Of all the arrant nonsense in the world, this is the most arrant and exaggerated. I beg, Capt. Beswicke, that you will acquit me of my share in it. Blanche," I added, with accumulating indignation, "have you nothing to say to Capt. Beswicke?"

"Excuse me," interrupted Fergus, haughtily. "If I understood aright Miss Burnham's withdrawal from my side, there is scarcely need of farewell words between us;" and then the shaking of the forlorn little figure among the cushions overcame him, and he strode to her side hurriedly. "You might have trusted a fellow more than that, Blanche," he said, reproachfully. "Good-by! as it is to be good-by."

If she had not been so terribly frightened by Aunt Portia, I think Blanche would have had sense enough to rouse herself to some degree of calm thought; but she was afraid of Aunt Portia, and half afraid of Fergus, and so did nothing but sob, and hold out her little, cold, trembling hand.

"Good-by," she said; and then, as the door closed upon Capt. Beswicke's retreating figure, her sobbing ended with, "Oh, Fergus! Fergus!"

Aunt Portia did not remain with us very long. The excitement over her rigidity returned, and she fell, as usual, into one of her queer, silent moods; but, before she left us for the night, she came to the sofa, and, bending over Blanche, kissed her on the forehead.

"I meant to act rightly, Blanche," she said. "I wanted to save you from—from what I suffered. You do not understand now, but, perhaps, some day you may."

I could not help pitying her, clearly as I could see her injustice; but I was thoroughly out of patience with Blanche, and, when we were alone, I rated her roundly.

"You are a little simpleton," I said, "and a wicked little simpleton, too. What does Capt. Beswicke think of you? What can he think of

you, but that you are as heartless as you are weak? You are as crazy as Aunt Portia, and, Heaven knows, Aunt Portia is crazy enough!"

Whereupon, of course, Blanche melted into the extremest verge of remorse, and shed tears enough to float a frigate, but at the same time was so affectionately penitent and downcast, that I could not be as stern as I tried to be. A little reflection showed her how unjust she must have appeared to her lover, and her bewailings were most pathetic. She had been so frightened before, that Aunt Portia might have beheaded her without eliciting a murmur; but once roused to a sense of her iniquities, she was fairly inconsolable. She had been so wicked, and cried; and Fergus could never forgive her. How could she have been so weak and babyish, and what would he think of her? Poor Fergus! Oh, poor Fergus! I heard her murmuring such fragmentary scraps of repentance as these all night, as she tossed on the pillow at my side; and when she rose in the morning, she was the palest of forlorn little penitents, truly. But it was just like Blanche, to fret herself into a ghost over a trouble; and my knowledge of this fact somewhat consoled me.

The fact was, that during the following week we were as miserable as it was possible for people to be, and time was so far from bettering the condition of things, that I really believe, if it had not been for the cowardice of the thing, I should have written to my husband to say I was coming home.

"I can't stand it much longer," I said to Blanche, one evening, toward the end of the week, as we sat before the parlor-fire, listening to the dismal patter of the rain. "I cannot stand it much longer, Blanche, and I won't. Something must be done."

To add to our good spirits, it had been raining two or three days, and Aunt Portia had taken to shutting herself up in her room, as if we were culprits, and she stood in grim fear of contamination.

Blanche looked up at me in pathetic wonder, and then broke down into a hysterical little sob.

"Oh, Clara!" she cried, "if you go away, I shall die! I shall, indeed. Don't go away and leave me alone, Clara, please! Please, don't!"

"I am not going away," I said, as consolingly as I could. "Don't cry, Blanche. I only said I could not submit to this ridiculous nonsense any longer; and I meant what I said. I am going to see Kate Galloway."

Blanche fairly gasped, and stared at me with her blue eyes in the wildest conceivable state of astonishment.

"Clara!" she exclaimed, "what are you thinking of? Aunt Portia——"

"Aunt Portia!" I interrupted, impatiently, not to say even snappishly, in some slight degree. "Don't talk to me about Aunt Portia, I beg. It is all very well to submit to her idiosyncrasies as long as they do no harm; but when they run so rampant as to be absurdities, and threaten to endanger the happiness of half a dozen people, I mean, to ignore them. If you cannot take care of yourself, I intend to take care of you; and I am going to see Kate Galloway, in spite of two hundred thousand Aunt Portias."

Blanche subsided immediately. She knew my firmness of disposition, and felt it was useless to interfere, but she gained color a little.

"The only wonder is," I went on, "that I never thought of going to Kate Galloway before. But I suppose we were all too much excited to be sensible. What is easier than to go to her, and ask her how the ring came into her possession. It was not by Capt. Beswicke's agency, that is certain; and if it came into her possession in any other mysterious way, Kate Galloway is the only person to tell Aunt Portia the truth, and convince her that Capt. Beswicke is neither a madman nor a kleptomaniac."

For a moment, Blanche looked at the fire silently, a timid gleam of hope revealing itself in the palpitant pink on her cheek. A month of this alienation from Fergus would break her foolish little heart; but the desperate idea of braving Aunt Portia would never have occurred to her. Even when presented to her by my own daring mind, the plan terrified while it encouraged her.

I rose the next morning, feeling very resolute, indeed, notwithstanding rain and clouds, and coming down into the breakfast-parlor, found Aunt Portia and Blanche there before me; Aunt Portia sitting behind the silver urn, the personification of grimness; Blanche drooping over her untasted chocolate, and playing with her spoon, nervously, with dewy eyes and flushed cheek, evidently in the last stage of affectionately meek desperation.

"You are to judge for yourself, Blanche," said Aunt Portia, as I entered the room. "Read it, if you wish; destroy it, if you think proper. I have nothing to say."

Before she had finished speaking, I saw what her words implied. Near Blanche's plate lay a scarlet, monogrammed letter, and this letter was directed in Capt. Beswicke's hand. I walked to the table at once, and took it up.

"It is quite time she should judge for herself, I think," I said. "She owes that much, at least,

to Capt. Beswicke. Forgive my saying so, Aunt Portia. Blanche, read the letter at once. I insist upon your doing so."

"I don't want to be ungrateful, Aunt Portia, dear," faltered the affectionate little coward. "Indeed, I don't! But—but, I love Fergus so, and, oh, dear! what am I to do?" And here it was, at this very moment, that my plans were overthrown; for, before Blanche had finished speaking, there came the sound of carriage-wheels in the street, and then a summons at the door-bell; and as we all stopped to listen, surprisedly, a round, ringing voice spoke to the servant, and, receiving a reply, spoke again.

"Show me into the room, if you please. I must see them at once. I have important business with Miss Dundas." And then there were steps in the hall, and the door of our breakfast-parlor was thrown open, admitting a person, at the sight of whom Aunt Portia started from her seat, and Blanche turned half a dozen shades paler. But our visitor did not appear at all confused. She glanced at Blanche quickly, and then at myself, and then turned to Aunt Portia.

"I am Katharine Galloway," she said. "And you are——"

"I am Portia Dundas," condescended Aunt Portia.

Kate Galloway's brave, beautiful face did not blanch even under the withering contempt the stern words implied. I even fancied that the ghost of a smile touched her lips as she drew the glove from her lovely hand, and revealed to our astonished gaze Aunt Portia's diamond.

She took the ring off, and laid it on the table, with a careless action that expressed a great deal.

"I came to return to Miss Portia Dundas her ring," she said, "and to explain how it came into my possession."

"Madam," began Aunt Portia.

I stepped forward quietly.

"I hope Miss Galloway will be seated," I said.

"Miss Galloway, permit me to present you to my sister, Miss Burnham. I am Clara Kirkpatrick."

Kate Galloway bowed with that sudden lighting up of her grand Irish eyes, that made her so rare a woman; and in this lighting up there was a touch of gratitude.

"Thank you," she said. "Mrs. Kirkpatrick will not be forgotten."

But she refused to be seated, and stood erect by the table, as she addressed Aunt Portia once more. She understood that she had encountered an enemy, it was evident, and her haughty Irish blood was roused.

"I have very little to say, Miss Dundas," she began, "and it is easily said. Last Thursday

night, two bouquets were thrown to me from a box close upon the stage, and in one of these bouquets was your diamond ring."

"I was aware of that," panted Aunt Portia, her black eyes wrathfully scornful. "I understand that, madam, perfectly."

"Not quite perfectly," returned Katharine Galloway, "if you imagine your ring was a gift to me, or that I received it as such."

"Not a gift!" echoed Aunt Portia, bitterly. "What then?"

The girl touched the ring with a scornfulness of gesture that was almost incredible, in its power of bitter expression.

"Madam," she said, "diamonds are nothing to me. A woman who is the people's toy for the hour of her youth, need not value such trifles. As to this diamond of yours, I have a hundred such. I might tread on them, if I wished; melt them in my wine, if I could; give them to my servants. Men throw them to me every night, and I dare not refuse the gift of the vilest, most degraded giver. Pity me, for pity's sake, enough to remember the bitterness of such humiliation. Pity me, for pity's sake again, enough to believe me when I say, that your diamond was no gift to me, that it slipped from the finger of the man who I hear is the lover of your niece, and who, through this accident, has been so severely misjudged."

Aunt Portia looked at her, met her eyes, met the bitterness in her bitter young face, and flinched, as I knew she would. Aunt Portia was not cruel at heart, despite that rascal of a lover.

"How do you know this?" she demanded, when she had recovered herself.

"I saw it," answered Katharine Galloway. "And as I did not know who the gentleman was, and had not time to inquire, I put the ring upon my finger, hoping it would attract his attention, but before the curtain fell, you were gone; and it was not until last night that I learned the result."

"How did you learn it then?" Aunt Portia asked again, faltering somewhat, however. "How am I to believe this?"

"Such women as I learn many things," was the scornful reply. "We are not like other women. The men who consider themselves privileged to force themselves upon me, have their own topics of conversation: and last night their topic was the breaking of Capt. Beawicke's engagement, and the romantic story of its cause. Do you believe me, Miss Dundas, or," bitterly again, "must I refer you to the manager of the theatre, who was my assistant in investigating this matter? I have nothing more to say."

"But what was the purpose in——"

"Oh, Aunt Portia!" Blanche pleaded.

"Aunt Portia!" I exclaimed, indignantly, "how can you be so wickedly unrelenting?"

But Kate Galloway only took up her glove, and drew it on unmovedly.

"My reason was a simple one," she said. "I am a woman," and she turned as if to leave us.

But Blanche sprang forward, for the first time in her life, thoroughly roused, her spirit called to arms by her dear little, enthusiastic, warm heart.

"Aunt Portia!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flushing with a lovely rose-red, "If you let her go away in this manner, I can never forgive you, I can never respect you again. You will be hard-hearted and wicked. She is a brave, grand woman, Aunt Portia; she has braved the chance of insult to be kind to us; and we ought to be grateful to her forever. Oh, how can you! How can you! I would believe her against the world! Dear Miss Galloway, forgive us—forgive me. Let me thank you for Fergus, who has been so shamefully treated, and who will be so grateful to you for your generosity."

I was perfectly astounded. The impulsive, tender-hearted little creature looked as if she could defy the whole world, even if it had been populated with Aunt Portias; and she ended with catching Kate Galloway's hands, and kissing them, and then, of course, broke down, and cried most pathetically.

Aunt Portia was astonished too. The idea of Blanche being roused had never occurred to her, and, I believe, it was not without an excellent effect. She tried to sustain her dignity for a moment, and then broke down too, and actually gave way to what I knew she had been trying to resist.

She even went so far as to hold out her hand to Miss Galloway, looking a little pale in the in-

tensity of her feelings of self-reproach, but offering it quite honestly.

"Forgive me," she said, her black eyes softening until I almost fancied they had a suspicious brightness. "Forgive me. I have been wrong, Miss Galloway, and not for the first time. Suffering has made me bitter and suspicious, but it need not have made me unjust."

Katharine Galloway's beautiful face flushed with generous feeling, until I thought that she looked almost like an angel, she was so grand in her high-souled womanhood.

"Suffering wrongs many of us," she said, softly. "I have suffered too, Miss Dundas." And the hands of Aunt Portia and her enemy met in a warm, friendly clasp, expressing a great deal between two such people. And there, of course, the matter ended just as it should have done. We could not keep Kate Galloway that day, but she went away feeling that her generous act would open into the happiest results; and certainly she went away knowing that she had left firm friends behind her. And then poor little Blanche's tear-stained letter brought Capt. Beswicke back again, and, after receiving Aunt Portia's really, handsome apology, and being formally reinstated as the not too comfortable possessor of the diamond ring, he was left with Blanche to be sobbed over penitently, and crept up to in the fire-light, and so made as ecstatically happy as a forgiving lover may be.

They have been married three years, now, and, I really must say, that I think Blanche has improved. She is beginning to assert herself occasionally, though she never asserts herself against Capt. Beswicke, who is the most magnificent of mild, Herculean husbands; and to judge from the manner in which I saw her take up arms the other day on behalf of Fergus, Jr., I am not afraid to state that, in the course of time, she may develop into a reasonably warm-spirited little woman.

FOURSCORE AND FIVE.

BY A. H. BALDWIN.

FOURSCORE and five! and in my chair I sit;
The dying embers flicker and grow red;
And busy shadows in the firelight flit,
Shades of the happy years long past and dead.

I see her face, who 'neath the daisies sleeps,
Bride of my youth, loved wife of fifty years;
A recent grief oft o'er its loved one weeps;
But I! ah, no! mine lies to deep for tears.

The smoke curls upward, and again there throng
About me faces soft, and young, and fair;

Kate, with her merry burst of mirth and song,
And blue-eyed Nellie, with her golden hair.

My boy, my cherished first-born, who hath lain
Forty long years beneath the Atlantic wave,
From those red ashes smiles at me again,
Speaks to his father's heart from out his grave.

FOURSCORE and five! The scene is closing fast
Lonely I muse, for time hath o'er me flown,
Plucked the green branches, o'er the old tree passed
And left the withered trunk to die alone.

"HOW WE FELL OUT."

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

"Oh, dear!"

I looked up, in surprise, to hear such a doleful sound from Mary's lips.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You aren't sick, are you?"

"Worse than that," answered Mary, with a laugh that hadn't much of a merry sound in it. "Just lock up the road."

I went to the window and looked out. It was my turn to say, "oh, dear!" then.

A wagon was coming down the hill with a man and woman, and two children in it. I knew, the minute I caught sight of the dilapidated old buggy and pale-yellow horse, who our visitors were.

"I wish I had known they were coming," said Mary, beginning to gather up her work, and shutting fast every drawer about the sewing-machine. "I could have picked up things, and put them out of the way."

"Picking up things," and "putting them out of the way," was a performance regularly gone through with, every time Mr. and Mrs. Mason visited us. Such children as their's were I never had seen before; and I always sent up a silent invocation, as they climbed into the buggy preparatory to taking their departure, that I might never see their like again. Nothing was safe that they could lay their hands on. I might shake my head, and suggest as forcibly as I dared to, that they should let things alone, but in vain. They hadn't the faintest idea of minding a word I said; and I think neither Mr. or Mrs. Mason ever had any intention of supplementing my attempts at a sort of declaration of independence by an exhibition of parental authority.

"I'd like to see Lucy well enough," said Mary, with a little premonitory shiver of dread, "but those horrid children! It's enough to make a saint lose his patience to have them round. How long, do you suppose, they'll stay?"

"Two or three days," said I, laughing.

"Oh, goodness! I hope not!" exclaimed Mary. "You'd better begin to pick up things in the parlor." All this time she had been flying about the sitting-room, gathering up books, and papers, and everything that happened to be comfortably portable, and putting them up out of reach.

I fastened the doors opening between the sitting-room and my pleasant little conservatory,

and took myself off to begin operations in the parlor, just as the old buggy drove up to the gate.

I picked up all my music, put it on the highest shelf of the whatnot, and closed the organ. Then began a general gathering up of the numberless little knick-knacks which I had collected. The stereoscope and views I put on the mantelpiece, and flanked them with the card-basket, and the last new books I hid in the chess-board, out of sight, and covered up the clock with a newspaper.

I had just completed the task, when a whoop in the hall announced the fact that those more-to-be-dreaded than any Camanches were on the war-path. This was followed by a series of kicks at the door, which I finally opened, to save it from demolition.

"John Henry" was eight, and "Georgy" was six. Their parents had an idea that they were marvels of youthful smartness, and humored them accordingly. The consequence was, of course, that they were two young despots.

"Where's the stone-girl?" demanded John Henry, immediately. The "stone-girl" was a little bust of Clytie that he had seen, on a previous visit, and taken a great fancy to.

"I've put it up," said I. "I was afraid it would get broken."

"I want it," said John Henry. "Git it for me."

"You can't have it," I replied. "You'll break it."

"No I won't, nuther," declared John Henry.

"Well, you can't have it, and that settles the matter," answered I. Whereupon John Henry, in a fit of the sulks, for which he had a natural aptitude, if things didn't move to suit him, jerked himself out of the parlor to "tell ma."

I looked around to see what had become of Georgy. He had dragged down a book from a hanging-shelf, and was rumpling over the leaves at a fearful rate.

"You musn't take down the books," said I, going up to him. What was my dismay when I saw what he had done. The volume he had captured was a beautiful copy of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," and had been presented to me by a friend. There was nothing in the library that I valued more highly. Georgy had been

eating candy before his arrival, and every page he had touched bore the mark of his sticky fingers.

"You naughty little thing," I cried, as I snatched the book away, in a not very gentle manner. "If you touch one of my books again, I don't know what I'll do to you. I wouldn't have had this book used so for double the price of it," I added, as I looked at the crumpled leaves and dirty pages. My wrath grew greater. "Go right out of this room," said I.

But the young imp did not seem to care in the least for what I said to him; and this provoked me still more. "Don't you let me catch you in here again," I added, "unless your mother is here to see to you."

Georgy sidled out leisurely, as though to inform me that he intended to act his own pleasure about taking his departure. I followed him to the sitting-room, to find that John Henry had just thrown a ball through a pane of glass in the conservatory-doors.

"How do you do?" said Lucy, as I came in. "You don't look as if you felt well?"

"I don't, very," answered I. "I feel as if I was going to have fits."

"Fits!" exclaimed Lucy, aghast. "Ain't they catching? What if the boys should get 'em?"

I mentally concluded that "the boys" would be in danger of my "giving them fits" if they didn't behave themselves. Mary explained that there wasn't much danger of their contracting any disease, and Lucy breathed freer.

I sat down to chat awhile with Lucy. I was interrupted by one of Mary's peculiar coughs. Whenever I heard them I knew that they were signals of "danger ahead." I looked up toward her, and she motioned toward the conservatory. I was on the alert in a moment. I could stand almost anything better than having my flowers meddled with.

John Henry had crawled in through the place where the pane was broken out, and was breaking off some lovely clusters of oleander blossoms.

I was now very angry. I sprang up, utterly careless of what Lucy might think about it, opened the door, seized John Henry by the arm, and jerked him into the sitting-room in a twinkling.

"The child is so fond of flowers," said Lucy, smiling. "Let him have a bunch to amuse him."

"I don't raise flowers for that purpose," I answered, curtly. "John Henry, you must not go in there again. If you do, I shall pull your ears; remember that."

I could see that Lucy was offended, but I didn't care. I told Mary so, when we got a chance to exchange a few words of condolence.

"If people go a visiting with such wretchedly-behaved children as Lucy's are, and don't try to make them mind, and keep out of mischief, they can't blame other people for acting on the defensive. If she won't see to them, I will. I won't sit down, and let them destroy everything without saying a word."

"I don't blame you," said Mary. "I wish— Oh, dear!" and with her sentence cut short at the beginning, by this exclamation, she made a raid on John Henry, who had got the kitten, and had tied a string about its neck, almost choking it to death in his effort to make it follow him.

"If I catch you treating my kitty in this way again, I'll tell your mother, sir," said Mary, severely, as she rescued the kitten from John Henry's Vandal clutches.

"I don't care," said John Henry. "Ma won't do nothin' to me."

There it was, in a nut-shell. The children knew that they could do what they pleased, and be safe from punishment.

I followed Lucy into the parlor.

"It don't seem to me that your parlor is arranged very tastefully," said Lucy. "You've got everything put up so high, that it don't look well."

I laughed in my sleeve, but soon had cause for becoming serious. Georgy conceived the brilliant idea of making a train of cars out of the whatnot, and insisted on having it to put to that purpose. He got hold of it, and had began to tip it over, when I discovered his purpose.

"You musn't do that," I said. "Don't you see you're tipping all the things off?"

I pushed the whatnot back into its place, and the little cherub flew at me, kicking and scratching.

"He's such a spirited child," said Lucy, admiringly. "We can't do anything with him."

After quite a tussle, I came off conqueror. Just as I was going to sit down, we heard an awful wail from the sitting-room, followed by a series of shrieks and yells.

"What can be the matter with John Henry?" exclaimed Lucy.

We ran into the sitting-room to find out. John Henry was standing at the sewing-machine, making terrible demonstrations of pain.

I actually felt pleased when I saw what the matter was. He had taken off the cover from the machine, and then essayed to sew. In doing this, he had put his finger under the needle. The consequence was, that when he started the

machine, down came the needle through his finger, holding him fast.

"Oh, the poor darling!" said Lucy, in great compassion. "Did the naughty old 'chine hurt ma's John Henry? It ought to be whipped, hadn't it?"

Which punishment John Henry proceeded to inflict on the "naughty old 'chine," as soon as he got over crying. I felt like returning a vote of thanks to the machine for doing its duty.

Dear me! Such a time of it as we had that afternoon! Those horrid children kept Mary or myself on a jump all the time. They pulled up the plants in the garden; fell off the gate, and almost broke their necks; and I wouldn't have cared much if they had quite done so; dug canals and wells in the middle of my flower-beds, and kept up a perfect Bedlam.

In the evening, we gathered in the parlor.

We hadn't been there half an hour, before I heard the sound of tearing leaves. I shivered, for I knew what to expect.

"Oh, just see Georgy!" cried Mary's little girl, who had kept herself busy from the time she came home from school, in trying to keep Georgy and John Henry out of mischief. "He's got your book."

I sprang up. Yes, Georgy had captured another book, and was tearing out page after page of pictures!

"He's a rapid reader," laughed his proud pa. "He's got almost through the book."

I didn't say a word, I was too angry to trust myself to speak. I took away the book, and put it up; and at that moment I would have given every book I owned if I could have had the satisfaction of soundly whipping the little wretch.

Fifteen minutes of comparative quiet passed. Then John Henry and Georgy got to tumbling round on the carpet, kicking their shoes against the wall-paper, and making great dirty marks there. Mary asked them to get up, and I lifted John Henry to a sitting posture, but to no avail. He squirmed out of my hand, and went to kicking about again. At last, seeing that frowns and entreaties were of no use, I gave it up, and concluded to let them kick.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed John Henry, "we've got a drum! Jus' listen."

We listened, while John Henry beat his drum in the farthest corner of the parlor, screened from our observation by the centre-table.

"Ain't it nice, ma?" cried John Henry. "Hear it! Whackity, whackity, whack!" with tremendous emphasis.

A terrible conviction of the truth assailed me. A day or two before, I had bought a new en-

graving, to hang up on the wall. Not having a convenient nail, I had set it in a corner temporarily, thinking it would be safe there. I jumped up and ran to John Henry. It was as I had suspected. His "drum" was my engraving, which, stretched tightly on its wooden frame, gave out a sound having some resemblance to the sound of a drum. John Henry was lying flat on the floor, with his feet flying back and forth for drum-sticks.

"Don't you know better than to kick a picture in that way?" I cried, snatching it out of further danger.

On inspection, it proved to be half-spoiled. The nails in his shoes had scratched through the surface in several places.

"You'll make quite a drummer, won't you, John Henry?" said his father, as unconcerned as if my pet engraving had had no more value than a newspaper.

"I don't think I shall pay five dollars for engravings for him to make drums of," said I, thoroughly provoked.

"I hope you ain't going to get spunky at a little boy like John Henry?" said his father, resenting the remark. "Of course, he didn't know any better. He's only a child."

"He's eight years old," retorted I. "If a boy of that age isn't old enough to know better, the chances are that he'll never know a great deal."

"People havn't any business to put their pictures on the floor," said John Henry's pa, testily.

"I have a right to put my pictures where I please," said I, trying hard to keep cool. "If people come here with children, it is their business to keep their children out of mischief."

"I think we'd better have some music," said Mary, who saw a storm brewing, and sought to avert it.

"I'll open the thing," yelled John Henry, and made a rush for the organ.

"I'll open it myself, if you please," said I, firmly pushing him away from the instrument.

But the little wretch scrambled upon the stool, and insisted on lifting the cover, which he threw back with a great bang, jarring a bracket which hung over the organ, from its nail. My Clytie stood on this bracket, and before I could catch it, it was dashed against the organ, and broken.

I picked up the pieces with an awful calmness, and took them into an adjoining room. I was getting worked up to the pitch of desperation.

"Oh, moosic, moosic!" I heard Georgy scream, and got back into the room just in time to see John Henry working the pedals as well as he

could, while Georgy was clawing the keys at a fearful rate.

It was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in getting them away, so that I could play. I didn't feel in the mood for Beethoven, or Mendelsohn, I assure you.

"Where does the moosic come from?" said Georgy, unable longer to restrain himself; and before I could stop him, he made a grab at the key-board, and lifted two keys so high, that it wrenched them part way out of their places.

"Go right away this minute!" I exclaimed, seizing him by the arm with such a grip, that it frightened him.

He slunk off to one side, and I thought I had awed him into fear of me at last. Vain hope!

Suddenly, he made a dive for my knee.

"What's this?" he cried, clutching at the swell. I pushed him away, but he made another grab, and—crack, crack! The swell was broken!

I sprang up, and, reckless of the presence of his parents, shook him vindictively.

"What are you doing?" cried Lucy, rushing to the child's side.

"I'm learning him to mind his business," said I, reckless at last. "Ever since you have been here, you have let your children do whatever they pleased. You haven't tried to keep them out of mischief. Since you will not make them behave themselves, I will. I have borne all I can."

Lucy began to cry, and John Henry and Georgy joined in, in chorus. Mr. Mason was horribly angry, but didn't care.

I said a good deal after that, because I was provoked to it, for he declared I was cross, and particular, and childish. I told him that I liked visitors as well as anybody else; but I did not care to have people visit me with unruly children. I would prefer to have such people stay at home.

The upshot of the affair was, that next morning John Henry's pa and ma, and dear little Georgy, and John Henry, took their departure, and they haven't visited us since; and I haven't cried about it.

AUTUMN NIGHT.

BY MATTIE GRANT.

"THE moon's white benediction"

Settles serenely down,
O'er the wheat-field's emerald carpet,
And meadow, turning brown;
And on the hill-top, lonely,
It layeth a silver crown.

The stars are blinking dimly,
As if shamed by her purer ray;
And, pale, across the heavens,
Reaches the milky-way;
A stair-way of pearl, that leadeth
To the golden gates of day.

No sound, save the leaves' soft rustle,
Breaks the stillness of the night;
The birds are swiftly speeding

Away on their southward flight,
To their glorious land of promise,
Where cometh no wintry blight.

The year will soon be folded
In its winding-sheet of snow;
The winds will wail its requiem,
In numbers sad and low;
And the Frost-king's crystal fotters
Shall chain the river's flow.

The dreary days are coming;
The Autumn waneth fast;
Soon shall its golden hours
Be locked within the past;
Till Time, the reaper, resteth,
His garner full at last.

SONNET.

BY HORACE YERWORTH.

And our great Lord, the gentle Nazarene,
Once a man, vehement with sheer disdain,
Drove from the cloister of the sacred fane,
By force and scourge, the clamorous and obscene,
Together with blasphemers, and the mean
Usurers; nor less than these, the folk whose gold
Purchased the purple and fine raiment, sold

To clothe the leper-scars of the unclean;
So durst I deem to-day His anger moves
To answer them in marriage who so deal,
As erst they dealt who haggled o'er the doves
On holy ground; and no less such as kneel
To ratify the traffic with an oath,
Which, under His chastisement, bringeth both.

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE cry of that young mother, who had just risen from her evening prayer, and stolen to the cradle of her child to find it empty, rang through the house with such shrill anguish that every living creature beneath its roof started up in alarm. Again and again that cry was repeated, as the poor mother broke into the upper hall, and, wringing her hands, threw her agony into words.

"My child! My boy! Gone! Gone! Angels of mercy, where is my child?"

This lament filled the great house as with a host of mourners. It started the servants from their protracted supper, and sent the head nurse flying, wild with consternation, toward the chamber from which she had stolen, leaving her charge sound asleep. It scattered the other servants abroad over the house, appalled and helpless, for they thought that the young heir was dead, or fearfully hurt. Sir Noel and the old Duchess, who were finishing a long game of chess in the drawing-room, looked at each other across the table in pale amazement. The young Duke, who was reading in this room, dashed into the upper hall, where he found the Lady Rose. Unconscious that her feet were unshod, and that her profuse golden hair was scattered loosely over the azure cashmere of her dressing-gown, as she had wrested it from the hands of her maid, she fled by the Duke, and caught the frantic mother in her arms.

"What is it? Oh, Ruth, tell me what has happened. Tell me! Tell me!"

Wild with affright, mad as a wounded deer, Ruth broke away, crying out,

"Let me go! Let me find him, dead or alive! Let me find him!"

"Great Heavens!" cried the Duke, hurrying forward, in sudden agitation. "This will kill him. Hurst, Hurst, go back to your room; she is terrified. It will end in nothing!"

One low sentence broke from the young father's lips as he came, with the swift leaps of a vigorous man up the stairs, and stood before his wife, white as death, shivering from head to foot.

"Ruth, is our boy dead?"

Ruth flung out her arms, and fell down upon her knees.

"Oh, Walton, he is gone! He is gone! My babe, my boy!"

The Duke sprang forward, and caught that pale form, as it reeled toward the floor like some statue struck from its base by a blow.

Then the anguish of that poor mother turned to horror.

"Father of mercies!" she cried, cowering down to the floor, and hiding her pallid face, "have I killed him?"

Poor wife! Poor mother! One glance at the white face falling forward on the bosom; one touch of those deathly hands dragging toward the floor, limp and pale, had smitten all the wild strength from her. Instead of shrieking, she could only moan; instead of fleeing through those corridors like a wild deer, she could not rise from the floor, or speak. When she attempted to question the Duke with her lips, they moved piteously, but said nothing.

"Here, bring him here," said the Lady Rose, throwing the door of her dressing-room open in desperate haste. "It is a fit, only a fit. Lay him down here."

The Duke obeyed her, feeling in his heart that it was death that lay so heavily in his arms.

Lady Rose went before him, flung some of the silken cushions to the floor, and arranged the couch, too luxuriantly appointed for that pallid form.

Ah, how white it looked, resting against that azure silk. How deathly! How still!

A shawl of filmy white lace had been dragged from the couch with the cushions. The Duke took it up, and spread it reverently over that face. Lady Rose turned her great startled eyes upon the young man, and the last vestige of color ebbed from her lips.

"Why, why have you done that?" she questioned, in a whisper

"Because he is dead," answered the Duke, with mournful gentleness.

Lady Rose looked down upon that form, out-

lined through the misty lace, for half a minute, still and speechless, as if she, too, were giving up the life within her. Once she made a faint motion, as if to touch him, but put force on herself, and turned away in mute sorrow.

Ruth had staggered up from the floor, and was looking around in vague search for her husband, when Lady Rose folded her gently in her arms.

"Come with me, Ruth, come. You should be all alone with him; for it was you that he loved better than any one on earth."

"Is it that he is dead?" questioned Ruth.

"It is, that he has just passed the gates of heaven. So, here we must be still," answered the Lady Rose, and a glow of the soul broke over her beautiful face, as moonlight silvers lilies. Then she led that doubly-bereaved woman into the dressing-room, from which all others departed, and softly closed the door.

Ah, how brief the moments can be, in which a life is swept away! Before Sir Noel and the Duchess could leave the distant drawing-room, and mount the great stair-case, the heir of that house had passed away forever.

"It was Ruth's voice. What has happened?" questioned the baronet. "Surely, my son is no worse?"

St. Ormand laid his hand gently on the baronet's arm.

"Something serious has happened, Sir Noel," he said; "we hardly know what; only that Mrs. Hurst was shrieking for her child. Her cries brought your son from his room, and the shock——"

Here the Duke hesitated, for the pallor on that father's face smote him to the heart.

"I understand," said the old man, bowing his face downward; and turning away, he walked slowly down stairs, tottering as he went. The Duchess looked after him till her eyes filled with the slow pain of tears. Still she hesitated, with all the sensitiveness of a school-girl, to follow him with the deep, deep sympathy she felt. While these three stood grouped together, the dressing-room door opened, and the marble face of Ruth Hurst looked out. The shock of that sudden death-blow had gone off, and the wild, yearning agony of her bereaved motherhood had come back.

"My child, my child!" she cried, holding out her arms. "Bring it to him here. His eyes are open—dead, but watching! They will never close till the child comes."

Then the door closed, and all was still again.

"There is something serious in this," said the Duke. "Some harm must have come to the child."

Before he had done speaking Lady Rose was in the young mother's chamber. There all was in order; the snow-white sheets turned back, the pillows untouched. The lady gave one glance at these evidences of quiet, and passed on to the next room, where the dainty nest of the little heir was swung. A woman was on her knees, clinging to the lace draperies, sobbing vehemently, and bemoaning her great fault.

"What is this, nurse? Where is the child?" demanded the lady. "If any harm has come to it, this is no time for crying. Stand up, do. I must see for myself."

The words were kindly, and the voice gentle. For that very reason, they had more than the force of command. The nurse started up, wringing her hands, and began to pace the floor distractedly. Then Lady Rose saw that the pretty nest was empty.

"What does it mean? What can it mean?" she exclaimed, checking the woman in her aimless march. "Where is the child?"

"Gone—stolen! Murdered, for anything I know. I have been running all over the house; so have the others; but there is no sign of it. Oh, oh, what can I do! What can I do!"

"Stolen? Gone? But how?"

"I don't know. I left him sound asleep, and his mother in the next room, so close by, that I thought no harm could chance while I went down to the housekeeper's room for a bit of supper. While we were at table, harmless as lambs, a scream reached us, the sharpest and longest I ever heard. I flew here at once, my lady, while the young mistress was shrieking through the house like mad, and this was all I found. Empty, empty as a last year's bird's-nest, my lady."

Here the woman spread out her arms toward the empty cradle, and flung herself upon the floor again.

"What can it mean? What is to be done?" cried Lady Rose, appealing to the old Duchess, who had just entered the room.

"Have the house searched. Send to the gardener's cottage. Let the gamekeeper be warned. The time is so short, no one can escape if every man does his duty," answered the old lady, with prompt decision. "St. Ormand! St. Ormand! Oh, here you are. This is no sickness, no slight alarm. The child has been stolen. Hold down the light, some one."

The old lady sought St. Ormand in the upper hall, where the servants had crowded, some carrying lanterns, kindled in the first hasty idea of a search out of doors, all swarming together in utter confusion.

One of the men held down his lantern, and

there, on the oaken floor, waxed to a dark polish, he discovered the trace of footsteps, such as a shoe might leave after passing over the dew-wet soil of a garden.

"It is the footprint of a woman, and one who wears a coarse shoe," said the Duchess. "Look, St. Ormand! Look, Lady Rose! Here is one, perfect, close by the door."

"They lead to the stairs," answered the Duke. "Stand back! Stand back, all of you! This way with your lantern, my man."

Down the second stair-case, and along the next hall, they followed the foot-prints close to the door of Walton Hurst's chamber, which was ajar, as the dead man had left it. When the door was opened, the lace curtains at the open window streamed half across the room, like the wings of some mammoth bird; for a sudden current swept through, and set them wildly adrift.

"Out into the garden, and the grounds! Be vigilant, and the marauder cannot escape!" exclaimed St. Ormand; and, as the servants hurried out, he took up the shaded night-lamp, which always stood by the couch young Hurst had left forever, and stepped out upon the balcony. Here he saw that the roses and the ivy were torn from their fastenings on the stone-work, and, to his surprise, discovered a flight of narrow steps concealed under them, which led down to the rose-garden.

Down these steps he leaped like a deer, calling out to the men below,

"Search the garden, and the foot-path toward the wilderness. Search everywhere. A hundred pounds to the man who finds the child, or arrests the kidnapper!"

That offer was not needed. The servants at Norston's Rest felt the loss of its little heir too keenly for any hope of reward to stimulate them; but in a minute they were dispersed, men and women alike, through the garden and the Park, in eager search. All night long they wandered up and down. The people from the garden-cottage, the game-keepers, all joined in the search. But when the day broke, no discovery had been made, no clue obtained; nor could any one imagine how the child-robber had escaped from the Park; for not only the principal gate of the lodge, but each private entrance, was found safely locked.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"LET me in, father! Let me in!"

The old man, Hart, heard this appeal just before daylight, as he lay on the wooden settee, which took the place of a sofa in the room which had once been denominated as a parlor in the

miserable house which he occupied with his daughter. Occupied! No, I can hardly say that, for, with her erratic habits, the girl found the old house a refuge rather than a home; but that it always had been, and always would be, so long as the poor old father had strength to reap in the field, or work on the highway; so long, in fact, as he had a roof over his own gray head.

Martha had been out all night, and most of the day, having taken advantage of his absence to leave the premises unquestioned. He had found the house empty on returning from his hard day's work, and fell down on the old settee, too weary for any thought of following her, or to bring out the humble meal of bread and milk, which was all he could hope for, in the desolate condition of his home.

Thus supperless and forlorn, the old man had fallen asleep, when this weary cry of "Let me in, father! let me in!" aroused him. He knew the voice, and starting up in the darkness, felt his way toward the outer door, which he opened with some trouble, looking out eagerly, as it turned on its creaking hinges.

It was, indeed, Martha, standing darkly under the vines of the porch. He could discern the outlines of her figure, and feel the glitter of her eyes, but nothing more.

"Ah, Mattie, lass, come in, come in! I have been watching for thee, between sleeping and waking, all night long. Look at yon streak of gray in the sky. It is well on to daybreak, and thou away all night, wandering from pillar to post, and coming home with the fogs of the black tarn wetting ye through. Ah, child, child, these night-walks 'll be the death of ye!"

"Let me through!"

This was the only answer Martha gave, as she pushed by the old man, and stood, a shadow object in the dark entrance, looking heavier and darker than usual in the weird obscurity.

"There, there, lass! Don't be restive. I'll have a candle lit," answered the old man, timidly; for he shrunk from the girl's evil moods, and knew, by the voice, that one was upon her.

"No, I can find the way. Go back to bed. I don't see what you are always on the watch for," answered the girl, with asperity; and before the old man could strike a match, the stairs were creaking under her feet as she hurried up them.

The old man stood, hesitating, in the dark, till he heard the door of Martha's chamber open and shut; then he went humbly back to his hard wooden couch, and lay down, sighing heavily.

Once in her own room, Martha laid a bundle she carried in her arms on the bed, and, striking fire from a match, lighted a candle; then she

threw back the corner of a delicate down quilt, and revealed the form of a lovely infant, sleeping in its rose-colored folds. She had walked rapidly, and the child had been lulled to rest by the swinging motion of her body; but the sudden stillness aroused it, and the great, dark eyes opened in a moment. While Martha was gazing down upon it with a struggle of admiration and hate in her heart, the infant began to nestle uneasily, and at last gave out a bitter, hungry cry.

Martha started, covered the child up hastily in its silken quilt, and, taking up the candle, went swiftly down stairs to the kitchen, whence she returned with a cup of milk in her hand.

It was remarkable how naturally that singular being fell to feeding the little creature she had stolen. Seated on the side of the bed, she took a few drops of milk at a time in the battered spoon, and dropped them softly into the tiny mouth, that unfolded like a rose-bud to receive the strange nutriment. She had kidnapped the child from a brooding desire for vengeance on the woman who had, against her own will, won and scorned the love she had thirsted for in vain. Those great, black eyes reminded her of the hateful beauty of the mother, perhaps of her innocence, too; for a gentle thrill of womanly love crept into her heart as she met that unconscious gaze of the babe, and her lips were almost on the child's face, when she drew back, and pushed it away from her, frowning darkly.

"Shut up your eyes! I did not bring you out of your soft nest for that," she muttered, angry with the child and herself. "They are her eyes! They bring the black tarn upon me, as it was then. Shut them, or I shall strangle you!"

Here the girl gave her hands a fierce wring, dashed them up to her face, and began to rock herself back and forth on the bed.

The child went to sleep again. She pushed it out of the way, and flung herself down upon the further edge, where she watched the day dawn with clouded and weary eyes, that had no power of rest in them.

At last, a voice below warned her that the old man was astir. She lifted herself wearily from the bed, and went down, smoothing her hair a little with both hands, as she went.

"Don't trouble about the fire," she said. "I mean to get the breakfast."

The old man was on his knees by the hearth, striving to blow some life into the fire, which he had just unranked. His daughter's voice seemed to startle him, and he looked at her keenly over his shoulder.

"You've been at the black tarn again," he said. "I can see that by yer face. I tell ye

what, lass, all this must come to an end, or you'll not be allowed to stay under this roof. The neighbors are saying that each day you are getting wilder and wilder, and they blame me for it."

Martha did not answer, but stood looking suddenly at her father, as he turned to blow the fire again with his lips. Her silence disturbed him.

"What are you looking so black for?" he said. "I'm finding no fault, if the neighbors do. The old roof is mine, and no one else has a right to say who shall bide under it. Only keep away from The Rest, and all that live there. It is not always that my old limbs can follow you, Martha, and yon black pool is a fearful place. It comes nigh to crazing me, as well. So, keep away from it, and never heed what any one says. We'll get on famously in the old house, you and I."

"You and I! Yes, father, after a bit; but not just yet. I must have my fling awhile longer. Rest smother me. Sometimes I want to tear down the old house, beam by beam, and think I should have done, only——"

"Only what, Martha?" questioned the father, looking wistfully at that dark face.

"It was here that I saw him for the first time. There, now, you have got your answer."

"It was here your mother died. I thought it was that," rejoined the old man, with sad gentleness.

"No, I am not good enough to stay my hands for anything so holy; hardly good enough to be thankful that she died without knowing how her little girl would turn out. But don't fret about me, father. I'm no worth it."

"You are all that I have in the world, lass," said the old man, with pitiful gentleness.

"And that is little enough," answered the girl, with a laugh of keen self-mockery. "Besides, I'm going to take myself away for awhile. Don't begin to fret, now. But I mean to get clear of that place, and all that belongs to it. I'm no good here, and never shall be."

"But you are everything to me."

For a moment that wild heart seemed touched. The girl bent down and kissed her father on the forehead.

"I might have been, but, oh, father, the time has gone by! There is something here, and here, which must turn to ashes first. I cannot rest yet. I cannot rest under this roof, and they so near. Will you never understand that?"

The old man drooped his head toward the ashes. He knew how useless argument was, and, to some extent, yielded to her wild opinion. Since the return of young Hurst and his wife to Norston's Rest, the wanderings of the girl, vague and aimless before, had become intensified, and

apparently concentrated on some object. Before, she had been wildly eccentric; but now there was something hidden in her heart, over which she brooded with the silent cunning of a fox; something that the father could not understand, but watched with a degree of anxiety that disturbed him day and night.

The fire was burning by this time, and a pipkin of milk, which the old man had placed over it was frothing down the side with a pearl-white overflow. Martha snatched the pipkin from the coals, and emptied it into a couple of delf bowls that stood on the bare table, then drawing her chair up to this half repast, she seized a spoon, and began to eat with eager ferocity, for it was the first food she had tasted in twenty-four hours.

The old man eyed her wistfully as she crumbled bread into the scalding milk, and drank it down, hot as it was. Then he saw her pour a little cold water into a few spoonfuls left in the bottom of the bowl, and taste it, carefully mixing in a little sugar, as if her appetite had grown dainty as it became satisfied; but with sly cunning she seemed to forget this, and looked at the old man as if she expected him to move first.

He got up from his chair at last, and took his weather-beaten hat from a peg in the hall.

"I am going to my work now, Martha."

"To be gone all day?"

"Of course. The farmers do not let me off with half days. You will have things ready, for I may be tired."

The old man said this wistfully, hoping that Martha's talk about going away had no especial meaning. She answered, hurriedly,

"Oh, yes, yes. But you will be late to your work."

Hart put on his hat, and went out heavy-hearted. Martha watched him with the keen eagerness of a bird, longing to get out of its cage; but when he turned, with his hand on the broken gate, and looked back with such piteous anxiety, she darted forward, flung her arms around him, and kissed his troubled face with violent affection.

"Don't be fretting about me, father, I ain't worth the trouble of it."

Before the old man could answer she was back in the house, and three minutes after had awakened the child, and was feeding it from the bowl which she had snatched from the breakfast-table. This time, however, she poured some dark drops from a vial into the milk.

That day, when the afternoon-train stopped three miles away from the Hart dwelling, on its course to London, a young woman, wearing a large shawl, and a hood which completely con-

cealed her hair, got into a second-class car, carrying a long basket in her hand, such as washerwomen use who are obliged to take home their clothes from a distance. The basket seemed unusually heavy, but she refused to give it up, and held it across her lap so long as she remained in the car.

CHAPTER XXV.

At Norston's Rest the dead heir lay calm and cold, beneath the roof that had sheltered his birth. At another time this would have been enough to fill that old mansion with the wail of many mourners, but now a terrible trouble was added to this solemn bereavement. The living heir, the young child on whom all the honors of a noble inheritance had fallen, had disappeared with a suddenness that brought death in its train, leaving anxiety worse than death behind it.

While some kept solemn guard over the dead, others were afoot night and day in search of the lost child. Magistrates from a distance offered their aid, officers of the police were on the alert. Sir Noel, broken down with grief, and heart-sick from apprehension, gave orders that any person with news or offers of help should be brought to him at once. Rewards were offered; gold flowed with reckless prodigality, but no traces of the child could be found. If it had died in that empty cradle, the little creature could not have more completely gone out from all that loved it.

But even the child was forgotten, or lay on those hearts a heavy but unrecognized burden of grief, when the great portals of Norston's Rest were thrown slowly open, and its young heir was carried forth into that broad avenue where the chestnuts stood, like sentinels on solemn duty, their leaves wet with a morning rain that had passed, and weeping great drops upon the hearse as the black cortege moved slowly under them. And as the death-carriage, passed down the village to that old, gray church beyond, sob and moans broke from the dwellings, and little children, who had never known what grief meant, held their aprons to their eyes from sheer sympathy with those who wept, feeling their loss.

When all was over—when the great family-vault was opened and closed again—as it had been generation after generation, for father and son—the feeling that for a time had been held in abeyance, broke forth with a wild enthusiasm of grief, for the first time, for, beyond the memory of any living man, Norston's Rest was without a direct heir. The child whose cradle had been rocked in the very shadow of its father's death-bed, was gone. Where could they seek for

it? In what remote corner had it been hidden? High and low, in castle, mansion, and cottage, the whole county was astir.

Both the young Duke and Sir Noel were leading a forlorn search for the child that was lost. Detectives were on the alert in London, the whole country was searched,

One day Ruth herself went out upon the balcony with the mad idea of tracing her infant from that point, and never returning until it was found. Tearing back the clinging ivy, she saw the hidden steps, and was struggling down them, when her eyes fell on a gleam of scarlet beaming through the masses of green leaves. Forcing the vines apart, she snatched this fragment of color from the stone-work to which it clung, and held it up to the light. It was a piece of woolen cloth torn from some garment: it looked like a bit of an old cloak of hers, such as she herself had been fond of wearing in the old gipsy days when she was only the gardener's beautiful daughter. Where was the cloak now? Had some one stolen it, and afterward her child? She would go to the cottage, where it had been left, and see.

Ellen Jessup met her at the cottage door.

"You have heard news," she said, eagerly.

"I have found this," answered Ruth, holding up the fragment of cloth. "It was hanging to the stone carvings of the balcony. Scarlet, as you see. No one ever wore a scarlet cloak in this neighborhood but myself. That cloak should be in the house here, or else it has been stolen by the person who carried off my child. Do you understand?"

"There was such a garment when we came here. It must be up stairs now. Wait, while I look for it."

Ellen went up stairs while she was speaking, and left Ruth in the hall, where she sat down trembling with excitement. Directly Ellen came down again, with a scarlet cloak in her hand.

"It is here; but I see no rent in it," she said.

Ruth took the garment, and searched it eagerly. Ellen had spoken the truth. It was a piquant little affair, without stain or blemish.

The poor mother fell back in her chair, moaning. Her new-born hope was dead. As she sat there, looking pale and faint, Swark came in by the back door, and stood on the threshold, hesitating to come in.

"Try and think. Did no other person wear anything of that color?" questioned Ellen, whose interest was intense. "Try and think."

Ruth shook her head.

"No, no. It was because he liked rich, warm

colors that I wore them. No one else ever thought of it."

Here Swark took a step forward into the hall, hesitated, and stood listening.

"Poor thing!" Ruth continued, gathering up the bright folds in her hands, and looking tenderly down upon them, while her eyes began to fill, and her lips to tremble. "How he loved to see me in this! My noble husband!"

Ellen drew the cloak gently from the poor, young creature's hold, and laid it on a chair. With it came the scrap of scarlet cloth, which fell upon the floor unheeded.

"Come into the parlor, and rest awhile. It is long since you have been here," said Ellen.

The moment they were gone, Swark came stealthily forward, took up the scarlet mantle, and examined it closely. Then he seized upon the scrap of cloth, and held it up to the light. Then a sudden gleam of intelligence transfigured his face. This scrap had evidently been torn from the edge of some garment, for a small portion of it was cut by some sharp instrument into scallops, headed with a delicate open lace pattern, after a fashion that embroiderers call pinking.

Swark understood nothing of embroidery or lace-work, but he did know that he had seen this singular bordering on a garment worn by some woman; seen it when the rays of a warm sunset were shining through its meshes. He went into the little studio where young Welsh sat, dreaming over a picture on which the last gleam of day-light had found him at work.

"Ha, Swark! Is it you?" questioned the young man, cheerfully. "It is too late to set things to right now, and of no use, I fear. I have been trying to work a little, but cannot, for the life of me, settle down to it. That poor child is in my brain all the time, and I can think of nothing else. Is there news of it? When you first came in, I thought, by your face, that something had happened."

"Not much. Only the lady is here."

"What, Ruth? Mrs. Hurst, I mean."

"Yes, Mr. Fletcher. She is beyond, with the young mistress."

Welch flung down the pencil that hung loosely in his fingers, and was going out, when Swark spoke again.

"Mr. Fletcher, I'm getting tired of hanging about the Park, here, you see, and mean to stretch my legs a bit outside, and try if something can't be picked up about this precious baby. No one could a had the heart to kill it, and, in course, it must be somewhere above-ground."

"But what can you do, Swark? Where the

best detectives have failed, your chance of accomplishing anything is small, indeed."

"It may be, it may be; but, for all that, I mean to try. If I say nothing, you see, no hope is raised, and no disappointment need follow after me when I come back no better off than the rest. Don't say a word to the lady."

"Well, well, Swark. I only hope you may succeed, where so many of us have broken down. If we only had a clue, but not even that has been obtained."

Swark's eyes fired up, and he clenched the bit of cloth feverishly in his hand.

"Yes, yes; a clue is everything," he said.

"Good-night, Mr. Fletcher. Don't let nobody be concerned about me if I shouldn't come home for a week, you know."

Swark, saying these words, crept up to his room, over the kitchen, opened a deal-box that stood near his bed, and took from it some garments, which he hastily formed into a bundle. Then an unpleasant idea presented itself. Though richer in comfort than he had ever been, Swark had no money, and that he felt would be needed more than anything.

"Well, he said, at last, "what of it? I've done without a farthing many a time afore this, and must do it again. That isn't a going to stand in the way."

Before leaving the Park, Swark cut a heavy stick from the path he had taken, and paused under the shadow of a great cedar-tree, to cut down the knots with his knife, when he heard voices close by him, and retreated behind the trunk of the cedar, continuing his work, until a gentleman and lady paused under the shadow that concealed him. Then he softly closed his knife, and would have stolen away, but found it impossible to escape unseen. The lady was speaking in a low voice, that Swark recognized at once as that of the Lady Rose.

"Not here, not now, your grace. I must not listen. While this house is so shadowed with sorrow, it seems like sacrilege to speak of anything else. My heart is too full of sadness for a thought of the future. Until the heir of this family is restored, my life must be given to my uncle and that bereaved mother."

"Forgive me, if suspense sometimes makes me forget that others suffer," answered St. Ormand. "I will not offend you again."

"Offend! Have I spoken so rudely, then? Pray, forgive it. But my heart is full of this poor mother. I cannot force selfish thoughts upon it now."

"But some day, when this terrible anxiety is over."

"When the little heir is in his mother's arms again, we shall have time for thought; but now we must not forget that this is more than a house of mourning."

"And, as such, perhaps, all guests should have left it."

"No, no, indeed! That would have been cruel."

"You think so?"

"Indeed, I do. But for the dear Duchess, Sir Noel would have sunk under this double bereavement. It is she who lends him courage; she who will not allow him to give up hope."

"But what have I done, Lady Rose?"

"What have you done? Everything! No one could have acted with more energy or kindness. You have organized, when all was confusion, a vigorous scout, and kept up the spirit of the household. What could we have done without you?"

"Then you do not really wish to send me away."

"Send you away in the helplessness of our great need! Oh, your grace, how can you think it? Each day we feel the value of such help more and more."

"Help! Unhappily, I have done nothing as yet. Not the faintest clue has been obtained,"

"Still I am hopeful," said the lady, with a smile that had little of cheerfulness in it.

"Then I must be; for you can have no feeling that my heart will not aspire to share. To return that child to its mother, would be the greatest happiness of my life, except——"

"Ah, that would be a happiness!" said the lady, ignoring the last word with a wave of her hand.

"And if I accomplish this, lady, will there be no future hope for me?"

"Does the Duke of St. Ormand desire a reward, like the rest?" was the almost playful reply.

"Ah, lady, you will not understand me."

"I can understand that poor Ruth has left the house for the first time since the child was taken from her; that she is wandering somewhere in the Park, while a heavy dew is falling, which may be dangerous in her feeble state. At first I was glad that the impulse had come upon her. But it is getting late now, and she has not returned. So I came out to seek for her, heavy-hearted enough. Then I found you loitering among the cedars, and forgot my object."

"But there is no treason in that, sweet lady. I also was waiting to see that no harm befell Mrs. Hurst, should she prolong this wild walk after dark. It was care for her that brought us together."

"Oh, St. Ormand, I can never, never be happy while this great sorrow rests upon our house. Every moment seems wasted in which nothing is done toward restoring that child to its mother."

"Lady Rose, if human love can give place to pity, the child shall be found."

"Until then, your grace, we must put all other thoughts aside."

"I could as well attempt to put aside my own soul," was the fervent answer; "but that shall not prevent every possible exertion, in behalf of this bereaved lady."

"I shall not breathe freely till the child is in his mother's arms," said Lady Rose.

"But then?"

"Ah, then, one might venture to be selfish," said the lady, pausing in her speech, as if to check some warmer word than selfish. This he observed, and replied with animation.

"Selfish! Oh, Lady Rose, that is an impossible word to you. Like the angels, you think only of those you can guard and help. But I, less noble, have dared to think of myself, while this poor mother suffers. Can you forgive it?"

"There is nothing to forgive. But we must not waste time here, while Ruth is wandering off alone."

Lady Rose turned to leave the cedar shade, but St. Ormand laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Not yet—only a moment. You will not grudge it to me; for even that young mother cannot pine for her child as I do for the words you have unspoken. Only give me one gleam of hope, and I will ask no more until the little one is found."

Lady Rose made no immediate reply, but lifted her face to his, and a glow from the heart, or the golden twilight, he could scarcely tell which, gave it a momentary radiance far more eloquent than speech. She took the hand he held out, and the words he craved seemed to tremble on her lips, but they were checked by the appearance of Ruth Hurst, walking wearily along a neighboring path.

"Oh, yonder goes that poor mother!" she said, and tears of sympathy swelled into her blue eyes. "See how despondently she creeps home! This suspense is breaking her heart. Sir Noel, too, is breaking down. His hair, that was only silvered, is now white as snow; and you can see his proud form bending, day by day. Oh, your grace, something must be done to save this grand old man and the helpless mother from sinking into the grave before our eyes!"

"Something shall be done, God helping me!" was the prompt answer.

Lady Rose stooped and softly touched her lips to the hand which still clasped hers. Then she gently released herself, and went toward the path where Ruth had paused to draw a deep breath. She was clinging to the trunk of a young elm,

with her white cheek pressed against the bark, wondering, drearily, if she would ever find strength to reach home, when Lady Rose came up, and stole an arm around her.

"Ruth!"

For answer, Ruth turned her great, black eyes, laden with misery, on that fair face, wondering that anything could be so bright, and her child gone—dead, perhaps.

"Come, dear," said Lady Rose. "The sun is going down. Your hair is all wet with dew already. They will miss us at The Rest."

"Oh, Lady Rose, you speak almost cheerfully!"

These words were laden with pathetic reproach, and tears rushed into those mournful eyes.

"It is because I have hope."

Ruth shook her head.

"No, no! Everything fails, everything fails! There is no hope! I will go in with you; that is best. But the house seems so far off. I have been to the cottage, you know."

"They should not have left you to come alone," said Lady Rose.

"They wanted to come, but I would not hear of it. Loneliness seems best," answered Ruth, despondently; and yielding herself to the kindly force of Lady Rose, the heart-broken creature moved on a few paces; then she stopped suddenly.

"Lady Rose, do you think that my child is dead?"

"Dead! Heaven forbid! There could be no object for any one to harm him. You had no enemies."

"Enemies! Oh, yes! I was proud and wild. Such people make enemies without caring at the time. Yes, I had bitter enemies, and they live yet, wandering about, when everybody thought them dead."

"Of whom are you speaking, Ruth?" questioned the lady, breathless with a new fear.

"There was a girl—one Martha Hart. She loved the man who perished in the black tarn, after killing my father, and dealing my husband a slower death. She looked like me, people thought. We thought she was gone—dead; but I saw her just before he died."

Lady Rose looked into that wild, white face, terror-stricken. Had sorrow done its powerful work on that brain? Was the poor mother crazed?

"You do not believe me; but I saw her. It was weeks ago; but I saw her," said the poor creature, wearily.

Was it possible? Could Ruth be in her sane mind, and speaking of a fact? If so, what connection might that have with the child?

"Come in, dear. Stop a little while in my

room, and tell me about it. There may be something that your friends ought to know."

"They will not care to learn that my babe, my beautiful babe is dead. Dead! Murdered, as he was. But it does not take so long to kill a child."

"I cannot believe that. This woman may be guilty, and our darling still alive."

"Alive! And in her hands? No, no!"

"Why not? She is a woman, and, you say, she loved the man. Women who love cannot be altogether fiendish. And a little child, so pretty, so helpless, would awake the angel, even in a bad heart. Tell me what you know about this poor creature. It may lead to the discovery of Walton's son."

"No, no. I thought it might, for a little while, but have given it up—quite given it up. It was grasping at straws to feel them break in your hand. Well, yes, I will go in, for the dew chills me. I got out of the path, and waded through ferns and wet grass, thinking to find my child, hid away somewhere among the daisies, for she might bury it in some pretty place, you know. That is why my feet are so wet; but I could not find it."

"Oh, Ruth, you must put away these fancies. They will unsettle your mind, and that will break Sir Noel's heart outright."

Ruth looked up, suddenly.

"Do you know, Lady Rose, that his heart has been breaking ever since I forced myself under his roof? Only he was proud, and would not let it be seen; so proud that he received his gardener's daughter as if she had been a princess. Once I thought that Walton's son might make it all up to him, he was so beautiful, so good—a Hurst in every feature, and every drop of blood in his blue veins. But he is gone, gone, gone!"

They were at the terrace-steps now. Lady Rose tightened her arm around her friend, and, checking all further conversation, led her up the grand stair-case into her own dressing-room.

"Sit here," she said, placing Ruth on a low couch, taking off her wet boots, and fitting a pair of her own dainty slippers on the little, cold feet. "Now, dear, tell me, while you are getting warm, all about this strange woman, for to-morrow the search will begin again."

"It was before he died—before baby was born. I did not mention it to any one. Walton was so feeble, and I dared not bring up that awful subject to Sir Noel, so kept it to myself. But I saw the girl, Martha Hart, she was called, in the old Lake-House. I don't know what took me there, but one night I felt enforced to go. She was huddled in one corner, a dark heap, with a weird,

white face, looking out. She knew me, and I knew her. I tried to get away. She followed me, but I escaped her in the fog. There was a glint of moonlight, now and then, breaking through the silver edge of a cloud, and I thought she wore a red mantle, such as I had once, but how could I make that out by moonlight, when everything turns black? Still, I thought it was red."

"Well, and if it was?"

"Ah, that was what led me astray," said Ruth, and she went on to state how, in her feverish unrest, she had gone out into the stone balcony of her husband's death-chamber, and there found a fragment of scarlet cloth like that of which the mantle she had been so proud of in her girlhood, was made.

The sight of that scarlet fragment among the ivy-leaves, had aroused a wild train of thought in her mind, which, for a time, lifted it completely out of the painful apathy of utter depression. It reminded her of the woman who had terrified her that night at the black tarn, of the fierce language, full of under-threats, that had been hurled upon her; and the vague sense that the woman wore a mantle of some warm red, which had gleamed indistinctly through the fog, intensified the memory. That her mantle, discarded since her marriage, might have been stolen by this woman, was her first idea, and, thrilled with it, she had gone to the cottage to meet a bitter disappointment in finding the pretty garment, safe and whole, where it had been left in her old home.

Struck with a sudden shock of memory, Lady Rose sprang to her feet as the mantle was mentioned. A circumstance of which Ruth was unconscious, flashed across her mind. When the young wife fled from her home, on the very day that Dick Storms was drowned in the black tarn, a scarlet mantle, such as Ruth had worn, was found among the female garments left in the Lake-House. How they came there was a matter of wonder for a time, for no person except the gardener's pretty daughter had ever been known to wear a mantle of that color. Lady Rose herself had been the first to discover this singular garment, and for some hours it had been proof enough to convince her, and all the family at The Rest, that Ruth had perished there. When it was made known to them that she was alive, and in safe hands, the fact that had given so much alarm was forgotten, but now it started up vividly before the Lady Rose with all its terrible suggestions. If the mantle with which Ruth had become so piquantly identified, was now in the old dwelling, what had become of its duplicate left in the Lake-House? If that strange

girl, Martha Hart, was in fact alive, might not her connection with this other scarlet mantle be traced to the fragment found in the balcony?

But was the girl alive?

Like a flash of chain-lightning these thoughts went through the lady's brain, as she paced to and fro in the room, while Ruth lay, white and exhausted on the couch, with her eyes half-closed, and full of tears.

After awhile the lady conquered her agitation, and, drawing a hassock close to the couch, fell to questioning the unhappy young creature resting there, with a quiet gentleness that made her object imperceptible.

"Then it was the finding of this bit of cloth that sent you out this afternoon!" she said.

"Yes, yes. In a moment I remembered the red gleam that came from that woman through all the fog, and thought of my own mantle. No one ever had anything of the kind that I ever saw or heard of. He liked me in it because of the warm color, and I was proud to wear it for his sake. The thought came upon me that this woman might have stolen it before she carried off my child. That bit of cloth seemed like a clue from Heaven, but it all came to nothing. My poor little gipsy mantle was in the closet just as I left it."

"Was this a relief to you, Ruth?"

"At first, it seemed as if an iron band had loosened around my heart, for the horrible idea that my pretty babe was in the hands of that woman was maddening."

"And now?"

Ruth drew a painful breath, and laid one hand on her heart.

"Now the proof is gone, but the awful dread is here."

"Tell me, dear, are you quite sure that the woman who frightened you at the Lake-House is the Martha Hart who disappeared at the time young Storms was drowned?"

"I am certain of it. She was older, fiercer, but the same. I saw her face dimly, it is true, but the voice—I could not be mistaken in that. She threatened me, too, and was very bitter."

"What did she say?"

"She talked wildly about the wretched man who was lost there. Said she had been down with him, and lost him in the black depths where I had sent him."

"Ah!"

"That but for me, his love would have been given to her."

"Yes, yes, I understand."

"It was all wild, wild talk, that frightened me terribly."

"No wonder. But was that all?"

"Not quite. An old man was moving about among the rushes, who seemed to be waiting for her. A gentle, timid old man. I think she called him father. He seemed to speak as if she was out of her mind."

"Ah, that would be terrible!"

"What! What were you saying, Lady Rose?"

"I said that must be terrible!"

"Oh, it was frightful!" She haunted me. Even when my husband lay so ill in the house, the memory of that dark gipsy face, so full of bitter hatred, gave terror to my grief, but I dared not mention it. Now that he is dead, it comes back again. I see it bending over the cradle of my child! I see it looking with murderous cruelty down into the black waters of the tarn! I see it everywhere, and with it comes a cry from my little one!"

"Dreams, dreams, all," suggested Lady Rose.

"Yes, dreams! But, oh, how frightful! They make me afraid to sleep."

"But you must sleep now, and sleep well, Ruth. It is best that you told me all this. It will cease to haunt your imagination now."

"I hope so," answered Ruth, drearily; "for I need sleep so much."

"To-night you shall stay with me."

"Yes, I shall like that. It kills me to sleep so near that empty nursery. Sometimes I get up in the night, and think I must find my babe in the little nest we lined for him with so much care. You and I; for you have always been good to me, Lady Rose. But it is always empty, empty!"

Ruth lifted both hands to her face, and sobbed piteously, moaning out now and then,

"My child, my child!"

Then her distress softened down into weary sighs, and she lay back in her chair, so worn with suffering, that exhaustion seemed like rest.

Lady Rose began to tread the carpet more softly, as she saw this mockery of repose stealing upon her friend. Then she stole up to the chair, bent over the pale face, and kissed it, with tender sorrow in her own beautiful features.

Ruth felt the kiss, but did not move. In her dreary weight of sorrow, she longed to be alone. Even the sweet presence of her friend oppressed her.

"She is asleep, and there is still light in the sky," thought Lady Rose, looking wistfully through the window; and moving softly across the carpet, she took up a scarf that had been flung upon the couch, and throwing it over her head, went hurriedly down stairs, and into the Park.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume for a young lady, of gray cashmere. The under-

the kilt plaiting. The tunic is trimmed above the hem with a band of black velvet ribbon, one and a half inches wide, looped up at the back and sides to form a pouf. The bodice is a simple round basque, known as cuirass, that is, close-fitting around the hips, and equally long all around; this is trimmed with a similar band of velvet as that upon the tunic. Coat-sleeves, with



skirt, which is made just to touch the ground, is very narrow, being but a trifle over three yards in width. It is kilt plaited, the plaiting being about three-quarters of a yard deep, where it is joined to what is best described as a deep yoke, gored to fit the figure in front, and a few gathers just at the back. Allow nine yards in width for



a narrow cuff of cashmere, the velvet band placed upon the outside seam of the sleeve, six inches high, fastened by three buttons; the buttons may be velvet or oxydized silver. Chatelain-bag of

velvet, with straps of velvet fastening at the waist. Fifteen yards of cashmere will be required for this costume, and one piece of velvet ribbon. We need hardly add, that the tunic and basque of cashmere can be worn over any black silk skirt, if preferred.

On the preceding page, is another costume, sim-



ple and suitable for either house or street. It is of brown beige, a pretty, soft, and inexpensive woolen material, suitable for this season. The skirt has a quadruple plait forming the back breadth; the sides and front breadths being kilt plaited. The tunic forms a square tablier, and is draped at the back, under a brown silk or ribbon sash. This square tablier is quite new, and a pleasant variation on the inevitable pointed apron-

shape, so universal. The trimming consists of a knife-plaiting of brown silk, but it would look very well made of the same material as the dress, and much more economical, unless one has an old silk dress, the best part of which to utilize for this kind of trimming. The casaque is loose in front and is cut into the figure at the back, but does not fit closely. It is trimmed with the knife plaiting, like the tunic. The coat-sleeves terminate with a similar plaiting, headed by a band of ribbon, tied in a bow, with ends, at the back of the sleeve. A plaited frill forms the collar, and the buttons are of brown silk. This will require from sixteen to eighteen yards of single-width material; and beige can be bought from thirty-seven and a half cents, single-width, up to one dollar and fifty cents, double-width—a very serviceable material for every-day wear.



Opposite is another more dressy toilet, and more suitable for visiting, made of black cashmere, trimmed with silk or velvet. The underskirt has two bias flounces, six inches deep, finished on the edge with a binding one and a half inches deep, of silk or velvet. The heading

above the second flounce consists of six small gathered puffs. The tunic is square in form, rather shorter than usual, and is finished with a wide band and two narrow ones, as may be seen, the wide one four inches, the narrow one same as those upon the flounces. This tunic is tied at the back with wide sash ends, trimmed to match. The basque fits the figure, and is open at the back, trimmed to match. Pockets ornament the sides, and the coat-sleeves have a deep-pointed cuff. No trimming upon the bodice except the standing collar. Such a black dress will be the most useful addition to a scanty wardrobe, as it is suitable for almost any ordinary occasion; and



black cashmere looks well and wears longer than any other black material. Can be bought from one dollar per yard up, double width.

On the preceding page is a costume of woolen plaid for a young miss. The skirt has three narrow flounces, headed by a narrow frill, and is made of plain, gray cashmere, bego, or any other pretty woolen material. The tunic is of two shades of black and gray plaid, trimmed with a band of the plain material, and a nice woolen fringe, of the kind known as camel's-hair fringe, Cost from forty to fifty cents per yard. This tunic forms an apron-front, gathered at the sides, and the back is cut in one long, straight breadth of double-width material, puffed at the back.

The jacket-bodice is of plaid, trimmed down the middle of the back with the plain material, ending in deep tabs. This same trimming forms the cuff for the sleeves and the lower part of the collar for the neck. Blue and green plaid over a very dark-blue or green plain under-skirt, may be substituted for the gray and black. These gray plaids will be very much worn the coming season by young girls. Eight yards of plaid, and eight yards of plain stuff will be required.

Opposite is a suit for a little boy of two to four years. It is made of white flannel or pique, for a dress suit, and of navy-blue, or brown, for everyday wear. The back of the skirt is laid in kilt plaits. The front, from the neck, is cut in one piece, and is double-breasted, buttoning on the right side. The back and sides of the waist terminate in pointed tabs, which are ornamented by three rows of braid, put on lengthwise. Pointed cuff and sailor collar of white linen. There is a wide sash of the material of the suit, which is put on loosely, and confined at the right side, under a buckle. Nothing could be prettier for a little boy.



Above we give a suit for a little boy of two to three years. It is more simple, only a kilted skirt on to a round waist, with deep sailor collar, and a sash that is tied at the back. Long, dark stockings to match, are to be worn with both these suits.

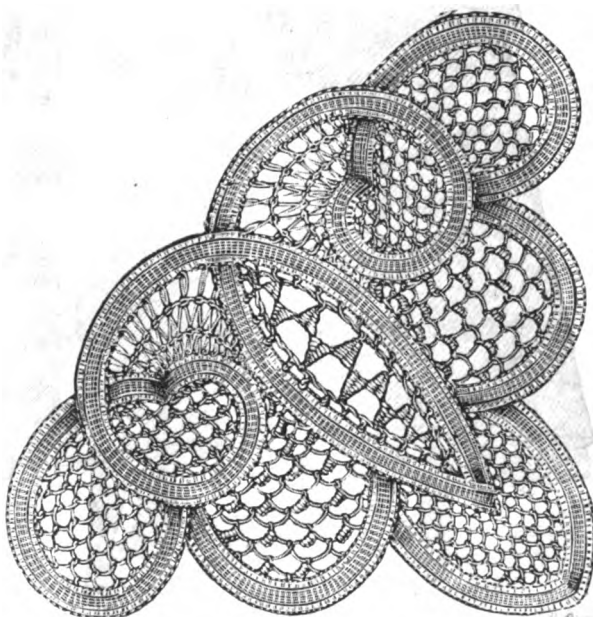
A sleeveless jacket, of black cashmere or silk, braided and trimmed with guipure lace. This what shabby toilet. Black worsted or silk braid may be used, and jet beads sewed on, if desired.



any lady can make for herself, and worn over an old dress, quite freshens up an otherwise some- We give the front and back of this jacket in the accompanying designs

CRAVAT-END—MODERN POINT LACE.

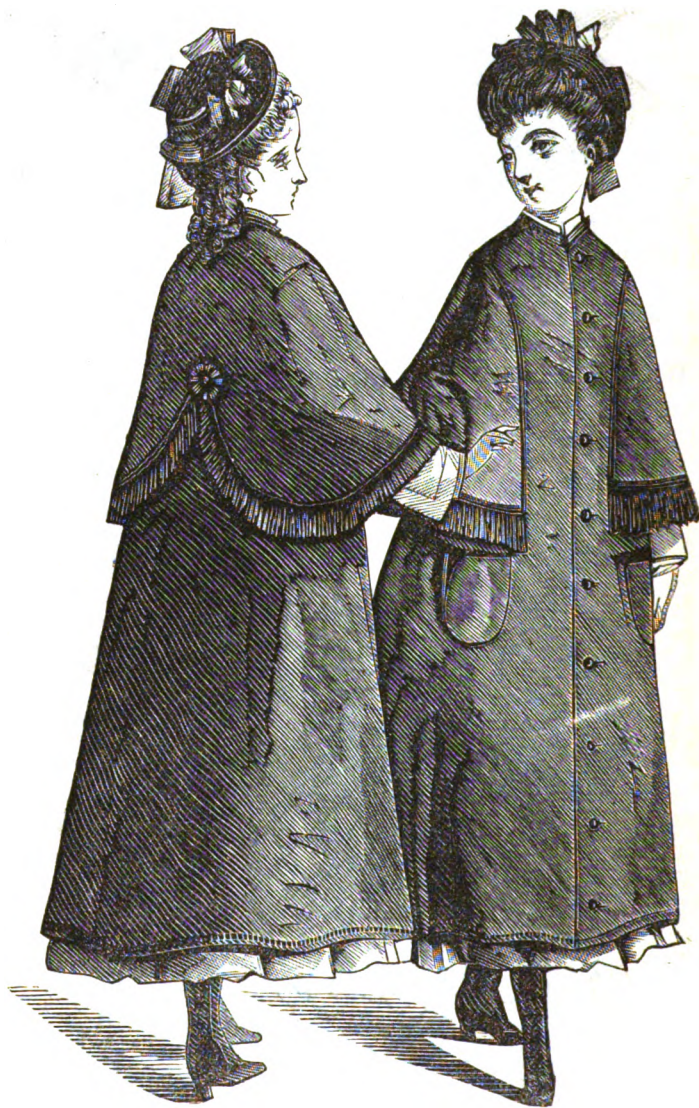
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



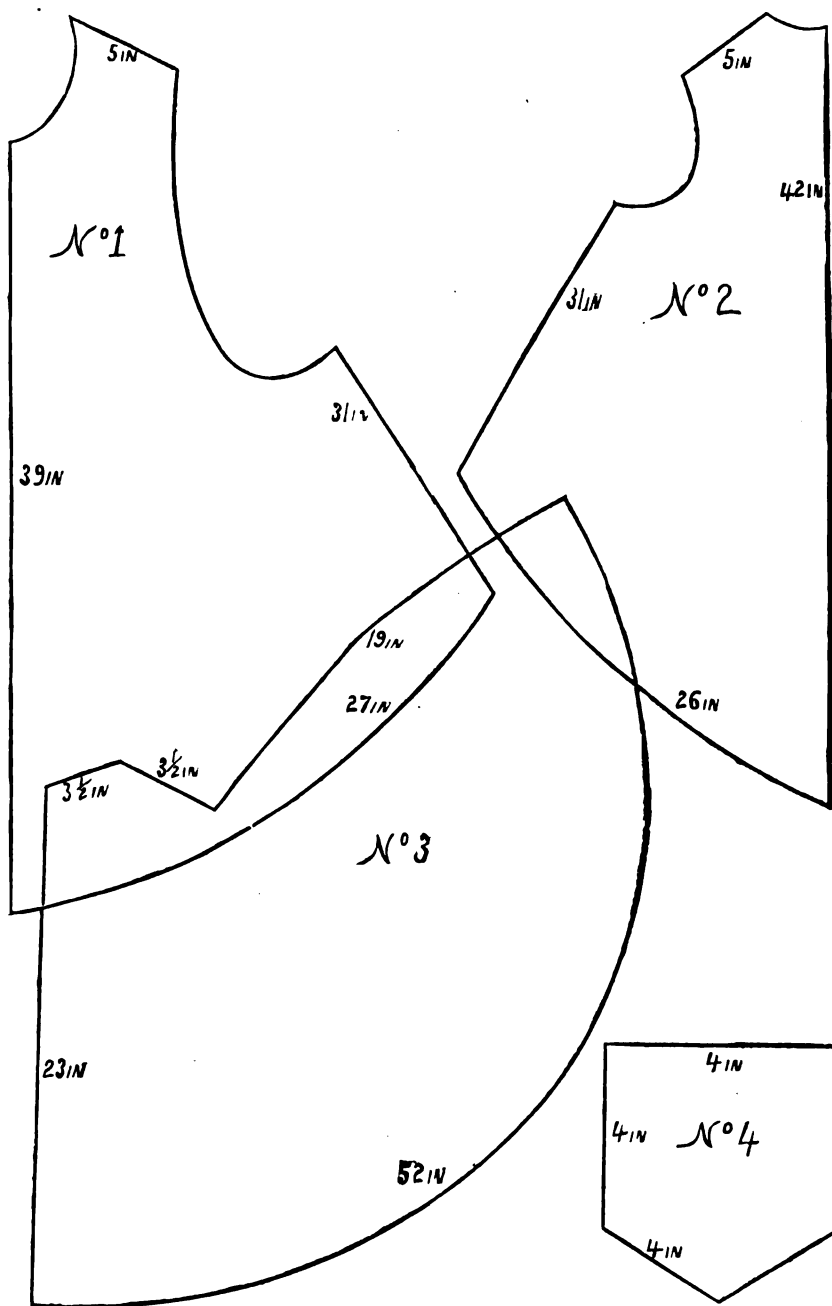
This arabesque may be worked in white braid, preferred. Plain tape braid is used, and the spaces filled in with a variety of lace stitches. A neck-tye, or it may be carried out in black, if a picot edge is added when the work is finished.

WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR A YOUNG MISS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



The material of which this cloak is to be made is water-proof tweed. The fashionable colors this year are bottle-green, heather-brown, and dark, mottled purple; scarlet is also in vogue for country wear. The cape is bordered with worsted fringe, that matches in color the tweed selected for the cloak. Our pattern consists of four pieces—one front, half of back, half of cape, and one pocket.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

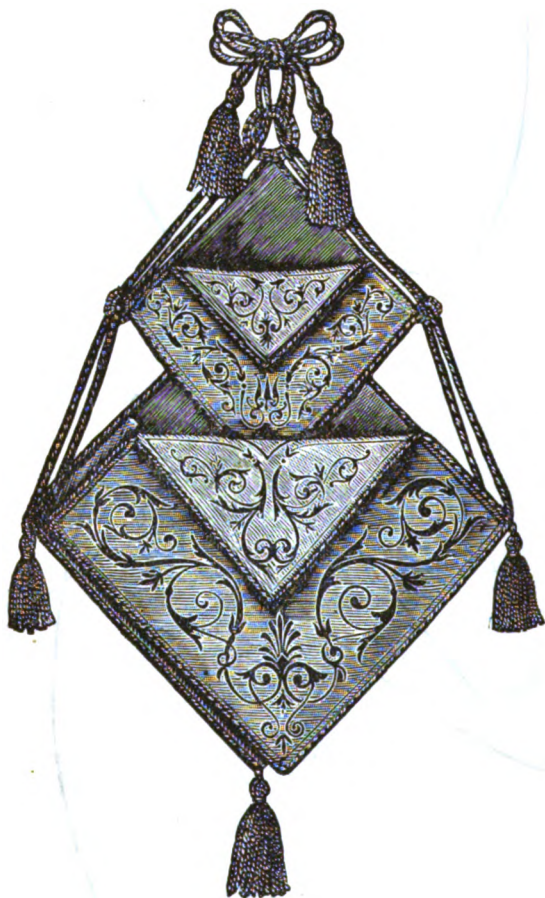
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. HALF OF CAPE.

No. 4. POCKET.

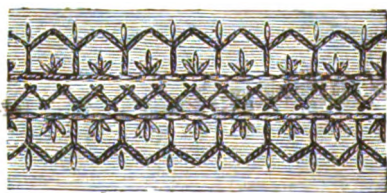
EMBROIDERED BED-POCKET

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



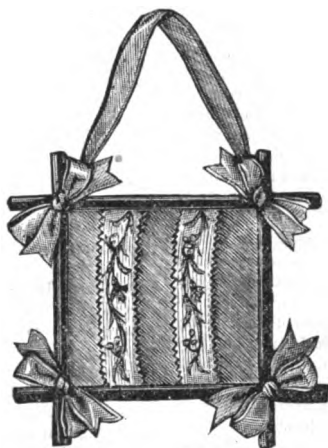
Made of gray linen, worked with scarlet wool in satin stitch and overcast stitch. Round the edges of the pocket and flaps thick scarlet worsted cord is sewn, and at the three upper corners are fastened metal rings, overcast with scarlet wool. A scarlet cord is passed through these rings, as shown in the illustration, and scarlet tassels are attached to complete the design.

INSERTION.



FANCY NEEDLE-BOOK, WITH DETAIL OF STRIPE

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



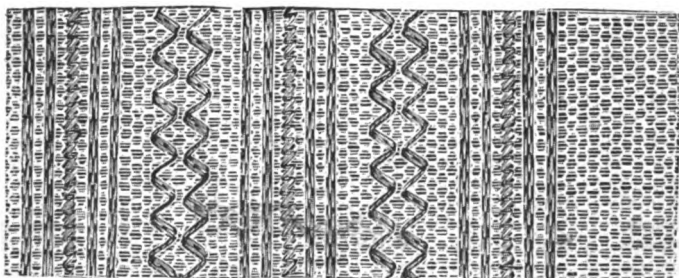
The needle-book consists of a square cushion, framed in black polished cane, and lined with cardboard. Our illustration gives, in its original size, the design for the embroidery on the cushion. The ground is of white cloth, vandyked round the

edges, and embroidered with different colored purse-silks, in satin and overcast stitch. Bows and loops of bright-blue satin ribbon. The inside is finished with leaves of white flannel, with button-hole edges.



DESIGN FOR DARNING ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This insertion is specially intended for veils, fichus, etc. The ground is plain net, and the pattern is darned with white thread or black silk.

EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ARTISTIC FASHIONS, SO CALLED!—An attempt was made recently, in London, to introduce what were called artistic fashions. A popular landscape and figure painter gave a reception, at which the various ladies who were guests, ignoring the fashions of the day, appeared in historical costumes, that they considered beautiful, or in fancy costumes, which they had "evoked," as the Germans say, "out of their own consciousness". This attempt to dethrone fashion, however, was a signal failure. We have never heard of anybody wearing any of these costumes since.

The reason is not far to seek. A well-bred woman avoids, above everything else, making herself conspicuous, and to wear a costume, that deviates too much from the prevailing mode, is to do this. Taste in dress should, therefore, be exercised within certain limits. The fashions of the day may be modified to suit the wearer's individual style; but they cannot be entirely ignored. A woman, who should walk down Walnut Street in Philadelphia, or the Fifth Avenue in New York, or Beacon Street in Boston, wearing the towering head-dress of a century ago, would draw a crowd after her as great as follows an Indian chief in his paint and feathers. This is, of course, an ordeal from which every modest woman shrinks.

We have seen several attempts, in this country, to get up so-called artistic dresses, but they have invariably made even pretty women look like *gygs*. The style of one century cannot, safely, be imported into another: manners have changed; the costume becomes incongruous. Think of an auctioneer crying his wares, or a lawyer addressing a jury, in the velvet doublet and feathered hat of a cavalier of the time of Charles the First! It is just as absurd for a woman to dress like Henrietta Maria, or Marie Antoinette. Nay! it is an offence against true taste. The truth is that modern fashions, on the whole, are as graceful as any that have gone before. Of course, horrid things are sent out by third-rate designers here; but, as a whole, the real Paris fashions are invariably in good taste. Worth never turned out a really ugly costume. We think we never engraved one.

A lady, unless she wishes to be eccentric, *must* follow the fashions, at least in a modified degree. The first requisite to dressing well yourself, is to know what is going to be worn. You may then adapt the style to suit your complexion, etc. But you cannot entirely ignore it.

OUR NOVELETS FOR NEXT YEAR.—We are able to promise our subscribers something unusually fine in the way of novelets for next year. First of all will be "THE DAYS OF '76," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. This is not only one of the most powerful stories she has ever written, but a faithful picture of the life and manners of "the times that tried men's souls." For the Centennial year it is exactly the thing. Then there will be a novelet of the first century, "THE DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM," by one of our oldest contributors, though not a very frequent one, we regret to say, Mrs. Mary V. Spencer. The action of this story turns on the persecutions of the early Christians, the fall of Jerusalem, etc., etc. It is in a different vein from any we have ever had, and will be valuable, historically, as well as on other grounds. The other novelets will be announced in the Prospectus, in our next number. Meantime begin to get up your clubs for 1876. Never before has "Peterson" been so desirable as it will be during the Centennial year. It will be more indispensable than ever before.

PSYCHE AND VASE.—The legend of Psyche is one of the most beautiful in the old Greek mythology. How Venus grew jealous of her; how she was compelled to wander with her vase; and how she won happiness at last, is all told in antique poesy, and has been charmingly re-sung, in our own time, by Morris, in his "Earthly Paradise." The story of Psyche and Cupid has always been a favorite one with artists. Raphael painted the adventures of Psyche, in a series of pictures, the wonder of the world, in the Farnese Villa at Rome. These frescoes yet exist, and though nearly four centuries old, they are still the admiration of mankind. A German artist, B. Beyschlag, has recently painted the picture we engrave; a work of rare merit, and one difficult to rival: and hence we give it a place in "Peterson."

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Do not lose a single day in securing your club subscribers for 1876! If you put it off, somebody else may get ahead of you. Write to us for a specimen copy to assist you: we send specimens for such purposes, *gratis*. "Peterson" has never been so good as it will be next year, for that being the Centennial, we shall have special facilities for excelling. No matter how many other magazines or newspapers are taken in a family, this one will be indispensable.

A MILK DIET IN HEART DISEASE is now followed by the best French physicians. Under this treatment, in cases of active hypertrophy, the palpitations diminish, and also the congested condition of the heart, the brain, and the lungs. Milk, as a diet for the sick, is becoming, indeed, a favorite one, in very many other diseases, and we have known some remarkable cures effected by it, especially affections of the stomach.

THREE SUBSCRIBERS, at a dollar and sixty cents each, will entitle you to a copy, *gratis*, of the superb premium engraving for 1876, (size 24 by 20 inches,) "CHRISTMAS MORNING." Similar pictures bring five dollars at retail stores. Yet for \$4.80 you get not only this magnificent steel engraving, but also three copies of "Peterson" for 1876, and *postage paid* at that.

WATER-LILIES CAN BE GROWN ARTIFICIALLY.—Sink in the ground an old cask, and cover the bottom with peat and swamp mud, and then fill it with water. Early in the spring place water-lily roots in the earth at the bottom of the artificial pond, and by June you will have lilies in full bloom.

THESE ARE THE TIMES in which to save a dollar by subscribing for "Peterson's Magazine." Other first-class magazines are so much dearer, that even full-price subscribers get "Peterson" for from one to two dollars less than they can get others, while club-subscribers get it for even less.

OUR COLORED PATTERN for this month is to be worked on Java canvas in black. These Tidy patterns are so popular that we are continually being asked for new ones. This is particularly effective, full of humor and point.

A SINGLE FLOWER, if you can get no more, gives an air of incalculable refinement to the table, at breakfast, dinner or supper.

LIFE IS A POOR THING without, at least, some little speck of the beautiful. It is like a dark cellar compared to a sunshiny lawn.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1876.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, for framing, at a cost of from one to two thousand dollars, as a premium for getting up certain of our clubs. Many persons, we find, prefer such a premium even to an extra copy of the magazine; while others wish to earn both an extra copy and an engraving to frame and hang on the walls. The plate for next year will be in a different vein from any we have had for several years, and will be desirable, therefore, for its novelty as well as for its own intrinsic beauty. It will be of the usual size, (24 by 20,) and has been engraved expressly for us by Illman Brothers, in their most brilliant style. The subject is, "CHRISTMAS MORNING." It represents two little ones, still in their night-dresses, knocking at papa and mamma's chamber-door, in the early morning, to wish them a "Merry Christmas." Very rarely is an artist felicitous enough, to think of so good a theme, or to design so effective a picture. Every mother, nay! every woman, more than that, every one who loves little children, will be charmed with this picture, and will wish for a copy. The easiest way to obtain a copy is to get up a club for this magazine for 1876!

NEURALGIA MAY BE MITIGATED, if not absolutely cured, by a mixture of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor locally applied. Dr. Lenox Browne, an English physician of eminence, says, that, in every case, it affords instantaneous relief.

THE MUSIC IN "PETERSON."—The Lockport (N. Y.) Times says: "We venture to assert that two dollars, the price of a subscription for a year, could not purchase the music which twelve numbers contain, aside from the other attractions."

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can always be supplied by the publisher. If news-dealers say they cannot get them, it is because they will not take the trouble to order them. In such cases, write to us, and we will furnish them.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Way We Live Now. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol, 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This, the last fiction from the pen of that popular writer, the author of "Barchester Towers," has been rather severely handled by the British press, especially by the Saturday Review. The point made is that the characters represent such despicable types of humanity, that it is unfair to quote them as specimens of the "Way We Live Now." But this seems to us hypercritical. Mr. Trollope does not pretend, in this fiction, and it would be impossible in any fiction, to describe every phase of contemporary society: all he undertakes to do is to picture certain phases of it; and in this, certainly, he has not gone beyond the truth. Such swindlers as Melmotte do exist, and during their brief sway are made much of; and such miserable wretches as Sir Felix Carbury; and even such girls as Georgiana Lowstaffe. The great point the novel makes is that English society is honeycombed with a vulgar, almost insane worship of mere wealth; and a very eminent Englishman assured the writer of this, quite recently, that such was the real canker of his nation. The fact is it is because the sketch is so terribly true that the London journals assail Mr. Trollope. We find the book, as a work of art, hardly inferior even to his best fictions, with but one cardinal fault, its rather excessive length. As a picture of the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, in England, it is far more reliable than were the Comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, and others of the close of the seventeenth, though Macaulay made, as we all know, such extensive use of them, and has been praised for doing it. The work, in its American form, is neatly printed.

The Novels and Romances of Sir Walter Scott. People's Edition. 5 vols, 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The American people ought to be, as we believe they are, the most intelligent on the face of the earth; for nowhere is good reading so cheap, and therefore so accessible to the masses; and it is reading that makes the intelligent man or woman. Here, for example, is an edition of Sir Walter Scott, of which each novel can be had separately for twenty-five cents, or the whole for five dollars. When first published, abroad, the novels sold for eight dollars each! To praise Scott is "to gild refined gold." Yet we cannot resist quoting what a recent eminent English critic has said of him. "It is the great virtue of Scott's poetry, and of his novels also," says the Principal Sharp, L.L. D., of Edinburgh, "that, quite forgetting self, they describe man and outward nature, broadly, freely, truly, as they are. All contemporary literature, goes to work in the exactly opposite direction, shaping men and things after patterns self-originated from within, describing and probing human feelings and motives with an analysis so searching, that all manly impulse withers before it, and single-hearted straightforwardness becomes a thing impossible. Against this whole tendency of modern poetry and fiction, so weakening, so morbidly self-conscious, so unhealthily introspective, what more effective antidote, than the bracing atmosphere of Homer, and Shakespeare, and Scott?"

A Double Wedding; or How She Was Won. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 vol, 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is by the author of "The Household of Bouverie," a novel, which, when it first appeared, created a very great sensation. So good a judge as Marian Harland, herself one of the most popular of American writers, said of it, "As a piece of imaginative writing I have seen nothing to equal it since the days of Edgar A. Poe." Other competent critics, including J. G. Saxe and George Ripley, spoke of it in terms hardly less eulogistic. In this more recent novel, Mrs. Warfield quite maintains her reputation, keeping up the interest of the story unflaggingly. There is nothing of the milk-and-water school in "A Double Wedding;" the style is forcible, the incidents absorbing, the conception bold and striking. The reader is enchained from the very first chapter. It is a book, which, once begun, cannot easily be laid aside until finished. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Statement of Reasons for Embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Emanuel Swedenborg. By the Rev. George Bush. 1 vol, 16 mo. New York: E. Hazard Swinney.—This is one of a series of tracts, published under Swedenborgian auspices, called the "New Church Tracts." Dr. Bush was Professor of Hebrew in the New York University. A biographical sketch of him accompanies the tract.

The Household of Bouverie. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 vol, 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of a novel, which, when first published, took its place at once in American literature. It is a story, too, that will well repay a second perusal. Very handsomely printed and bound.

The Court of Queen Mary. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. 1 vol, 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In this historical novel, we have well-drawn characters, fidelity to the events of the times, and an interesting plot. With some people historical novels have gone out of fashion; but we confess that we still read them with pleasure.

Isabel of Bavaria. By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol, 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is one of the best of the historical novels of the late Alexander Dumas. The time is the reign of Charles the Sixth of France, a time fertile in romantic incidents, of which the author has availed himself with great skill. It is a cheap edition.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The popularity of "Peterson" increases as it grows older. Everywhere the newspapers speak of it "as the cheapest and best." Says the Kansas Patriot: "The August number is received, and justly merits the reputation it has gained of being the leading literary and fashion monthly. The beautiful engraving, 'In a Pout,' is of itself worth half the subscription." The Randolph (Mass.) Register says: "Peterson for July is a superb number. Its rich and racy reading has a wonderful effect upon the family, especially with the ladies. It is a magazine that is a prize to any household, and should be a regular monthly visitor." The Pendleton (W. Va.) News says: "It cannot be surpassed: some of the best talent in the country contributes to its reading matter." The Kansas Chronicle says: "In cheapness and quality it cannot be surpassed." The Centre Point (Iowa) Weekly says: "It should grace every lady's table in the land." The Monroe (La.) Intelligencer says: "Its fashions alone are worth the subscription price." The Moberly Mo. Monitor says: "Those who have not already subscribed for this excellent magazine should do so at once." Now get up your clubs for 1876!

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S COMPLETE WORKS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just published an entire new, complete, and uniform edition of all the celebrated works written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. This edition is in duodecimo form, and is printed on the finest of white paper, and is complete in thirty-nine volumes, and each volume is bound in the very best manner, in morocco cloth, with a full gilt back, and sold at the low price of \$1.75 a volume, or \$68.25 for a full and complete set. Every Family, and every Library in this Country, should have in it a complete set of this new and beautiful edition.

Copies of either, or all, will be sent per first mail, post-paid, to any one, to any place, on remitting price of ones wanted to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., or they will be found for sale by all booksellers. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued a New Catalogue of their Publications, which they will send to any person writing for one, in which will be found a full list of the names of all Mrs. Southworth's works.

WE PRE-PAY THE POSTAGE, remember, on "Peterson" to all mail subscribers. Persons getting up clubs for 1876 should be particular to explain this to those they ask to subscribe. Until this year, subscribers had to pay the postage, at their own offices, at an additional expense of twelve cents each, and sometimes of twenty-four. The prices now asked for "Peterson" include the postage, making it really cheaper than ever. Bear this in mind. Thus, in 1874, we sent four copies for \$3.50: but the subscriber, as well as the club agent, had afterward to pay 12 cents each for postage, making the total, \$7.10. Now we send the same club, postage-paid, for \$6.80. The same is true, and generally to an even greater extent, of all the other clubs.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVESZY, M. D.

No. X.—DISEASES OF THE EYELIDS.—Continued.

Little abscesses, with yellow points, are apt to form in the Meibomian glands, which stud the edges of the eyelids, and

sometimes the swelling is so great that when there is but one, it may resemble the common sty. This small accumulation of pus is readily removed by a needle's puncture, followed by a little pressure. A hordeolum, or sty, is similar to a small boil, forming in and projecting from the edge of the eyelid. It is a little tumefaction of a dark-red color, very hard, attended at first by a feeling of stiffness, and itching, and, as it increases, by a great degree of pain for its size. In delicate, irritable children, fever, with restlessness, is present. Suppuration takes place slowly; it points, bursts, and discharges a small quantity of thick pus, when it subsides and disappears for a time, but is apt to be reproduced, especially in scrofulous children. In adults this affection seems to depend upon late hours, use of spirituous liquors, pickles, pepper, mustard, cheese, etc.

A few doses of *pulestilla*, in drop, or even quarter-drop doses, will nearly always blight the sty in the beginning; so, also, will the rubbing of it with the finger, moistened with turpentine, several times during the day. But to prevent their return, or re-forming, attention should be paid to the condition of the stomach and bowels. In the incipient stage cold cloths, saturated with vinegar and water, may be used to arrest it. If suppuration appears, a little poultice of ground elm and flaxseed, with powdered lobelia, is most soothing and applicable, and will hasten the suppuration process. If slow as to bursting, open it, when the yellow spot appears, with a delicate-pointed lancet, press out the pus, and continue to poultice for a day or two.

Sometimes the little cavity needs touching with caustic, or alum. An emetic and purge will be found useful in many cases of children where due care has not been observed in their eating, and constipation exists.

Warts are not uncommon on the edges of the eyelids, which, if they hang by a slender connection to the surface, can be most readily and safely got rid of by snipping them off with scissors, or tying them tightly with a waxed silken thread. Solution of carbonate of soda or potash constantly applied, will often disperse them in the earlier stages.

Naevus Marmoratus, or mother's mark, is a little red spot—a series of broken blood-vessels—appearing upon an infant's face, eyelids, or elsewhere, at birth. When the babe cries, the naevus assumes a more vivid and distended state. Some naevi, though livid at birth, spontaneously disappear. Sometimes they grow to a certain size, or degree, and then cease to enlarge, or gradually wither and contract and disappear. Hence the application used before the spontaneous disappearance gets the credit of the cure. Many of these spots disappear during or after a severe illness, which reduces the general powers of nutrition; some, after retaining a certain size, remain stationary for life, varying only at times in intensity of color. A slight blow, or some unknown source of irritation, will sometimes excite a mere stain-like spec into an uncontrollable state.

Various methods are adopted to destroy these spots, only a few of which can be resorted to by mothers. A physician or surgeon must generally be consulted.

If a naevus is small, and not increasing in size, it is as well to let it alone, or at most to cover its surface every second or third day with collodion, applied by a camel's-hair pencil, which, drying, contracts the vessels; or penciling it in like manner with colorless tincture of iodine. Mothers can also sometimes succeed by applying constantly lint steeped in a strong solution of alum, fastened over the part with a bandage, and frequently wetted. If, after some days or weeks, the part becomes white, and flatter and firmer, and if, soon after, little firm, white spots form on the surface, the cure is certain.

Such applications as solutions of alum and lunar caustic, cannot be applied to the eyelids.

If these simple measures do not succeed, the surgeon resorts to vaccination, caustics, setons, ligatures, dissections, etc.

HOME AFFAIRS.

CHOOSING YOUR FURNITURE.—One of the first considerations in the choice of furniture is neither its beauty nor its rarity, but its effect in some particular spot. In purchasing this or that article we should remember where it is to stand, and its probable relative bearing with its surroundings. Any of us, when we get accustomed to a house, must be ready to admit that rooms vary endlessly in their conditions, even in two houses run up on precisely the same pattern. The light falls differently, the out-look is not the same, we have some special arrangement of our own, or some peculiar furniture which altogether changes the *mise en scene*. This variety is one of the strongest arguments against the purchase of the stereotyped class of furniture, pieces of which are made by the dozen. A certain cabinet may do in this room, but not in that; a massive book-case may do in an empty space, but in a more crowded room it overpowers and kills everything else. Another consideration, certainly not less important than its effect, is the usefulness of furniture—its suitability, so to speak, for the ends for which it is designed. This cannot be too much insisted upon. We should buy a table because it will stand firm upon its legs, a chair because it is strong enough to carry us, a drawer because it goes easily in and out, a mirror because you can see your face in it, and blinds because they will keep out the sun. Such primary requisites as these are sometimes ignored in modern manufacture, although they were not in the old. Indeed, the superiority of old over new furniture, in this and in almost every other respect, is quite incontestable. The sooner we get back to making furniture, in the solid way our grandfathers made it, the better. Buy, if possible, furniture of this kind: if not, get as near like it as possible. To buy only good articles, buy slowly, thoughtfully, and with judgment, are the leading principles by which people furnishing should be guided, and they can hardly fail in achieving success. In the long run, too, this is the cheapest way to furnish your house, for a poor article is always dear.

GAMES.

THE LATEST METHOD OF PLAYING CROQUET.—The latest method of playing croquet is to set the hoops so that they shall be less than eight yards from one boundary. Each player is compelled to run the middle hoop four times. A late variation of the game is to have two four-ball games, one set starting from each end of the lawn. If a ball belonging to the other set is in the way, it may be taken up, and replaced. By a rule just adopted, at starting, the player's ball is to be placed one foot from the first hoop and opposite its centre, instead of a mallet's length, as formerly. The object is to make the first hoop a certainty, and so to bring all the balls into play at once. If the first hoop is missed, the ball is not taken up, but remains where it lies, and is liable to be made use of by the other balls, whether they have run the first hoop or not. This puts a player at the first stroke of his first turn in precisely the same relation to all the balls as he is at the commencement of all subsequent turns. Thus, a player may at his first turn play either for a hoop or a roquet. Formerly he had to run the first hoop before playing for a roquet, now he may play for a roquet before taking any hoop. Striking a ball's flight is abolished, but pegging out is retained. It is a sore point, especially with ladies, when about to go out, to have one's plans spoiled by an adversary who knocks you outside the boundary, but this is in the chances of war, and makes the game more interesting.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

VEGETABLES.

Lyonnaise Potatoes.—Boiled or steamed potatoes left from the dinner, may be prepared *à la Lyonnaise* for the next day's breakfast. The potatoes are peeled and sliced; then peel and slice one or more onions, which put into a frying-pan with butter; fry until the onions are turning yellowish, when you add the slices of potatoes. Keep tossing now and then until the potatoes are fried and somewhat yellow. Salt to taste, and serve warm. Persons who do not like onions may make potato *saucées*. Put butter in a frying-pan, and when melted, turn the slices of potatoes in, toss now and then as above, and serve warm.

Minestra, an Italian Dish.—Cut up three or four potatoes, add a proportionate quantity of beans, dried ones best, onions, carrots, and celery, sliced; and, if in season, sliced vegetable marrow and pumpkin rind. Boil all these in a quarter of a sauce-pan of water till the potatoes are quite soft, adding, of course, salt. Then add a quarter of a pound of rice or macaroni; boil a little longer, as the rice ought not to be soft, and before taking off the fire, add an ounce of butter, a spoonful of fine olive oil, and as much Parmesan cheese; stir a few minutes and serve.

Maitre d'Hotel Potatoes.—Steam, peel, and slice the potatoes; set a pan on the fire, with butter in it, and, as soon as melted, add a teaspoonful of flour. Stir with a wooden spoon until the butter and flour turn of a golden color; add then one pint or one quart of milk, according to the quantity of potatoes; salt to taste. Give one boil, and take off. Add the potatoes, put the pan on a slow fire for twelve or fifteen minutes, stirring the while, and adding a teaspoonful of chopped parsley beaten with two tablespoonfuls of milk and two or more yolks of eggs. Serve warm.

Another Way.—Steam potatoes, then peel, and cut them in pieces, which you put in a pan with a piece of butter, a little chopped parsley, salt, and pepper; toss now and then for two or three minutes, and serve warm.

Onions.—Bake them in the oven a good, rich brown, in a sauce composed of a little broth and butter, with pepper and salt. Spanish onions are best stewed in brown gravy. They are also good put whole into a sauce-pan, with about an ounce and a half of butter to each onion, and allowed to stew for about an hour, or until done. A little pepper and salt should be added. A dessert-spoonful of mushroom catchup, put in just at the last, takes off the richness of the gravy.

Risotto, also an Italian Dish.—Take a quarter of a pound of rice, boil it, with sufficient salt, in a little more water than will cover it, until the rice begins to swell; it must not get too soft. Then add a pinch of saffron, just to color it, or, if possible, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce; also about an ounce of butter, and as much grated cheese; stir for a few moments, and serve. This is for four people.

PICKLES.

Tomato Pickle.—Cut half a peck of ripe tomatoes into quarters, lay them on dishes, and sprinkle over them half a pound of salt. The next day drain the juice from them through a hair sieve, into a stew-pan, and boil it for half an hour with three dozen of small capcums and half a pound of eschalots; then add the tomatoes, which should be ready pulped through a strainer. Boil the whole for thirty minutes longer, then fill wide-necked bottles with the pickle while it is quite hot; cork and dip the necks into melted bottle-resin or cement. To make sauce, the pickle should be mixed with gravy or melted butter.

To Pickle Cucumbers.—Make choice of those which are small, and not too old; put them in jars, and pour over them a brine made of two-thirds of water and one of vinegar, with salt in the proportion of a pound to three pints of liquid. Put the brine on the fire till the salt is melted, let it stand to settle, and before you use it pour it off clear. When you wish to use the cucumbers, take the rind off, and dress them in the same way as the fresh cucumber.

Plums in Vinegar.—Gather the plums with the stalks, prick them with a needle, and put them, with layers of cloves and cinnamon, into glass jars. For every four pounds of plums boil up two pounds of sugar, and one quart of best vinegar, and pour it warm over the plums. Next day pour off the vinegar, boil it up again, and pour over the fruit. This must be repeated a third time. Tie up with bladder. This preserve improves much by keeping.

To Pickle Green Tomatoes.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes; take one gallon of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of whole cloves, four of allspice, two of salt, one of mace, and one of Cayenne pepper. Boil the vinegar and spices together ten minutes, put in the tomatoes, and let all boil together about a quarter of an hour. When cold, put them in jars.

CAKES.

Ground Rice-Cake.—Take the weight of four eggs in ground rice, the same in loaf sugar, pounded and sifted; the same of fresh butter, beaten to a cream; the weight of two eggs in flour, the rind of half a lemon, grated. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly together, then add the butter, next the four eggs, well beaten, and, lastly, the juice of half a lemon, with half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; beat thoroughly. Line a tin with buttered paper, put in the mixture, and bake immediately. The oven must be moderately quick at first putting in the cake; but when it has risen, it must be put backward in the oven to let it soak well. Some candied peel and citron may be put on the top of the cake, with white sugar-plums to ornament it, previously to putting it in the oven. The paper for lining the tin should be white writing-paper, well buttered, and should be much higher than the tin.

Soda Biscuits.—Put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar into one quart of flour; sift both together, and rub in thoroughly two large spoonfuls of butter. Put one teaspoonful of soda into a tablespoonful of cold water, and stir till all is dissolved; then put it into a pint of cold water, and pour it on the flour. Stir together quickly. If it cannot be rolled out, add a little flour, but just as little as it is possible to roll out the biscuits with. Cut in shape, and bake immediately. The great secret of making good soda biscuits is, to sift the soda with the flour, to have the soda thoroughly dissolved; the dough made as thin and as quickly as possible, and baked immediately.

Swiss Biscuit.—Mix four ounces of fine flour, two ounces of sifted sugar, the grated peel of a lemon, and half a pound of butter, to a paste, with the white of an egg, and a sufficient quantity of milk. Boil it thin, cut into biscuits, and brush them over with the yolk of an egg, over which sift fine sugar. Bake them on tins.

COLD SWEETS.

Lemon Cream.—1. Dissolve half an ounce of isinglass in a cup of white wine; add the juice of a large lemon and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Strain it into a mould, and when nearly cold, fill it up with cream, (about one pint,) and stir it up; ice, if necessary. Turn it out.

2. Three eggs, equal weight of butter, sugar, and flour. Beat all well together twenty minutes; spread the mixture, half an inch thick, over a buttered baking-tin; bake it for ten minutes, then take it out of the oven, and spread it with raspberry or strawberry jam. Boil it up, and put it into the oven again for a short time.

3. For a pint of milk, half an ounce of cocoa, an ounce and a half of corn flour, two tablespoonfuls of raw sugar. Mix all well together into a thick paste, with cold milk; after which, add the rest of the milk; mix well; boil over a gentle fire, stirring all the time, till it begins to thicken. Just before taking it off the fire, add a teaspoonful of the essence of vanilla; pour it into a mould; let it stand on ice, or in a cold place, for a few hours, when it will be fit to turn out.

4. Take a pint of raw cream, half a pound of loaf-sugar, one ounce of isinglass, the thin rind and juice of two lemons, and a wineglass of rum or brandy. Whisk the sugar in the cream for ten minutes, then add the other ingredients gradually; and as soon as it begins to settle, pour it into the mould. When cold, turn it out.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Roman Pudding.—Butter a basin, and line it with boiled macaroni, round like a beehive; have ready veal, ham, tongue, chicken, or cold game, all cut very finely; an ounce of Parmesan cheese, and a little nutmeg, pepper, salt, lemon-peel, and Cayenne, two eggs, and a cupful of cream. Mix all together, and fill your basin. Boil for half an hour. When cold, turn it out and glaze it. It may be eaten hot; then serve it with good rich gravy.

Meat Jelly.—Cut some dressed meat (beef or mutton) into slices smaller than for hash; season them with salt and pepper. Dissolve some gelatine in one pint of good, clear stock; arrange the slices of meat in a mould, with slices of hard-boiled eggs. Fill up the mould with the stock, and put it into the oven for half an hour. Let it stand till quite cold, turn it out, and garnish with water-cress.

Souse Feet.—After they are nicely scraped and cleaned, boil them in water that has a little salt in it, until they are tender; then take them out, and put them in cold spiced vinegar. The water that they were boiled in, if allowed to boil longer, will jelly. This can be poured over the feet. Pig's feet are the best to souse. They can either be eaten cold, or fried brown in butter.

To Clean Marble.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely-powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve, and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed. Then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

Cleaning Tinware.—The best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. Damp a cloth, and dip in soda, and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened or dirty ware can be made to look as well as new.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VIOLET VELVET.—Under-dress has one deep flounce. The over-dress falls low on the right side, and is looped up high on the left, and is trimmed with a broad band of fur. The waist opens on the left side, and with the sleeves and velvet muff, is also trimmed with fur. Purple velvet bonnet.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR.—Long cloak of gray-green cloth, with very large sleeves, trimmed with fur. Green velvet bonnet.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK METALISE.—The skirt is long and plain. Over-dress of black velvet, open in front, long at the sides, and slightly looped up at the back. The waist also has a black metalise vest. Coat-sleeves with very deep cuffs. Black velvet hat, trimmed with black feathers, and a black velvet bow.

FIG. IV.—RECEPTION-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET AND POPPY-COLORED SILK.—The entire front of the dress, except a vest-shaped piece on the body, is of black velvet; the vest-shaped piece is of poppy-colored silk. The black velvet is put on

in vandykes around the bottom of the poppy-colored skirt. Bands of black velvet also cross the skirt, holding it up in loose puffs. Large black velvet bow at the end of the upper band. The violin back of poppy-colored silk is trimmed with small bows of black velvet. Sleeves of black velvet, with poppy-colored puff at the elbow.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is of fawn-colored silk. The back is rather long, and laid in flat plaits, down the middle of which are rows of large buttons, and falls over a deep plaited ruffle. The front is trimmed to the top with narrow plaited ruffles. The over-dress is of light nut-brown camel's-hair, open in front, trimmed with a ruffle on each side; it is looped up in complicated folds at the back. Fawn-colored felt hat, trimmed with velvet the color of the dress.

FIG. VI.—NEW STYLE OF FICHU.—It can be made either of very thin muslin or of net, and trimmed with any kind of wide lace; in black it is less dressy, but looks very well over a rich-colored dress.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR FALL OF CHECKED AND STRIPED DE LAINE.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with a flounce, bordered with a band of checked de laine. Above the flounce is a deep plaiting of the striped material. Over-skirt round in front, and square at the back, edged with a plaiting of the striped, with two bias bands of the checked above it. Jacket loose in front, and tight-fitting at the back. Sleeves with deep cuffs.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR FALL OF DARK-BLUE AND GRAY FOULARD SILK.—The front of the skirt is trimmed with several bands of the silk, cut bias. The back is elaborately ruffled, and has a sash of dark-blue. The front and back of the waist, and sleeves, are of the plaid silk; the side-pieces and long pieces, on either side of the dress, extending to the bottom, are of blue silk. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, our usual variety of hats, head-dresses, bonnets, etc. Of the beauty of the hats we need say nothing, and it is almost impossible to describe them. The black metalisee paletot is edged with two ruffles of black silk, and has a plain hood, finished with a black ribbon bow. The black velvet spencer is finished with a black gurgulee lace, and is fastened across the front with rows of jet beads. A white *crêpe lisse*, in quilling, goes around the neck and front. The pocket is of black velvet, with white net over it, and a rose with buds ornaments it. We have seen, for evening-dress, some white lace pockets, from which clusters of flowers were apparently falling. The dolman is of black poplin, with jet bead-braiding put on lengthwise, and trimmed with jet lace. The jacket is of black ribbed cloth, trimmed with black braid of two widths. The fronts are long and square, and the back short and full, and trimmed with pockets. The jacket is bordered with a band of white braid, having three narrow rows above. The brandebourgs consist of braid and gimp olives. The back is striped with braid, arranged in a fan-like form, each row terminating with an olive.

For full dress, the hair continues to be dressed low on the neck, but it has been worn so for such a length of time that a change must soon take place.

We recommend to our economical readers, as a good way of utilizing two old dresses, a style that may be suggested by the fourth figure in our fashion-plate, if a train dress is needed.

Some sensible people still wear the skirt sufficiently short to escape the ground; but we regret to say that the rather long skirt is still most popular, and this, combined with the close-fitting, tied-back skirt, makes walking anything but a graceful or comfortable affair. All varieties of trappings are worn on under-skirts: ruffles, flounces, puffs, and plaitings, and the over-dresses present the same variety. Some of the new camel's-hair and other under-dresses are almost covered with braiding: fringes are used to finish these dresses, and are also popular on silks, etc. Many of the

newest imported dresses are trimmed with velvet ribbon, either sewed on in strips, or in any form the wearer may fancy.

Bodices are made longer waisted than formerly, and the cuirass waist is still very popular. Worth has made, lately, for dresses to be worn in the house, a half-fitting jacket, tied in front with bow and ends; this is especially pretty for young people, or those with slender figures. He has also made, for more stylish dresses, bodices in the form of the hunting jacket of Louis the Fifteenth's time, which is a long basque all around, opening over an equally long vest in front, the vest being usually of a different color from the jacket. Plaid materials will be worn much more as a trimming than as a material for a whole dress, and will prove more becoming to many figures used in this way. Coat-sleeves are still the most popular, except for full dress. They are close-fitting, shorter, (which, of course, necessitates expensive long gloves,) and have cuffs of divers patterns, usually very flaring ones. Dresses still continue high in the neck: a more comfortable style for the approaching cold weather than it was for the summer time.

CLOAKS, MANTLES, JACKETS, are appearing in great variety, and no one of them seems to be the especial style, only all are long in front, and some are long all around, some again nearly reaching to the feet.

BONNETS AND HATS also appear in infinite variety; and small, white flowers, like the hawthorn and elder flower, buttercups, coriopsis, etc., are much used on black bonnets, as well as wreaths, or bunches of currants, cherries, and other small fruits.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.—Sacque of light-gray camel's-hair, trimmed with black velvet, and fastened across the front with gray gimp, and black velvet buttons. Light-gray felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and pink roses.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF ECRU-COLORED BROS.—The skirt is kilt plaited, and ornamented with two rows of scallops, done in button-hole stitch. The jacket is also button-holed. Poppy-colored mesh and buttons.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SCOTCH SUIT OF EITHER TWEED OR PLAID.—Kilt plaited skirt, attached to an under-waistcoat; the jacket fastens in front with buttons.

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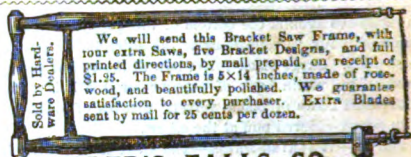
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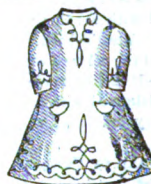
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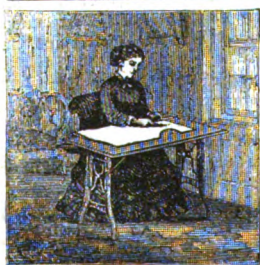


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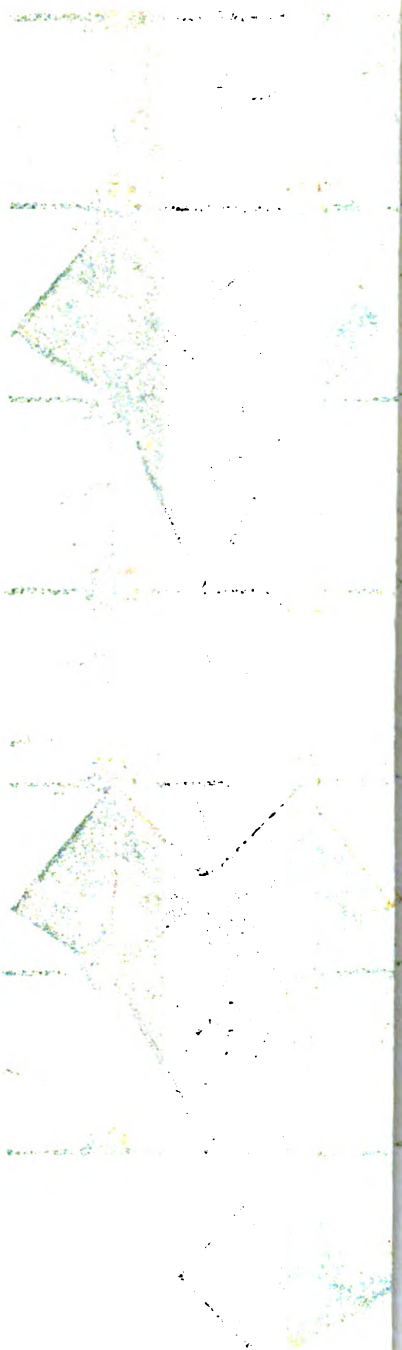




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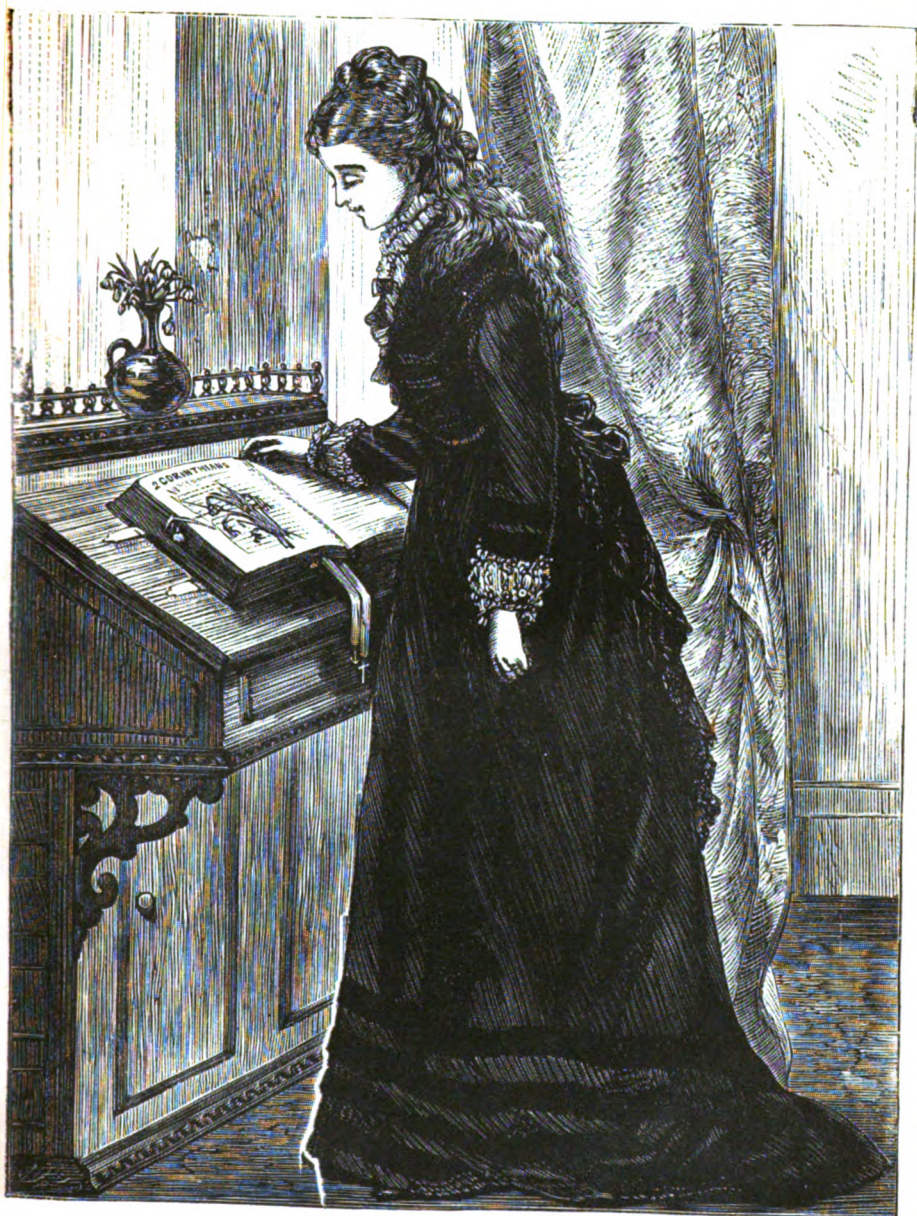


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THE RUINED CASTLE.

[See the Story.]



THE RENUNCIATION.

[See the Story, "Lawrence Elder's Folly."]

Caroline



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS. NAME FOR MARKING.



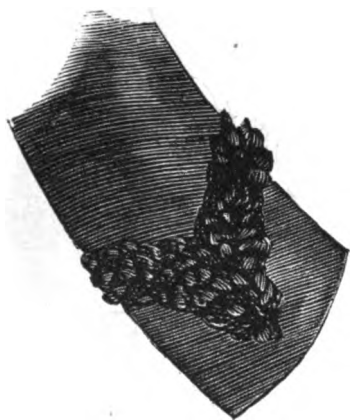
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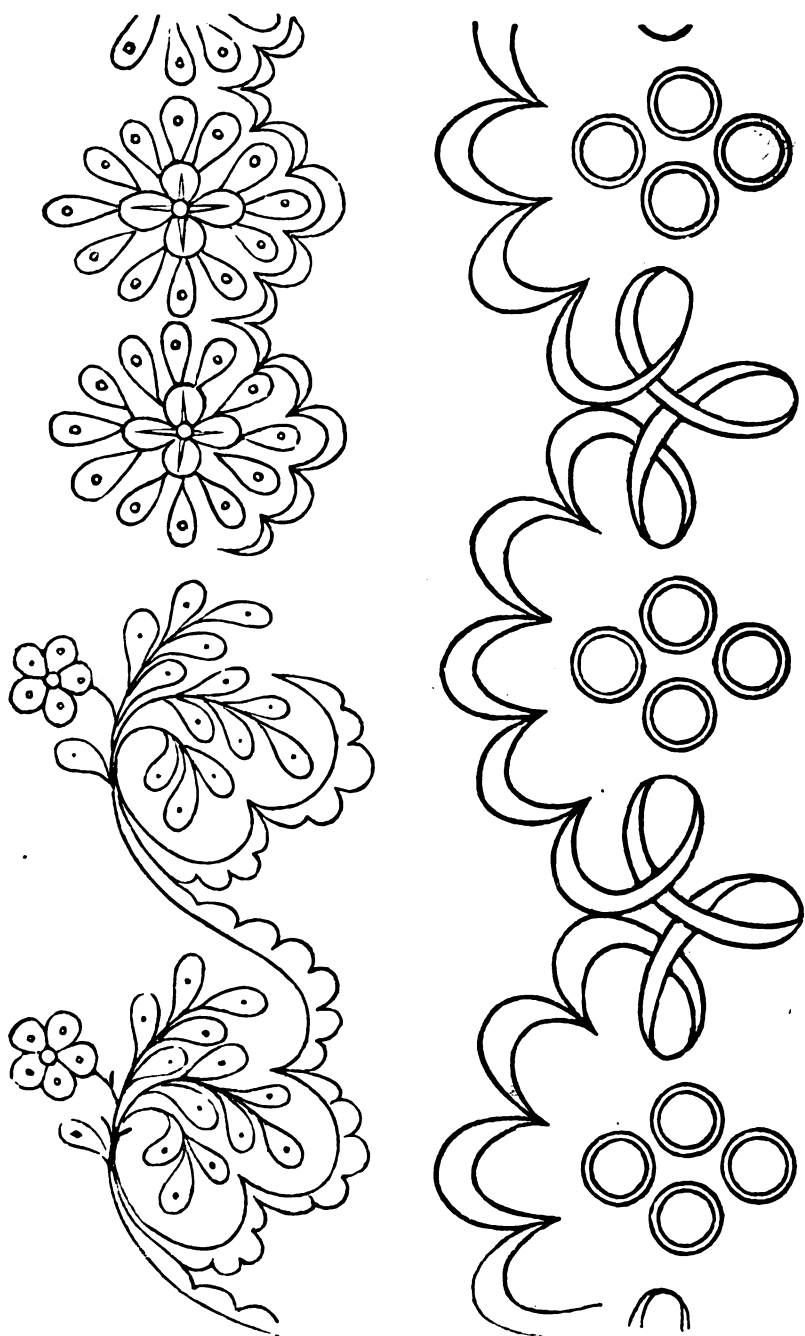
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LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

WALTZ.

CHARLES COOTE.

No. 1.

The first system of the waltz score, measures 1-4. It is in 3/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first measure of the melody is a whole rest, followed by a half rest, and then a quarter rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a series of chords in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. A repeat sign with first and second endings is shown at the end of the system.

The second system of the waltz score, measures 5-8. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

The third system of the waltz score, measures 9-12. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

The fourth system of the waltz score, measures 13-16. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

The fifth system of the waltz score, measures 17-20. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. A dynamic marking of *p* is present.

LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

This musical score is written for piano in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of six systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The second system includes the marking 'legato.' in the bass staff. The third system includes 'cres.' and 'f' markings. The fourth system is marked '2.' and includes 'Last time.' and 'CODA.' markings. The fifth and sixth systems continue the musical piece with various note values and rests.

p *mf* *p* *mf*

legato. *f* *p*

cres. *f*

2. Last time. CODA. *f*



THE NEW STYLES FOR FALL BONNETS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1875.

No. 5.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

"WELCOME to your home! It is a ruined one, but all I have. Once I hoped better things, darling."

The speaker was the young earl of Tankerville. He stood, with his newly-wedded bride, on a broad, but decayed terrace, overlooking a wide sweep of hill-side and river. It was night, but the moon was shining, silvering all things with its magical radiance. Behind him was a long, low, picturesque edifice, half castle, half manor-house, dilapidated and in ruin.

"I would be happy anywhere, dearest," was the fond answer, "even in the poorest cottage, were you with me."

"It is but little more than a cottager's fare I have to offer you," said the young husband, sadly. "Yet, when Geoffrey Tankerville, five hundred years ago, built this castle, he held a hundred manors. When his descendant, Sir Godfrey, leaped his horse from yonder parapet, and was dashed to pieces, sooner than surrender to the Yorkists, who had stormed the walls, the possessions of the family were even greater. But now, this ruined castle, and a few barren acres, represent our entire wealth. Ah, Gwendoline, had I known that I was to be disinherited, I would never have asked you to be mine——"

"Hush! not a word of that," replied the bride, laying her hand lightly on his lips, "you would have done me a great wrong. Besides, you were not to blame. Your cousin, after years of estrangement, had acknowledged you as heir of his estates, and the title he could not keep from you. He afterward changed his mind, that was all."

"Yet," answered the young earl, "I am sure there was a will in my favor. The old earl said to me, 'I have come to die in the home of our race, and I realize at last that I have no right to disinherit you, simply because I hated your father. Years ago, I made a will, leaving to my

brother-in-law, Lord Dormer, all, except this castle, which is entailed on the title. But now I have executed a later will, giving everything to you.' It was on this assurance, darling, that I came to you, and spoke. Then the old earl died suddenly; was found in his library-chair a corpse: had died, it was supposed, while looking over his papers. If the later will was ever abstracted, it was at that time. Certain it is, it was never found."

"I have always thought it very strange, especially as no one was here, you say, who could have had any interest in making away with the will."

"On the contrary, the old butler, Williams, was my fast friend. He himself was one of the witnesses to the will. But see, there he comes, to summon us to dinner. An earl of Tankerville is poor indeed when one aged follower is butler, footman, valet, steward, everything, and that on his master's wedding-day."

The young bride turned to take a last look at the landscape, before going in. Just at that moment a raven croaked under the terrace-wall. The interruption came so unexpectedly, the sound was so foreboding, that Lady Tankerville shrank instinctively, and shuddered.

"You think it an omen of evil," said her husband, with concern. "Let us rather look on it as a welcome. These ravens have been here from time immemorial: they are the last of our retainers: it is but their rude way of showing gladness."

The bride tried to smile.

"I was silly," she said, "and nervous. Yes! it is a good omen, for see, here he comes, soaring over the parapet, and with a white peace-offering, I declare, in his beak, like the dove from the ark. What can it be?"

As she spoke, the raven rose heavily over the terrace, flapping his wings slowly, and hovered just above them.

"He does not fear us, at any rate," said the earl, "and that is a sign of welcome. Stay, I will scare him till he drops his burden, and then we will see what it is. I cannot make it out."

He uttered a quick, loud cry, as he spoke, and the raven, with a frightened croak, let go his burden, and lumbered duskily away.

"Strange," cried the young noble, as he picked up the parcel, which had fallen almost at his feet, "this is a folded parchment. It is tied and sealed like some important law paper. Gracious heaven! what do I read? The superscription is, '*The last will and testament of Ralph, earl of Tankerville.*' Why, my darling, this is the lost will, unless my eyes, in this moonlight, deceive me."

True enough, it was the lost will, as they soon convinced themselves, beyond the possibility of a doubt, when they came to examine it, deliberately, in the lighted dining-room, within doors. "Them's my werry letters," cried old Williams, between laughing and tears, "I knows the big W and the two I's," (he pronounced them with a *h*), "and that's Jim Jones' signatooor likewise: Lor' bless us, what a mirracul'!"

A search, the next day, under the terrace-wall, revealed a large cavity, filled with various other articles, apparently stolen by the raven, and hid there. "It is most probable," said the young earl, "that my poor old predecessor was exam-

ining this very will, with other papers, when he was struck with death, and that the raven, entering through the open window, carried off the document and secreted it. I have heard of such curious freaks before."

Lord Dormer made no opposition to the surrender of the estates. He was very wealthy, in his own right; and besides, he saw the folly of a contest.

"It was a lucky chance, my lord," said the family lawyer, when he announced this result, "that brought you to the old castle for your wedding tour. Otherwise the will might never have been found, for the raven was plainly carrying it off to some other secret receptacle, God knows where."

"It was not chance," reverently replied the young bride, who was present, "it was Providence. Whatever else is false, this is true—that God reigns, and reigns in all things. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his sanction."

"You are right, my lady, and I stand reprov'd," said the old solicitor. "It was God's doings, and His alone."

All this happened nearly half a century ago. The castle has long since been restored, and is no more desolate and in decay. But the bride still lives, and often tells to her grandchildren, as they listen at her knee, the romantic story of the recovery of the will.

FANNIE ELLIS.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M.D.

FANNIE ELLIS, you remember,
That unclouded afternoon,
When the groves of Nicolet Island
Wore the livery of June;
And we walked beneath the shadow
While the light-winged moments sped,
And our thoughts were bright and cloudl
As the bright sky over head.

Fannie Ellis, Fannie Ellis!
Sweetly will your mind recall,
Where, upon the green sward seated,
I repeated "Locksley Hall."
Then the whisper of the south wind
Was not softer than your sighs,
Nor the far-off blue of Heaven
Deeper than your liquid eyes.

Never had so bright a verdure
Clothed the grass beneath our feet
Never had the happy wild birds
Sang so merrily and sweet;

Never had the blushing flowers
Breathed such fragrant breath away;
Never were our lives so holy,
As they seemed that Summer day.

Seated there, beside the river,
Listening to the cataract's roar,
While the restless waves below us
Tossed their foamy crests ashore;
We forgot that aught of sorrow
Could to human lives belong;
And the music, floating round us,
Seemed an angel's triumph song.

Fannie Ellis, Fannie Ellis.
Through the blissful years to come,
We shall think of this together,
In the tranquil light of home,
Since the ties that then were woven,
Time can never rend apart;
Since the love that day unfolded,
Binds us ever, heart to heart.

SAM'S NEAR-SIGHTED SISTER.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

"THERE you are, all right, now; you can't make a mistake. Had you been left to your own devices, I suppose you would have seated yourself in a coal-bin, instead of a car," said brother Sam, laughingly, as he gave me a hurried kiss, and then jumped from the train, while "all aboard! all aboard!" sounded in our ears.

The mistakes, which my near-sightedness caused me to make, had long been a subject of mirth in our household. I had once, while threading the mazes of the city, lost my way; and brother Sam, who was always appearing at the most inconvenient seasons, came up in time to hear me making a touching appeal to a cigar holder in the form of an Indian, which stood outside of a store. As the figure, very naturally, paid no attention to my question, I supposed he was hard of hearing, and I elevated my voice accordingly. Sam reported this at home, with additions and variations, and never ceased to tease me about it, until a still more ridiculous mistake diverted him. On one unlucky evening, in summer, wanting some fresh water from the pump, which stood just outside of our door, I took the pitcher, and, running out, recklessly seized the hand of a man who was passing, and proceeded to pump it. The stranger stood for a moment, regarding me attentively; then, not comprehending the situation, and supposing that I took him for an acquaintance, he bowed politely, and remarked, "I beg your pardon, miss, I think you have made a mistake." Of course, Sam was at a front window, and saw it all, and did not fail to rehearse the scene for months afterward.

Now, I was on my way to visit a school-mate, who resided on a farm, and Sam declared that if a white-faced cow should meet me at the station, I would probably embrace it, supposing it to be my friend. When the train stopped, however, Susie Laneton was there, punctually, to meet me—and for once Sam was wrong.

"Ben is coming home soon," my friend remarked, next day. "You never have seen my brother. I want you to be friends."

A few days after Ben made his appearance, while we were sitting at the tea-table.

"A lady is going to deliver a Temperance Lecture, over in Paradise, this evening," remarked Ben, after awhile. "I saw the hand-bill at the depot. What do you all say to going?"

"You and Bessie might go," replied Mrs. Laneton, "in the buggy." And so it was managed.

A drive of three miles brought us to Paradise. Ben, after helping me out, at the church, proceeded to put his horse under a shed, where the other horses were resting. The small house was crowded to excess. The speaker was calm and earnest, and a goodly harvest of pledges was reaped. Then the crowd surged out.

"Excuse me a moment, while I untie the horse and bring him around," said Ben. He disappeared in the darkness, for it had set in to rain; it was a thick, drizzling mist, and you could not see a foot before you. "Very well," said I, and he left me on the porch, with other ladies.

Presently I heard a sound of wheels, and, straining my eyes, I faintly distinguished the outlines of a horse and buggy.

"All ready!" said a voice.

"Yes," I replied; and, guided by the sound, I stepped out into the misty gloom, and was quickly assisted into the buggy.

"This is rather a rough night for you," said my escort, "and my horse is so restive, that I dared not leave him for a moment to help you."

"Oh!" I replied. "I am not easily annoyed; and it is rather fun to be out in the dark and rain. Had it not been for your voice, I should not have been able to find you, for I could not see at all."

"No," said my companion. "And we shall have to trust to the instinct of our horse to take us home, for I cannot distinguish the road. They are rather primitive in this little out-of-the-way village," he continued.

"Do you consider public speaking a woman's vocation?" I asked, after a little while.

"A woman has a right to any vocation which she can discharge well. All women cannot speak in public, but neither can all men; and such had better turn their attention to something else. Private exhortation is the *forte* of some, writing of others. We each have a gift, and should seek to cultivate it, and use it for the good of our fellow-creatures."

I felt rebuked. I had lived to the age of nineteen without once considering what gift I had received which could be cultivated for the benefit of those around me. The novelty of hearing a woman speak in public had brought me out

this evening. I had no higher motive. I felt ashamed of myself, and I began to think more highly of Ben. He evidently had loftier views of life, a nobler character than I had supposed at first.

"Home again!" said my companion, after much more conversation of this kind; and I could just discern the dim outlines of a house through the mist.

Lights appeared at the door. A boy came forward, saying, "I will take care of the horse," and I followed Ben into the sitting-room.

Was I dreaming, or had one of those magic changes described in the Arabian Nights taken place during my absence? The sitting-room had a most unfamiliar look. All the furniture was changed. My friends, whom I had been visiting during the last two weeks, were not there!

I gazed into the strange faces by which I was surrounded, and found that all eyes, with a puzzled, curious look, were closely scrutinizing me. The room seemed to be swimming around with me. I turned toward the door, exclaiming,

"Ben, Ben! Where's Ben?" forgetting, in my bewildered state, to use the formal "Mr."

But no "Ben" was visible. Instead, there stood at the door a young man, who now advanced, and bowing to me, remarked,

"I must ask your pardon, miss, for I have made a blunder, which has caused all this confusion; but the darkness, and the fact of my being a stranger in the place, must be my apology. I find that I took one young lady to the church, and have brought another one back. As my acquaintance with Miss Delia is so very slight, and the darkness so solutely precluded my seeing your face, I really do not know that I was so very much to blame."

The mystery now was soon explained. My escort, Mr. Denman, was visiting in the family of Mr. White, and had gone to the lecture in company with Miss Delia White, who had that day returned home from a visit. As the gentleman had had no previous acquaintance with the young lady, in the darkness everything had become mixed; consequently, I had gone home with Mr. Denman, unconsciously leaving her to provide for herself.

My new friends were very hospitable, and insisted upon keeping me until the next day.

"It would not do to risk you again on this dark night," said Mr. White, laughing. "You have developed a reckless fancy for running off with strange young men, and there is no knowing whether you would make so good a choice the next time."

"I think I deserve some credit for the choice,"

said Mr. Denman, coming to my rescue with a compliment, and bowing low.

"What is to be done about Delia?" inquired Mrs. White, directly.

"Nothing at all," replied her husband. "She has taken care of herself long ago. There is not a family within ten miles of us with whom she is not acquainted. So she is in no danger of suffering for a shelter. But we must send word to Mr. Laneton's, or they will be worrying over the disappearance of their young visitor."

Mortified and ashamed, I tried to apologize.

"I am forever making some mistake," I said, "owing to my being near-sighted."

"I do not think your being near-sighted had much to do with your not seeing in the dark," said Mr. Denman, bowing courteously again. "You certainly did as well as I. The fault was mine, if any one's."

A messenger was dispatched, and in due time returned with the information that Delia had gone home with Ben, when it was discovered that both had been jilted. She sent word that she had decided to spend the night at Mr. Laneton's.

The next morning was bright and clear, and my friend Susie drove over with Delia White.

"So, Bessie," said she, "you jilted brother Ben at the very first opportunity. The next time I send you forth with him, or any one, I shall tie you together."

This little episode served to make me feel pretty well acquainted with the White family, and as they were old friends of the Laneton's, we young people exchanged visits frequently.

Delia was disposed to be quite sociable; and when she came to visit us, Mr. Denman was sure to be the one to drive her over. "Brother Ben" was always my escort when Sue and I went to Mr. White's. Sometimes we would all go in the large family carryall; sometimes Ben and I would go in the buggy, while Susie rode on horseback; and sometimes Ben and I would have the horses, while Susie and some other member of the family went in the buggy. It was very plain to see what was Susie's idea. She had told me, significantly, that she wished me to like her brother Ben, and now she was taking every opportunity to throw us into each other's society.

But I did not fancy Ben, at least, for a lover. He was a pleasant, lively companion. I could talk and laugh with him; but somehow I was always comparing him with Mr. Denman, and not to Ben's advantage.

Meantime, I wondered what congeniality Mr. Denman found in Delia. She was what might be called "a very nice girl." I liked her.

There was something so true and unsuspecting about her. But then it did not seem to me that she was exactly suited to Paul Denman.

The season wore on, and Mr. Denman and myself both lingered. He had come to regain his health, which close application to study had injured; but though he seemed quite strong and well now, he was in no hurry to leave. I sometimes thought he would remain until after the wedding, and take Delia home with him. I stayed, too, because I enjoyed the life I was leading, and because I had nothing in particular to call me home. Susie, moreover, had promised that if I would spend part of the autumn with her, she would return with me, and winter in the city.

The sultry days of summer had passed, September had come, October was at hand.

"Let us have a grand picnic. It is just the weather for it," said Susie. "We will invite all the neighbors. We have some very fine young men whom you have not seen yet, Bessie. But you must promise," she added, slyly, "not to run away with any of them, under pretence of being near-sighted."

I felt my cheeks burn. Somehow they always did, now, when any allusion was made to my ridiculous adventure in the early summer.

The day was bright, and even warm. The white dresses of the ladies gleamed among the trees, and the bright ribbons floated on the light breeze. Everything was joyous.

I had been playing croquet. So had Mr. Denman and Delia White, and they had been partners, and had come off victorious. Now I sauntered off by myself. I was tired of hearing voices, tired of the laughter and mirth around me. I wanted to be alone. I was not happy. Suddenly I heard a step. I looked up. Mr. Denman was approaching, fanning himself with his large straw hat.

"Miss Bessie!" he exclaimed, throwing himself down on the grass beside me, "you look like a queen; the sun is crowning your golden hair as with jewels."

"I should like to play queen for a little while," I replied. "I think it must be very pleasant to have all of one's commands obeyed."

"Command me," said my companion, rising upon one knee. "You shall see what a willing subject you have."

I laughed, and replied, "I dare not usurp the authority of another sovereign."

He seemed not to understand me, and went on in the same strain of playful compliment.

I did not like this style of conversation, especially from him. I thought he might much better be saying pretty things to Delia. Looking

up, just then, I caught a glimpse of her and Ben, through the trees. Mr. Denman's eyes followed the direction of mine.

"She is playing the queen now," said he, "and she does it well. How pretty she looks to-day. There is nothing like happiness to add beauty to any face."

"You think, then," I asked, "that she is so supremely happy?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Are not most young ladies happy when they are on the eve of their marriage, at least if they have entered into the bond with the right feeling?"

I started. He never had spoken to me so plainly of it before. It had been carried on so openly that, of course, I had not been blind to it; but then it is always startling to have even facts put into plain words. He noticed my surprise, and asked,

"Did you not know it? I thought they had told you; they are all so pleased about it. They will certainly wish you to stay to the wedding."

This was cool conceit, indeed! To tell me that they were all so pleased about it! Why did he not leave it to others to say that?

Delia had discovered us now, and she ran up, exclaiming, "Come, Mr. Denman, we want you for another game of croquet," and, drawing her arm through his, she led him off.

Ben took my companion's place on the grass. After conversing awhile on ordinary topics, he said, suddenly, "Bessie, are you not going to congratulate me?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I think you have succeeded admirably. The flags are so gracefully hung, and the grounds look exceedingly pretty and inviting. I am sure every one seems to be enjoying the occasion."

"Yes," said he, absently, "it is a success. You will stay to the wedding, won't you?"

This was very abrupt, and I replied that "I did not know, I had not thought much about it."

"But you must stay," he urged. "It is to come off next month, and we cannot get along without you. Delia is going to ask you to be one of the bridesmaids."

"Why are you so deeply interested in it?" I inquired.

"If a fellow can't be interested in his own wedding, who in the world should be?" he exclaimed.

"Your own wedding!" I echoed, while the trees seemed to be dancing and whirling around.

"Yes," said he, laughing. "Whose did you suppose it was?"

"I—I thought it was Mr. Denman's," I stammered.

Ben laughed again, then gave a low whistle.

"Well, you are more near-sighted than I supposed," he said; and then he added, significantly, "I think Mr. Denman has other views for himself. Why did you suppose I was so constantly running over to Mr. White's? Did you think it was for the pleasure of conversing with the old gentleman, or to make love to the old lady?"

My cheeks burned, and I did not care to reveal what had been my thoughts on this point.

"But come," said he. "I think their game of croquet must be over now, and it is nearly supper-time."

We met Mr. Denman and Delia, who were coming to look for us, and now we exchanged partners.

"I suppose Ben has been seeking your congratulations," said Mr. Denman, after a while. "I don't know but I was rather premature in my remarks; but I thought you knew all about it. They were so very open with it all. What did you think?"

"I thought," said I, "that you were to be Delia's bridegroom."

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Denman. "Why, Bessie, have you so entirely misunderstood me? I had hoped to be your bridegroom."

Some little time after this, we heard voices calling us, "Bessie! Bessie! where are you?" "Mr. Denman, do come to supper!" And a merry crowd burst upon us, and dragged us forth from our hiding place.

Paul Denman and I remained to Delia's wedding. He was groomsmen, and I was bride-maid. Then we all took our way to the city: the newly-wedded pair on their bridal-trip; Paul and I to our respective homes; Susie going with me to make her promised visit.

Paul Denman, of course, was a frequent guest

at our house. I had rather dreaded Sam's teasing propensities, and at first I found him somewhat inconvenient; but he soon subsided, and left us undisturbed. I knew this cessation of hostilities was owing to Susie. She had so much tact, and contrived so kindly to keep him out of our way. After awhile I began to fear that I was neglecting her; but when I apologized about it, she smiled so amiably, and begged me so not to worry, "as she could take care of herself," to use her own words, that my good resolutions melted away, and I continued as before.

The winter sped on rapidly. Spring came. Then Susie began to talk of going home.

"Oh, I cannot spare you!" I replied. "I should miss you dreadfully. I know I have been rather selfish, but I am going to do better."

"You have not been selfish, one bit," replied Susie. "But they insist upon having me at home now, and I must go."

"Well, then," said I, "I will give you up for only a little while. You must come back some time before my wedding. You know you are to be my bridesmaid."

"I declare, Bess," broke in Sam, "you are getting more and more near-sighted! Susie is not going to be your bridesmaid, for she will be acting a conspicuous part in a little drama at home, about that time; and we will all go together on our wedding trip."

I blushed at my own stupidity, then kissed the bride elect, and, finally, burst into tears, because everything had turned out just as I wished, although I had not planned it.

One evening in June, Paul Denman and I were pronounced man and wife. Brother Sam remained to my wedding, as he said he wished to be sure that I did not run away with the wrong man. But the next morning he went to Paradise, was married the day after, and then from there he and his wife joined us at Albany, and we took our trip to Niagara together.

MAMMA'S FLOWER-GIRL.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

When skies are fresh and pearly,
Forth goes our little maid,
Up in the morning early,
In garden-trim arrayed.

She flits among the bowers,
No bird more blithe or gay,
And culls the choicest flowers
For dear mamma's bouquet,

Her basket soon discloses
Such lilies, pansies—see!
And dewy Damask roses
With spice from Araby.

Yet she herself is brighter
Than any, or the whole.
The lilies are not whiter
Than darling Minnie's soul!

LAWRENCE ELSTER'S FOLLY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 249.

CHAPTER V.

In the long hours of that night, when sleep persistently fled from her eyelids, Genevieve fought a battle, which, for good or evil, was to affect her whole after life. At first the predominant feeling with her was shame and mortification. The words she had overheard, during her walk back to the hotel, stung her like whips of scorpions. No one less proud than she, could fully understand what she suffered. But, after awhile, another feeling began to assert itself, and finally became overpowering. She had never before supposed that she loved Elster in any really passionate sense. She had regarded marriage with him as merely a desirable conventional arrangement, believing, as she had often told herself, that the time had passed when she could love. In her desire to be sincere, she had not concealed, even from him, that phase of the arrangement. He had often winced under it, and it had had not a little to do with his conduct now, as was natural; for most men, we suspect, would rather be deceived in such matters than be told frankly by the woman they are to marry, that she cannot love them with the ardor of a first affection. But now, when she found that she was probably to lose Elster, Genevieve awoke to the true condition of her heart. She had deceived herself, she found; she was really in love; it was her despair that revealed it to her.

"How could I," she cried, wringing her hands, "how could I be so weak? Or why have I awoke to a consciousness of it, only at this late hour, when it is too late? Had I been different with him, this might not have happened. He has often said I was too haughty, and grandma tells me of it continually. I have repelled him, I have worn out his patience."

She was no longer the proud, cold, self-contained woman: she was a young girl, with all the ardor of youth. Her cheeks burned there even in the dark; her fingers worked passionately together; the big tears gathered, hot and scalding in her eyes, and rolled, unnoticed, down her cheek.

But this had its hour. The natural strength of her character asserted itself after awhile. The passion of weeping passed away, her low sobbing ceased; she rose, struck a light, and washed her face.

When she caught sight of herself, in the glass, as she prepared to arrange her hair for the night, she said, with a weary smile,

"And I look like that, do I? Twenty years older than this morning. What a fool I have been. If I let these things affect me so, people will see the truth in my dim eyes and sunken cheeks. That must never be. I have sowed, and I must reap."

Then another phase of feeling swept over her. She was capable, this Genevieve of ours, of self-abnegation to a degree that, in other times, might have made a martyr of her. Grand possibilities of the noblest heroism lay dormant in her soul. Had it been otherwise, had she been really the cold, haughty beauty she so often seemed, we should never have undertaken to write this history of her.

"Why should I complain," she said, following up this new train of thought, "if Elster finds, in another, greater happiness than in me? If I love him," and her cheek again became crimson, all alone as she was, as she put this fact in such plain words, "I ought to seek his happiness rather than mine. Years do not make such a difference in a man as in a woman. At twenty-five, perhaps, my sex may be where his is at fifty. Who knows? Each heart must answer for itself. The very frivolity of Violet, as I would call it, may be just what is necessary as the complement to his more solid character. And my sister! What if she is attracted toward him? Under such circumstances, have I the right to keep him to his word? Should I not rather give him back his promise, and do everything I can to further his suit for Violet?"

If Genevieve had been five years younger, she might have rested here, and in thinking she was doing only what was right, have helped to dig the grave of her own happiness. Many a girl has done this, under an exaggerated notion of self-sacrifice, if not of duty. But Genevieve had too well-balanced a mind long to remain in this opinion.

"No," she said. "I will not be foolish. I will not go out of my way to defeat myself. I have rights as well as Violet. I will not marry Elster, after what I have seen, unless I find that he really loves me the best; but

I will not give him up: at least, until assured of this."

She raised her head proudly, as she spoke, all the old haughty fire in her eyes.

"It is his right; it may yet be my protection," she went on, "that he should see more of Violet. Then, if he loves her, I will retire from the rivalry. But it may be, it may be," and a delicious thrill shot through her, "that he will like me best yet."

She hung her head bashfully, and a smile broke all over her face as she whispered these last words to herself. No one, who had seen her then, would have recognized the proud beauty of society.

"I will make grandma," she continued, still speaking to herself, and, as she spoke, she leaned her cheek on her hand, in an attitude of deep thought, "let Violet go into society here. Elster shall meet her continually. If we were to marry, he would be certain to meet her afterward, and then, if his fancy should grow into a passion, it would be too late. I will not run that risk. They shall meet now. The game shall be played out fair," she said, rising haughtily, "and if I lose, I lose. And why should I be afraid of any one, even Violet?"

The gray dawn was breaking before the conflict was over, and Genevieve had thus finally resolved on her course. We shall see that she never after flinched from it.

Meantime, Elster's reflections, though different, were hardly less pleasant. As he sat in his room, looking out of the window, and waiting for dinner to be announced, he passed in retrospect the events of the last few days. The general result was not kindly toward Genevieve. He had often heard the latter and her grandmother talking of the little sister, and had been led, as we have seen, to think that she was a mere child. Having now seen this beautiful girl, this glorious vision of youth, he felt suspicious and hard. Life had rendered him somewhat harsh in his judgments, and he had a feeling now that he had been tricked, and purposely, he feared. He accused Genevieve of willful deception, in keeping this lovely creature out of sight, lest her own sovereignty should run the risk of being disturbed.

Lost in these angry reflections, he did not hear the gong, and dinner was half over before he remembered to go down stairs. The old lady was trying her digestive organs to their fullest extent, but Miss Rolleston was not visible.

"She has a headache, or something," the grandmother said, "and so would stay in her room, and only take some soup, a sure means of

making herself worse; but I am too fond of my own way, ever to interfere with other people. I suppose she will come down to-morrow, at breakfast, well enough."

Having said this, she rather turned her back on Elster, and talked with some new comers, acquaintances from town, whom Elster did not know.

There was to be a dance the following night. Somehow, all that day, Elster did not see Genevieve. She only appeared for a late breakfast, after he had finished; and she did not come down to dinner. It was late, too, when she entered the ball room. Familiar as all the people there were with her appearance, she gave them a new sensation, a pleasant one to everybody, except the man who had asked to be her husband.

Never had she looked more beautiful, never warmed more out of her cold grandeur. Usually she wore dresses rather heavy and rich than youthful; but to-night she was in thin white, relieved by decorations of vivid blue. There was color in her cheeks; her calm eyes were eager and bright. She looked years younger than her age. But all her beauty did not soften Elster a whit.

The gayer Genevieve waxed, the more old Mrs. Rolleston shivered. She had a mind to go to bed, and lie there for a week. She liked battles, when victory was certain; but she hardly understood her granddaughter this evening, and she had no wish to find herself alone with her at present.

Still nothing happened, this night, or the next day. Genevieve did not open her lips in regard to the dangerous subject, and this very reticence excited the old woman into a fever. The suspense was agony to her impatient nature.

"Do have it out, and be done!" she cried, at last. "It's no fault of mine. I couldn't get up at five o'clock to keep the little witch from tumbling down waterfalls into Lawrence Elster's arms. I'm not to blame for her youth and beauty. And there was no one else but she to play in the game. I couldn't help it, if she did beat you."

The old creature could not have resisted giving that last thrust, if she had known that Genevieve would throttle her at the end of the sentence. She did not receive a word of reply.

"You'll never be satisfied till I send her back to school. It's too hard; she amuses me, and nothing else does. I like to have her about, and now she must go."

An awful tempest swept across the white beauty of Genevieve Rolleston's face, but she only said,

"Yes; I think, perhaps, she must go."

Her grandmother began to choke and sob a little.

"I'm the most miserable old woman alive," said she. "You're a stone image, a marble pig—and that's what you are!"

Genevieve stood looking straight over her head as the old woman hurried on with a flood of angry, half-frightened abuse, no more moved by it than the Egyptian sphynx would be by the complaining of the desert wind at its base. At last, she said,

"A night and a day I have been thinking. I want another day and night. I will end your suspense, then."

The old woman was furious at finding herself cowed; but cowed she was, and glad of the reprieve. Still the fiery spirit, and love of domination, were too strong in her to let herself be subjected to the humiliation of permitting Genevieve to see that she was cowed, if it could be helped. She caught her breath, and the remains of her flagging temper, in an instant, and said,

"Another day and night, indeed! If you are talking blank verse, you may as well stop, for I never could understand poetry."

But the very peevishness, which made her usually stern voice sound quivering and aged, was of itself enough to betray her inner trouble. Genevieve was too generous, or too proud, to take advantage of this sign of weakness, to overwhelm her by shewing that she noticed the change, as the old woman would unhesitatingly have done had the case been reversed. She remained silent; but her very silence gave her grandmother courage to speak again.

"Instead of indulging in verse, you had better use your common sense a little," cried she. "You have enough when you make any effort; and hard and cold enough it is, too."

"Hard and cold enough!" repeated Genevieve, as if thinking aloud.

"As for romance," continued her grandmother, gaining new confidence by the manner in which her last thrust had been received, "that might be excusable in Violet; but you are past the age when it can be made interesting. How old are you? I forget, just at this minute; but these last two days, that you have gone moving about like a tragedy queen, you look thirty at the very least—thirty, every inch of it."

"I wonder if I was ever young," said Genevieve, in the same slow, abstracted voice. "How could I ever have been, with the life I have led?"

"Trash and nonsense! I suppose, now, you are making sly flings at me, you ungrateful hussy!"

"I was not thinking of you," Genevieve answered. "I have never reproached you."

"Well, I should think even your impertinence could scarcely go to that length!" parenthesized the old woman.

"It would be too late for such weakness now," added Genevieve, going on with her unfinished sentence, as if she had not heard her grandmother's speech.

"There's just one course open to you," said the old woman, almost believing that she had gained the upper hand, and eager to pursue her triumph.

"Just one course," said Genevieve, again echoing her words, in the same strange voice.

"Yes; and it is so plain, that even a mole might see!" retorted Mrs. Rolleston. "Lawrence Elster has asked you to marry him; and he is not a man to go back from his word! I'll take Violet off on a visit. You can stop here with the Grangers. Behave as if nothing had happened, and everything will end well enough."

"You mean that Mr. Elster would marry me."

The words were not a question. She seemed calmly deliberating the probability of her companion's assertion.

"Just that! It is too late in the day for you to be particular. If this chance fails, you will never have another. No new man is likely to fall in your way; at least, none so eligible as he. Put your pride in your pocket, and hold him to his word. Plenty of women have done the same. Who are you, to think yourself too good to bend a little?"

For the first time, Genevieve's face betrayed emotion. She turned deathly pale. The light died out of her eyes. She shook so violently from head to foot, that she was forced to sit down in the chair, against which she had been leaning.

Her appearance alarmed the old woman, and she cried out, half in terror, half in anger,

"Now you are going to help matters, by fainting away. You, that are always so severe on such nonsense."

Genevieve did not speak; she only turned whiter, if that were possible, and her great eyes looked glazed and dead.

Fright subdued the old woman's rage, and she exclaimed,

"Genevieve! Genevieve! Don't, don't! Let me get you some water. There, there! We'll not quarrel any more."

"There is nothing the matter. I am not faint. Don't be afraid. I shall make no scene," she answered, brokenly.

Before Mrs. Rolleston could get on her feet,

Genevieve had risen herself. She went to a table, poured out a glass of water from the decanter, drank, and returned to her seat, looking more like herself.

"You needn't frighten me into a fit!" snapped the old woman, seeing that Genevieve was better. "What the dickens ails you? Anybody who did not know you, would suppose you cared for the man."

"But you, who do know me, who have brought me up, and have taught me such useful lessons, would never suppose that," she replied.

Her voice sounded bitter now, and a slight flush crossed the pallor of her cheeks.

"I am not going to be abused!" cried Mrs. Rolleston, viciously. "If you faint away, I'll stick pins in you—that I will! Do what you like, go where you like, I wash my hands of you. I've done! If you were not madder than a desert badger, and wickeder than Ishmael, and all the rest of the patriarchs," (the old woman was thoroughly educated, but Scriptural history was not her strong point,) "you will marry Lawrence Elster, if you have to threaten him with a breach of promise suit in order to get him."

"There is no need to give me this wise advice," returned Genevieve, perfectly composed once more. "I see it all as plainly as you can do. You asked what ailed me? Nothing. Only hearing you put my own thoughts into words, showed me so plainly how low I had fallen, how utterly degraded and debased I am, that it was hard to bear for a moment. But I don't mind, now."

"I never heard such horrible language. It is positively indecent!" shrieked the old woman, flaming into virtuous indignation. "If you were the Magdalene you couldn't say more."

"Only that I am not even penitent!" cried Genevieve, with a laugh, that cut against her grandmother's nerves, like the grating of a file.

"Hold your tongue—do! Suppose anybody heard you—the partitions are so thin in these hotels—what would they think?"

"I tell you," said Genevieve, in a voice that was worse to her than that laugh had been, "I hold many a lost woman better than I, and scores of women such as I! They have had sometime hearts and souls, have loved, and we—we sell ourselves for a price, and cover up our shame under legal forms and priestly benedictions; and when the end comes, and the judgment of the hereafter, these poor creatures, whom we are too delicate and pure even to name, shall show white as virgin innocence beside the black falsehood and the base trickery of our lives."

Before the old woman could do more than

gasp or gurgle in her throat, Genevieve had left the room. The grandmother sat for many moments staring at the spot where the girl had stood, then her face began to work, and she looked nearer tears than any mortal had seen her for half a century.

"She scared me half to death! I wonder it did not give me a stroke of apoplexy," she muttered, at last. "I do believe she is mad—I do honestly. I'll have Violet sleep in my room. I believe, on my soul, she would murder her, if she got at the child this night."

CHAPTER VI.

THAT evening there was another dance. Her grandmother had not seen Genevieve since their interview, and went down into the drawing-room by herself. Presently, to her utter astonishment, in floated Genevieve, with Violet on her arm. The whole room was fairly dazed, for an instant, by the appearance of the pair, each a type of such glorious beauty, yet so unlike.

As they approached the end of the room, where Mrs. Rolleston sat, they encountered Elster. Genevieve addressed him gayly, and kept talking as she walked, still holding Violet's arm in hers, so that he was forced to accompany them.

"Please help me make my peace with grand-mama, Mr. Elster," she said, as they reached Mrs. Rolleston. "I have disobeyed one of her strictest rules, by bringing Violet down to dance; but it seemed too hard always to leave her up stairs alone, when we were all so gay and happy here. She was allowed to play in the game of croquet, so I thought grandma wouldn't really object."

"I may stay, mayn't I, grandma?" pleaded Violet.

"You cannot refuse!" Elster exclaimed, trying to appear at ease, but not succeeding overwell.

"We had such work to escape Saunders," continued Genevieve, with a laugh so merry that it sounded fairly like Violet's. "Poor Therese would have helped us, but we were afraid of bringing her into disgrace—"

"So Genevieve dressed me," interrupted Violet, "and sewed all this beautiful lace on my dress herself! See how splendid I am, grandma. Now please, don't be cross, else I'll hug you before all the world!"

The old woman was nearly paralyzed with astonishment; but she had been one of society's leading actresses too many years not to be equal to any emergency.

"A pair of spoiled, rebellious children—I don't know which is the worst," cooed she, in a voice as amiable as if in a former stage of existence she had been a dove, instead of a bird of prey. "How shall we punish them, Mr. Elster?"

"Condemn us to dance incessantly," laughed Genevieve. "And here comes Mr. Douglas to begin my penance," she continued, as a gentleman approached. "I have not forgotten my promise, Mr. Douglas. My first dance was to be with you."

Mr. Douglas proceeded to look perfectly imbecile with delight, and tried to remember when the promise had been made. It was not the fault of his small intellects that he was unable to do this, for the promise was a figment of fancy, which Miss Rolleston evolved on the instant.

Elster seldom danced. He had an idea that a man of three-and-thirty ought not to indulge in such performances. But to-night he was guilty of the weakness, several times. It was the only way he could secure a word of conversation with Violet, she was so constantly surrounded with admirers and partners. Yet, lovely as she was, with the freshness and unstudied grace of early youth upon her, few people in the room would have admitted that Genevieve suffered by the contrast. To an artistic eye, each only set off the other. Now Lawrence Elster's artistic tastes were sufficiently cultivated to have rendered him a good judge, under ordinary circumstances, but he was still too angry with Genevieve to be an impartial one. It was natural—human nature is so frail—that he should unconsciously snatch at any pretext for blaming or undervaluing Genevieve at this crisis. He was aware that he had been guilty of a weakness. His fancy, or his heart, (it is so difficult, where intercourse between men and women is concerned, to distinguish one from the other,) had gone astray, yielded incontinently to the spell of a new sensation, and it was a satisfaction to his conscience that he could blame Genevieve, could accuse her of deliberate deception, and even make himself believe that his attraction toward Violet was not the work of his own fickleness, but the result of Genevieve's treachery, an after weakness consequent upon her conduct, the effect of having been forced to perceive the difference between her duplicity and Violet's girlish frankness and honesty.

Violet was as happy as a fairy princess all the evening, and Genevieve aided to make her appearance a success. As for the grandmother, she kept up a decent show. But internally she was in a state of stupefied wonder, such as she had

never suffered from during the whole course of her long and erratic pilgrimage. What Genevieve could mean by her conduct was more than the old schemer was able to imagine. Indeed, while the dance lasted, she could not think at all, could only try her best to appear as usual, and feel a blind rage toward the whole world; both granddaughters and Lawrence Elster coming in for the most active share. Her wrath and uncertainty made her old tongue more reckless than it was even on ordinary occasions; and the things she said, the stories she told, and the jokes she perpetrated, were enough to cause her listeners to shiver, only that we have all in this day lost the power of being shocked at anything, so long as our selfishness or vanity is not touched.

Her granddaughters bade her good-night, in the presence of all the world; so she had no chance for any private words; but, indeed, she had no wish to see either of them alone. She was glad to get to her room, and go to bed, so perplexed and tired, that she had not even energy to scold her maid.

But before sleep came, she had come to a conclusion in regard to Genevieve. The creature was so confident, so arrogant, that she was deliberately flinging Violet in Elster's way, in the hope that her own queenly charms, matured intellect, and the rest of it would so overpower Violet's youthful loveliness and immature cleverness, that the man would come to his senses.

"She's a fool," muttered the old creature, as she turned on her pillow, determined to forget everything and everybody, and go to sleep. "She's a fool, and I'll trouble myself no further."

The next day Genevieve devised an excursion to some mountain. The luncheon was to be eaten out-of-doors. In the presence of Elster, and several others, she pleaded so hard that Violet should make one of the party, that it was impossible for Mrs. Rolleston to refuse. The old woman had only the poor satisfaction of whispering, in Genevieve's ear, while pretending to arrange a flower in her hair,

"You're an Egyptian mummy! You're a plaster-ass. I'd like to bite you!"

And Genevieve smiled, and said aloud, as if she had just received some compliment,

"You bad old granny, to spoil me so! If you don't stop trying to turn my head, I'll tell them all what you are saying."

And once more the old woman was cowed. She could only laugh, and pretend to be fluttering her fan, to conceal the trembling of her old fingers, which shook with the impotent rage that made her ancient blood boil like fire.

It was a day to be remembered, for one reason or another, by every soul who had a part in its pleasures. A day which Violet could string on the rosary of memory as a perfect pearl. A day of torture to Genevieve, which was the culmination of agony. Whatever the future might hold in store, the power of suffering had reached its climax. No matter what might lie beyond, for all time to come, as for the past, that day, in looking back across her life, must remain always her apotheosis of misery.

It was she who managed, as only a woman thoroughly accustomed to society could have done, to throw Violet and Elster together; and the young girl was so charming, in her freshness and childish gayety, to the tired man of the world, that for a time he forgot his resolves, his scruples, his conscience, and yielded wholly to the spell of the hour, drifting off into fairy land. Of course, outwardly, he guarded carefully every outlook, for, mad as he was, he could not forget the dictates of honor and manliness; could not, at the bottom of his soul, forget that he was bound and fettered; but, man-like, he allowed himself to believe that he forgot it just for the time.

It was Genevieve who brought him back to reality. Genevieve, who, when the setting sun reminded everybody that it was time to return home, took his arm, saying,

"I want to walk down the hill. One of the carriages can wait for us at the foot."

Violet and a gay party walked in advance; and while Genevieve talked on, he tried to answer collectedly. Elster could hear Violet's merry laugh ring out, and catch now and then snatches of her conversation.

And Genevieve was confiding and talkative, as he had never seen her, reminding him, by the freedom with which she spoke of her family and other matters, that she considered herself bound to him by a tie that went beyond friendship.

Once or twice she said things which, for an instant, almost made him think that the time had come when she expected him again to speak and plead for her decision. Though he was speedily ashamed of that idea. False as he believed her, he was forced to acquit her of a design like that. But he knew he ought to speak; that he ought not to wait an hour. What was he to tell her? In justice to himself, he must admit to her that he believed she had been guilty of deception; in justice to her, he must tell the whole story in regard to himself? Tell what? That his fancy had wandered; that he was fickle, weak, capable, at his age, of being carried astray by

the first brilliant vision that chanced to cross his path?

He was horribly ashamed, humiliated to the utmost depths of his soul; yet all the while he could not help admitting the truth. He had erred; he was weak, and incapable of making headway against his own folly and madness.

"I am so glad you like my Violet," said Genevieve. "She seems like a child to you and me, who have grown old in worldliness and disagreeable wisdom. But you appreciate her, and pet her as I like to have you. I never before felt so certain that I understood your character, as I do this day."

He had no opportunity to answer, for they had reached the carriages, and everybody was eager to get home. He was glad that chance had placed him in a vehicle with three elderly bachelors; for, at least, he could snub them when they spoke, puff diligently at his cigar, and curse his stars, or himself, to his heart's content.

It was with far different feelings, with feelings of solemn renunciation, that Genevieve went back to the hotel. She had that afternoon finally decided, or thought she had decided, what was right for her to do. She had met the crisis, as we have seen, bravely, talking to Elster as if nothing had happened. But when she found herself alone in her room, a reaction took place. She shrank from her decision. She could not, she felt, play the martyr. The struggle began anew.

The night passed. It was a night during which Genevieve Rolleston made no pretence of going to bed. She sat in her room, which the moonlight filled with ghostly shapes, and she and her soul held a watch together.

There was no disguise possible now, nor did she attempt to deceive herself. She loved this man; loved him with all the strength of her nature, the fullness of her womanhood. The decision lay wholly in her hands. Elster would never dream of going back from his offer. He would be honorable and true; would fight out and live down his pain. Violet could be sent away. In time, he would forget. Similar experiences often overtook married men; often some passing dream turned their heads for a season. Did not wives bear it with more or less patience, till art, or affection, or a sense of what was right on the husband's part, should bring the truant fancy back?

When she found herself contemplating such possibilities, Genevieve felt that she had fallen, indeed. Even her great pride had broken under this wild love. She had pitted herself against Violet, and had failed. But she was too wretched even to feel that sting very keenly.

When day broke, the task was over. She had come back to her first resolution. Her dream of bliss was strangled, murdered; the corpse straightened for the grave. Of the ghost, which would haunt all coming years, she need not yet think. One thing only remained, to send Elster away. She must set him free. But she must do it in a manner which should convince him that she had no heart to wound, and that she was not worth a pang of regret or remorse. She must do this for his sake. She loved him, and must take the whole pain upon herself. She loved him well enough so to do. It was this feeling, and not a desire to shield her crushed and bleeding pride, which nerved her.

She dressed, however, at her usual hour. By some unconscious instinct, she put on her plainest gown. It was not exactly mourning, though it was black; but she felt that it harmonized with her feelings better than any other. She was not quite equal to going down to the public apartment for her morning meal, and so she let her hair, as she often did when she breakfasted in her room, hang loose, flowing down her back; and thus seen, it showed as glossy, redundant and beautiful as even Violet's. Then she went to a little desk, on which lay her Bible, by a favorite window, that looked over the distant valley of the Hudson, with nothing between it and the river, miles on miles away.

With all her pride, with all her other faults, Genevieve was essentially religious. Had she not been so, she would have been, perhaps, inca-

pable of the great sacrifice she was about to make. She opened her Bible reverentially, but at random, for she was not about to read. A different purpose was in her mind. From a locked drawer in the desk she took out a bit of paper, which she unfolded carefully, displaying to the sight a bunch of withered snow-drops. These snow-drops had a history. They had been given to her long ago, by Elster, in the first weeks of their acquaintance. With a tinge of sentiment, which, at the time, she had said to herself was childish, and of which she had been ashamed, she had put them away as a memento. Now, as she looked at them, they seemed a symbol of her dead hopes. She gazed at them for a moment, and then silently laid them on the open page before her, and shut the book. It was not till then that she remembered that the chapter at which she had casually opened, was that one in Corinthians which forms part of the burial service of the dead. The omen, in spite of her strong character, in spite of the fact that she had already made her decision, sent a chill to her heart.

"This is a burial without hope," she said. "There will be no resurrection from it."

Then she knelt down, crossed her arms above the Bible, laid her face on her hands, and prayed.

When she rose, a new light was in her face. There was all the old resolve, but there was more. Her countenance, with its look of sublime renunciation, shone like that of an angel.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DEAD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

THANK God, you died, and died unchanged!

Died, ere the years could cause,
By all their arts, a heart estranged
To counterfeit what was.

Now, if I shed some bitter tears,
And sit, and weep alone,
Through all the lonely, loveless years,
I do but mourn my own.

Mine, mine, my own! You do belong
Wholly to Death, and me.
Dead, dead! My dead! Strange such a song
Should soothing comfort be!

But had you lived, and lived apart
From me, afar with men,
Some later love had touched your heart,
And I had lost you then.

To sit, and think some woman's face
Was pillowed on your breast;
To know some lithe young form of grace
Usurped my place of rest;

To sit, and think another's kiss
Usurped my last, long one;
To think, and know, and feel all this,
As some poor hearts have done;

Why, then, my grief had been a sin,
To hide it all the years;
My scalding tears would fall within—
Ah, these are bitter tears!

Now you are mine, my very own!
Death only shares my claim;
And while I walk my way alone,
I mourn you without shame.

It is sweet sorrow, precious pain!
I need not hide my cross,
Since none can say, "Another's gain
Has been this woman's loss."

Living, thou wert not mine in all;
Dead, thou art wholly so;
And though some bitter tears may fall,
I mourn my own, I know.

"MISS JERNINGHAM'S VERSION."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

I MAY be mistaken. Perhaps I am. It is very possible. Human nature is frail, and liable to mistake. But, if such be the case, I am mistaken—I am very much mistaken, indeed. That is all I have to say.

The first time I saw the girl, I distrusted her. I am not slow at forming estimates of character, and I formed an estimate of hers without hesitation. She impressed me unpleasantly. She did not belong to the class of young ladies whom I had been accustomed to meet. She was, I regret to say, exceedingly unlike them in every respect.

I met her at the house of my friend, Mrs. Abercrombie, upon whom I called on business connected with our church. She was Mrs. Abercrombie's niece, and was spending the summer with her.

I had been ushered into the room, and was sitting there awaiting my friend's arrival, when I heard the sound of feet, and the rustling sweep of an extravagantly long dress in the hall, and then she—this young woman—opened the door, and stood upon the threshold, looking at me with a very singular and unpleasant expression in her eyes. I say unpleasant, because, after her first glance of surprise at finding me there, one might almost have fancied that she discovered some cause for amusement in my personal appearance, or manner of regarding her. Possibly it was the latter, for it must be confessed that I looked at her with very strong sentiments of disapproval. I had heard of her repeatedly since her arrival, and was, to some extent, prepared to be tried and rasped, but I was not prepared for such sinful absurdity as I saw before me. We are a quiet people at Brentham, we have quiet tastes, and are averse to waste and selfish lavishness, consequently Miss Abercrombie was a revelation. The dress she wore upon this occasion, a combination of violet and gray silks, was a reckless outrage of reason and economy. It was cut according to the wildest caprice of fashion; it was puffed, and slashed, and plaited; it trailed its rich length upon the floor in a manner to make one shudder, in a manner, in my eyes, absolutely wicked. And not only the dress, but the wearer herself, impressed me unfavorably. I saw, at a glance, that our select little social circle at Brentham would not be improved in tone by Miss Abercrombie's introduction to it.

Other people might (as I have often heard them.) admire her cool readiness and self-possessed fearlessness of manner. I saw in it nothing but a self-confidence, far too well assured to be either well bred or pleasant.

It was several seconds before politeness seemed to suggest to her that I might expect her to say something, and when she spoke, her attempt at composure was more unpleasant than her half smile.

"I beg pardon," she said, "I thought Mrs. Abercrombie was here."

"I am waiting for Mrs. Abercrombie myself," I said, rather stiffly, as I half rose from my seat. "Miss Jerningham?"

She was obliged to advance, then, as I intended to make her. Having seen this much of her, I determined to see more, and to judge for myself as to the truth of what rumor had said of her fascinations and personal beauty.

"Thank you," she said. "And I am Sara Abercrombie."

She dragged her preposterous train across the room, and sat down where the light fell upon her face, and I could see her well. I scrutinized her closely as she talked, during the interval which elapsed before Mrs. Abercrombie's entrance. I had heard so much enthusiastic nonsense about the peculiar beauty of American women, about their "type" and its charm, and so forth, that, as I have said, I thought I would judge for myself. Well, the enthusiasm was absurd enough, if she was a fair specimen of her class. She was neither tall nor imposing. She was barely of middle height, in the first place, and her figure was slender and girlish. Her skin was colorless and smooth, not an English complexion at all. She had large, peculiar purplish gray eyes, whose lashes were too black and too long, though I have since heard that her admirers considered them one of her chief beauties; her hair was brown, and suspiciously abundant, and her mouth was nothing in particular. There were a dozen girls in Brentham, who, to my mind, were more reasonably entitled to be called beauties, and yet these girls were always most inconsistently thrown into the background when Sara Abercrombie made her appearance. Certainly she exerted no fascinating power over me. I had not altered my opinion a whit when my

call was over, and I left the house. I saw her exactly as she was, an ordinary young woman, who was too sure of herself, and too sure of being inconsistently admired upon all occasions without deserving it.

The subsequent conduct of Brentham surprised me beyond measure. Mrs. Abercrombie's niece became an absolute fashion even among the most sensible and refined people. She was invited everywhere; she was petted, and actually fêted. Ordinarily well behaved and well regulated girls tried to model themselves upon her; and though it must be confessed they failed signally, the effect upon society was bad. There was not a young man in our best circles who did not openly avow his admiration for her, and the old ones were quite as bad. The worst of it was, that the girl never actually committed herself. She was crafty enough to keep cool, and not allow her head to be turned by the general adulation. She absorbed it, one might say, certainly she made no outward sign of any special enjoyment of it. But I for one, was not to be deceived by her quiet manner. Her ruling passion was ambition, and it was a passion grasping at everything. She was ambitious of conquest, of fame; and it was not long before I discovered that this was not all. As Mrs. Abercrombie's niece and guest, her social position at Brentham was a secure one. She was accepted as a delightful fact, and people forgot to ask questions. It was only known that her home was in America, and that after her visit, she would return there. Whatever my own doubts about her were, I said nothing. As far as she was concerned, I was an outsider. After our first few meetings, her manner toward me was studiously cold and indifferent. I even thought she avoided me. Perhaps she saw that I understood her, and rated her rightly. But notwithstanding her clever secretiveness, she betrayed herself, greatly to my surprise, I admit, and all the more to my surprise, because she betrayed herself to me.

Calling upon Mrs. Abercrombie, one morning, I found her niece looking pale and heavy-eyed, and commented upon this fact.

"You do not appear well," I said, without going beyond cool civility in my expression of interest. "You are pale to haggardness."

She answered me, with a quiet smile.

"I have been trying to do too much at once," she said. "I have been trying to serve two masters."

I did not look at her as other people invariably did, with an eager expectation of hearing something brilliant as an explanation. I merely replied, coolly,

"I do not quite understand."

"I have been doing at night the work I left undone in the day; and it is as Aunt Gwyneth prophesied it would be. I have broken down a little."

"The work!" I said. "I do not think I understand yet."

She colored slightly.

"Possibly not," she returned. "I refer to my newspaper work—the letters, and other articles, it is my business to write, as a means of livelihood." This last as coolly as if it was the most commonplace statement in the world.

"Is it possible that you mean literary work?" I said, in some astonishment. "Do your parents allow—"

"I have no parents," she answered. "If I had, it is quite probable that I should not be obliged to earn my bread and butter by literary hard work. It is hard work, I regret to say. I am not a genius."

Before I left the house, I had the whole story. For the three or four years which had elapsed since her father's death, she had been earning her living in a most singular manner; a manner singular and startling, indeed, to quiet English people. She had been writing for newspapers and periodicals, and she had actually been living entirely alone in the room her father had occupied during his lifetime. I wondered what Brentham would think when it heard the truth.

How it was that she had so far forgotten her usual wariness as to tell me all this, I could not understand at first; but, when I thought the matter over, I comprehended her motive. She had balanced things in a scale of her own, and then had made her move. She had balanced the chance of Brentham's being somewhat shocked, against the chance of its being charmed and excited by a novelty, and she had decided that she could afford to tell the truth to me, and leave me to tell it to others. That was what her pretence at indifferent frankness meant.

That week the Chetwyns came home. Mr. and Mrs. Chetwyn, the children, and Mr. Miles and Catharine, who were so much older than the rest, that we could not class them among them. Every small place has its great family, and the Chetwyns were Brentham's. They were the richest people, and the most influential in every respect. They had the loveliest house, and the most elegant surroundings. Altogether, they were people to be envied. A great deal might be said in a description of them, but my version of this story has to do only with Mr. Miles, and I scarcely intend to describe him. I will only say that he was a strikingly handsome man; that he

was witty and popular, and that he inherited a vast fortune from a bachelor uncle, an Indian nabob, who had died at the time of his young relative's majority.

Any clear-sighted individual can easily imagine what I am going to tell them. From the moment that Sara Abercrombie met this young man, she had but one object in view. As she had set her mind upon winning Brentham, so she set her mind upon winning him. Certainly, she worked well, and steadfastly. The first time the two had seen each other, was at an evening party, on which occasion I, myself, was one of the guests. When Sara Abercrombie entered the room, Mr. Miles was standing near me. I had been speaking to him about Catharine, who was not well. And so it chanced that his back was turned to the door, when Sara Abercrombie came in. I remember that at the time I was not sorry that such was the case. The girl always entered a room with a little stir and flutter about her, ridiculously like unconscious applause from everybody, and this was revolting to me. This evening she wore white, and harebells really exquisite. The slender-stemmed gray-blue blossoms looked scattered all over her dress; and when she was half-way across the parlor, Mr. Miles saw her in the mirror behind me, and he quite started.

"Who—who is that?" he asked me."

"That!" I echoed, rather drily. "That is indefinite, Mr. Miles."

Then I saw that their eyes had met in the glass. Both were coloring a little, and Sara Abercrombie was turning her face away.

"The girl with harebells on her dress, and harebells on her eyes. What a new emotion in the way of young women!"

"Oh!" said I, patting up my eye-glass. "Harebells on her dress! Really, there is no young lady who wears harebells but Sara Abercrombie."

"Then I mean Sara Abercrombie," he answered."

"Well," I said, "Sara Abercrombie is an American; a young person with a vocation, I believe. A newspaper correspondent."

He looked a little surprised, as I expected. I might say that he looked a little dashed, as if the idea suggested was too novel and striking to be exactly agreeable to him.

"I should scarcely have thought it," he said, smiling, after a pause. "And yet it is absurd to say such a thing. Why should not a pretty feminine woman do such work, and do it all the better because she is graceful and feminine? It is astonishing how easy it is for a man to be a bit

of a snob where women are concerned, Miss Jerningham. How unconsciously one sets little landmarks for them, and feels slightly shaken at seeing them overstepped. A woman who is courageous really needs the best and highest order of courage."

I said nothing. I knew what his words signified. If Sara Abercrombie had been fifty, and stiff, and thin, he would not have been so ready to apologize unnecessarily for his secret and momentary revulsion of feeling. He would not have been ashamed of it on my account. He would have thought me a silly woman, who might have found something more womanly to do.

Of course, it was not twenty minutes before I saw him standing on the opposite side of the room, bowing before the white dress and harebells. Sara Abercrombie had intended that he should do it, and he did it. She had also intended that he should, somehow or other, fall quite naturally into the first place in her little retinue; that he should find himself amused and pleased in a new way; that he should listen with evident delight to what people called her witty speeches; and as she had determined that this should happen, it did happen, under her clever arrangement.

There is no denying she had a cleverness of her own—a quickness, a readiness of speech, often a way of appearing to think deeply, and always a kind of daring wit, which, upon the whole, was, perhaps, more daring than wit. A bright, delicate face; a smile which at least gives its admirers an idea of girlish delicacy and brightness, and a pair of languishing eyes, soften a mad speech wonderfully.

That very night I heard her make a speech to Miles Chetwyn, such as any well-regulated Brentham girl would have trembled at the thought of.

"The thing which strikes me as forcibly as any other, is the number of gloomy, respectable people I meet in the streets," she said, looking up at him with mock gravity and concern. "Are gloom and respectability inseparable in England? And if they are, is it imperative that one should be respectable?"

From that night it was painfully apparent that Mr. Miles was completely in her power. His attentions were of the most marked and open character. To my surprise, the whole family appeared to share his admiration of her. Catharine was nothing short of foolishly enthusiastic, and both Mr. and Mrs. Chetwyn seemed charmed. In fact, their conduct was incomprehensible to sensible, untouched persons. I had never seen anything fascinating in the girl. It was evident, however, that they did, or fancied they did, for

they were continually inviting her to their house, and arranging little entertainments for her benefit. Brentham was gayer that summer than it had ever been before. I once heard a young man, a member of one of our best families, say, "We ought to be very grateful to you, Miss Abercrombie. You are the leaven which has leavened the whole lump." Certainly, they were ready enough to give her credit.

But, as I have already said, she was clever and cautious enough to be quiet. She always laughed at such remarks—a low, little laugh, which was considered very pretty and musical. She was too wise to show that she enjoyed her triumphs, or thought of them as triumphs at all. Her manner toward Mr. Miles was the perfection of high art. In his presence she was bright, ready-witted, and sympathetic. She was never shy or awkward, and never eager. She neither seemed to wait for his attentions, nor to demand them. It was as if she accepted them quite frankly, without asking herself what they signified. Only a person who understood her, and saw below the surface of that quiet little air of self-respecting womanliness, as I did, could have seen in her what I saw—the cool-headed, steady working for the attainment of the object she never lost sight of.

"You are not a shy person, Miss Abercrombie," I said to her, once. "There are few young women who are so perfectly at ease in the society of gentlemen as you are. Really, you ought to congratulate yourself upon your self-possession."

She had a habit of drawing herself up a little, and turning, to confront me fully when I addressed her; and she did it then. Her great eyes settled themselves upon mine in an odd, steady way, which was by no means becoming, or well-bred.

"Can you tell me why I should be less perfectly at ease in the society of gentlemen than in that of women?" she said. "Is there any reason why I should? I am afraid I am shamefully ignorant."

That was her hard, bold way. There was no shrinking modesty about her. She was as open and undisturbed in her demeanor toward the men who were in love with her, as she was toward the children who were fond of her, and who really were interested, like every one else. I had no patience with her well-acted pretences. But really this is not exactly what I intended to say. I have been led astray by the strength of my feelings.

It began to be quite evident that Mr. Miles Chetwyn had not only made up his mind to sacrifice himself to his infatuation, but that he had

made it up quite in accordance with the feelings of his friends and family, and we were expecting every day to hear of the engagement being announced, when something new occurred.

I have always believed that when Mrs. Chetwyn gave the particular party at which this occurrence took place, she gave it with the intention of allowing her son a pleasant opportunity to offer himself to Sara Abercrombie. She was passionately fond of her children, and Mr. Miles was her idol. She adored him, and really he was as romantically attached to her as she was to him. She had married early and was a young and beautiful woman still. "When I meet a woman as pretty and charming, I will lay myself at her feet," Mr. Miles has been heard to say, and he was just the sort of young fellow to be in earnest.

He looked very much in earnest the evening of the party. He could scarcely bear to leave Sara Abercrombie's side, and his eyes followed her everywhere. His soul was in them, too, and I had never seen him look a handsomer man. I saw his mother smiling, in a tender fashion, as she observed him, and more than once he exchanged glances with her, and smiled too.

Just before supper, I was sitting near the open door of one of the parlors, when Catherine Chetwyn came in, laughing, and spoke to Miss Abercrombie, who was turning over a book of engravings.

"Sara," she said, "you will be obliged to go up stairs for a moment, and let the children see you. They say they want to look at your party-dress. Cedric and Robert are sitting at the head of the nursery-stairs, and stoutly refuse to go to bed until they have seen you. They won't be bribed even with cake. Ceddie says you promised you would have a white dress, with roses all over it, and Bob says he told you he preferred lilies of the valley. Jones has retired in high indignation, because she can do nothing with them."

"Then I must go," said Sara, laughing also. "I must apologize to Bob, for only having the lilies in my bouquet. His turn will come next."

Catherine passed out into another room, and Sara Abercrombie went up stairs, her eyes shining in a queer way, and a color on her cheeks almost like a delighted blush. As I have said, she was ambitious in everything, she was even eager for the admiration of these absurd children.

I drew the engravings toward me, and began to turn them over, but it was not long before I was interrupted. Some one stepped to the door, and glanced round the room hurriedly. A young man, with a strikingly handsome, but pale and haggard face, certainly a late arrival, for I had

seen nothing of him before. The room was a small side-room, and every one had deserted it but me. In fact, it had only been used by those of the guests who cared to saunter in and look at books and pictures.

"I beg pardon," said the intruder. "I thought Miss Abercrombie was here."

"She has just gone up stairs," I answered. "I have no doubt she will return in a few moments."

"Thanks," he returned, a trifle abruptly. "Then I'll wait."

So he waited, standing at the table, and opening and shutting books in a nervous, excited fashion, which made me curious, and gave me an idea that he was unhappy, as well as in uncertain health. I think he forgot my presence entirely. When he heard Miss Abercrombie coming he stepped out into the hall, and stood at the bottom of the stairs; and the next instant, looking through the open door, I saw her stop short, and heard her cry out, in a hushed voice,

"Dick! Dick! Oh, Dick, what does this mean?"

I saw that they had both forgotten me then, and I drew back a little, but not too far to prevent my seeing as well as hearing all that passed. She was quite pale, and a sudden sadness had fallen upon her face. She came down quickly, and laid her hand on his arm, looking almost stern as well as sad.

"Oh, Dick," she said, "you promised, and you are breaking this promise, like the rest, and I cannot do you any good."

"You never did me anything but harm," he said, with passionate bitterness. "It would have been better to have left me alone."

She dropped her hand in a moment.

"Yes," she answered, "it would."

I thought I was prepared for anything, but I was not prepared to see him snatch her hand back as he did, and cover it with hungry kisses.

"You are an angel," he said, "and I am the most miserable devil under heaven! Forgive me! I couldn't stay away, and chance favored me, too. I knew Chetwyn, and— Don't send me away, Sara. Let me stay for a little while, even if I must stand outside until the end."

Her eyes filled with tears, and her voice trembled.

"Oh, Dick!" she said, "I have wronged you, and I cannot right the wrong at all. If I had not been so vain and—"

"No, no!" he groined. "Don't say that! A poor devil like me had no right to think of you. I had nothing to give—nothing."

The room in which I sat had another door beside the one through which I was looking. This

other door opened into the library; and just as these words were being said, Mr. Miles came and stood upon the threshold, and spoke to me almost in the very words the stranger had used.

"I thought Miss Abercrombie was here," he said; and as soon as I heard his voice, I knew he had come to try his fate.

I could not help feeling excited. He only seemed to see the inside of the room at first, but the next moment he heard Sara Abercrombie's voice, lowly as she spoke, and he glanced through my half-open door just in time to see her lay both her hands on her lover's, in a gesture full of emotion.

"I am sorry, with all my heart," she said. "You know—you know I am. You will forgive me more easily than I shall forgive myself, Dick."

It was just like her to plead in that soft, false fashion with the man whose life she had ruined, as I afterward learned she had ruined this man. She might deceive others, but she did not deceive me. I turned to Mr. Miles with a quickened pulse, and a feverish feeling.

"Miss Abercrombie has met with an old friend," I said. "If I may judge from what I have heard, a very old one."

"Yes," he said. His voice had dropped, and changed. His face had changed altogether. He was almost as haggard as the poor fellow in the hall. "Yes," he said, and turned away, and went out through the library again without another word. He would not offer himself to Sara Abercrombie that night.

As for the girl herself, all her spirit seemed to have left her when she joined the rest of the guests. I was sufficiently interested to watch her closely during the remainder of the evening. The stranger was standing at her side when I went into the dancing-room, and I heard one lady telling another that he was an American, and that his name was Belasys; and, adding this trifle to what I had heard, I proved my story easily enough. She had known him at her own home; she had encouraged him. She had been as fond of him as it was possible for her to be of any one; and then she had thrown him over the moment a more promising opportunity presented itself.

The very next day I saw Mr. Dick Belasys in a rather unexpected way.

The house in which I live is a large one; too large for me; but as it was built by my father, I cannot make up my mind to leave it. So I let one suite of rooms to any respectable stranger who may wish to spend a few weeks, or months, as strangers often do, in Brentham. At this

time my rooms were vacant, and the morning after the Chetwyn entertainment Mr. Dick Belasys applied to me for the privilege of occupying them.

"For a week or so," he said.

He looked wretched and absent-minded. At times, he appeared almost to forget what he meant to say. In the daylight his face showed itself more haggard than ever.

"You are an American?" I said to him.

"Yes."

"I thought so. We have a young American lady visiting Brentham, and your accent is like hers. Stay—I think you were introduced to her last night. Miss Abercrombie?"

"I have known Miss Abercrombie during the greater part of my life," he answered.

I let him have the rooms, and he took possession that day. In the evening he went out, and called upon Sara Abercrombie.

That was the beginning. After that, he scarcely ever saw the girl, unless he was near her. If he was not with her, he was within sight. If she walked out, he followed her; if she went to any little social gathering, he managed to be there. People began to talk and wonder. After awhile she began to refuse invitations, and stay at home. I knew that she was afraid of an exposure, but she tried hard to keep a calm face. She did not succeed very well, however. She was evidently unhappy and worried. I saw that the Chetwyns were dropping her. Mr. Miles held himself quietly aloof. It is possible the few hints I had given to his mother, and to other people, were not lost upon him. Indeed, it was not long before every one knew the story; and then worse features revealed themselves. The poor fellow she had injured began to live a dreadful life. He was often almost mad with intoxication for days together, and it crept out that he had given himself up to ruinous dissipation from the hour in which he had discovered that she had trifled with him. If it had not been for my intense interest in the matter, I should have been obliged to compel him to leave my house; but I permitted him to remain from day to day, thinking each would be the last.

Strongly as the tide of public opinion had gradually set against the girl, it is really wonderful that she ever managed to recover herself. It is fairly incredible that she should have attained her end at last, and yet, aided by her inimitable boldness and art, she did recover herself, and attain it. Truly, when the worst came to the worst, she made a daring stroke, such a stroke as not two women in a thousand would

have ventured. But that was her way. The worst came to the worst in this manner. The visiting community received invitations to a dinner-party at the Abercrombies, and then we heard that it was a sort of farewell banquet, as Miss Abercrombie was going away. I thought she had found herself fairly beaten; and whatever people may say, I feel sure that such was the case, and that this would have been the last of her, if chance had not interposed.

I shall not easily forget the occasion. People were a little curious to see how she would comport herself. I mean the people who had had the good sense to begin to distrust her. But she was cool enough, though she did not look well. There was a queer, tired expression in her eyes, and her manner was prouder and quieter than it had been before. The Chetwyns were there, and the being near her again seemed to have a disturbing effect upon Mr. Miles. I saw that he was weak enough to soften towards her, and lose something of his self-control. It was after dinner that this secret, to which I referred, came. Sara Abercrombie was sitting near a window, talking to Catharine Chetwyn, who seemed to be ready to succumb, too. Catharine was young and impetuous enough to have felt very strongly on the subject of the scandal, though she had said very little, and had only showed her feeling by holding rather gravely aloof from her once beloved Sara. Mr. Miles was at Sara's side, and was more like himself, the old self, than I had seen him for some time. Men are so weak.

Well, there they were, sitting, when a shocking thing happened. The door was pushed open, and Dick Belasys, who had not been invited, came into the room, flushed and unsteady. He had broken out terribly a few days before, and it was evident that he had been insane enough to slip past the servants in some way, and make his way up stairs. His dress was disheveled, and his step uncertain. He glanced round with a bitter, defiant smile, and went at once to Sara Abercrombie, and stood before her. She turned even paler than her wont, but even at that crisis she did not have the grace to shrink or look guilty. A woman who had been the poor, ruined fellow's best and most courageous friend, might have worn just such a stern, outraged look.

"Dick!" she said, "how dare you?" How dare you?

He laughed recklessly.

"I came to say good-by," he said. "I thought I should like to say it before I went to the devil. Don't blame yourself, Sara," laughing, a short, dreadful laugh again. "Don't blame yourself. You couldn't help it, of course. Women never

can." And then, to the consternation of all present, he wheeled round to Mr. Miles. "She won't throw you over," he said. "She's too clever. Women like her don't throw over fellows like you. It's only——"

But Sara Abercrombie stopped him. She rose from her seat, as white as death itself, actually, and as steady as if she had not a fear. She looked him straight in the eye until he began to flinch, and she laid her hand firmly on his arm.

"Dick," she said, "you must go home. You are doing yourself an irreparable wrong. Come with me." And, difficult as it may be to believe it, she positively led him away, down the full length of the room, before the people who looked at her, and out of the door.

After awhile she came back and went to Catharine Chetwyn. There was a strange shut-up expression in her face, as if she meant to ignore everything. But, as I have said already, Catharine was young and impressionable, and this was more than she could stand. She stood up before the window, looking out, and I saw her little hands working nervously, as they hung clasped before her. She made a little passionate movement, and then I heard her speak in a low, impetuous way.

"Oh," she said, "how can you—how can you be so cruel and so cold?"

The start Sara Abercrombie gave, the sudden flash of indignant wonder in her eyes, were pieces of incomparable high art.

"Cruel!" she cried. "Cold, Catharine?"

"Yes," said Catharine. "Does not his ruin touch you at all?"

"Catharine!" exclaimed her brother.

"I cannot help it," broke forth the girl. "It is all the worse, because I believed in her so. To have trifled with him, and made his life a ruin. Oh, it is wicked, wicked, wicked!"

Any one who did not know her well might have fancied that at this moment her first suspicion of what was thought and said of her had flashed across Sara Abercrombie's mind. For a second or so she stood still, as if a kind of dreadful hush had settled upon her. Then she turned round, and spoke to Mr. Miles.

"Is this true?" she said. "Do you believe these things of me? What does it mean?"

There was deep pain in his eyes. Really, the man was fatally ensnared. He could not say a word, and I knew he was not a coward by nature.

"Do you believe these things of me?" she said, again.

"Yes." Catharine flashed back to her with proud reproach. "For he has no alternative."

And having said it, she walked away, flushed, and with hot tears in her pretty eyes.

I longed to hear his answer, but fate served me an ill turn. Just at that moment Mrs. Chetwyn spoke at my side.

"Miss Jerningham," she said, "if you will be so kind——" And in the rest of her commonplace sentence I lost what I was waiting for. But I was not cheated out of the last act of Miss Abercrombie's little drama. She had the audacity to enact it in my immediate presence, and she favored me with it the next morning. Daring, indeed! I think there was no height of daring she would not have scaled to gain her end. And with such steadiness of demeanor, too, as if her boldness was only the perfect courage of a proud innocence, as if she scarcely cared at all, but was too brave to submit to misconstruction.

I must confess that I was surprised when she presented herself, the next day, with Catharine Chetwyn and her brother. I could not help wondering what she had done since I had seen her last, and what she was going to do next.

She did not hesitate in the least. She made no pretence of having any other errand but one. Like all other good actors, she had strung herself up to her part, I suppose. Her manner toward me was little short of insulting, it was so grand and frigidly indifferent. She meant to ignore me throughout, if possible. It was not my opinion she cared for, or my power against her. I was as nothing. That was what it all meant. They had come to see Mr. Belasys. They had something to say to him. Was he at home? Luckily for her, he was at home, "clothed, and in his right mind," for the first time during the week. If it had not been so, her clever plan, her bit of dramatic acting, might have failed.

I showed them into his parlor myself, and at the door she stopped, and spoke to me in an icy tone.

"Will you be good enough to come, too?" she said. "I think you will be interested,"

Dramatic? I should think so! She knew what she was doing. Dick Belasys rose from his sofa, wretched and shaken, but in full possession of his faculties.

"Sara!" he exclaimed.

Catharine looked a little frightened. Mr. Miles, to my surprise, seemed to have quite recovered himself, and stood up firm and dignified, though I afterward learned that the girl had made no defence after hearing all, and had only demanded that they should give her this opportunity. She had everything on her side. She was looking her best. Her high-strung, unshaken air became her, as of course she knew. Her eyes shone with fire and spirit.

"Dick," she said, "I cannot afford to waste words. I have come here to ask you to bear witness for me."

"To bear witness for you?" he repeated after her.

"Yes," she answered. "To defend me; to tell these friends of mine, who have been almost lost to me, that I am not utterly bad and false."

"You!" he cried. "You, Sara?"

She flushed suddenly, and went over to him, looking up with beseeching eyes, trembling a little.

"Forgive me," she said. "It is hard for me as well as for you; but I owe a duty to them too. They have been very fond of me, and Dick," raising her voice to a clear, ringing pitch, "you are not a coward, whatever else you are. Tell them whether or not I trifled with you, and drew you to your ruin."

He gave her a startled glance, and then dropped into the nearest chair as if he was shot, hiding his face in his hands.

"You?" he said again. "You, Sara?"—and he gave a little groan.

She touched his shoulder softly with her hand, as she did it, and tears stood on her cheeks.

"My poor Dick," she said. "My poor, dear Dick! You did not know, I am sure, but you said some terrible things to me yesterday, and—and I have found out that there are those who believed them. I should have let them go, and only have been sorry, but they have brought on such a cruel story that I cannot, and I know you would not wish me to."

And then, in a few rapid words she told him all she had heard said of herself. That people believed that she was selfish and unprincipled, and mercenary, that she had played with his love, and cast him off only because she had found higher stakes to manœuvre for, and that the result had been that he had flung away his life in desperation. She made that dramatic, too, and ended with laudable tremulousness and pathos.

"You know I have blamed myself," she said, "but did I do that? Dick, please speak for me."

He had broken in several times during her recital of her wrongs, but she had checked him. She had him under good control. It is my impression he would have said anything she prompted him to say. Now he looked up in a hopeless, desperate fashion.

"I will tell them the whole story," he said, "from beginning to end."

"No, there is no need," she interposed.

He made a strange gesture—a wild one.

"For God's sake, let me," he said. "I should

like to have it off my mind. Perhaps this will be a lesson to me at last."

Then he confronted the other two.

"There is bad blood in my veins," he said—"blood with a taint in it. There is not a man of our name who does not suffer from the taint, more or less. Some are stronger than others, perhaps, and better able to struggle against their temptation. I am one of the weak ones, and so I give way. I have disgraced myself. I have broken my mother's heart, and I have broken my own. I have a heart, and it is all the worse for me. I knew Sara Abercrombie when she was a child, and just as she was growing into a woman I was thrown constantly in her path. You know something of her, but not all. She is brave, and eager to help every life she comes in contact with. She thought she could help me, and she struggled long and untiringly. She could not conquer the devil in me, but she has been my good angel, nevertheless. I have battled for her sake, even if I have been beaten after all. I tell you, it is not with me as with many. In my case, it is a madness. You cannot condemn a man utterly for going mad, when it is in his blood—the madness. Some men have been to blame at first, and I hope the curse will go back upon him, as it ought to. But I was not stone. I could not help my heart being stirred. I began to love the brave, innocent girl who stood by me with such courage and longing faith. And then it was harder than ever. It went on until she began to see, and then she blamed herself, and was fairly crushed. Her very effort to serve me had turned itself against her. She spoke to me fairly and honestly, and then she gave up, because she saw every word and glance of hers made the matter worse. Since then it has been the old story over and over again, day by day. Chance brought me here; and when I found her I was too weak to go away, and so I stayed. If the old temptation had not come upon me, I should have done her no wrong. I have enough manhood left, after all, not to be, as she says, a coward, when I am in my right senses; but when I am at the worst, I have wild fancies, like all other madmen, and they control me for the time being. I did not know I had gone so far. God help me! That is all I can say."

Catharine Chetwyn was crying softly. She went to Sara Abercrombie, and kissed her, in a timid, penitent way, like a child.

"Oh, Sara! will you, can you forgive us?" she said.

"Yes," answered Sara, very quietly, and she kissed her in return—just enough to do it without effusion.

I did not move from my chair. I looked on undisturbedly. I had my opinion of the matter, and they had theirs. I knew that Sara Abercrombie had that poor, weak fool under her thumb, and that she was too clever a woman not to make use of him. To this day I have not a doubt but that she had either written to or seen him in that interval of a few hours. She was crafty and bold enough for anything.

When all was over, and they were going out, she spoke to me for the second time. She had not deigned to notice me since her speech at the door.

"There will be no need that you should contradict the stories you have circulated," she said, quite unmovedly. "My friends will save you the trouble."

I was as stiff as she was. I did not stir a muscle.

"I shall not contradict them," I answered. "I have not the slightest idea of doing so, Miss Abercrombie."

I intended to have given Mr. Dick Belasys notice at once, but when I went to his parlor, he was not there. He was up stairs, packing his

trunk; and at midnight he went away, which was a very nice little finishing touch to Sara Abercrombie's plans.

Six months later, she was Miss Sara Abercrombie no longer, but Mrs. Miles Chetwyn. I was not at the wedding. I received no invitation; in fact, since Mr. Dick Belasys' departure, my friends, Mrs. Chetwyn and Mrs. Abercrombie, have not thought proper to recognize me when we met. As to Mr. Belasys, I believe that he went to Cuba, and died; and, of course, there is an interesting bit of pathos connected with that. They say that he died the day Mrs. Miles Chetwyn's little boy was born, and that at the last he was heard to whisper, "If ever Sara has a son—" again and again. He never finished the sentence, and the people who were with him did not understand at all. I suppose Sara Abercrombie fancied she did, however, for her boy's name is Richard Belasys Chetwyn; and I once heard of her saying to the child, who is absurdly fond of her,

"Dick, you are living two lives, and one has been given you to retrieve. Never forget that—never, Dick."

A YE AND NO.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

Oh, fluttering breezes, be quiet!
Be still, little brook, by the way,
And leaves, that make murmurous riot,
Ye know not my secret to-day!
Yet, loiter and listen,
Oh, dew-drops, that glisten,
And winds blowing over the way,
Go, hover anear him,
Go, hover anear him,
And find if he loves me, or nay!

Oh, tremulous pulses that quiver,
That start as his steps come and go!
Oh, pulses, that flutter and shiver,
And dreams that like goosamer grow,
Say, can ye discover

If he be my lover,
Who breathes to me measures so low?
Oh, answer me truly,
Oh, answer me truly,
And say if he loves me, or no!

Sing out, merry mocking-bird, hiding
Your nest where the apple-blossoms sway,
Your note is a joy worth confiding!
Oh, sing, and be happy all day!
For have ye not told me
His visions enfold me?
Oh, ring out my gladness, I pray!
Life full to its measure,
Life full to its measure!
Sing, sing, and be happy all day!

NOVEMBER SONG.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

If you try, you'll surely win it
Fly, oh, fly, then, little linnet!
Plume your wing, too, dainty swallow,
Where the Spring is, follow, follow!
Bird with breast like gold a-glitter,
Leave your nest, the winds are bitter!

Sweetheart thrush, I pray you, hearken,
Hush! oh, hush! the shadows darken!

Do not wait a day that's coming;
It is late for bird and blooming.

Comes the day of dreary weath'r!
Fly away, sweet birds, together!

THE GROUND-FLOOR BEDROOM.

BY MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER.

Few persons, who were in Paris on New-Year's Day, 1875, but retain a vivid recollection of its horrors. The evening closed in mild and tranquil, but the night was full of perils. About eleven o'clock, a fine, drizzling rain set in, that froze as it fell, and covered the whole of the vast city with a sheet of ice, smooth as a mirror, on which neither man nor beast could stand erect, or walk with safety. The festivities of the season had called a great many persons from their homes on that evening, and the miseries of those who found themselves forced to traverse distances, sometimes amounting in extent to miles, without the aid of a conveyance, can readily be imagined. For the cabmen all struck work, and went home. Ladies in delicate evening dress, white slippers, and opera cloaks, were to be seen clinging to railings or lamp-posts, and weeping in very helplessness of terror, unable to stir a step. Horses lay moaning with fractured limbs on the glassy roadway, and men slipped, and tottered, and fell, some receiving injuries from which they never recovered.

I had been dining with an old college friend. It had been a bachelor-party, and a merry one; and it was past twelve o'clock when we broke up. Of course, there was a shout of dismay from the whole party, some dozen in all, when we discovered the condition of the street. But there was no help for us. We could not all go back, to quarter ourselves on our host, in his small bachelor lodgings; and so we set off on our different ways. To make matters worse, our host lived on the left hand of the Seine, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens, so that most of us were at an interminable distance from home. I myself was stopping at the Hotel de France, on the Rue St. Honoré, three miles off.

One of the party had to go there also. He was a handsome young fellow from the provinces, named Gustave Veronge, who had, as I had heard from another of the guests, lately inherited a good deal of money, and had come up to Paris to see life. I could hardly claim him even as an acquaintance, for we had met that evening for the first time. As we went out into the street, he asked to what quarter of Paris I was going, and on learning my destination, cried, "Well, I am going a stone's throw from there, so, come, and we will walk together."

He was not only in full evening dress, like the rest of us, but in a very elaborate one. His low, open vest showed a shirt-front of fabulous fineness, whereon glittered three diamond studs, each stone of no inconsiderable size, and of the purest water. Four buttons, also of diamonds, closed his vest, and he wore on the little finger of his left hand a handsome solitaire. I thought all this in rather bad taste; but he seemed like a thoroughly good fellow; and his manners were certainly very interesting. We got along pretty well for about half an hour, slipping, and sliding, and stumbling about, and often falling. At last, my companion slipped, and fell again, and when he strove to rise, sank back, uttering a stifled groan.

"Have you hurt yourself?" I asked, anxiously, assisting him to rise.

He fell back with another groan.

"I fear that my knee is injured," he said.

"I can hardly stand."

With difficulty, I got him at last on his feet. But every step he took gave him pain. Of course, I could not go off and leave him alone. Meantime, not a human being was in sight.

"Where are we?" he asked, faintly.

I made my way to the nearest corner, and read the name of the street.

"The Rue de Risle," I replied, coming back.

"I have not the least idea where we are," he said. "I never even heard of that street."

By this time I was getting pretty well exhausted. I began to feel thoroughly discouraged.

"Our best plan," I said, "is to look for some hotel, where we can pass the night. It is of no use trying to go any farther. There is not a vehicle to be had."

"You are right. But where can we find a hotel?"

As he spoke, a man in a blouse, with a pipe between his teeth, swung himself from under the shadow of an archway, near by.

"If these gentlemen wish, I can show them to a hotel close by," he said, in a civil tone.

"Do so, and we will give you five francs for your pains," cried Veronge, impulsively. "We are strangers in Paris you see, and I have not an idea which way to turn."

"Ah! Monsieur is a stranger in Paris? Will

Monsieur lean on me? The hotel is not far off; not five steps distant, in fact."

It was very near. A little farther, in truth, than our officious friend had stated, but still just around the nearest corner.

It was an ancient-looking, whitewashed building, standing back from the street, with a small garden in front of it. No name was painted across the front of the house, as is usual with Parisian hotels. Only a red lamp, with the word "Hotel" on it, in black letters, was set in an iron framework projecting above the door.

We paid our conductor, who shambled down the street, after casting a last glance at the glittering studs and vest-buttons which Veronge displayed, as he threw back his overcoat in order to get out the money.

A sleepy-looking old woman, in a calico short-gown and petticoat, and with a yellow silk handkerchief tied about her head, answered our summons at the door of the little hotel. "Oh, yes, we could have rooms, certainly, though the house was very full. Monsieur had hurt his knee, had he? Then Monsieur should have a ground-floor room, of course. The other Monsieur she must pray to mount to the third floor."

"Could we not have rooms together?" suggested Veronge.

"Impossible! Quite impossible!" The old woman was broad awake by this time, and very energetic. "In fact, the two rooms she offered were the last that were left, for the house had a good name, though it was small."

While talking, she had lighted a couple of candles, and preceded us along a narrow passageway, at the end of which was a door, which she unlocked, and threw open with a flourish.

"You see, you could not be better lodged in the Grand Hotel."

The room looked comfortable. It was long and narrow. There was one window at the left-hand side as we entered. The bed stood in an alcove, draped with hangings of green moreen. The window was protected outside by a massive iron grating, such as is usually employed on ground-floor windows in France. I advanced to this window, and holding my candle aloft, peered out into the darkness. I could see that it opened on a sort of narrow yard, terminated by a high blank wall. The old woman, troubling herself very little about my scrutiny of the premises, was engaged, meanwhile, in lighting the fire, which was laid, all ready for the match, in the little grate.

When our old conductress had got the fire well under way, she rose and testified her intention of accompanying me at once to the room destined

to me. It was up three flights of stairs, but was snug and comfortable enough, though rather small. The old woman lit my fire, as she had done that of Veronge, and then went back to bed.

Tired as I was, I had no notion of going to sleep without paying a last visit to Veronge, to see if he needed my help in undressing. So, merely waiting to pull off my overcoat, and my rain-soaked boots, I went down stairs again.

I found Veronge sitting by the fire, and nursing his aching knee with a very dismal expression of countenance. He brightened up at once when he saw me enter, and became, in spite of his pain, quite chatty and confidential. When I rose to retire, which I did in about half an hour, feeling woefully tired, he would not hear of my departure.

"Sit down," he cried, "sit still for a little while, 'tis only two o'clock, and I have such a story to tell you."

So down I sat, and lit a cigar, while Veronge plunged into some interminable history of college scrapes and adventures. The arm-chair in which I sat was soft and comfortable, the fire gave out a drowsy heat, the story was very stupid, and in fifteen minutes I was fast asleep.

It seemed to me that I had but just lost consciousness, when I was suddenly awakened by a terrible shriek, a cry as if for help, with which it appeared to me that my own name was mingled. I started bolt upright, wide awake in an instant. All around was still. The candle was extinguished, but the room was lighted by the ruddy glow of the fire in the grate. So profound was the silence, that the patter of the rain against the window-panes was distinctly audible. Veronge himself was nowhere to be seen.

"Veronge!" I called, in a half-whisper, not wishing to awake him were he sleeping, "have you gone to bed?"

There was no answer. I stretched myself, yawned, and took a look at the clock.

"Half-past three," I muttered. "I must have been dreaming. I had best get to bed as fast and as quietly as possible. I had no idea that I had slept so long."

I took up my candle, and essayed to light it at the fire. As I did so, it struck me that the room was strangely, unnaturally quiet, not a sound, not even that of heavy breathing, betrayed the presence of the sleeper in the alcove. That horrid cry, too, was still ringing in my ears, so I resolved that I would take one glance at my friend, to satisfy myself as to his well-doing.

"He might have the nightmare," I thought, "and, if so, it will be a charity for me to arouse him."

So, I advanced to the alcove, lifted the curtain, and looked in.

There was no one there.

No one. The bed was in disorder, the coverings tossed aside, and the pillow pushed away, but it was untenanted. The alcove was small; there was barely room in it for the bed, a very small washstand, and a little night-table, so that I saw the whole extent of it at a glance. For a moment, I did not suspect that anything was wrong. I thought that Veronge, like a mere boy as he was, had hidden away somewhere, to give me a fright, and had then cried out, to awaken me.

"Veronge," I called, impatiently, "come out, here. Where are you?"

There was no reply.

Repressing a growing feeling of annoyance, I set to work at once to investigate every corner of the room. My task was a short one. Veronge was nowhere to be discovered. Yet, there lay his clothes. How could he, undressed and lame, have quitted the room? A sudden thought struck me. "Poor fellow," I thought, "he must be walking in his sleep."

With that idea I advanced to the door, and endeavored to open it. To my amazement, I found that the inside bolt was shut. It was evident that Veronge had not quitted the room.

Yet, where was he? He could not have gotten out of the iron-grated window, and the room, unlike most French ones, had but a single door. Ah! the bed—under the bed. I had not looked there. Doubtless, he was lying there, *perdu*, and chuckling over my perplexity.

"Ah, the rascal!" I said to myself. "I have him now!" I advanced to the bed, lifted the valance of green moreen, and found that the bedstead was a sort of solid box, that continued to the floor, so that there was, technically speaking, no "under the bed" at all.

I was now completely bewildered. Of course, any species of foul play seemed out of the question. The bolted door and barred window seemed to settle that matter, so far as the entrance of any malefactor was concerned. Yet if no one could get in, how could Veronge have got out? And if he had not quitted the room, where was he? Could any one have gotten in by a secret entrance while we slept? With that idea, I started to investigate the walls. Two sides of the room were, of course, accounted for, as outside of one lay the passage-way, and on the other the open yard. I carefully examined the wall opposite the door. All solid and smooth there; no trace of an opening anywhere. Then I proceeded to the alcove. Here I found rather more

difficulty, as the heavy bed-curtains were considerably in my way. But I managed to satisfy myself that the wall at each end of the bed was all right. Next I turned my attention to the wall at the opposite side of the bed, at the end of the alcove, that is to say. To investigate that, I was forced to lean across the bed; so I knelt upon the edge of the bedstead, and to steady myself I leaned on one hand on the centre of the bed, having first placed my candlestick on the washstand, so as to have both hands free for my search. As I leaned my weight on the bed, it gave way suddenly beneath my hand. A rush of cold, noisome air streamed upward to my nostrils; and had I not clutched instinctively at the bed-post with my other hand, I should inevitably have lost my balance, and have plunged headforemost downward into some horrible abyss. Yes, the bed opened downward in the middle. I had solved the riddle of my poor friend's fate.

I staggered backward, heartsick with amazement and dismay. It was some moments before I recovered myself sufficiently to continue my examination of the hideous trap into which I had so nearly fallen. It needed some minutes repose to enable me to proceed in my investigations.

When I did so, I was amazed at the horrible simplicity of the whole contrivance. The bed itself, instead of being a solid mattress, was merely two cushioned doors, fitting closely together in the centre, and held up by strong springs, such as serve to close the doors of public buildings, or of stores, behind those who pass in or out. A certain amount of strength or weight was necessary to force open these divisions. Under the ordinary pressure of a hand, they would merely yield sufficiently to impart the idea of the elasticity of a spring mattress. Each side was covered smoothly with linen, and so closely did the two divisions fit, that a casual glance would have detected nothing unusual about the appearance of the bed. It merely looked like one of those mattresses which are made with a division in the centre, for the better convenience in raising and cleaning it. I carefully pressed the doors open, and peered down into the depth thus revealed. The same cold, damp air that I had noticed before, rushed up into my face, redolent of the chill mouldiness of a disused cellar. I listened. Not a sound was to be heard from below; not a groan; not a sigh. I dared make no farther examination. Who could tell what unseen eyes might not be watching my every movement, what hidden ears might not be alert to catch the slightest sound that might tell of suspicion or of detection? At first I thought of tying a cord to my candle, and of lowering it

down into the abyss, but I abandoned the project almost as soon as I conceived it.

Poor Veronge was dead! Of that there could be no doubt. The fiends that had planned that horrible murder-trap were not likely to leave their work but half-finished. All that was left to me now was to avenge his fate; that is, if I did not share it.

I sat down to meditate over my course of action, and to collect my scattered thoughts. My first impulse was to escape from the house at once. But how was such a feat practicable? The window of the room in which I found myself was securely closed with iron bars. Moreover, if I did succeed in forcing out the grating, which was highly improbable, I should find myself in a narrow yard, enclosed on all sides by a high wall. My own room was on the third floor. No chance of escape through the window there! Any attempt to leave the house by the door would, of course, arouse the suspicions of the inmates, who were, doubtless, on the alert. But one course remained to me, and that was to return as stealthily as possible to the room assigned to me, there to await the arrival of the hour at which I could quit the premises without exciting suspicion.

I came to this resolve after much deliberation. I extinguished my candle, crept softly and stealthily along the passage, and up the stairs, that seemed, to my excited fancy, to shake, and quiver, and creak, at every step that I took. But I gained my room unmolested, bolted myself in securely, and throwing myself on the bed without undressing, I awaited the approach of morning.

Oh, the long, long hours! How interminable they were, and how slowly they passed! How often the squeak of a mouse in the wainscoting, or the snapping of a coal in the grate, chilled the blood in my veins, and paralyzed me with terror! Often, too, I would drop asleep, only to start awake the next moment with the death-shriek of Veronge ringing in my ears. I thought that the night never would come to an end. At last the window slowly grew a glimmering square; the pale light of dawn showed me the shapes of things about me; and the friendly morning peered in upon me once more. Yet I did not dare to arise and go forth at once. I must linger still until my hour of rising should be sufficiently late to betray neither compromising knowledge nor inquietude. At last, about eight o'clock, I got up from my comfortless couch, adjusted the disorder of my dress, bustling, as I did so, about the room with a great pretence at making a finished toilet, and whistling a merry tune. Then

I rang my bell, ordered the usual French early breakfast, of a roll and a cup of coffee, and asked for my bill to be sent at the same time. The coffee was brought by the same old woman who had admitted Veronge and myself the night before.

"The friend of Monsieur left about half an hour ago," she said, as she set down the tray. "He left no message for Monsieur."

"Friend! He was no friend of mine. I met him accidentally in the street last night," was my answer, given in as gay and careless a tone as I could well assume.

"Indeed! Well, his knee hurt him, and he could not sleep; so he sent Jean for a cab, and went off soon after daybreak this morning."

I made no answer, but continued to crumble my bread and to stir my coffee with pretended indifference. As soon as the old hag had quitted the room, I emptied the contents of the coffee-cup out of the window, put the bit of roll in my pocket, and prepared to go.

No one offered any opposition to my departure; but it was not till I found myself fairly in the open street, that I ventured to draw my breath freely. The ice was melted from the pavements, and I had no difficulty in finding a cab. I hailed the first one that I saw passing, jumped in, and cried to the driver, "To the Prefecture of Police at once, as fast as you can drive!" And then, as the carriage started, I fell down in the bottom of it in a dead faint.

An hour later, the accursed den and its inmates were in the hands of the police. The latter comprised the old woman, a man who seemed to be the proprietor, (who was no other than the man who had accosted Veronge and myself the night before, and who had guided us to the house,) and two young and showy-looking females, who, as I afterward learned, were the decoy-ducks of the establishment. Guided by me, the able and intelligent Chief of Police made a thorough investigation of the murderous apparatus of the ground-floor bed-room.

In the floor, under the two spring doors that formed the bed, was a trap-door, that opened downward, and that could be pushed up from below, and fastened with a belt. Right under the bed-room was a cellar. On examining the rotting boards that formed the flooring of this cellar, we found, directly under the trap-door, a deep, dry well, the bottom of which was covered with rough, jagged stones. On lowering a lantern, fresh traces of blood could be discerned upon these stones. At the side of the well, a dark opening was visible, large enough to admit a man. Ropes and ladders were procured, and

several of the party, including myself, descended to explore this opening. On entering, we found ourselves in a long, arched gallery, lined with crumbling brick, and blocked up at either end with a mass of rubbish. The ground was damp and soft beneath our feet, but the air was dry, and even warm.

"What in the world can this strange vault be?" I asked of one of the *gens-d'armes* lurking around me.

He smiled superiorly at my query. "*Monsieur*," he answered, "we are evidently in the Catacombs. This gallery is merely one of the many corridors that exist in those vast subterranean structures that underlie one-eighth part of the city of Paris." He glanced curiously about him, stooped, and examined the ground carefully, and then called aloud,

"More light here! Quick! And pick-axes and spades!"

Lights and tools were lowered to us at once, and two of the *gens-d'armes* began to dig at a point indicated to them by my companion, where the earth seemed to have been freshly disturbed. I turned away, sick at heart. The work proceeded, and in about a quarter of an hour the chief of the party tapped me on the arm,

"*Monsieur*," he whispered, "look here. We have found—something; and your evidence is needed for full identification."

I steadied my nerves with an effort, and advanced toward the spot where the men had been digging.

There, before me, beneath the red light of the lanterns, lay the soiled, dishonored corpse of Gustave Veronge!

The trial took place a few weeks later. The man, whose name was Dumorugue, was condemned to death, the three women were transported for life. Further investigations of the soil of the blocked-up corridor, revealed the presence of the remains of some forty or fifty bodies. The gallery had been artfully cut off from the

rest of the catacombs by the simple expedient of undermining the walls at the point where it joined the other avenues, and by thus bringing a portion of the walls and roof down together, in an impenetrable mass. The hotel had been in the hands of its ingenuous proprietor for more than twelve years.

"What in the world," I asked of an eminent English lawyer, who came over to attend the trial, "could have induced these creatures to make away with poor Veronge, when he had a companion with him who would inevitably make inquiries respecting his fate?"

"The carelessness of long security," he made answer. "Besides, had you betrayed any suspicion, you would scarcely have been suffered to depart in safety."

"Strange that such a den of murderers should have existed so long in such a comparatively respectable quarter of Paris."

"That very circumstance of the conspicuous and respectable situation disarmed suspicion, as did also the fact, which was fully proved at the trial, that the house was a really well-kept and well-frequented hotel. The ground-floor bedroom was only an adjunct to the proprietor's ordinary business, and was never used but with great precaution, and on persons whose disappearance would create no immediate inquiry, such as foreigners, and strangers from the provinces."

I shuddered as he spoke. "Do you think that many such dens exist in Paris?" I asked.

"Not many. And yet his case can scarcely be held as a solitary case. The number of mysterious disappearances that are reported to the police of Paris, amount to an average of eighteen, monthly. Of these at least one-half are never heard of more.

"They have vanished—whither? It is not all ways given to friends and relatives to discover the clue to such mysteries as that of the GROUND-FLOOR BEDROOM."

THE SHEPHERD.

BY ALMEDA E. WRIGHT.

THE way is dark, the day is cold,
The bleak winds moan and wail;
Dark laden clouds athwart the sky
Herald the coming gale;
As over hills, through valleys deep,
The gentle shepherd leads his sheep.

He takes the lambs, poor, feeble ones,
Within his loving arm;
And there in peace they sweetly rest,

Secure from every harm;
As over hills, through valleys deep,
The gentle shepherd leads his sheep.

Lo! they are safe, the fold is near,
And they obey his voice;
They enter in, he shuts the door,
Oh, well may he rejoice;
For over hills, through valleys deep,
The gentle shepherd leads his sheep.

MRS. FRENCH'S BOARDER.

BY BARBARA YECHTON.

Mrs. FRENCH had at last let her fourth floor, front room. It had been empty for a considerable time, in spite of repeated advertisements in sundry daily papers, setting forth the comforts of said room. Parties had called, been escorted up stairs by Miss Annette French, (an agreeable young lady of perhaps twenty-seven or eight years of age,) looked at the room, promised to call again, and—not kept their word.

At last, however, came a young lady, one bright summer day; a young lady with a slender, graceful figure, large, thoughtful, dark-gray eyes; hair dark-brown, and lying in a soft fringe across a low, white brow; a mouth, which, though large, was red, and prettily curved.

Such was the outward appearance of the young person who engaged to occupy Mrs. French's fourth floor, front room, and eat of her bread, for so much per week.

Her trunk would come on Monday, she said; and she would be there for dinner. She was an assistant book-keeper, she added, in a large book-house "down town."

Accordingly, on Monday, at noon, two trunks arrived; one large, and considerably worn; the other, small, and also worn. Later, and when Mrs. French's boarders were at dinner, the new comer, Miss Jean Murray, made her appearance.

"This way, please," said Mrs. French, with a gracious movement of her hand. "Take this place."

Miss Murray obeyed, and found herself wedged in between an old gentleman with a large, rich beard, and weak-looking eyes, whose better-half sat by his side, and a bachelor, Col. Ambrose Marshall, who had served in the late war, but was now engaged in business in New York. A man well off, as regards this world's goods, and one whom Mrs. French delighted to please; likewise, Miss Annette. A man with queer notions about everything in general, and women in particular. A man who boasted he had never been really in love; thought too much of his liberty to ever marry; declared "it would be intolerable to have to sit opposite the same face, at one's own table, day after day, for months, years, etc.;" and, in fact, sneered at the marriage state, as at all things generally, and yet was not happy; for was he not stifling the better feelings of his

heart and mind, in refusing to believe in his fellow-creatures?

The colonel bestowed one or two side glances on Miss Murray, and finally turned quite round, to address some one at the other table, and obtained a good look at the young lady's face. "Not a bit good-looking," thought he. "I wonder if we shall ever get a good-looking young female in this house." And, with this reflection, he devoted himself to his roast-beef, for the colonel admired beauty in a woman.

The new boarder kept a good deal in her room, in spite of Miss Annette's repeated invitations to come down and spend her evenings in the parlor. She came and went very quietly, making no acquaintance with any one, and seeming to care for none. And Col. Marshall began to think his right-hand neighbor quite a nonentity, when something occurred which altered his opinion.

Mr. Carter, the old gentleman with the red beard, started the conversation by relating how he had been annoyed by a drunken man in the car, on his way home. "Confound him!" cried the old gentleman, testily. "When a man gets tipsy enough to be disagreeable, let him go home, and stay there, not go around annoying sober people."

"Now, Carter," cried Col. Marshall, "can't you let a man enjoy himself, if he wants to? Probably, that man had been having a good time."

This was spoken behind Miss Murray's back, and he saw the corners of her mouth curve upward, as if with disgust; whereupon he immediately continued,

"I would like to know what the world is coming to, if a man may not get drunk, and even beat his wife, if he feels like it. She belongs to him."

His neighbor's eyes were lifted right to his. The colonel saw they were gray, with black lashes, and full of scorn.

"You don't agree with me," he said, answering her glance. "Perhaps you are one of those ladies who believe in the 'rights,' and hold themselves superior to their lords and masters?"

"I should most certainly consider myself superior to a man, husband or not, who got 'drunk,' as you elegantly express it; for I think, of all disgusting, contemptible, leathsome sights, that

of a drunken man is the worst. I don't blame any woman for considering herself above a creature who thus lowers himself." And, with very red cheeks, and compressed lips, Miss Murray bent over her plate.

"Oh, Miss Murray!" cried Miss Annette, looking quite shocked, "I am sure it is a woman's duty, after she has once married a man, to bear with all his faults; and I, for one," with an expressive glance at Mr. Marshall, "don't think it such an awful thing if a man does, once in a while, take too much wine. You know she promises——"

"To honor and obey," broke in Miss Murray. "But how can she honor a man who puts himself on a level with the brutes? Nay, below them, for they are not gifted, as he is, with reasoning powers."

"What would you do," questioned the colonel, "if you had a husband, and some evening he was brought home to you in a beastly state of intoxication?"

The answer came slowly, almost solemnly, while a pale look rose to the gray eyes,

"I hope I may never be so tried. Now, it seems as if I would rather die than see any one I loved and honored brought so low."

"Why, Miss Murray," struck in Miss Annette, "I think it's almost wicked to talk so. If I loved any one, my love, I hope, would be strong enough to stand more than that."

"I have some brothers," said Miss Murray, "whom I love very dearly; I have no other relatives, in fact. And yet, I would rather follow those boys to their graves than live to see them drunkards. You must excuse me if I speak strongly on this subject. I feel strongly." A few minutes after she left the room.

The ice once broken, Mr. Marshall often addressed his neighbor, though not always eliciting as ready answers as he would have desired. Miss Murray was a surprise to him. He had been accustomed to associate with women of a different pattern; women who never thought out of the beaten track; who never, in fact, thought for themselves, except in matters of dress. Hence the phenomenon of a woman, young, "not bad looking," as the colonel now admitted, educated, yet who had decided, and reasonable opinions of her own, and who spoke them in a frank, fearless fashion, was a revelation to him. And he grew to like to hear Miss Murray talk. He would even introduce subjects on which he knew she would differ from him, simply to see her eyes light up, and to hear some of her quaint, pure ideas in reply. "She was a study," the colonel said, "and he would study her," forget-

ting, or ignoring that such "studies" are sometimes dangerous, at least to the party in pursuit of the knowledge.

Miss Murray, however, seemed in no way anxious to keep up his acquaintance, and would sometimes show very plainly, by her manner, that she did not care to talk to him. But, in spite of herself, they grew more intimate, and in spite of herself Jean sometimes enjoyed their conversations. Involuntarily the colonel came to do his best to please her, and sometimes regretted a harsh or cynical speech, as he saw her draw back and curl her lip in scorn of the sentiments, and of him, their utterer.

One evening, Miss Annette and Miss Murray were in the parlor, Miss Annette doing the agreeable to Col. Marshall, who lounged carelessly in a chair, just outside the low French window, puffing carelessly at his cigar. Miss Murray sat in a low chair, a little back from them, unconsciously making a fair picture, in her simple, muslin dress, and pale pink ribbons, with drooping head and down-dropt lids. In her lap lay an open book. A fair picture, indeed, and the colonel, with his keen, artist taste, enjoyed it. But he would fain have had the gray eyes lifted to him, once in awhile, or had the firm, red month relax into a smile, as he had occasionally seen it do. But in vain. Miss Murray was bent upon enjoying her book, and only answered such remarks as were addressed to her directly, and these in monosyllables. At last, removing his cigar from his mouth, the colonel remarked, in a little louder key than usual,

"Miss Annette, don't you think it rather rude, to be moderate, for a young lady to read in company, devoting herself exclusively to a book, instead of entertaining and conversing with her neighbors?"

Miss French laughed. "That's meant for you, Miss Murray," she said, turning to that lady.

The color in Jean's cheeks deepened a trifle, as she answered, calmly, "The remark is hardly applicable to me, as I seldom, or never entertain any one."

"No, I know you do not. But you ought to be making yourself useful." Then, before she could answer, the colonel drew a couple of wedding-cards from his pocket, and threw them into Miss Murray's lap. "There's the death-warrant of as fine a fellow as I ever knew," he said.

"Wedding-cards?" Jean drew them out carefully. "Do you call marriage a man's death-warrant?"

"Yes, in these days I do. Not one marriage out of five hundred is made for love. That girl,"

pointing to the cards, "I am pretty confident, is marrying for money."

"Why do you think so?" asked Jean, the compression of her lips showing she was ready to do battle.

"Why? Because I know her well, better than he does. She is very beautiful, but with no soul, and cares only for his money."

"Don't you suppose it possible for two people to marry each other for love?"

"There might be exceptional cases, but they have never come under my experience. And I have seen the other side of the picture. Very few women marry for love. Money, position, a home, or many other reasons, but seldom for love. Why, to some of the fair creatures, the meaning of that word is unknown."

"Of course, your having said so, must make it so," said Jean, and her lip curled. "But allow me to differ from you. I know that there are hundreds, thousands, I could almost say millions of women in the world, who have married their husbands for love, purely and simply. And I do most sincerely pity you," and, with her words, Jean's eyes looked pityingly at him, "for not having more trust in human nature. And also, pardon me for feeling a slight touch of scorn, that you, who are educated, traveled, and who think yourself a man of broad views, should hold such narrow ones about women. This is not the first time that I have heard you speak slightly of women. Shame on you! Do you forget your mother was a woman?"

Col. Marshall leaned forward, a pleasant light in his eyes. He liked to hear her speak thus, for, in spite of his cynicism, he did not mean all he said.

"A valiant defence," he laughed. "I said there might be exceptions, only they had not come under my observation. Now, for instance, I don't suppose Miss Murray would ever do otherwise than marry for love. One so gentle, so amiable, so unworldly——"

"You need not draw upon your imagination any further," broke in Jean, vehemently, and with very bright cheeks. "None of those amiable qualities belong to me. I am quick-tempered, willful, cross; too apt to say sarcastic things about people; fond of dress and pretty things, and not one bit better than thousands of women, and not half as good as very many. So, you can't tell me anything of myself that I do not already know. But I would despise myself, did I believe in and hold such sentiments as you do. I hope God will let me die before I lose faith in everything and everybody. Good evening, Miss French." And, with a frigid bow to the colonel, she walked, with erect head, from the room.

Miss Annette was going to a ball. It was one given by an association, of which her paternal parent was a member. "A very exclusive affair, though rather early in the season," Miss Annette informed her mother's boarders.

The days before the "exclusive affair" had arrived, and with it came the ball-dress, a pretty enough mass of pink tulle, lace, and what not. Miss Annette and Miss Murray were busy over it; Miss Annette putting finishing touches, in the form of a rosebud here and there; Miss Jean admiring the effect, for, as she said, she had all a girl's inherent love of pretty things, though, of necessity, possessing so few herself.

"Now, Miss Murray," said Annette, "I want to ask a favor. Just slip my dress on, won't you, like a dear. I do want to see if it hangs well; and you are about my height."

After a moment's hesitation, Jean slipped off her own humble dress, and soon stood arrayed in the pink one, a very pretty *décolleté* costume, out of which the round, white shoulders and arms shone like polished marble. Catching up a rosebud from the bed, Jean fastened it in her corsage, and the effect was complete.

"You look splendidly!" cried Miss French. "But this room is too small to show off the train. Let us go down to the parlor."

"Some one might be there," demurred Jean.

"Everybody is out," was the prompt reply, "and the gas is lighted in the back parlor. We'll go there. Come on."

So, down they went. Sure enough, one burner was lighted, and the girls turned, and twisted, and talked dress a good deal. Then Miss Annette discovered that the light was not brilliant enough; did not brighten up the robe as it should; decided more light was necessary, and forthwith departed to find a match, with which to make a more brilliant illumination.

Jean, left alone, examined her appearance more critically, turned sidewise, kicked out her train, to show to advantage its length and multitudinous trimmings; turned completely round to see, over her shoulder, how the back fitted. At last, with a little sigh of satisfaction, she glanced up, and there, leaning against the half-closed folding doors, which divided the front from the back parlors, stood Col. Marshall, with folded arms, and a twinkle in his eyes, that did not tend to lessen Jean's anger.

"How contemptible!" she exclaimed, with a sudden increase of color, and a scornful curve of the lip.

"On the contrary," was the cool reply, "I think you are quite justified in admiring yourself. The *tout ensemble* is perfect. I always admire

pretty women, and, as a natural consequence, must admire Miss Murray."

"And I," broke in Jean, more vehemently than elegantly, "and I think it contemptible of you to steal in, in this quiet manner, to——"

"Admire you," provokingly put in the culprit.

"But I don't want your admiration. I don't want you to notice me in any way, and only ask that you will let me alone for the future. I detest your sentiments and yourself." And she walked quickly to the door.

"Dear me!" said the colonel, languidly stroking his heavy, blonde mustache, but with a tender light in his eyes, not usual to them. "Too intensely to ever marry me."

Jean stopped, with her hand on the knob of the door, and stared at him. Astonishment, for the moment, almost overcame her anger. Then, with an updrawal of her slender figure, and unmeasurable scorn in lip and voice, she said,

"Marry you! Marry you! You must be dreaming! Or," with another sarcastic curl of her lip, "perhaps you have been indulging in that 'pastime' which you upheld so staunchly some time ago. Col. Marshall, you are a rich man, and I am a poor girl; but if you were the last man in the world, and should go down on your knees, and beseech me to marry you, I would not do it. I should be perfectly miserable as your wife. There! My husband must be a good, noble, God-fearing man; one whom I could honor and respect, as well as love. One to elevate, and make me a better woman. Judge for yourself, whether," and here, strange to relate, this incomprehensible young woman's voice quivered a trifle—"your principles would tend to elevate or better any woman. So, I must decline the honor you would fain bestow upon me." And, with a mocking bow, which the colonel coolly and promptly returned, she vanished, whirled up stairs, nearly upsetting poor Miss Annette, who had at last obtained a match, and was on her way down, and almost tore off the pretty pink dress.

The colonel stood where she had left him, still stroking his mustache. But a close observer would have noticed a slight flush on his forehead, and a sort of dreamy look in his eyes.

"By Jove! she's got a temper of her own!" he said. "But a good little girl, in spite of it. I think I should be a better man if I had such a woman for my wife." Then he, too, went up stairs, but at a more moderate pace.

Jean had her wish. The colonel did leave her alone. He never spoke to her, beyond a cold "good morning," or "good evening." He did not exert himself any more to draw her into con-

versation. He paid no attention when she spoke. In every way, he showed that he was perfectly willing to obey her commands.

And was she satisfied? The heart of a woman is an enigma, often even to herself. To her own surprise, Jean caught herself feeling provoked, and hurt, at the colonel's behavior, forgetting that he was only obeying her expressed wishes.

Meantime, a change was very perceptible in the colonel himself. He was quieter, more charitable in his opinions, spent all his evenings at home, and actually refused jovial Mr. French's invitations to "go for a walk," which meant a short stroll, with refreshments at the end of it.

So matters continued, till spring deepened into summer. With the warm days, Jean began to lose color, and flesh; and dark shadows came beneath the gray eyes. She grew reserved; more like the Miss Murray they had first known.

One evening Col. Marshall, Miss Annette, and Jean, sat in the parlor. The colonel, as usual, was smoking, and seated in his favorite chair, on the piazza. Miss Annette was crocheting. Jean sat on the sill of the low window, her elbow on her knee, her chin in her palm, the gray eyes staring at a small patch of blue sky, visible over the roof of an opposite house.

"Dear me!" said Miss Annette, "how dreadfully warm it has been to-day. I really could not find a cool place anywhere in this house."

"It was still warmer down town," replied the colonel. "I almost melted."

"And what did you do, Miss Murray?" asked Miss French.

"Oh, about the same as usual," was the languid answer.

Noiselessly, the colonel moved his chair a little, until he could see her face. She looked very weary.

"The city is getting too hot to be endured," continued the gentleman. "I, for one, shall wend my way countryward."

"Are you going to leave us?" cried Miss Annette.

"Yes; next Monday. To-day is Friday. Only two days more. So make the most of me."

He glanced up at Jean as he spoke. It was just in time to catch a glance of her gray eyes' with a curious, half-wistful, half-defiant expression in them, and to see her under-lip quiver like a grieved child's. Then her hand covered her mouth, and she bent forward carelessly, as if to look down the street.

But the colonel had keen eyes, and that glance, and the quiver of the tired little mouth, sent a thrill of great gladness through his heart.

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Miss An-

nette. "Miss Murray, what shall we do without Col. Marshall?" For, with her usual obtuseness, Miss French had not noticed the coolness between them.

Jean turned indifferently,

"The same as we did before we made his agreeable acquaintance, I presume. At least, I shall."

Oh, contrariness of woman kind, knowing, all the time, that there was an ache in her heart at the knowledge of his going.

As she spoke she rose, and seated herself in a low rocking-chair, further away from the light.

"I envy you," continued Miss French, with effusion. "I think the country in summer is lovely——"

But her remarks were left unfinished, for a peremptory call from her mother summoned her to the basement; and thither she went, not very willingly.

Col. Marshall deliberately rose, tossed away his cigar, and came in. Jean supposed he was going out, and her cheeks burned at the thought that he disliked being alone with her. But, to her surprise, he stopped in front of her chair.

"Miss Murray," he said, "you told me once that you did not wish me even to speak to you. I have obeyed your commands for the past months, but I am going away, and I may never come back here. We may never meet each other again, therefore; and I want to say something to you before I go."

Never a word answered Jean. She sat, with pale cheeks and downcast eyes, the colonel looking down at her, and longing to take her into his arms, and kiss the color and light back. But he only continued, very quietly,

"Allow me to thank you for the good you have done me. I am a different man to-day from what I was a year ago. I am more charitable, and, I hope, better in every way. I owe it all to you. Your fearless reproofs, your quiet example, your pure, earnest womanliness, have all done me good. For these, let me thank you. But I want more——"

He paused a moment; then went on, hurriedly.

"Jean, you told me once, that if I were the last man in the world, you would not marry me. But, oh, think again. I want you so much. I want you for my very own, to cherish and shield. I want you, too, that you may make my life purer and nobler. Must I be forever without hope?"

There was no answer. Only the head drooped lower, and her hands caught and clasped each other.

"Ah!" he drew back. "I see. You cannot love me. You think me, perhaps, not even worthy of being your friend. You are very, very cruel?"

Still there was no answer.

"Well," he said, "good evening, and good-by. I shall not trouble you with my presence again. I can go as well to-morrow as Monday."

He walked to the door, then turned to take a last look, and saw Jeanie risen from her chair, one hand holding to it, as if for support.

Their eyes met for an instant. "Ambrose," she said, low, but distinctly. In another moment he had gathered her in his strong arms, close to his heart, and was kissing cheeks, and brow, and lips, with reckless prodigality. And there was plenty of light and color in the faded eyes and pale cheeks now.

"And so, after all, you love me a little, and are willing to take me for better for worse," he whispered. "You darling, tantalizing piece of woman flesh! How long ago?"

"Ever since I told you I hated you, I believe," was the shy response. Then, looking slyly up, she whispered, mischievously, "After all, I may be marrying you for your money, or your position, you know. Or, having such a temper, I may lead you an awful life. Don't you wish to retract, sir?"

But he only drew her closer to his heart, and silenced her in a very effectual, and apparently, to him, very enjoyable manner.

So, after all, Miss Jean Murray became Mrs. Colonel Marshall; and the down-town establishment was obliged to advertise for another assistant. And Mrs. French's fourth-floor front-room was again left vacant.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY ROSE STANDISH.

We shall never meet again,
Thou and I, my sweet,
In the clover-scented glen,
Where the waters meet.
Never again, never again!
In Summer sunshine, or soft May rain!

All our fond good-byes are said,
Our last kisses taken;
Dear, the present dream has fled,
We must needs awaken;
Never again, never again!
To meet in sorrow or meet in pain!

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 283.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SEIZED by one of those sudden impulses which seem like inspiration, Lady Rose went into the Park, and hurried along the path which ran along the edge of the ravine in rapid haste, as if she expected to find some solution of the great calamity that had fallen upon that house in the open air. She had formed no project, and was scarcely conscious of the impulse that carried her on, and on, till she had threaded the wilderness, and stood upon the banks of the black tarn. Here purple shadows, dark almost to blackness, had settled down, shrouding the whole place in gloom, though glimmers of light still trembled among the tree-tops, and now and then shot an arrow of gold down upon the water. The old Lake-House, with its sodden front and skeleton timbers leaning over the water, looked ghostly among the quivering rushes and long-bladed flags.

Lady Rose was brave, from such heroic feeling as turns the delicacy of womanhood into grandeur; but the solitude, the gathering darkness, and that grim building, in its unearthly blackness, made the heart shrink in her bosom.

Why was she there? What wierd impulse had brought her to that uncanny spot so near night-fall? Why had it been so strangely impressed upon her that she must come to this place in its awful solitude? Why—

She started, and uttered a faint scream, for something, light as a spirit-hand, touched her arm, and an old, gray face, quivering with emotion, peered into hers.

"Oh, lady, have you seen her?"

Lady Rose felt the color ebbing from her face under that wistful gaze, while the low, pathetic voice sunk into her heart.

"Seen her? Of whom do you speak, old man?"

"Of her, my child, Martha. She should be here. I always found her here when the house was empty. But I have walked up and down, up and down, so long. Perhaps, lady, you were offended that she came so often, and sent her away. I will harm nothing; I only want to find

Martha. Tell me, if it please you, where she is."

"Do you speak of a girl called Martha Hart?"

"Yes, yes; Hart is my name. She is my only child; a poor, motherless creature, not always fit to take care of herself, my lady; troubled a little here, and here."

The old man pressed his withered hand over his heart and on his forehead, with a slow, pathetic movement, accompanied by a smile more sad than tears could have been.

"She is alive, then? This girl who lived in the neighborhood, once?" questioned Lady Rose, vividly interested.

"Alive? I don't know. She is not at home. She should be hereabout. In one place or the other, unless—"

Here the old man paused, and looked drearily over his shoulder, upon the lake.

"You fear something?" said Lady Rose.

"Yes, lady. The stillness is dreadful. It frightens me."

The lady shivered. It frightened her, also.

"I have been into the old building; the floor shook under my feet, and a bat flew out; its wings brushed my face; but nothing else was there. I searched every corner. She loved to crouch down in a dark corner, or out doors among the rushes, listening to the lap-lap of the water, as if it whispered something to her; but I cannot find her. Oh, lady! Dear, sweet lady, if you know where she is, tell the old man!"

"I do not know. Until now, I, with all at the Rest, believed that your daughter was drowned on the night when young Storms was last in the tarn. She was seen coming this way, and the garments of a female were found in the Lake-House."

"I know, I know. It was from that night her brain turned. My Martha was a bright, blithe lass till then, always with a joke or a laugh on her lips. She laughs now, sometimes, but I'd rather she cried."

"Poor old man!" said Lady Rose, touching the hard hand still clinging to her arm, in the tenderness of her compassion. "I would give

ten years of my life to find this girl. Tell me, when did she leave your house? We must find her, if she is on earth, or more hearts than yours will break."

"Find her! Aye, if she is on earth. But she loved the black water there better than anything. They seemed to draw her away from me, as he did, living and dead."

Lady Rose looked across the inky waters, and shuddered.

What if the old man's fears were just, and that wretched girl had carried the heir of Norston's Rest into those fearful depths with her!

"Try and remember when and where you saw your daughter last," she said, pale with anxiety.

The old man put one hand to his forehead, with a feeble effort to collect his ideas.

"Was it a week—two, or three? I cannot tell."

Lady Rose had the date of Walton Hurst's death burned on her brain too vividly for mistake. She named the day; and, after a struggle with his memory, the old man dropped the hand from his forehead, and cried out,

"Yes, yes! That was the night. The last she slept in my house—the very last. The next day she was gone! Every night since I have been here, searching for her, calling for her, praying for her, but no answer."

"Then she was at home that night?"

"Yes, that night."

Lady Rose felt her heart stop beating.

"Where do you live, old man? Not in the neighborhood, surely?"

"No. My home is ten miles away, 'cross the country."

"And your daughter was at home that night?"

"Yes, for the last time."

Lady Rose drew her arm from under the old man's grasp. A pang of such keen disappointment seized upon her, that she could scarcely breathe. Up to this time a vivid hope had kept her strength from wavering; now that hope gave way. If Martha Hart was at her father's house, ten miles away, on the night that Walton Hurst died, it was impossible that she could have taken the child. She had no will to question the poor old father again, but turned from him, sick at heart.

"God help us! This seemed to promise so much, but the clue is broken," she said, in sudden despair, which seemed like anger to the old man, who shrunk back, and meekly closed his hands, faltering out,

"I did not mean to trouble you, lady."

In the midst of her disappointment, the gracious heart of that fair girl was touched.

"You have not troubled me. Come to the Rest in the morning, and there shall be something done. You shall have help to search out for your daughter. I know how to pity you, old man."

"It is the way of the angels," muttered Hart, looking after that fair creature as she glided through the gathering shadows. "But I never thought to find one here. Ah! Now, if I only knew which way to turn, this might help to find my child."

Here the old man looked down at the gold pieces in his hand with a strange feeling of renewed life. To his poverty-stricken ideas gold had a marvelous power, which might bring back his child. It certainly had the power to make the blood course through that warm heart, as it had not done for years.

"It is gold, bright, yellow gold!" he said, clasping his hand over the treasure; "and that can do anything, if I only knew where to turn now. If she could guess that I had it."

The old man was moving away from the tarn, when the path was blocked by Swark, who came suddenly out from a thicket of firs that blackened its shores. The lad was evidently prepared for a journey. An old, soft hat, which had once belonged to the artist, was drawn low down on his forehead, and a small bundle, swung from the heavy walking-stick that he had cut in the Park.

"I heard you talking to the lady, and stood awhile among the firs, not meaning to break in unceremonious; but now that she's gone, you and I can have a little talk, and no offence to any one. You was saying that your lass was at home one night that I shall remember as long as I live, being the night when that great trouble came to Norston's Rest."

"My trouble is all that I can think about," answered Hart, nervously. "Rich people never have such. They can't."

"Never you believe that. But I know about your lass, and am sorry enough. Of course, you didn't mean to tell a lie; but think back, and see if you haven't done it. You lass of yours was home that night, or you wouldn't say so; but was she home all night? I want to know that?"

The old man looked in Swark's face bewildered, and then went on.

"You see, I'm goin' on a tramp, being used to it, and might help look up your lass, if she's wandering about, as I think she is."

"You! You look for her! Brave lad! Good, brave lad! Find her for me, and I'll give you gold. See, I've got it! Pure gold, with the Queen's head on it! I'm old, and my joints are stiff with rheumatis'. Would you believe it, to walk ten

miles and back, after a day's work in the field, tires me; and there may be long, long walks before she is found. You think she will be found? Tell me that."

The poor old fellow peered wistfully into Swark's face, as he asked the question, trembling with terror, lest he should receive a negative answer. But Swark spoke up cheerfully,

"Think she will be found? In course, I do. But if I'm to help about it, tell me about that night. Was she at home from sundown till morning?"

"From sundown till morning?"

"Yes. Try and think."

"No; she wasn't at home when I came in at sundown. There was no supper ready, I remember."

"Exactly! Well, go on."

"When she did come, I had been asleep on the settee."

"Of course. How long? After midnight, I dare say?"

"Yes, after midnight."

Swark nodded.

"Of course. And you let her in?"

"Yes."

"Any light burning?"

"We can't afford to burn lights."

"Exactly. Had she anything in her arms?"

"Hav'n't I said it was dark?"

"Well, yes. But there might have been a moon."

The old man grew impatient.

"What is all this about? How will such questions help find my daughter?"

"I am going to find her. That's what I'm going to do."

"God of heaven bless you, my lad!"

"But, before I set out, you must tell me everything that happened when she went away."

"I will tell you everything; only nothing very particular happened. Martha got the breakfast."

"What did you have?"

"Porridge."

"And milk?"

"Yes, there was milk."

"And you eat it together?"

"Yes, together. I remember now, Martha poured some milk in her bowl, and took it up stairs. She did not think I saw her, but did it on the sly, as if I ever grudged her anything."

"You noticed that she took milk up stairs?"

Swark almost shouted, as he said this, and grasped the old man's hand so suddenly, that the gold rattled to the ground.

"All right!" he added, gathering the scattered

pieces up in eager haste. "Anything else? No noise, nor anything?"

"Noise?"

"Yes, any strange sound, like—like a kitten mewling, for instance."

"Yes, lad, I think there was something like that. Not exactly a kitten, but a little cry, as if— Well, I can't tell what it was, but just then I wondered about it."

"Of course, you did. But where did she go?"

"I can't tell, being out in the fields to work. All I know is, that my poor lass was gone when I came home."

"And found the house empty, as a last year's birds'-nest, in course."

"Empty enough!" sighed the old man, shaking his head mournfully.

"And you have no idea which way she went?"

"How should I? Martha never left her home, only when she would take a sudden start, and come here?"

"Which she never did in the day-time, or the game-keepers would a seen her," reasoned Swark, who took up the duties of a detective with wonderful zest.

"Well, now, I'm off," he said, settling the stick across his shoulder. "Go home, old man, and and take good care of your money, for when she comes back, it'll be wanted."

Dropping the gold he had gathered up into the old man's hand, Swark strode away, absolutely whistling as he went.

The old man watched him as he turned up the path, like one in a bewildering dream; then he became conscious of the money in his hand.

"Young man! I say, my good lad, here is the gold. You must take that, or nothing can be done. Young man! Young man, I say——"

Hart rushed up the path, eager to get rid of his gold, but Swark was out of hearing; and, keenly disappointed, the old man took his solitary way toward his twice lonely home.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"WELL, Mother Carter, what's the time o' day about here? Hope you haven't missed me so as to make yourself sick, and take to yer bed."

Mrs. Carter snatched up the penny-dip that glimmered feebly on the mantle-piece, and thrust it so close to Swark's face that it made his eyes blink. Then she broke into a chuckling laugh, and set the candle down, making a fierce grimace as she wiped away some drops of hot tallow that had fallen on her hand, with a corner of her soiled apron.

"He, he, he, he! Swark, is it? Sure enough,

it is him, and no other. Knew he'd never keep away from the old crib so long as the 'oman as was a mother to him kept things a goin', livelier 'en ever."

"Sure enough of that, wasn't you now?" said the young man, swinging his bundle, stick, and all into a corner. "No place like home, now, is there, Mother Carter?"

"And sich a home!" answered the crone, glaring with satisfaction around the den she called a parlor.

"It isn't everyday that I allows the top-floor to sit down, cheek by jowl, with the mistress of the place; but gladness over an old friend sometimes makes one promiscus. So, just tilt that basket of things to the floor, and draw the chair close up."

Swark dragged the broken chair forward, and sat down gingerly, for its joints were all loose, and it bent under him with dismal creaking.

"Well, I've come back agin, mother."

"And I've ready to take yer in, money or no money, for the sake of old times," answered the crone, eyeing his garments keenly, and forming a swift calculation that his condition had been improved by absence from her maternal side, "though coming in, dressed like a lord, with luggage to your back, looks as if you might cut the top-floor, which is full, anyway."

Swark was gratified by this adroit bit of flattery, and would have moved his chair nearer to the old witch, but for the warning creak that every joint gave out.

"Yes, Mother Carter," he said, "I've come back, like the prodigal son."

"Whose son, Swark? If you've got anybody a waiting outside, he'd better go somewhere else, for I tell you we're full up to the ruff."

"Oh, I was only speaking of a cove that lived thousands of years ago," said Swark. "I got him out of the Scriptures."

Mother Carter gathered her ragged garments close together, and drew her chair back, eyeing Swark as if he had just proclaimed familiarity with a small-pox hospital.

"Oh, Swark, Swark! That it should ever 'av come to this. Poor lad! You've been amongst the missionaries. Them close was never got by honest stealing. I'll be bound to that. Sich a hand as you was at it, too! It's just heart-rending, it is. I never thought you'd come back a disgrace to the Lane. Scripters, indeed!"

"Oh, I'm all right. Scripter can't do me no hurt, 'specially as I ain't likely to git much of it here."

"Here? Not if I know it."

"Zactly. Now, we'll let the prodigal son

drop, husks and all. It's me that's come back, not him. You ain't so full, mother, that there won't be a corner left for a cove as has just come off from a long tramp, and wants to rest a bit."

The old woman touched the gaping pocket in her dress with coarse significance, which Swark understood, and placed a shilling in her soiled hand.

"If any one is in your old corner, put him out, or her either, if it should be a woman. Old customers first, is my rule," she said, thrusting the silver deep down in her pocket.

Swark gave a sudden start.

"Any new people under the roof?" he asked, in a voice that shook, in spite of himself.

"Allers comin' and a goin'," answered the woman, with coarse indifference. "There's a bit of candle left on the shelf. I'll light it, if you'll wait. There's been a break or two in the stairs since you went away, and you might step through. There, now, here's a light fit for a prince."

The woman held out a beer-bottle, in which the miserable fragment of a tallow candle had been forced until it broke, and swayed ominously to one side, a disaster which she strove to conceal by covering the bruised place with her hand.

Swark took the light, gathered up his bundle, and went up stairs, picking his way with caution along the rickety steps. The room which he entered had been his shelter for many a long month, but now he recoiled from it with a shudder. Coming fresh from the country air, the atmosphere stifled him, and his miserable candle served to make the scene within more repulsive than darkness could have been. The rafters, blackened with smoke, and tangled over with cobwebs, in which swarms of dead flies were mashed; the windows, which only permitted a dusky light to creep through them, even at mid-day; the floor, littered with a squalid mockery of beds thrown down at random, and the sleepers huddled upon them with no covering but the rags they wore, composed a picture of human destitution that struck him in all its hideousness.

The contrast between that scene and the garden cottage he had left, filled him with shuddering revolt, and for a moment he was ready to abandon his purpose, and flee from the place. But braver thoughts came back, and he entered the room. The den partitioned off in one corner of the great open garret in which Fletcher Welsh had been partially isolated in his great misery, was the point to which the young man aimed, for he shrunk from lying down among the rabble

of thieves that crowded the outer room; but when he came to the door, it was closed, and in some way fastened, as if a heavy substance had been planted against it.

Swark shook the door till it rattled again, desperately resolved to share the exclusiveness of any lodger that should chance to be there.

A faint cry, that brought the heart into his mouth, answered this unseemly violence, and a rough voice in the garret called out,

"Hold on, there! Let the woman and her kid alone, won't you!"

Swark softly withdrew his hand from the latch, and, bending down, listened breathlessly.

"Get away from there, I say!" grumbled the voice from the garret; and a figure rose to its elbow, and pointed toward a far corner of the room, where Swark could discern a patch of the floor unoccupied; but he hesitated to take possession. That cry from the inner room held him motionless. He waited to hear it repeated. It came again, and prolonged itself into a wail of pain or hunger, which made the poor fellow's heart ache.

Directly some one seemed to arise from against the door, which was pushed open a few inches, and a face looked out.

Swark instantly shaded the light from his own face, and threw it broadly into the great, black eyes that were looking out. He knew those eyes, and could hardly keep the candle steady under its trembling shade.

"Will some one here go to the old woman down below, and get me a sup of milk? The little one is starving for it," said a voice that Swark had heard last in the woods of Norston's Rest. "I haven't got a penny, or it shouldn't a gone hungry so long."

The man who had spoken started up, and began to feel eagerly among his rags, only to find a torn and empty pocket. Then he settled down, grumbling at his own evil luck, and scowled upon Swark as he hurried down the broken steps, with the candle in his hand.

Mother Carter was still in her room, nursing a glass of gin-and-water by the light of a smoky lamp. She snatched the glass up fiercely, and turned her flaming face on the door, as Swark entered it.

"What's the row?" she demanded.

"There ain't no sort of a row, mother," answered Swark. "Leastwise, not among us as are 'sponsible. But there is a baby a squallin' under the ruff, till none of us can sleep a wink. So, I've come down for a drop of milk to choke it off, if such a thing is to be got."

The old woman broke into a cracked laugh,

which ended in a hideous chuckle, as she stirred up the gin in her glass with one long forefinger.

"So she's come to that, has she? Beggin' of me, after knowing so much more than her betters. Milk, is it? As if such stuff was what a baby wants! Here, now, I'll do better than that. High as the minx carries her head, she shall have a cup of summat with strength in it."

The old woman paused, tossed off the gin in her glass, leaving a few spoonfuls of sugared dregs in the bottom, which she stirred up vigorously with her finger again.

"There, take that. It's fit for the baby of a queen," she said, with an air of self-glorification. "She asks for milk, and I give her out of my own cup."

"But this is strong," pleaded Swark, on whose nostrils the potent liquor was taking effect; "and it is such a little baby."

"So much the more need of something stingin'," answered the woman, setting down her glass with decision. "Shouldn't I know? Havn't I buried seven of 'em, and not one without a decent coffin?"

Swark took a shilling from his pocket.

"You're right, Mother Carter. No one knows of it better than I do. But if you'd go out and get a trifle of milk, just enough to give this a relish of punch, you know, it might cheat the little thing."

There was two points of strong appeal in Swark's adroit speech. The glitter of the shilling, and a double chance of cheating both him and the hungry infant. The one in his change, and the other by the horrible mixture, she would administer in disguise. So Carter took the money, scurried out into the lane, and came back directly with a beer-bottle full of milk, which would have been miserably blue but for a tinge of stale beer had been left in the bottle.

"This will do," said Swark, snatching at the bottle, and hurrying up stairs, purposely forgetting the change, which the woman thrust into her pocket with a chuckling laugh, as she scooped out the sugar with her curved finger, and drained her glass to the dregs.

Swark set his candle down at a distance as he entered the garret; then he knocked at the rickety door of the inclosure, and whispered, softly,

"Here is the milk."

Keen ears listened to that voice, and a pair of startled eyes peered through a crevice in the warped wood, taking a swift view of Swark's figure as the light streamed dimly over it. Then a woman within turned sharply, and looked around the room like a hunted deer seeking some

avenue of escape. But the child, disturbed by her movements, swelled its low sobs into a sharp cry, and she opened the door far enough to thrust out one hand.

"Give it to me!" she said, in a hoarse whisper, working her fingers eagerly.

Swark placed the bottle in her hand, which was withdrawn at once, and the door closed, leaving him baffled, and just a little doubtful.

"I will watch till daylight," he thought, sitting down noiselessly by the door, through which he could hear a soft gurgle of milk, and the cooing voice of a woman, who seemed to be cuddling a child to her bosom, till its fractious moaning was changed to sighs of contentment. "If it is her, she's got to show herself; and if it isn't—well no harm done. Only a shillin's worth of milk spilt."

With these reflections, Swark gathered up his form, like a house-dog, and fell asleep, after awhile, directly across the door.

Meantime, the woman within sat upon the armful of rags that served her for a bed, and, holding a pale little infant across her knees, fed it with a shaking hand, while gleams of tenderness shone through the startled fire in her eyes. More than once she set the bottle on the floor, and hugged the child to her bosom with a passion of fondness so ardent, that the little creature struggled in her arms, and began to cry again. Then she would snatch up the bottle, deluge its pretty mouth with an overflow of milk, and kiss its breath away.

"They are hunting us down! They have tracked us. I have heard him. I have seen him. Oh, my pretty white rabbit! The dogs are upon us! What shall we do! What shall we do!"

Then folding the child in her arms, rocking him to and fro, kissing his face, his hands, and his pale little feet, she passed an hour deeper into the night. Then, having formed her resolution, she groped in the dark for a hood and a ragged shawl. One she tied upon her head; in the other she wrapped the child, that had fallen asleep. During some minutes, the female stood listening at the door, which she trembled to open. There was no sound, save the deep, heavy breathing of many sleepers, that filled the garret with a low, jangling discord. The dead of the night was upon them, and now, if ever, Martha Hart must escape with the child she had stolen. Softly drawing the door inward, she saw Swark lying sound asleep across the entrance, and drew back, catching her breath; for already her foot almost touched him. Gathering both her limbs and her courage, she stepped over that sleeping form, holding the child close, picked her steps through

the other sleepers, and went swiftly down the stairs.

At daylight there was a stir in that garret, as of restless bees hiving. Men, old and young, staggered up from the floor, shook themselves like dogs leaving a kennel, and stole forth to their home in the streets, unkempt and unworked, ready to drone through another miserable day of life as best they might, life being the only thing left to them.

This tumult awoke Swark, who had gone to his hard couch weary enough. He started up at once, and stood in amazement, as he saw the door he had guarded wide open, and both woman and child gone.

How had it happened? By what noiseless craft had the woman escaped him? In fact, was it Martha Hart at all, and was that wailing infant, whose hunger he had fed, indeed the child he sought?

Baffled, bewildered, and terribly despondent, Swark entered the room, and searched it keenly. Nothing was there save the meagre sack of rags which served as a bed, and a moth-eaten blanket, that lay in a dirty wisp on the floor. Even the beer-bottle, which he had handed in at night, was gone!

Swark sat down on the bundle of rags, and, dropping his clasped hands between both knees, looked around, sick with disappointment. Had it all been a dream? Those eyes, black as sin, and bright as stars, were all the proof he had of the woman's identity—indeed, of her existence. But what woman, other than Martha Hart, ever had such eyes? And surely the cry of that child was no dream. Besides, the milk-bottle had disappeared. Had this half-crazed creature got a glimpse of his face, and fled over his very body in the night?

While asking himself these questions, Swark's eyes were roaming vaguely about, and fell at last on a morsel of color in a corner of the den. He arose with hopeless slowness, and picked up a tiny sock of gossamer wool, once white and soft as snow-flakes, with an edge of the most delicate rose-color, but soiled now.

"This—this," thought Swark, holding the little fluff of worsted up to the light. "Why, this is one of the things she 'ticed me to sell in the housekeeper's room, that night. It is—it is the young heir, and she has carried him off while I lay, like a lazy dog, fast asleep. It serves me right. How dare I close an eye, tired or not?"

Tearful, wrathful with himself, Swark went into the open garret, and, seeing the man who had spoken to him over-night asleep on the floor, shook him awake.

"Tell me," he said, "about the woman who slept in your room. The woman and the child. You can tell me, if you will."

"Take yer hands off me, lad, if ye know what's good for your bones!" grumbled the man, shaking himself savagely away from Swark's hold.

"I didn't mean any harm," answered Swark.

"Only you seemed to know about them, and they are gone."

"What! The black-eyed woman and her kid, gone!"

"Yes, gone! In the dead of night, too!"

"Well, what of that? The poor thing has been down on her back these three days. Nothing to eat, and not half enough for the kid. She don't half know her business, that woman don't. Spiled for fine work in the country, I'm thinking."

"How long has she been here?" questioned Swark.

The man mentioned a date that confirmed his suspicions.

"If you want to know more, go to the old cat down stairs."

Swark followed this advice, but first took another survey of the den which had been so mysteriously abandoned. Now, another object presented itself. While thrusting the blanket on one side with his foot, he discovered a glimpse of scarlet underneath, at which he snatched eagerly; shaking out the folds, he saw a short cloak, from which a fragment of the border had been torn. Down upon his knees the lad fell, spread the garment out on the floor, and, taking a scrap of cloth from his pocket, fitted it perfectly into the jagged rent.

"It's her, and it's the heir, all as clear as the nose on yer face; but gone like a chicken scared from her roost. Did I frighten her off, or was it the old she-cat the poor thing was afraid to face? If the last, she may get money, and come back. If it's me, there isn't much chance."

Folding the cloak close, and concealing it under his coat, Swark went down stairs and found Mother Carter in her den, making her breakfast on some cold scraps one of her lodgers had brought in from a begging expedition the night before.

"The woman in the garret! Gone, is she? Well, good riddance to bad rubbish! Not a penny of her money have I seen in three days. I knew how it would be from the first. Come in like a queen. Nothing good enough for the brat. Not that she cared so much for herself. Offered her a fancy price for the baby; that would a made money in knowin' hands, with its pink face and big eyes.

But not she; nobody should handle the kid but herself. She'll see what comes of it. She steal, or beg, with head in the air; her eyes full of hot fire, and the stingiest of words on her lips. Well, let her try; others has done it afore. Let her try."

"Does she owe you any money, Mother Carter?"

"Well, what of it, if she does, or don't?"

"Only this. I was thinking she would be sure to come back and pay up then——"

"Well, what then? Lodgers that owe money, are sure not to come back. That's my way of thinking."

"But this one will. She hasn't got down to cheating, yet."

"Look a here, Swark," said the old woman, scanning the lad with her evil eyes, "what is it to you whether she comes back or not?"

Swark hesitated a moment, then came to a prompt resolution.

"It's just fifty gold sovereigns. That's about the figger," he said.

A blaze of cupidty shot into the bleared eyes of the crone.

"Fifty gold sovereigns? Fifty?"

"Just that; and I thought 'em safe, last night."

"Are you sure of the money, or has some beak been putting a sell on ye, Swark?"

"Sure? I should think so."

"And if some one helped you lay hands on her?"

"Half the money, if she has the child with her. I want that."

"The child? Why, Swark, have you the heart to shut that up in prison? I have my eye on a sickly young thing, with all her color worked out, that the kid would be a fortune to."

"But it is the child I want. There is a mother breaking her heart for it."

"Oh, oh! Them dainty clothes puzzled me above a bit. So, that's the grand secret. You want the kid, and after that, the young woman?"

"I want the child, Carter. Help me to get that, and the poor thing may go, for all me."

"Twenty-five goldfinches. Say fifty, my dear boy, considerin' all that I've done for you. Say fifty."

"I will say fifty, if you can give up that 'denticle baby, safe and sound."

"Oh, I'm sure to have the baby," answered Carter, with a cluster of cunning wrinkles gathering in the corner of each eye.

Swark saw the expression, and understood its falsehood.

"That child must have on its foot a thing like this, Mother Carter; no other will do. Make up your mind to that," said Swark, taking the little sock from his pocket.

The sly cunning of that look half-died out of that evil face.

"Hew hard you are, considerin' it was me that brought you up, and was a mother ter ye, Swark. Sticking to sich bits and scraps with the kid as might be so easy found without 'em."

"But this one must be found with something that can speak for its being all right—and this is the very thing I shall know it by—"

"That makes it hard, my boy, cruel hard."

"Not too hard for the money; but maybe I can do without you. There will be a sharp search for her now."

"There, now, you mean to take the bread out of an honest woman's mouth. Keep still, and lie low. The critter will starve out, and come back to her form. She did it last night. She'll be drove to it agin. Then, with me on the watch, the young 'un will be neatly grabbed while she's asleep. I wouldn't like to try it when them big eyes are open, for she'd snap me like a wolf, she would. Where be you going, now?"

"To search for the child myself, mother."

"Not among the beaks. You wouldn't bring them down on the lane?"

"No. I can trust you for keeping watch, now that you know the profit in it."

"In course. But where are you going, now?"

"I've something to do. Keep a sharp lookout. I shall come back to-night. Only this, keep a close mouth."

The woman gave her cruel jaws a snap, as if looking them at Swark's command; and thus she sat watching him till he was out of sight. Then she crept up stairs, across the garret, and into the wooden inclosure, where she searched every corner, sorted every stray rag on the floor, and made diligent search for a baby's sock, but all in vain. At last she gave up, muttering her discontent.

"If I could a found that, the baby would a been so easy to git," she said, "though this was a trifle out of the common; but it's no use looking for it. Luck's agin me."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I TELL you the Duke is engaged. He wouldn't see the prime minister just now, let alone——"

"Let alone me. In course I understand that; but just you tell his grace that some one from Norston's Rest wants ter speak ten words about

something that his heart is set on. Try that on, my fine fellow, and just see what comes of it."

The servant hesitated. He knew that St. Ormand had just arrived at his apartments from Norston's Rest, and that something of unusual interest had brought him to town. Beside, there was something honest and frank in that earnest face, which impressed him favorably.

"Wait," he said, "I will let his grace know that you are here."

St. Ormand was talking earnestly with a quiet, clerical-looking man, who listened to a combination of directions and reproaches with benign composure, when his servant came to the door.

"Your grace, a young man from Norston's Rest, who will not be sent away."

"Show him up. Show him up; he may bring news," said the Duke, addressing the end of this sentence to the detective. "I think the man is one I placed some faith in. Indeed, here he comes. A strange, sharp fellow, that may help us. Come in, Swark. Come in, and tell us what you have to say."

"Nothing much, your grace," said Swark, wringing his cap between both hands in high nervous excitement. "Only last night I had that baby within an arm's-length, but it slipped from my fingers."

"Where? How? Tell me what this means!" cried the Duke, roused, for once, out of his habitual quietude. "If there is the faintest clue, let us have it."

"Clue, your grace? It's something better than that. The baby-heir is here in London, and slept under the same roof with me last night. I heard it cry, and got milk for its feed. I saw the woman face to face. But she slipped off while I slept, like a fool."

"Take your time, my good fellow. You have brought us very important news; but let us hear it more in detail," said the Duke, keenly interested. "Perhaps you had better answer this gentleman's questions as he may wish to put them."

"Let him put 'em. Let him put 'em," said Swark. "Only we hain't got no time to throw away, though I do think the baby is safe, for she was a cooing over it last night like a pigeon, and I for one don't want no harm to come to her, being a trifle light-headed, as I take it."

Then, in a soft, caressing voice, the clerical-looking man commenced his questions, and in a few minutes was master of all the facts that Swark had gathered. This was followed by a short consultation with the Duke; and Swark, after receiving many thanks, was dismissed, carrying in with him a few brief directions from the detect-

ive, who wisely resolved to set his emissaries on the alert, but to leave Mother Carter and her establishment entirely to Swark.

That night the old woman was on the watch. For once her gin-and-water was dispensed with; for the greed of gain was stimulant enough for that occasion.

"It is going on midnight," said Swark, dismally. "There don't seem to be much chance for us."

"She'll come, never you fear. More 'n one of my garret lodgers have been in from time to time, and I've told 'em all that you've gone back to the country, disappointed, 'cause I wouldn't take you in. She'll hear of it, and hive back to the garret. Make yourself sure."

While she was speaking, a step was heard in the dark passage. It went toward the stairs, then turned back, and halted at the door of Mother Carter's room.

Swark heard it, and darting through the open door of a closet, shut himself in, crushing an empty bottle, which rolled from a heap stored there, under his heel. That instant Carter flung one, that answered for a candlestick, from the table, with a crash, thus drowning the dangerous noise.

Martha Hart opened the door timidly, and looked in, with a scared expression of the face.

"Are ye alone, mother? Quite by yourself?" she questioned, moving cautiously forward.

"Alone! Why, what else should I be? Come in. Don't stand a shivering there, if you do owe me a trifle for the rent. I don't mean to be hard on that. You believe me, when I tell you that only this morning I sent one of my pets away, 'cause of the fullness of the house. He used to have your nice room, too, with a bed under him fit for a prince, as I hopes you find it."

Martha made no response to this opening for a compliment, but her eyes lighted up, and she dropped into a chair, drawing a deep, deep breath.

"He's gone, is he? I want to make sure of that, you see; because the same roof can't cover him and me. Which is it you speak of, as being turned away?"

"Why, him as come last night, straight up from the country, he said, which he is sick of, and wants to come back to the old crib, meaning your room, which no one can have at any price, so long as you wants it, money or no money."

"What was the man's name?"

"Swark, as we allers called him, not knowin' any other as would fit."

"Swark! And you are sure he's gone?"

"Sure as sure."

Martha drew close to the table, and flung

back her shawl, under which an infant lay asleep, lovely, in spite of the squallor of its surroundings.

"My, how the kid is a thriving! I knew it would bring luck," exclaimed Carter, lifting both hands. "There's a taste of red in its cheek."

"That comes of high feeding. I've been in luck to-day. Every one that saw the darling, dropped something into my hand, because of its prettiness. See! One lady, getting out of her carriage, gave me this."

"Gold!" exclaimed the crone, really astonished. "Well, now, this is luck! Silver, too! Pay up for the room. Well, this is riches! A sheet to wrap the baby in at night! Of course, you shall have it."

"I'm hungry, too," said Martha. "If you have a crust of bread, now."

"Dear me! As if you havn't thought of yourself! And the blessed baby looking so plump?"

"It was because I was thinking of him, that I forgot," answered Martha, looking down upon the child with passionate fondness in her great, black eyes. "Tell me, now, do you think that God ever gives back a soul that is lost in a baby's bosom? I do. I do!"

A look of sinister cunning accompanied the old woman's reply.

"In course, I do. It'd be hard if a soul couldn't be planted twice, 'specially when it's been knocked about over much. I'll get you something nice, then hold the baby while you eat it."

"No," said Martha, folding the child close to her bosom, and laying her face to its warm cheek. "No! My arms would feel cold and empty without it. Let the child alone."

She spoke with passionate alarm, for the old woman had hurriedly placed bread and cheese on the table, and was holding out her arms with a repulsive leer in her eyes, and a hideous working of the mouth.

"I don't care for anything to eat; so I will go up now. Your eyes are not good for the baby. It grows uneasy. I want to get away."

The old woman followed Martha to the door.

"That's right, deary. Be careful while I hold up the candle. There, now. Sleep well. I don't mind the loss of a mouthful of bread and cheese. Sleep well, deary, and the pretty baby, too."

For a time, Swark kept still as a mouse among the empty bottles, while Carter feasted on the bread and cheese which poor Martha had paid for, and left in her nameless terror. But when there was no longer a sound on the stairs, the closet-door opened, and Swark came out with tears absolutely clouding his eyes.

"She loves the little thing so. It's hard to take him from her. I suppose it seems like her own. Women do sometimes. Don't they, now?"

"How should I know?" was the brusque answer. "It's years and years since I was a woman."

"Yes," said Swark, turning his eyes from her face. "Yes!"

Then he sat down in a chair, by the table, and watched the woman as she ate the food Martha had rejected, sweeping some stray crumbs from the table to her palm, and dashing them into her mouth, grudging even one poor morsel that fell to the floor.

Then the two sat half an hour longer, Carter wide awake, with her eyes blinking at the candle, and sending forth gleams of cruel satisfaction, while Swark leaned his elbows on the table,

shading his face with both hands, resolute, but pitiful.

Midnight stole upon them at last, and then the old woman arose.

"Stay here; there mustn't be no noise. You might stumble. Walk like a cat. I know every board that creaks. You won't hear me till I'm at the door with fifty sovereigns in my arms. So, wait."

Swark did wait, troubled with many contending feelings. Notwithstanding her boast, he could hear the old woman's step creak softly along the stairs. A few minutes of breathless silence, and it came down again, stealthily and slow. Then there burst upon him a wild cry—a leap, as if some wild animal had flung itself headlong down a flight of steps, and something rushed by him like a whirlwind.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE HARVEST-FIELD OF LIFE.

BY MATTIE GRANT.

I SEEM to stand upon a harvest plain,
Whose borders stretch to the horizon low,
And every light wind sweeps the ripened grain,
In waves of gold, that, rippling, come and go.

On every side I hear the reapers' song;
And some are binding up the rustling sheaves;
And some are beating out the grain, among
The shifting shadows of o'erhanging leaves.

All seem rejoicing at the bounteous yield,
Each one is laden as he homeward fares,
While I am but a gleaner in the field,
And ever half my gleanings are but tares.

Often I see what seem the ripe, full ears,
And spring to gather them with eager grasp,
But shrunken, small and mean, the prize appears,
Like wheat too early reaped, within my clasp.

The others pass me by, they are so strong,
And gather up the richest ears so fast,
That I, who slowly toil behind the throng,
Must come with lightly-laden hands at last.

But now and then I find a golden grain,
That does not shrink and wither in my hold;
That will not turn my brightest hopes to pain,
And disappear, like mocking fairy gold.

I wonder if, amid the toiling bands
That press before me on the harvest plain,
There are not others, who, with eager hands,
Oft gather up the tares, instead of grain.

Who find that many a precious grain of wheat,
Full oft amid the trodden stubble lies;
And what has seemed most tempting, but a cheat,
That, gathered, turns to chaff before their eyes.

A FOG AT OLDPORT.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

OVER the pond, where the rushes grow,
I look at the distant town,
As out on the sea-road gray, we go,
When the sun sinks redly down.
The new moon drives thro' a drifting wrack
Of filmy vapors and thin;
And off to the south the fog-black
Comes creeping stealthily in.

The light-ship looms in the mist away,
A ghost! and is seen no more.
A phantom-serpent, across the bay,
The white fog crawls by the shore.

By the ghostly isles, and ghostly capes,
Where the ghostly sails go by,
While the ghostly scud, with sheeted shapes,
Drives over the ghostly sky!

The crowded road, that awhile ago
Was brilliant with coaches gay,
Is a ghostly walk, where to and fro,
Pass spectres silent and gray.
Out of the gloom, and into the gloom,
They come and they go again,
Shadows that stalk from an open tomb,
The ghosts of an endless train!

HOW HARRY WAS WON.

BY HELEN B. THORNTON.

"You are going to Mrs. Percy's next week, I suppose," said Clara Myers to her old school-mate, Fanny Conner.

"Dear me, no!" was the answer, with a sigh. "I've nothing to wear, at least in such company; for the Percys know all the best and richest people here."

"Yes! The party is given in honor of young Harry Seymour, who has returned from Europe. Think of it! A millionaire, and only twenty-five! They do say that Grace Percy is setting her cap for him."

"Well, she has everything to insure success, for she is pretty, highly educated, and wears the most beautiful dresses."

"Everything, except a good heart. She is false, envious, and mean. But come, we'll not abuse our neighbors. You must go to this party, Fan, and I'll be the good fairy to show you how to get up a dress, at small cost, that shall eclipse all. 'Listen!'"

What Clara said, we will not repeat. But the upshot was that she and Fanny were closeted together for several days, and that, on the night of the party, Fanny appeared in a dress that was bewilderingly beautiful. It was simple and chaste, but in such taste, and so especially suited to Fanny's style, that even Miss Percy's Paris dress paled before it, because less appropriate. Everybody was loud in admiration.

"Who is that wood-violet?" asked young Mr. Seymour, enthusiastically. "I saw nobody so lovely all the time I was abroad."

"That is my friend, Fanny Conner," answered Clara Myers, for the remark had been addressed to her. "Shall I introduce you?"

Mr. Seymour was not only introduced; but he hardly left Fanny the whole evening. It was clearly a case of love at first sight.

Everybody was talking, the next day, of the conquest Fanny had made. Little, shy Fanny, that so many overlooked, because she never pushed herself forward! Little, orphaned Fanny, that lived in the tiniest of cottages, at the end of the village, with her aged grandmother, on the latter's pension, that would die with her, when Fanny would be penniless!

"I declare," said Miss Percy, spitefully, a week after, when Harry Seymour's attentions to Fanny had become so marked, that even she could no longer deny their meaning, "if I had thought that little chit was going to look so pretty, I'd have cut my head off before I'd have asked her to my party."

"But, my dear," said her mother, "you forget that Fanny's grandmother is the widow of an officer in the army of the United States, distinguished in the war of 1812; and that, though she is poor, we could not have left Fanny out without scandal. Everybody would have taken her part, and censured us. I wonder, however, where she *did* get that dress."

Clara solved the question a few days later, when Fanny, with blushes, and tears, and smiles, told her old friend of her engagement.

"Oh, I am so glad!" said Clara, clapping her hands. "You two are just suited for each other. I'll let you into a secret now. I planned it all. That dress did it; for first impressions are everything; and that dress made you look just as pretty and good as you really are."

"He says he always wants me to have a dress like that," whispered the blushing Fanny, "because he saw me first in it. Oh, Clara! if it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't even have got to the party."

"Don't thank me! It was all 'Peterson,' my dear. What a treasure that magazine is! How we rummaged over the numbers for this year, to be sure, and read all his directions, till we hit on the right thing. And made so cheap, too, out of two old dresses, and a few bits of ribbon."

"Yes! 'Peterson' is a treasure," said Fanny. "Invaluable, my dear."

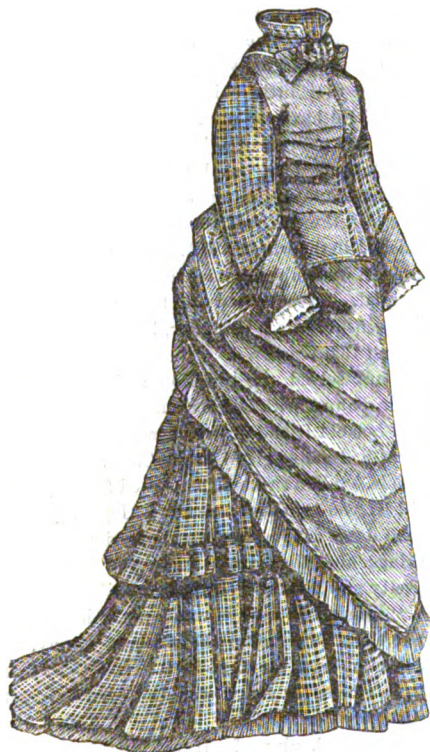
"Well, if he did like me first for my dress, he likes me now for myself," said Fanny, after awhile, hesitatingly.

"Yes, my dear. That's all true. But still, first impressions are everything. So it was 'Peterson,' nevertheless. That gave you your chance. That enabled you to rival Miss Percy, at one-tenth of the expense. But for 'Peterson,' you would never have won Harry."

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

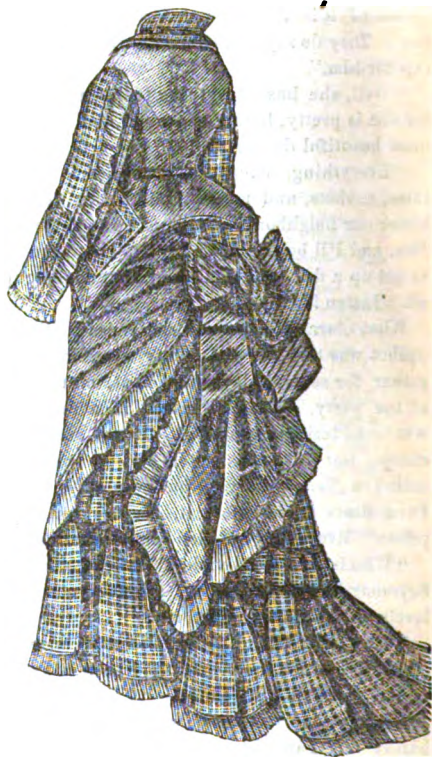
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, the back and front of a walking-costume for a young lady, composed of plaid and self-colored material. Plaids! plaids!



either alone or in combination, and so much of them in the shops, and on the street, that, as a natural consequence, there will soon be no more to see; but such are the present fashions, and so we say, "hasten to wear them while fashion bids us declare them pretty." This costume is of plaid gray and black camel's-hair cloth, with plain gray for the tablier, jacket, and trimmings. The under-skirt is ornamented with one deep flounce, cut straight, with a narrow plaiting upon the edge. A puff of the plaid is put on for a heading. The over-skirt forms a pointed tablier in front, and one long tab in the back, all edged with a narrow plaiting. The tablier is gathered up at the back, under a large bow of black taffetas ribbon. The jacket-bodice is of the self-colored material, with collar, sleeves, and trim-

mings for the edge and pockets, of the plaid, as may be seen from the design. To cut this jacket, any lady who has a good-fitting, simple basque pattern, can, by adding to the length of the skirt of the basque and shaping on the sides and at the back, cut this jacket for herself. The coat-sleeves have a deep-pointed cuff of the plain material, also a narrow plaiting of the same down the outside seam of the sleeve. Of double-width material, eight yards of the plaid, and six yards of the plain will be required.



Next is a house, or walking-dress of gray camelite, a sort of soft, gray, woolen material. The tablier and cuirass are of the same, in a check of two shades of gray and white. The tablier is pointed in front and open to the knee, trimmed with a gray mohair fringe to match, and a double bow and ends of gray ribbon ornament the front of the tablier, sleeves, etc. The tablier is gathered at the back, under a large bow and ends of the

same ribbon. This is worn over a black, gray, dark-brown, or blue solid-colored skirt; then, of



second frill is added, to stand-up above the puff—the last is optional. The tunic forms a pointed tablier in front, and the back is rather narrow, and moderately long, looped at the sides, and slightly at the back. The trimming is simply a bias of the material, turned up on the right side. The jacket-bodice is double-breasted, cut round in the skirt; back and front trimmed same as tunic. Coat-sleeve, with deep, pointed cuff. Two rows of handsome, large buttons, in smoke-pearl, velvet, or oxydized steel, ornament the front of jacket, and tunic, and cuffs, and two are added at the back of the jacket. Fourteen yards of merino, and two and a half dozen buttons will be required.



course, the sleeves must be of the same color and material of the under-skirt, the trimmings of the sleeves corresponding with the trimming of the tablier and under-skirt combined. This over-dress will do well to freshen up an old silk costume, and will look much better over silk than over anything else, unless it be a black cashmere. For the over-skirt and jacket, about three and a half yards of double-width material, or seven yards of single width, will be required. Prices of this kind of goods vary from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents for ordinary qualities.

Next is a very plain and simple out-door morning costume of merino, in either invisible green, marine-blue, dark-prune, or black, which always looks well. The under-skirt is quite narrow, and made just to touch. The trimming consists of a deep flounce, cut on the bias, simply hemmed on the edge; above this is a puff almost as deep, put on with a frill, top and bottom, done by turning down the material one inch, and gathering; a

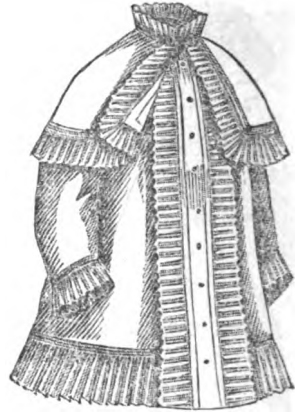
We next give a pretty and simple evening-dress for a little Miss of twelve to fourteen years. It is of white dotted muslin, worn either over a silk slip or white muslin, as may be preferred. The under-skirt has one deep flounce, with a ribbon run in the hem at the bottom, to correspond with the under-slip, if of colored silk. This flounce is put on with a heading to stand-up, separated

by a narrow piping of silk or ribbon. The waist and tunic are cut in one in front, forming a puffing from the neck to the bottom of the tunic. This tunic gathers up at the back, under wide sash-ends, which sash continues around the waist. The front of the dress is ornamented by bows of ribbon, and tiny sprays of pink rose-buds. Short, puffed sleeves, with corresponding bows on the shoulders. For those who prefer the dress high in the neck, add an under-spencer of Swiss and Valenciennes insertion, with long sleeves nearly tight. The low-neck dress over this spencer is much prettier than the dress made high. Twelve yards of dotted Swiss, ten yards of one and a half inch ribbon, for bows and trimming. Wide ribbon for sash. This would be pretty trimmed with black velvet ribbon.



Next is a useful and most necessary article for a lady's toilet, for this season of the year—a flannel or merino dressing-jacket. Our model is of fine white flannel, with plaited trimmings of sky-blue. These plaitings are laid flat, and then ironed, put on with a bias band of blue, stitched by machine in white silk. The cape may be dispensed with if desired, or made separately to be added upon cold mornings. Any ordinary, well-fitting sacque pattern, cut somewhat long, will be a sufficient guide for cutting out. The cape is circular and short, as may be seen. Three yards

of white flannel, one yard wide, and three yards of colored, will be required.

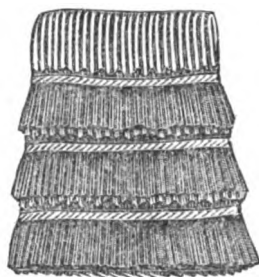


We give next a flannel dressing-gown for a little girl of six to eight years. It is made of striped blue and white flannel. It is cut in the Princess form, and the trimmings, cuffs, pockets, and bands, are of the same material, cut on the cross. The buttons are wooden moulds, covered, or mother-of-pearl. One dozen and a half of buttons, six yards of flannel, will be required. Fancy sacque flannels cost from sixty-five to seventy-five cents per yard.



Two designs for making up striped black and white, or black and gray skirting, we give for the benefit of those who desire colored skirts for walking or winter wear. The one with three ruffles is cut in large, or rather long, scallops, be-

fore plaitings. These plaitings are put on with a the foundation of the skirt over two and a half

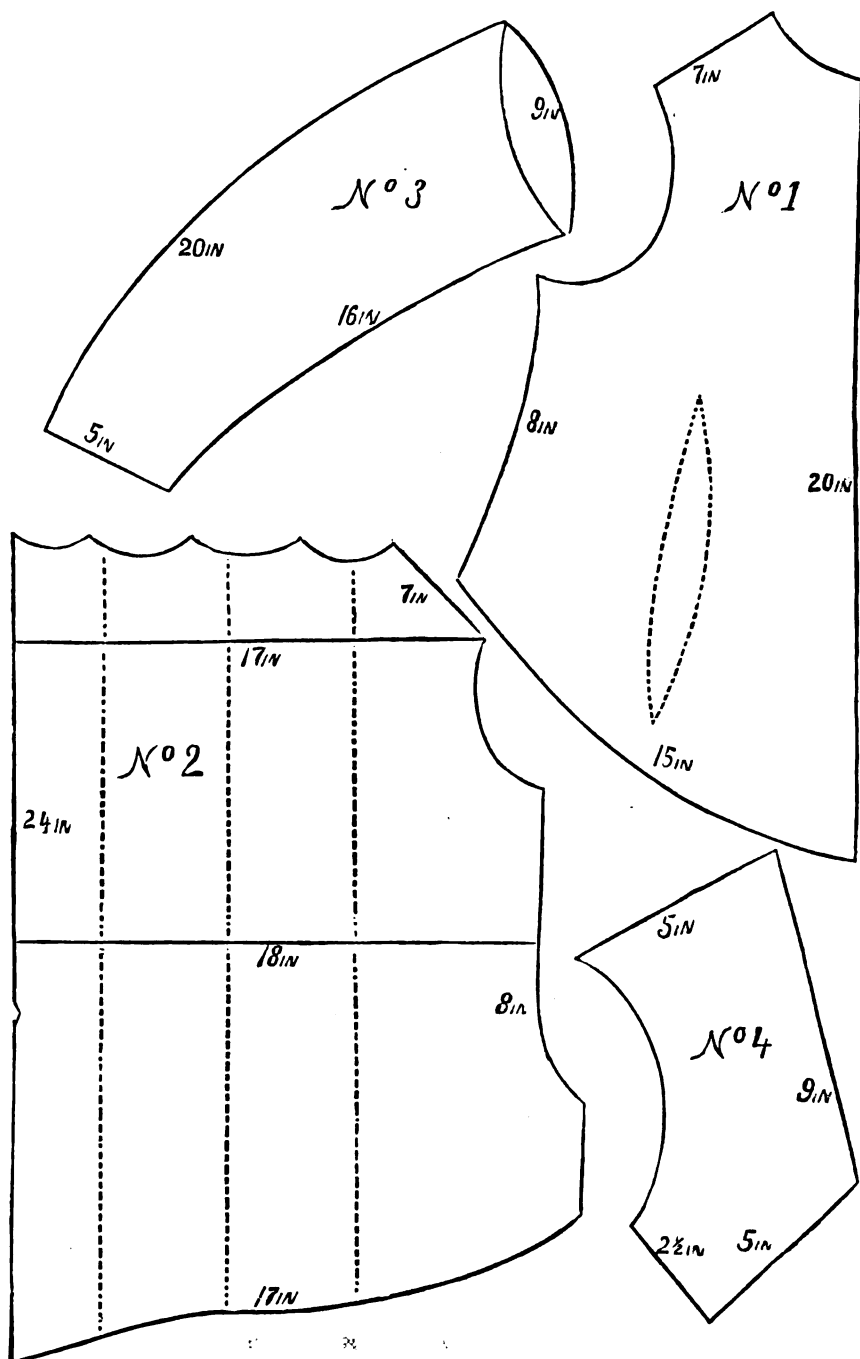


narrow bias band of the material. Do not make yards in width.

ALEXANDRA CORSAGE BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.





No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

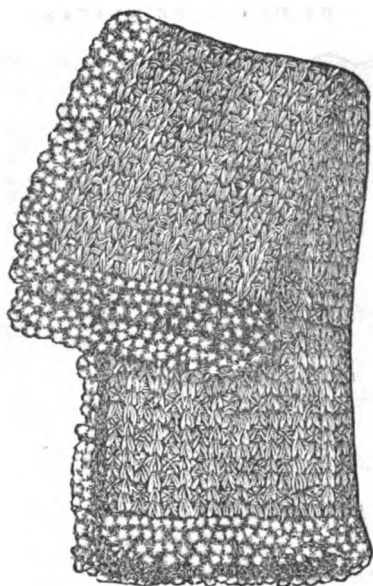
No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.

No. 4. HALF OF COLLAR.

The dotted lines show where the plaits are to be laid—a double box-plait.

KNITTED SHAWL, WITH BALL FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: White Berlin, blue Shetland wool, large wooden needles.

Cast on 200 stitches, a sufficient number of stitches for a good-sized square. The pattern consists of patent knitting: two rows with the white wool double, two rows with the Shetland. Patent knitting is worked thus: Make one, slip one, as if for purling, knit two together. In working the first row, knit one instead of knit

two together. Cast off when you have as many rows completed as stitches on the needle. Finish with a ball fringe, which is made by placing the white wool in lengths, and fastening at equal distances with a wool-needle; cut through each division, except the piece of wool that secures it; shake over boiling water until you have a perfect ball; then tie into the square, fastening the ends neatly with a wool-needle.

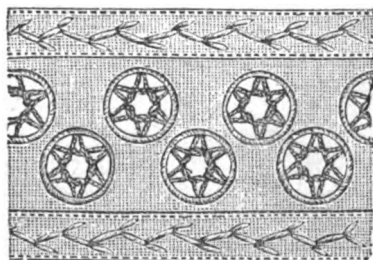
DESIGN FOR PATCHWORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, in answer to numerous requests, a new and pretty design for patchwork. It is printed in the colors to be

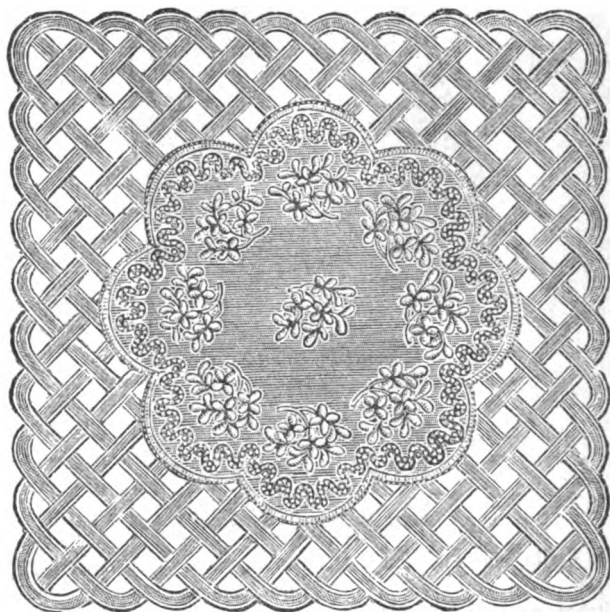
used. We also give the various sections, likewise in color. The stems, stars, etc., are to be worked in, afterward, with the needle.

INSERTION.



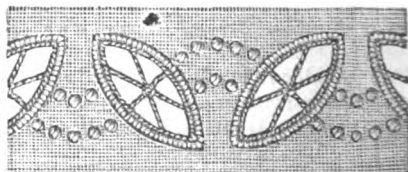
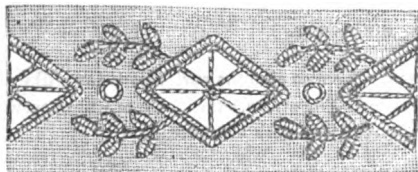
EMBROIDERED COVER, IN PIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cover of white corded pique. The design, { embroidered in satin and overcast stitch, the given in reduced size, must be previously traced on the material. The outlines of the scallops and the open-work pattern are edged with button-hole stitch. The little sprays of flowers are next work. winding border of white soutache is sewn on, and the spots raised in satin stitch. The pique is then cut away from the wrong side of the work.

EMBROIDERED INSERTION FOR UNDER-LINEN.

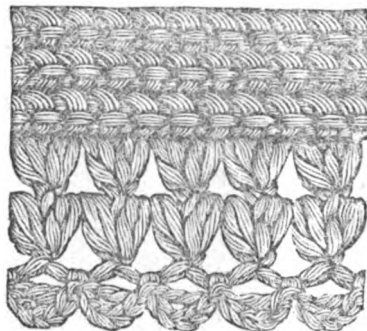


DESIGN ON SILK EMBROIDERY.



CROCHET JACKET FOR A GIRL OF TWO TO FOUR YEARS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Material required : White single Berlin wool.

The jacket is worked in the ordinary Victoria crochet, and has a border partly in the same stitch, and partly in an open-worked design. It must first be cut out in lining or paper; the front, back, sleeve, and hood pieces are then crocheted separately, beginning always from the lower edge, widening and narrowing as required by the pattern, sometimes at the outer edge, sometimes in the middle of the work. For the widening on the left side of the work a chain half as long as the pattern itself must be crocheted before beginning the foundation chain of the work, and these stitches are taken up as required before beginning the first of the pattern row. To widen on the right side of the work, crochet the requisite number of stitches after the completion of a pattern row, and take them up in the next row. The narrowing always occurs in the second row of the pattern row by crocheting 2 or 3 stitches together. When the separate parts are completed, they must be sewn together on the wrong side, the sleeves put in the armholes, and the hood sewn on to the neck of the jacket. Then crochet down the front piece and around the lower edge of the jacket 3 rows for the border, as follows:

Beginning at the neck of the right front piece, take up the vertical part of every marginal stitch, and crochet them off as usual in the second row. After three rows of this pattern the open-work design is commenced as follows:

Beginning from the neck of the left front piece, crochet 1 double in every marginal stitch, and continue the double crochet round the neck.

The 2nd row is only crocheted round the lower edge of the jacket. 1 double in both upper parts of the marginal stitch, 3 chain, miss 1, 1 treble not completely drawn up, miss 1, 1 treble drawn

up with the last treble, then alternately 1 chain, 3 treble as before; the first to be crocheted in the same stitch in which the last treble was worked, and the second in the upper parts of the next stitch but one.

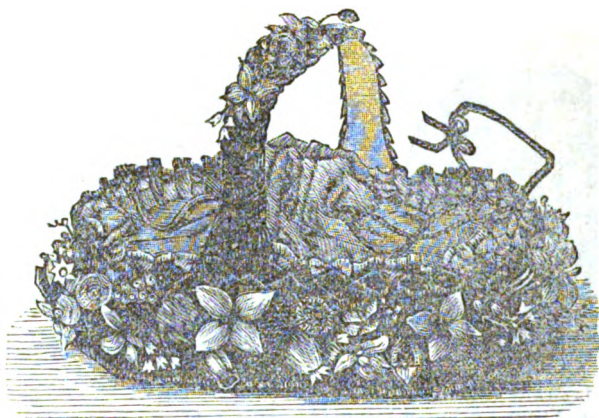
The 3rd row is crocheted all round the jacket, but at the lower edge of the first treble of the two which were drawn up together must be crocheted in the next separate chain stitch, and the 2nd of the two trebles in the chain stitch following, and the 1st of the next two trebles in the same stitch where the last was worked. Care must be taken to widen sufficiently at the corners, lest the work should be drawn. In connection with this row, crochet a row of double crochet, and then commence the 4th row as follows:

Alternately 1 double in the single chain stitch, 1 purl of 4 chain with 1 treble in the first stitch; at the neck the double crochet must be worked in both parts of the stitch, and 2 stitches must be missed with the purl. The sleeves are trimmed in the same manner with the 3 rows of Victoria crochet and the open-work border; then crochet round the hood 1 row like the 1st row of the border; the 2nd row is worked on the wrong side in the vertical parts of the stitches. A triangular piece is then worked round the border in the open-work design above given. For this make a chain of 19 stitches. Work 5 rows like the 2nd and 3rd rows of the border, missing the two treble drawn up together at the beginning and end of every row, so that the strip is pointed.

The 6th row is crocheted in the foundation stitches like the 4th row of the border. The completed triangular piece is sewn on the wrong side of the hood. The jacket is then trimmed with cords and tassels, arranged as shown in our illustration.

WORK-BASKET—CONE-WORK.

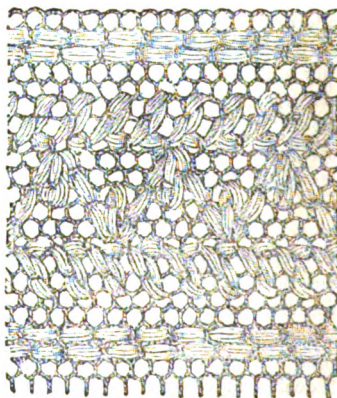
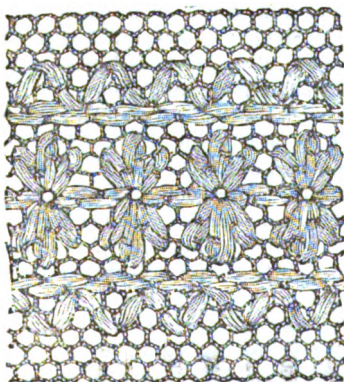
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation of the basket may be either of wicker-work or cardboard. If the former is used, the fir-cones, beech-nuts, acorns, etc., must be glued to it. If of cardboard, the smaller ones may be soaked in water till they are soft, and can then be sewn to the foundation with a needle and brown silk. The larger ones must be glued. All should be thoroughly cleaned with a nail-brush and water before placing them on the foundation. If a card foundation be used, it should be covered with glazed brown paper; if wicker, any common basket answers the purpose; but it must be painted brown. The stones of plums, peaches, etc., and also nut-shells, look extremely well, arranged with the cones and other articles used for the work. When finished, the whole should be brushed over two or three times with a good dark copal varnish. The inside of the basket is lined and fitted with pockets; silk is drawn up like a bag to keep all free from dust. Finish all round with a ruche of ribbon. This is very neat and useful.

STRIPES IN DARNED NET.

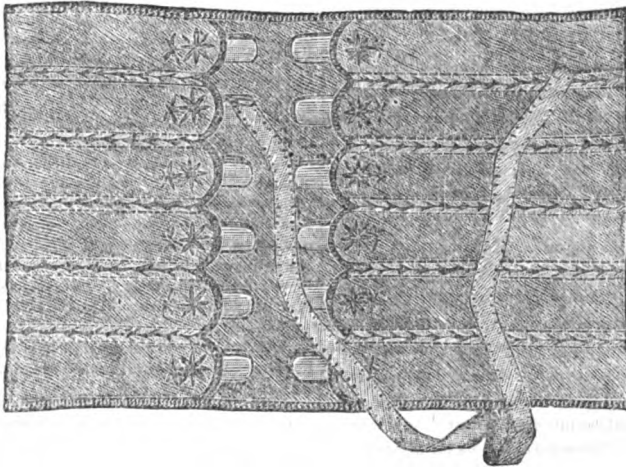
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The net used is coarse mohair, two yards in width. The darning is worked either with black filoselle, Andalusian, or Shetland wool. No tracing is required, as the work can be done by counting the holes from the designs. Tabliers and mantles made of stripes of the kind are the height of fashion. These stripes may alternate with those of plain net, or be used as insertion with ribbon

CASE FOR KNIVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

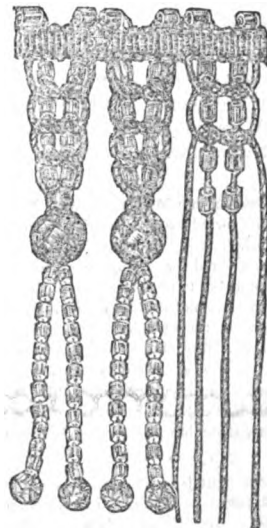
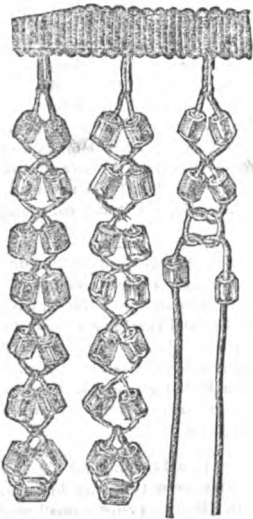


The case is of chamoise leather. The edge is bound with scarlet braid. The scallops are button-holed. The divisions are stitched down, and ornamented with coral-stitch in red silk. A little embroidered flower is worked in each division of the wash-leather. The case shown is intended for six small and six large knives. A ribbon or tape-string, to wind round the case when closed, is required. The outside of the case may be ornamented like the inside.

FRINGES, WITH BEADS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

To make this a plain black fringe may be bought; the beads are then threaded according to design, and knotted. Beads of three sizes are required. Both designs are of the newest.



bought; the beads are then threaded according to design, and knotted. Both designs are of the newest.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1876! OUR CENTENNIAL GIFT!!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for the next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. The other monthlies give only colored woodcuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant colored steel engravings. These cost us \$10,000 a year more than if we gave even colored lithographs. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are received in advance from Paris.

Great novelties will be introduced, next year. Among them will be a *series of illustrated articles on the Great Centennial Exhibition*, which will give as vivid an idea of it as pen and pencil will permit. This series of articles, alone, will be worth the subscription price. Another inducement will be the superb engraving of Trumbull's great picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," a Centennial Gift to every subscriber, single or club, for 1876!

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, to *excel those of any cotemporary*. The best contributors of the country write for "Peterson." No other lady's book has such authors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Burnett Hodgson, etc., etc.

Remember that *we pre-pay the postage!* Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve to twenty-five cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Now that we pre-pay the postage, "Peterson" is *cheaper than ever*.

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

THE OLD ESTABLISHED MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS are always the ones for which to subscribe. Every year, dozens of new enterprises are set on foot, generally without capital to sustain them, and promising everything, because, to such, it costs nothing to promise. These publications soon die, and the subscribers lose their money. We allude to this, because, very often, these mushroom affairs, advertise, without authority, that they club with "Peterson;" *get people's money; and never pay us*. The only safe way is to subscribe directly to us. Moreover, subscribe only to long established magazines, like this, for then you will be *sure* not only to get your magazine, but also the worth of your money!

PEARL EMBROIDERY is much used on wedding dresses, the long wrists to the gloves, and the slippers also, being heavily wrought with pearls. Tulle veils seem quite taking the place of lace ones.

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A SUPERB CENTENNIAL GIFT!—We call particular attention to the "Supplement," which will be given, gratis, to *every subscriber* for 1876, and for a description of which see our Prospectus on the cover. Durand's celebrated copy of Trumbull's great picture is now out of print, and can only be had at fancy prices, say twenty or thirty dollars for a good impression. *Our plate, next after Durand's, is the best copy ever made*. Yet every subscriber to "Peterson" will receive one of these patriotic and splendid engravings gratis. "How," the reader asks, "can we afford this?" Simply by our large circulation. The cost of engraving the plate is so great that, if we had only 10,000, or 20,000 subscribers, like the most successful of our rivals, we could not afford it; but when it is divided among 150,000 subscribers, as will be our case, in 1876, it becomes a matter of little moment. "Peterson" has always been published on the principle, that a small profit, on a large circulation, is better than a large profit on a small one; and hence one of the reasons of our unexampled success.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, to be held, at Philadelphia, next year, is now an assured success. Nearly every foreign nation will contribute to it; and some of them, England and Germany especially, have asked for increased space. The buildings are advancing to maturity, and their magnitude already astonishes visitors. The Philadelphia Ledger says:—"The five chief buildings cover 1,973,140 square feet of ground. If all the churches, chapels, meeting-houses and halls used for religious purposes in Philadelphia would average each 40 by 90 feet, every one of them could be stowed away in the Centennial Buildings, and 500 out of the 528 could be put into the three larger buildings—the Main Building, Machinery Hall, and Agricultural Hall. It is quite possible that all the churches in Philadelphia and New York could be put into the buildings, for the dimensions assumed are reached by very few of them, the greater number being chapels and small churches." The buildings, if put together, would cover, in fact, an ordinary-sized county town, that is to say, very nearly fifty acres of ground.

FICHUS, ETC.—Fichus are still in great favor, especially with young ladies. There is the peasant fichu of embroidered muslin, or of lace insertion and muslin, which is worn over low evening silk dresses of a pale shade; it crosses like the well-known Marie Antoinette fichu. Then there are white crêpe lisse neckerchiefs to be seen with black silk dresses. The newest white muslin tabliers are square below, and have a sort of bib attached above the waist; they are called Watteau aprons. The India muslin dresses are all embroidered with color, black and red being much used for the work.

THE FASHIONABLE STOCKINGS are silk for dreamy occasions, and thread for negligé. They are almost, without exception, woven in three colors; for example, navy-blue for the foot, a striped white and blue for the top of the instep, and the leg pale blue; the clocks are richly embroidered with white silk. Many ladies in Paris have stockings woven expressly to match their costumes; and this, particularly in stockings, arises, doubtless, from the present fashion of always wearing shoes.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson" for 1876. Other lady's books, even those not first class, ask three and four dollars. But we prefer a small profit on a large edition to a large profit on a small one. In "Peterson" you get all you get in others, and for nearly half the price.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1876.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, for framing, at a cost of from one to two thousand dollars, as a premium for getting up certain of our clubs. Many persons, we find, prefer such a premium even to an extra copy. The plate for 1876 will be 24 by 23, and has been engraved expressly for us by Illman Brothers, in their most brilliant style. The subject is, "CHRISTMAS MORNING." It represents two little ones, still in their night-dresses, entering at papa and mamma's chamber-door, in the early morning, to wish them a "Merry Christmas." Everybody will be charmed with this picture, the best we have ever issued, and will wish for a copy. The easiest way to obtain a copy is to get up a club for this magazine for 1876!

CREWEL WORK, as it is called, increases in favor. We saw, lately, a suite of drawing-room chairs covered with coarse, white linen, having all over it a diagonal pattern of lines, with spots at each intersection, worked in gold-colored silk; and this had been copied from an old piece found quite by chance. It was very rich looking, and very inexpensive. Serge, in the dark-greens and greenish-browns, particularly associated with this work, shows the crewel embroidery to the greatest perfection. Antimacassars worked in these wools on linen, are effective and popular.

WEDDING DRESSES, in Paris, for the rich, are made of the new silver brocade, which is a heavy white faille, wrought all over with bouquets in silver thread. It is used in conjunction with satin, the train and basque bodice being of brocade, and the sleeves and tablier of satin. This material is so rich that it requires neither flounces nor lace, and very few flowers are used for trimming it.

"**THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MILLION.**"—A lady writes to us: "I do not wonder at the extraordinary success of 'Peterson,' for it combines so much: fashions, stories, patterns, music; has something for everybody! Other periodicals are each for a particular class; but 'Peterson's' interests every member of the family. It is emphatically the *magazine for the million*. No household should be without it."

TASTE IN DRESS is the sure guarantee of the lady. Nor is it more money that makes a tasteful dress. It is principally a knowledge of the fashions, and how to adapt them to your style. Our "Every-Day" department is, in this view, invaluable. One of our contributors has hit this off, capitally, in her little sketch, in this number, "How Harry Was Won."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

St. Simon's Niece. By Frank Lee Benedict. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Benedict has been a contributor to this magazine for so many years, that we had better, perhaps, give the opinions of others in reference to this new novel, rather than our own. In this way, at least, we shall escape the charge of partiality. The London Spectator, one of the very highest critical authorities in England, speaks of it in warm terms. "Mr. Benedict," it says, "is a real dramatist, as this story of a girl, passionate, unprincipled, scheming, and worldly, and of her lover, not ambitious, nor particularly worldly, but self-indulgent and unscrupulous, amply proves. Fanny St. Simon is the creation of insight. We rejoice to recognize a new novelist of real genius, who knows and depicts, powerfully, some of the most striking, and overmastering, passions of the human heart." To our old friends, who have been reading Mr. Benedict's stories and novelets, for years, in these pages, this will not seem exaggerated in the least; they will only wonder that Mr. Benedict should be called a new novelist, when they have known him for twenty years and more. However, he is new, perhaps, to the English public. We may add that we think this is his best novel.

Personal Reminiscences. By O'Keefe, Kelly and Taylor. By Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—We regret to hear that this is the last of that charming "Bric-a-Bac" series, which Mr. Stoddard has edited with such rare tact. The present volume is in no sense inferior to any of its predecessors. John O'Keefe was a dramatic writer of the last century; Michael Kelly was an operatic singer and composer; and John Taylor was a writer for the press. All were successful men, and made the acquaintance, during their career, of nearly every person eminent in their respective pursuits, or in contemporary social and intellectual society. The book is full of anecdotes of the distinguished persons, principally Englishmen, who flourished between the years 1770 and 1830. It is a mine of gossip, and humor, and even instruction. Like all the volumes of this series it is neatly printed. Several capital illustrations adorn the work, notably one of Garrick, as Sir John Brute. The volume is handsomely printed, and tastefully bound.

The Railroad Scenery of Pennsylvania. A Hand-Book for Tourists. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Few persons, who have not traveled through Pennsylvania, in its length and its breadth, have any idea of the loveliness of its scenery. There are no mountains in it like Mt. Blanc, or Monts Rosa; but the hill-scenery is perfect; and the valleys and rivers are unequalled. We know of one view, looking down the valley of the Schuylkill, from just below Reading, which is not surpassed, in natural beauty, even by the view of the valley of the Arno, as seen from Fiesole; and there are scores of other prospects as picturesque. This volume is full of illustrations of the scenery of Pennsylvania, and we cordially recommend it to tourists as well as to others.

Hester Howard's Temptation. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is an entirely new novel, printed from the author's manuscript. It is a powerfully written story of trial and temptation. In the critical phraseology of the day, it is introspective, probing the sufferer's heart with pitiless analysis. These are the fictions that are the popular ones of the present generation, and "Hester Howard's Temptation" will, we think, prove more popular than most. It is emphatically, as the title-page asserts, the story of a soul. It is one of those novels, that, when once begun, cannot be laid down. The volume is very handsomely printed, and is tastefully bound in morocco cloth, with gilt back.

Told In The Twilight. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This new novel by Mrs. Wood is printed from advance sheets. Since she first took the public by storm, with "East Lynne," Mrs. Wood has successfully maintained her position at the very head of her class. No writer imparts deeper interest to her plots. In no stories is the action more briskly kept up. "Told In The Twilight" is even more powerful, however, than Mrs. Wood's novels are in general.

The Woman of Honor. Translated from the French of Louis Enault, by Mrs. Rebecca L. Tull. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The design of this novel is to warn the young and inexperienced against the falsity of mere society friendships. As a story it is exceedingly well told. Porte Crayon, a capital judge, says, "It is a most charming book."

Bertha's Engagement. By Mrs. Ann B. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of this the latest of Mrs. Stephens' books. It is a story of society, and is, in some respects, the best that Mrs. Stephens has written. At least, she has written nothing better, except, perhaps, "Fashien and Famine."

A Light and Dark Christmas. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A powerfully told story, appropriate for the coming season. A paper-cover edition, cheap, yet neat.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"PETERSON" ALWAYS AHEAD.—The newspapers still continue their testimony that this magazine is not only the *cheapest, but the best*, of its kind. The Philadelphia (Pa.) Centennial says: "Taking the magazine as a whole, it is *worth ten times its cost*." The St. John (N. B.) Globe says: "It is a better fashion magazine even than it pretends to be." The Newbery (S. C.) Herald says: "A splendid number: we advise our lady friends, who are not subscribers, to send \$2.00 at once." The Woodstock (Vt.) Spirit of the Age says: "The fashions are just splendid, and can't be beat." The Edgerton (Wis.) Independent says: "It is brimful of good things, both in the literary and fashion departments. 'Peterson' is noted for its fine steel-plate engravings, which are within themselves *worth the price of subscription*, to say nothing of the very latest fashions and enchanting stories which accompany each number." The Grayville (Ill.) Independent says: "With its fine engravings, fashion-plate, and Frank Lee Benedict's beautiful novelet, it is all that the most appreciating and exacting lady could desire." The Mechanicsburg (Pa.) Journal says: "The marvelously large circulation of 'Peterson' is a sure index of its value. The last number is unusually fine: the engravings even surpass previous editions." We have hundreds of similar notices like these, from every section of the United States, and even the British Provinces. "Peterson," as the newspapers unanimously declare, combines more merits, and at a lower price, than any other magazine. Whatever other periodicals are taken, "Peterson" should be taken first. Read the Prospectus for 1876, and notice the "great things" to be done. "Peterson" is *always ahead*.

THE BEST COOK-BOOKS PUBLISHED.—Every lady should have a good Cook-Book, if not several. *The following are the best, as well as the most saleable Cook-Books published in the World. Every housekeeper should possess at least one of them, as they would save the price of it in a week's cooking.*

Queen of the Kitchen. 1007 Old Maryland Receipts.	\$1 75
Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking,	1 75
Mrs. Hale's New Cook-Book,	1 75
The Young Wife's Cook-Book,	1 75
Miss Leslie's New Cookery-Book,	1 75
Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it Should Be,	1 75
The National Cook-Book. By Hannah M. Bouvier,	1 75
Peterson's New Cook-Book,	1 75
Widdifield's New Cook-Book,	1 75
Mrs. Hale's Receipts for the Million,	1 75
The Family Save-All. By Author National Cook-Book,	1 75
Francatelli's Celebrated Cook-Book. The Modern Cook,	
with 62 illustrations, 600 large octavo pages. New Ed.	5 00

T. B. Peterson & Brothers publish all these Cook-Books, to whom all orders should be addressed. Each book sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE PRE-PAID POSTAGE—"I never had so little trouble," writes a lady, "in getting my magazines from the post-office, as this year: in fact I had none at all. Formerly, there were occasional disputes, especially as to what ought to be paid on back numbers: now there are none. The saving in money is only the smallest part of the advantages of the present system: it is the saving in trouble that is the principal thing. Now that you pre-pay the postage for us, you ought to double your circulation."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson's Magazine" is the best advertising medium in the United States; for it has the largest circulation of any monthly publication; and goes to every county, village, and cross-roads. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

BLEMISHES THAT FOR TEN YEARS may have been accumulating on the face of a lady, are removed by "LAIRED'S Bloom or Youth," and her complexion rendered fresh and fair. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAHAM LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—DISEASES OF THE EYELIDS, ETC.—Continued.

CONTUSIONS.—A slight blow, or a fall upon the edge of the orbit of the eye or temple, sometimes, even when apparently trifling, is apt to be followed by extravasation of blood into the loose areolar tissue of the lids. No immediate appearance of effusion or "blackness" ensues; but, after a period of five or six hours, the swollen lid assumes a livid color denoting rupture of the blood vessels, and the effusion of blood beneath the cuticle. Rarely this appearance is sudden after a blow or injury.

Generally the blood thus effused into the lids is absorbed in the course of two or three weeks; the swelling subsides ere this takes place; the skin gradually loses its livid color as absorption goes on, becoming successively brownish, greenish, and yellowish. To prevent a "black eye," or to remove it quickly, is the great desideratum with the unfortunate patients, or his sympathizing friends, if an adult especially, for no one but has a woful dread of what his appearance may be in six hours, or by the next day, after the reception of an injury about the eye.

Mothers, who are generally present when any injury of this kind happens to her child, can promptly apply evaporating lotions, warm spirits, or solution of sal ammoniac, by means of wet compresses bound tightly against the part.

But the best popular application to prevent the dreaded black-eye is the red oil, kept in the cupboards of many households, which is simply a wide-mouthed bottle filled with flowers of St. John's worth, covered with olive oil. It seldom fails to prevent discoloration of the skin, when applied immediately after the occurrence of the fall, bruise, blow, etc.

It is only necessary to rub it over the injured part once or twice, a few hours apart, to produce the desired effect.

POISONED WOUNDS.—Children are apt to be stung by bees, wasps, hornets, and poisoned by the bites of spiders, gnats, mosquitoes, etc. The sting of the bee especially being very flexible, is apt to be found in the wound, and should be removed by the common eyelash-tweezers, kept by most families, or by some other means.

A split clove of garlic, onion, or aqua ammonia, generally suffices in cases of a single or few stings; but when a child is severely stung by a large number of insects, especially about the face and head, medical aid should be called, as the case will require cooling purgatives, febrifuges, general applications, etc.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Children are very prone to play with gunpowder, and many a one loses his eyelashes and eyebrows, temporarily, as the result of this indiscretion. When powder takes fire, or is "set-off," as children say, the flame is so sudden and expansive, that the lids do not close in time, and hence not only is there a loss of the lashes, etc., but the coats of the balls are often affected. All cases of burns and scalds of the lids should receive particular care, lest deformity result in the union of the lids on the one hand, or the opposite, open, stare, or hare-eye ensue.

The first misfortune can always be prevented by making the child frequently open his eyes, or by the mother separating the lids, and introducing on the point of her finger a little mild ointment along their edges. Let the mother also have a care, even if the case is under the charge of her

family physician, that there be no union of the lids to the eyeball, sometimes a most unfortunate sequence of a scald or burn. Prevent it in the same way, by frequently moving the lids, and introduce some elm mucilage or salve.

Mothers can treat simple scalds very well by the application of cloths dipped in a cold solution of slippery elm bark, and kept constantly applied, till all appearance of inflammation subsides. Any resulting sore can be dressed with simple or resin cerate.

Pure white lead paint, linseed oil, or Pond's Extract, can also be judiciously and continually applied, without removal of the cloths, to more extensive injuries of this kind. Dusting the part with flour, oxyde of zinc, or finely pulverized elm (the last the best) are common remedies.

HORTICULTURAL.

A COMMON COMPLAINT among florists is the bad condition of the pot-soil in which their pots are growing. This is not unfrequently caused by the ordinary angleworm which so perforates it, and changes its character, as to seriously injure the plants. The usual intimation of their presence is the formation of heaps of "casts" on the surface, and if the plant is inverted, and the rim of the pot gently tapped against the edge of a table, the ball of earth will come out intact, and the worm, if present, is readily found. A writer in "The Garden," London, sprinkles soot over the drainage in the bottom of his pots to prevent the worms from entering; he also recommends mixing a little soot with the soil in putting, to kill the young; and as soot is a good fertilizer, two objects are secured. When worms are very bad in the soil, it is, perhaps, the most advisable plan to dip the ball in clear lime-water, which will penetrate into the excavations, and cause the inmates to come to the surface, where they are sure to die quickly.

HYACINTHS IN POTS.—Plant your bulbs in a mixture of white sand and mould; place them in a dark, dry place for a month or six weeks. Do not water; then bring them into the light, and water about once a week. Do not let water remain in the saucers, or the hyacinths will get mouldy. The warmer the atmosphere, the sooner they will flower; about February, if planted now.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

THE SUNFLOWER AS A PREVENTIVE OF FEVERS.—We continue to see favorable mention made of the virtues of sunflowers as preventives of Malarial fever, etc. A correspondent of the "Soil of the South," writing from a place in Alabama, which, he says, was peculiarly subject to fevers, gives the result of his experience in the premises. In not a single instance where he planted sunflowers around his negro cabins, did their inmates suffer from fever, while his wife, two children, and two house-servants, all had fevers, he not having planted any of the sunflowers around his own dwelling, which, in his opinion, accounted for the difference in the results. We trust that next spring the fields, everywhere, may be surrounded by a cordon of sunflowers; that they may be scattered through every garden, and cover every vacant lot. Who knows but they may prevent yellow fever also? The correspondent of the "Soil of the South" says: "My opinion is, that the sunflower, in its rank growth, absorbs the very elements in the atmosphere that produce fever, or chill and fever; and what is the life of the sunflower is highly obnoxious to the health of the human family; nor do I believe that a man could ever have a chill who would sleep in a bed of rank sunflowers."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Cook Kidneys for an Entree.—Cut some slices of white bread rather more than half an inch thick, and fry them from all crust or outer edge, and then cut them up again into ten small squares, all of one size, and fry them in fresh butter. When they are a good brown color, arrange them neatly on a warm dish, which place before the fire. Remove all the skin and fat from five mutton kidneys, and split them in half. Sprinkle them all over with Cayenne, and fry them in butter over a fierce fire. When cooked, place the half of a kidney upon each square of fried toast. Pour the fat from the frying-pan, and put in instead a slice of butter; and when it is melted, dredge in a little flour. Shake these over the fire until they are slightly brown, and then pour in, by degrees, a good cupful of gravy. Season with pepper, salt, and lemon-juice. Boil up for a minute or two; pour over the kidneys.

To Bone a Shoulder of Veal, Mutton, or Lamb.—Spread a clean cloth upon a table, and lay the joint flat upon it, with the skin downward; with a sharp knife, cut off the flesh from the inner side, nearly down to the blade bone, of which detach the edges first; then work the knife under it, keeping it always close to the bone, and using all possible precaution not to pierce the outer skin. When it is, in every part, separated from the flesh, loosen it from the socket with the point of the knife, and remove it; or, without dividing the two bones, cut round the joint until it is freed entirely from the meat, and proceed to detach the second bone. A most excellent grill may be made by leaving sufficient meat for it upon the bones of a shoulder of mutton, when they are removed from the joint.

Corned Beef.—Four gallons of fresh water, a pound and a half of coarse brown sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, seven pounds of common salt. Put all into a boiler, take off the scum as it rises, and, when well boiled, let it remain to get cold. Have sufficient to cover the meat, lay a cloth over it, and keep the meat pressed down by means of bricks, or any weight. The same pickle may be used again by re-boiling and adding a small quantity of salt.

Brains.—Procure half a head of as large a hog as can be obtained; put it in common brine for five or six days, adding a little saltpetre to give it color; then boil it three hours, or till the meat falls from the bones. After the bones, gristle, etc., are all picked out, cut the meat very fine, season well with Cayenne pepper, sage, and thyme, and put it into a brawn shape, with a heavy weight on the top. It will turn out firm the next day.

To Roast Partridges.—Rightly, to look well, there should be a leach (three birds) in the dish. Pluck, singe, draw, and truss them; roast them for about twenty minutes; baste them with butter; and when the gravy begins to run from them, you may safely assume that the partridges are done. Place them in a dish together, with bread-crumbs fried nicely brown, and arranged in small heaps. Gravy should be served in a tureen, apart.

DESSERTS.

Chocolate Cream.—Break a bar of chocolate into small pieces, and pour over it a pint and a half of cream. Let it remain till quite dissolved, and then boil slowly for ten minutes. Beat the yolks of five eggs with a spoonful and a half of moist sugar; mix it with the cream, and pour it into cups. Stand them in a stew-pan of boiling water, which must only cover half the cups, and let them simmer twenty minutes with the cover of the stew-pan on. A mould can be used, if preferred.

Apple Charlotte.—Cut from a household loaf a number of slices of uniform thickness (one-quarter to three eighths of an inch;) butter a plain mould, and all the slices of bread; shape one of them round, to fit the bottom of the mould, and another one for the top; cut the rest in pieces an inch wide, and the height of the mould in length; lay one of the round pieces at the bottom of the mould, and line the sides with the small pieces, carefully smearing the edges with white of egg, so as to make them hold well together. Stew a quantity of apples with plenty of brown sugar, a little water, the juice and the thin rind of a lemon, and a piece of cinnamon. When thoroughly done, pass them through a hair-sieve; fill the mould with this purée, put on the round slice of bread for the cover, and set in a quick oven for about an hour and a half.

Custard Pudding.—Two eggs, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of flour. Beat the butter to a cream; the sugar must be finely pounded; then add eggs and flour. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and in small cups. When done, turn on a flat dish, and cover with thick, white sauce, flavored with wine or essence.

Cream Paste.—Break two eggs into a stew-pan, with a little salt, and as much sifted flour as it will take; mix in a pint of milk, and put it on the fire, and stir it, not to let it stick, till you do not smell the flour. Add a piece of butter about the size of a walnut.

CAKES.

Buns.—Mix half a pound of sugar with two pounds of flour; make a hole in the centre of the flour, and pour in half a pint of warm milk, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Make the whole into a thin batter, and set the dish before the fire, covered up, until the leaven begins to ferment. Add to this half a pound of melted butter, and milk enough to make a soft paste of all the flour; cover this with a dust of flour, and let it rise again for half an hour. Shape the dough into buns, and lay apart on a buttered tin, in rows, to rise for half an hour. Bake in a quick oven. A few currants may be added with the butter, etc., if preferred.

French Rolls.—Take half a pint of beer yeast, and a pint and a half of milk; add sufficient flour to make it the thickness of butter; put into a pan, cover over, and keep warm. When it has risen to its utmost height, add a quarter of a pint of warm water, and half an ounce of salt. Mix all together. Rub into a little flour two ounces of butter, then make the dough not quite so stiff as for bread. Let it stand three-quarters of an hour, when it will be ready to form into rolls; then let them stand until they have risen, and bake in a quick oven.

WARDROBE.

Cleaning Coat Collars.—Coat collars become soiled by coming in contact with the hair when it is oily. This slight greasiness upon the collar gathers fine dust, and the two together form a mixture disagreeable to look upon, and difficult to remove, especially if allowed to accumulate and harden. It is best to clean the collar frequently. Very strong alcohol, or benzine, or ammonia, may be used. In either case, do not work near a lamp whilst using the mixture, for fear of accidents. A teaspoonful of powdered ammonia, in half a teacupful of water, is the safest mixture. Dip into it a piece of cloth, and well rub the collar with it till it is clean. Ammonia must not be used to brown cloth.

Cochineal Scarlet.—Two pounds of woolen, two and a half ounces cochineal, ground fine, three ounces cream of tartar. Boil these fifteen minutes; cool the dye. Some add one gill of the muriate of tin; add the strength of one ounce of quercitron, steeped; put in the goods, stir, and boil one hour and a half. If rose shade is wanted, omit the quercitron and tartar.

To Prevent Flannel from Shrinking, soak it in pure cold water; let it lie till the flannel sinks to the bottom of the tub. Then take it out and hang it up without squeezing. It drains itself, and does not lose the appearance of a new flannel.

Bright Green on Cotton or Woolen.—First dye the goods a Prussian blue, and wash well in cold water; then put on the yellow with sugar-of-lead and chromate of potash. Proceed the same as in dying yellow. This will not fade in sun or air.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The skirt is of dark-blue velvet; the upper-dress is of fawn-colored vicuña, made in the Princess style, and striped with dark-blue velvet. Dark-blue velvet sacque and deep cuffs. Hat of fawn-colored felt.

FIG. II.—TRAVELING OR WALKING-DRESS.—The skirt is of brown silk; the over-dress of fawn-colored camel's-hair, trimmed with a band of gray ostrich-feathers. The mantilla is also of the camel's-hair, trimmed with ostrich-feathers and gray braid. It is cut in the dolman shape about the arms, and has long mantilla fronts. There is a collar of brown silk. Fawn-colored felt hat, trimmed with brown silk and a gray ostrich plume.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF WINE-COLORED SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with bands of wine-colored velvet. The upper-skirt is untrimmed, opens in front, and is turned back and fastened with a bow of velvet. The basque is trimmed with a band of fur. Black velvet bonnet, with dark-red roses.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED VELVET.—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, headed by a smaller flounce and deep puffing. Jacket of velvet, richly embroidered, and trimmed with fur. Violet-colored velvet bonnet.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.—The under-skirt has one deep flounce; the over-dress is round on the left side and in front, but comes square on the right side and at the back, when it opens on the left side. It is trimmed with brown velvet and dark-gray ostrich feathers. The cuffs of the sleeves and sailor collar are also of brown velvet. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with gray velvet and feathers.

FIG. VI.—PLAIN BLACK SILK SKIRT.—Close-fitting dolman of light cloth, striped with black velvet. The sleeves are square, and are ornamented with a wide, pointed piece of black velvet. Felt hat the color of the dolman, trimmed with feathers and black velvet.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black silk, trimmed with three ruffles of gray plaid silk. The over-dress is of gray plaid silk, with black sashes; waist of the plaid silk, with black silk sleeves, with plaid cuffs.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give this month a great variety of fall fashions. A black velvet mantle, trimmed with chin-chilla fur, and fastened with oxidized ornaments, and a very dark-green cloth dolman, trimmed with innumerable rows of black braid, and edged with black ostrich feathers. A pattern of a cloth jacket, with large collar, and trimmed with gimp ornaments; a sleeveless metalized jacket, with a collar of silk, and a plaiting of silk around the skirt. Two patterns for sleeves for jackets, and a new style of putting ribbons through the hair. We also give some of the many varieties of bonnets, though there is nothing very new. A black felt, trimmed with black velvet loops, and pink roses on the outside, with long black velvet strings coming from the back, and tied loosely in front; a gray felt, with gray and blue plumes, and wing on the outside, with blue puffing under the brim, and a cluster of pink roses on the left side, and tied under the chin with light-blue ribbon. Also, a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with loops of ivory-colored

ribbon, a feather of the same color curling over the brim; band and loops of ivory-colored silk about the face, with a cluster of tea-roses.

Many of the new goods come in delicate-colored or broken stripes, which will be more popular than the large checks lately worn; but the checks and plaids will be much used in conjunction with stripes and plain materials. The most largely imported colors are nut and seal-brown, myrtle-green and smoke-gray, or gray of a bluish tint; but all colors are fashionable, though dark, of these shades, will be principally worn.

METALLISE SILKS AND VELVETS are largely imported for cuirass waists, jackets, and to form part of the trimming for dresses. Damasks and brocades are also becoming fashionable, and this style of silk will necessitate much less trimming than is now put on dresses, though as yet the damask and brocade, like metallise, is only used for parts of dresses. Some wedding-dresses are made entirely of white silk, brocaded in roses, ostrich feathers, and rich arabesques. Gold and silver damask have already been made up in Paris for rich winter dresses, which shows the tendency to expensive and elaborate stuffs; and the newest training for dresses, mantles, etc., is a gold or silver braid, used sometimes in great profusion, sometimes very moderately. This braid is of various widths, and is of a gold or silver thread, woven with black or some other color.

Woolen goods are of a damask, basket, or diagonal pattern, though very often quite plain; but a costume is seldom made of the one material alone, being nearly always combined with velvet, silk, poplin, or any other fabric that the pocket or fancy of the wearer may dictate. Of course, all these combinations give great play to the fancy, and offer a great variety of costume; but we cannot help wishing that a simpler style of costume would be introduced, as, if badly made, or the colors are badly combined, the effect is vulgar, not elegant.

It is impossible to give the names of all the woolen goods in the market, or to describe the material. Twilled goods are much sought after by persons of quiet tastes, and are of soft-brown, drabs, grays, cashmeres, camel's-hair, vicugna, serges, etc.; and all the old make of woollens are still popular. Braids in black, or of the color of the dress, are much used for costumes made of these materials. Black silk, and silk and cashmere, are as popular as ever. Silver braid is sometimes used, and is very elegant. Never has the passion for braid been greater than it is at present. Braids of all sorts are worn—very wide worsted braids on mantles, and very narrow braids on cuirasses. There are exquisite silk braids for dressy toilets; also gold braid, steel braid, and dead and bright silver braid. Jot has rather gone out of style, though many cling to it for its brilliancy. Cashmere, with a damask pattern of silk, is also a novelty. The tabliers and bodices are of brocade, while the sleeves and skirt are of either plain faille or cashmere. A scarf or two crosses the tablier in a slanting direction. It is very rare to see a skirt with both sides alike. The tendency of skirts is undoubtedly toward greater length; but the resistance which this fashion encounters is so insurmountable, that it is to be hoped it will be found to yield, at least for street wear, to the more sensible, comfortable, and, we may add, cleanly skirt, that barely touches the ground.

Waistcoat bodices are again much worn; but the waistcoat must be made to fasten to the bodice, because it is so large—in many cases it descends almost to the knees. It is made of velvet when the dress is faille with velvet sleeves; and of faille when the dress is woolen.

Double-breasted jackets are worn with *negligé* costumes, and very frequently they have no sleeves. The turned-down collar is extremely narrow. The double row of buttons necessitated by this form of jacket, has caused many fancy buttons to appear in the market, and to be widely patronized.

The great aim appears to have them copied from ancient medals.

The autumn dresses are draped more closely to the figure than the summer ones, if that is possible. At the back the trains are very narrow, and very long; the form is to be compared to that adopted by abbesses. There is a single wide plait upon the skirt in the centre, and this plait is frequently ornamented with either a ladder of bows or a cascade of lace. Another variety of the abbess train consists of kilt plaits arranged the entire length of the back of the skirt.

THE PRINCESS OF GABRIELLE dress (which as all our readers know, is a dress with the skirt and waist cut in one) is being worn in the house in Paris, but the bottom of the skirt is usually elaborately trimmed.

By far the greater number of new autumn dresses are trimmed at the side, and there is very little regularity in their ornamentation, except when there are bows down the centre of the front, and these are always arranged in a straight line.

There is very little that is new in the form of bodices, the cuirass and basques being universally adopted. But there is an innovation in trimming the back of the bodice; for not only is there a violin of fine plaits arranged on the cross, but these are now further ornamented with applique of passementerie. Not so long ago, the backs of bodices were perfectly plain, but at present it is the fashion to make them as fantastic-looking as possible; but the waists are longer than formerly, and less trimmed in front. Sleeves for ordinary wear will be long and close, with flaring and much trimmed cuffs.

As we said last month; it is quite impossible to describe the peculiar make of the JACKETS, etc., which will be worn this winter; but a loose-fitting jacket, with wide sleeves, gives as near an idea as we can come at of some of the most popular ones. Varieties of the dolman are also popular, whilst for walking-costume and good service, the still popular English jacket is used; it is close-fitting, warm, and out of the way.

It will be seen that there is little decided change in the make and trimming of dresses. So it is with bonnets. The round, high front, with medium crown, is still worn, and rather far back on the head, and almost invariably having strings.

FELT BONNETS and HATS will be much worn, as they come of very good quality—grays, browns, dark-blues, black, and myrtle-greens. These are not trimmed with flowers, except slightly under the brim, but with birds'-wings, breasts of birds, and rolls of velvet. The ribbon for strings is very soft, and not very wide. Black velvet bonnets will not be so universally worn as for the past two or three years.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT OF BROWN VELVETEEN.—The trousers are made low, and fastened at the knee. The jacket and vest are of brown velveteen, bound with brown silk braid. Crimson neck-tie.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF VIOLET POPLIN.—The under-skirt has two plaited flounces. The upper-skirt is shawl-shaped in front, and untrimmed. The basque fits closely, has a standing collar, and is also untrimmed. Rather loose sleeves, with two deep-plaited ruffles. Black felt hat, trimmed with violet-colored velvet and feather.

FIG. III.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF SMOKE-GRAY COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The short trousers come just below the knee. The skirt is plain in front, trimmed with black gimp ornaments, and it is laid in very full plaits at the back. The jacket is trimmed to match the front of the skirt. Dark-gray felt hat, bound with black velvet.



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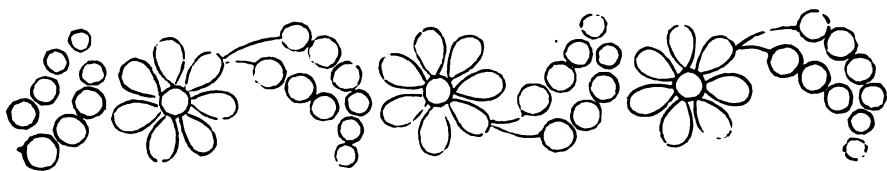
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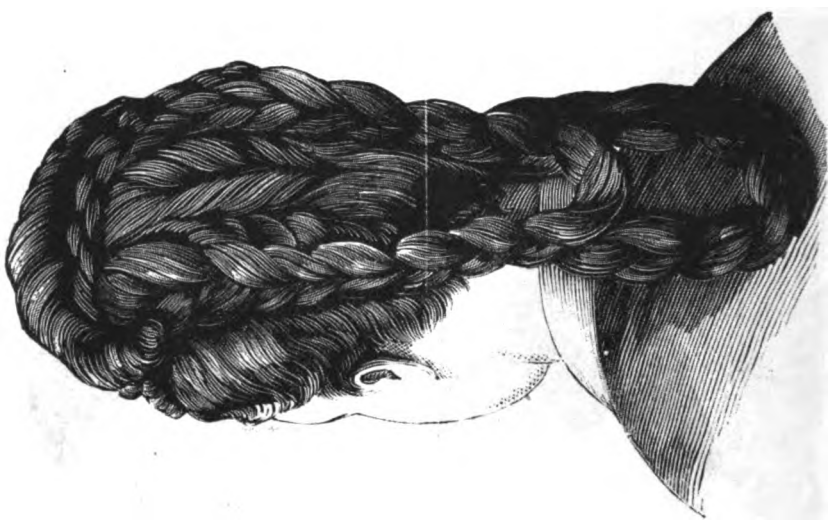
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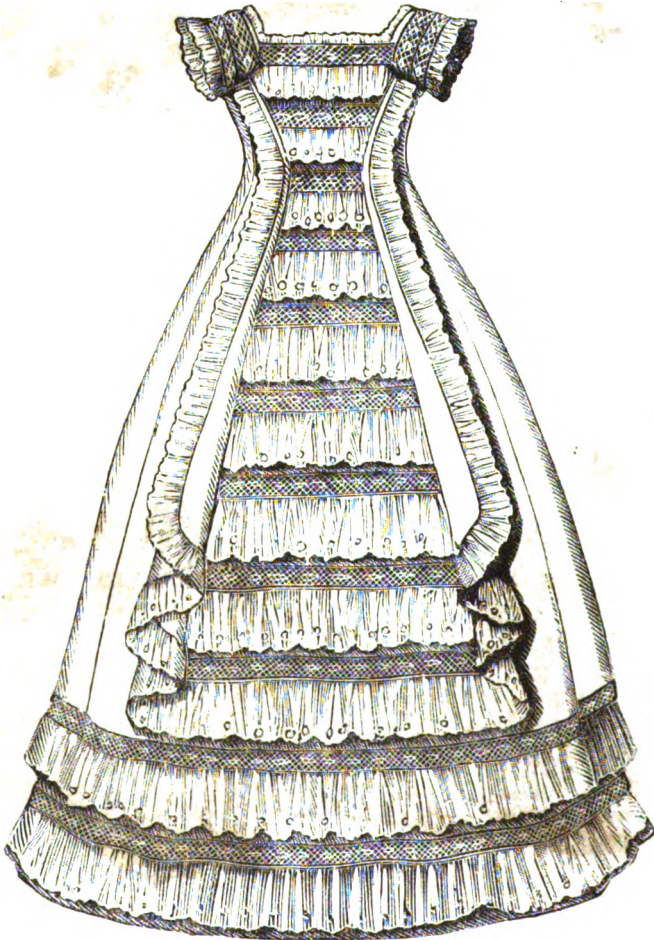
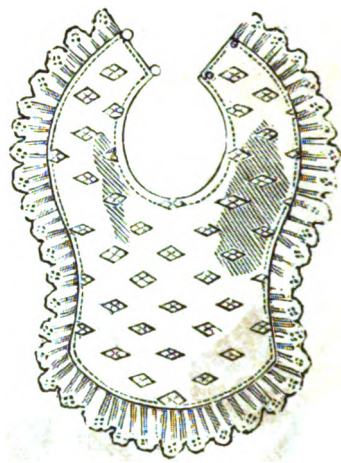


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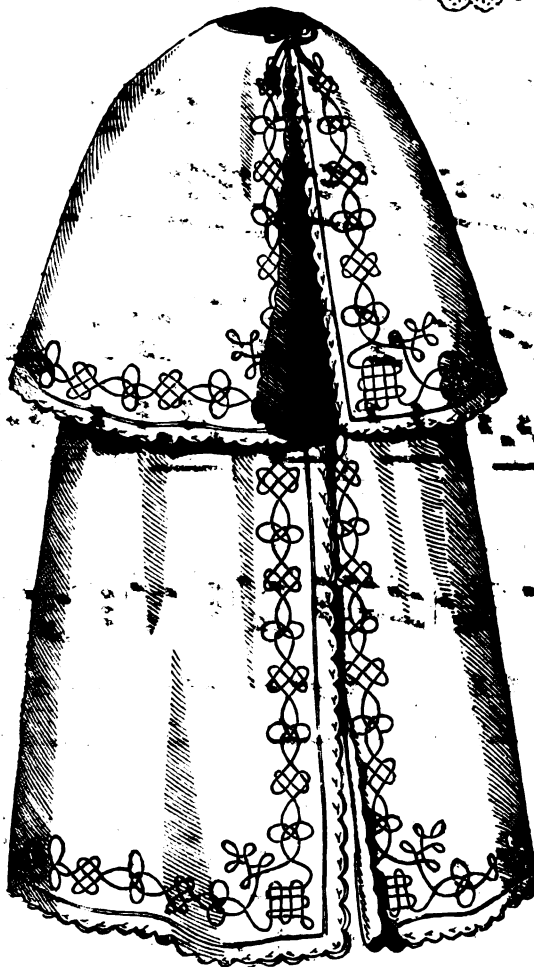
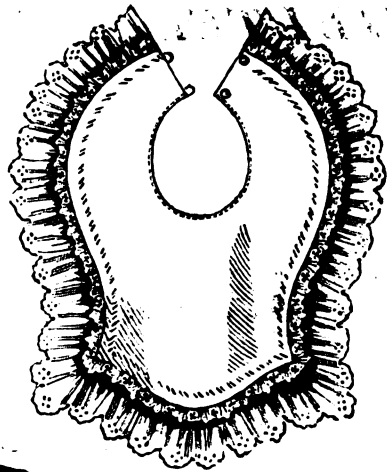
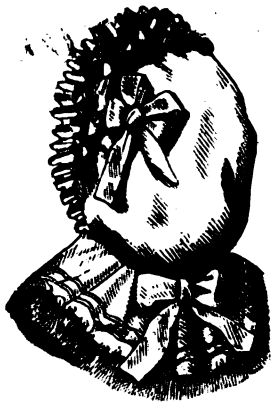


VELVET HATS FOR WINTER





INFANT'S DRESS, BID, AND CAP.



INFANT'S CLOAK, BIB, AND CAP.

HELTER SKELTER GALOP.

BY CARL FAUST.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

PIANO.

The first system of musical notation is for piano. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a series of chords in the right hand, marked with dynamic markings: *ff*, *ffz*, *fz*, *fz*, and *fz*. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The second system continues the piano piece. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords, while the left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. The system concludes with a repeat sign.

The third system of musical notation shows the piano piece continuing. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and some rests, marked with a *ff* dynamic. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

8va.

The fourth system of musical notation begins with the instruction *8va.* (octave up). The right hand plays a series of eighth-note chords, and the left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

The fifth system of musical notation continues the piece. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes and some rests, marked with a *ff* dynamic. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a repeat sign.

HELTER SKELTER GALOP.

Musical score for "HELTER SKELTER GALOP." in 2/4 time. The score is written for piano and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piece is marked with various dynamics and articulations.

Dynamics and markings include:

- p dol.* (piano, dolce)
- f* (forte)
- ff* (fortissimo)
- fz* (forzando)
- p dol.* (piano, dolce)
- ff* (fortissimo)

The score includes several measures with slurs and accents, indicating phrasing and emphasis. The final section features a double bar line followed by a repeat sign and a final cadence.



INFANT'S EMBROIDERED BOOT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1875.

No. 6.

THE CHRISTMAS CHARADE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," "CINDERELLA," ETC., ETC.

"So that was the pretty widow," soliloquized Harry Barclay, as he smoked a cigar, before retiring. "She's positively pretty: in that respect her friends don't exaggerate; but I've no doubt she's an awful flirt. It would be a good thing to teach her a lesson."

For our hero, in spite of his many undeniable good qualities, was rather conceited, as, indeed, most men, with his fortune and position, would have been.

But who was the pretty widow? She was a Mrs. Conway, who, at eighteen, had married a handsome foreigner, who soon proved himself to be a heartless spendthrift and debauchee. Before twelve months, however, she was happily released, her husband having fallen, in a duel, at a German watering-place, the result of a quarrel originating at a gaming-table. Three years after, Mrs. Conway returned to America, and now, at twenty-two, was even more beautiful than she had been at eighteen.

Harry Barclay had been introduced to the pretty widow, that evening, at the opera-box of Mrs. Musgrave; and the next evening he was to dine at the Musgraves, and meet her again. He had heard the praises of the pretty widow sung so persistently by Mrs. Musgrave, ever since the latter had learned that her old school-mate was coming home, that he was rather bored with the subject; and when, at the dinner, he was asked to take her out, he gave an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders. The pretty widow saw the shrug. "My fine fellow," she said to herself, "you shall pay for that." Now our heroine was not heartless by nature. But no woman likes to see a man shrug his shoulders at her.

Mrs. Conway was as witty as she was beautiful, and that evening she surpassed herself. She was the life of the party. Harry confessed to himself that he had never met so charming a

lady. All his prejudices against widows vanished. He went home more than half in love.

The pretty widow and Harry, after this, met almost daily. Very soon he was wholly in her power. For the first time in his life, he, who had conquered so many hearts, was no longer master of his own. But the widow still said, as she had said at first. "I must take the conceit out of him. I owe it to my sex."

Harry had always a quiet way, with women, of assuming that he was first. It was, perhaps, one of the secrets of his success. He acted in this manner toward the pretty widow. He took it for granted that he was to have the choice of dances with her; that he was to take her down to dinner; that he was to be her favorite escort on every occasion. For awhile she let him have his way. It suited her that he should deceive himself. But one evening, she overheard their names freely coupled together, as if they were engaged. "Things have gone far enough now," she said to herself. "I must give him his *coup de grace*."

So, the next night, at a ball, when Harry came rushing up to her, the moment she entered, and claimed the first dance, she looked at him, with a lift of the eyebrows, and said,

"But I am engaged."

"Engaged!" Old campaigner as he was, Harry now committed a blunder; but we all blunder when we are in love. "Engaged," he said, "but, excuse me; it can't be; I am first."

"You think so, always, I know," said the pretty widow, coolly, opening and shutting her fan.

Harry flushed to the forehead.

"But you've always given me the first dance. I—I took it for granted."

"Never take anything for granted, Mr. Barclay," retorted the widow, significantly. Then, with a bow, she took the arm of a rival suitor, and moved on.

Harry stood as if turned to stone. Every particle of color had left his face. "What a precious fool I've been," he muttered, angrily, after awhile. "I might have known it. I said it, the night I first met her, the heartless flirt."

After that, Harry and the widow were not so inseparable. He bowed to her, when they met, but he never asked her to dance; and if he received an invitation to dinner, he declined, if he had reason to suppose she was to be there. "So the pretty widow and Harry have quarrelled," said society. "Neither can be constant long; it isn't in them."

But now a strange thing happened. The pretty widow began to feel ennuied. She missed something. It was a long while before she would admit that it was the cessation of Harry's attentions which made life so dull for her. It was still longer before she ceased being angry with herself, for being so weak, as she called it.

She was too proud to make overtures. She was too thoroughly and unaffectedly womanly also, even if she had not been too proud. But somehow the color faded from her cheek, and the light dimmed in her eyes. She grew irritable and capricious. Her friends noticed it, and annoyed her by asking what was the matter? Only Mrs. Musgrave was silent. Mrs. Musgrave suspected the truth.

"I have it," said that sage lady, one day. "Left alone, these two will never come together again; both are too proud to make the first advance. I must be their good fairy."

In a few days, Mrs. Musgrave announced a Christmas charade party, and wrote a note to Mrs. Conway, summoning her to a consultation. The pretty widow came, and then Mrs. Musgrave said, "I have thought of such a capital word, *COURTSHIP*, because the first half will enable us to have a fine spectacle, where you shall enact the queen, receiving her *court*; and then a scene will follow, as if on board *ship*, which will be full of humor. For the full word, *COURTSHIP*, you shall also act: I know no one so quick, and I have myself written the charade."

Mrs. Conway entered fully into the spirit of it, and it was not until she had agreed to act in both the first and last scenes, that she bethought herself to ask what this last scene was to be, and who were to play in it beside herself.

"Oh!" answered Mrs. Musgrave, "there's to be but two actors. And only one person is fit to act with you, in all our acquaintance: the rest are too dull."

"And this person?" asked Mrs. Conway, her heart misgiving her.

"Harry Barclay, of course. But never mind

him now. Let us consult about the costumes for the first scene."

The pretty widow would have declined, if she had dared; but she could not decline, without entering into explanations; and explanations were impossible.

The next thing Mrs. Musgrave had to do was to see Harry. He stammered out a half refusal, pleading want of dramatic talent.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Murgrave. "You are the brightest of us all. Of course, I know you don't like Mrs. Conway; but there were no other two to cast in the part; you'll oblige me now, won't you?"

But the ordeal proved more trying than either Mrs. Conway or Harry had imagined. When the latter came to read the part assigned him, he sat down and wrote a note to Mrs. Musgrave, saying that it was simply impossible for him to go through with it. This love-making, to tell the truth, was rather decided. Mrs. Conway had already remonstrated. But Mrs. Musgrave had answered, "Pshaw, my dear, don't be a prude; you know it's necessary to be plain-spoken, or the stupid people will never know what we mean; there's nothing unlady-like in it, is there?" And when the pretty widow had been compelled to reply in the negative, her friend had continued, "Then, go on with it, for if you don't, it will look personal to Mr. Barclay, which would make people talk. You ought, you know, to have declined at first."

Artful Mrs. Musgrave! To do her justice, few were a match for her; and if Harry had sent his note, she would have had some equally unanswerable reply. But Harry did not send his note. "Confound it," he said, when he came to read it over, "the whole thing is in a pretty mess. To discuss it is only to make matters worse. If that unprincipled flirt of a widow can be impudent enough to go on with it, I'll not show the white feather." And he tore the note, viciously, into a thousand pieces.

The rehearsals proved less embarrassing, however, than Harry had expected. The widow met him, at the first one, as if nothing had happened. She smiled affably, asked his advice about one or two minor points, and displayed rare tact throughout. Face to face with her, listening to her exquisite voice, Harry felt all her old magnetism over him returning. As he had no notion of being jilted again, he was glad when the rehearsal was over.

The next rehearsal was even more trying, but it was also more delightful. Nothing could be more winning than the manner of the pretty widow. Yet it was at the third and last, that

Harry finally lost his balance, for he fancied, and his heart beat at the very thought, that she really meant more than mere acting. There were looks and tones, all, of course, proper for the scene, that made his pulses thrill with delicious happiness. He forgot all about her want of heart. His answering looks and tones kindled with real passion. The other actors, who were standing around, broke into applause. "Dear me," cried Mrs. Musgrave, "it couldn't have been better, if you had both meant it. We must have it again."

But Mrs. Conway shook her head. She knew, if she attempted it, she should break down. "Not to-day, love," she said. "We both know our parts, now, I think. I will run up stairs, if you please, and put on my things." And she left the room in order to stop further expostulation.

She lingered, up stairs, till everybody had left, except an old maid, who had begun a long story to Mrs. Musgrave. Thinking now that she was safe, that Harry would certainly be gone, she tripped down to take her carriage. To her dismay, Harry was at the foot of the stairs, evidently waiting for her.

"I have a favor to ask," he said, bowing low. "It is to go over that scene once more with you. I really think I shall break down at the public exhibition, if I don't know it a little better."

The pretty widow hesitated a moment. Her heart was in her throat, and she could hardly speak. But she managed to say, somewhat nervously, at last,

"As you please."

A moment after, they were standing in front of the fire-place, and Harry and she were holding the book, as they read. "Ah! how I love you," said Harry. "Are you quite sure?" answered the widow, with her eyes demurely on the text.

"I swear it," retorted Harry, his voice quivering with emotion, but not daring to look up. "Swear not at all," said the widow, in spite of herself, a little tremulously, as she finished the line, "for the oaths of man—who will believe them?" "You will believe them, won't you, darling?" with an emphasis on the *you*. Harry's tone was inexpressibly tender, too, and as he spoke, somehow his hand stole up to her shoulder, as if in an unconscious caress. The pretty widow's eyes were still fixed on the book; but her face grew crimson; her bosom began to flutter, and somehow, also, her disengaged hand stole up to meet Harry's. Her voice shook, as she went on, "Yes! I'll believe you," she said, almost in a whisper. "Really, truly?" interpolated Harry, for the words were not in the text; and the next instant, the book had fallen to the floor, and she was in Harry's arms, and Harry was raining kisses on her unresisting lips.

How long all this (not set down, as we have said, in the Charade) would have continued, we cannot say; but at that moment, Mrs. Musgrave and the old maid were heard coming down stairs, and the two culprits sprang apart, and appeared quite engrossed, one in looking out of the window, the other in smoothing down his chin. But the lady of the house more than suspected, from the heightened color in Mrs. Conway's face, that things had come to an explanation, though she was too wise to say anything, or even to seem to notice.

The Charade was a great success, especially the last scene. People talked of it for days and days, and the talk was renewed, when, shortly after, the engagement of Mrs. Conway and Harry was announced. "It was the most suitable of matches," was the verdict. A crusty old bachelor alone dissented. "Catch me in a Charade," he said. "It was too much for even such seasoned tools as Harry and the pretty widow."

A LOST SOUL.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

To-night I watched, at the sunset,
To see Heaven's gate ajar,
For I knew that a soul was waiting
To enter there afar.
But, lo! when the sunset glory,
Touched earth and sky with fire,
I caught no glimpse of God's city,
With turret, and dome, and spire
Bathed in unearthly beauty,
For the gates were not ajar,

And the soul that knocked at the portal,
Could gain no entrance there.
No echo of angel singing
Came down on the twilight air.
There was deep, sad silence in Heaven—
In sky, and sea, and fold.
But I thought, as the sunset faded,
And the night grew gray and cold,
That I heard, o'er the sob of the ocean,
The wail of a soul's despair,

THE ROMANCE OF A BUTLER.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

He was a handsome fellow. Not particularly regular features, nor an exceptionally beautiful face, but handsome, with a fine, keen, gray eye, and a fresh, healthy skin; a man with the indescribable air of refinement and good-breeding, which would stamp him, at first glance, as a gentleman.

But just at present that fact—of being a gentleman—was bothering Durie Carmichael extremely. He sat at a table in the dining-room of the St. James' Hotel, his breakfast untasted, and an attentive waiter at his elbow, who evidently did not understand why the meal should be treated with such disregard.

"Anything more I can get for you, sir?" he ventured, at last, seeing Carmichael fling down the Times, and pull the sugar-bowl nearer him.

"No—yes," hesitated that gentleman, becoming aware that he was addressed, "just bring me a copy of the Herald, and—oh, there's Hammersley." John glided off, noiselessly, to secure the newspaper, and the new-comer, a young fellow evidently several years Carmichael's junior, flung himself down in a chair opposite his friend.

"What's the matter, Charley?" said Carmichael, kindly. "You look as if you had not slept at all. Well, it is rather worrying to wake up and find one's self without a cent, except a ten-dollar note. In which, however, you have the advantage of me; my pocket-book contains only a five-dollar greenback."

"I don't see how you can joke, Durie," said the young fellow, petulantly. "It's all very well for you, but look at my situation. Sir Walter will send over remittances to you just as soon as he finds out about this ugly 'corner' in Wall street; but what's to become of me? My poor father has had Ned's debts to settle this year, and when I took my little handful, and started for America, it was with the clear understanding that I could not expect more. It's no use to swear at one's ill luck, I know, and a fellow must keep a good face on the matter; but when I remember that I've no influence here, and no money, and then think of my mother, the girls, and home——" and here Charley Hammersley gulped down something very like a sob, as he lifted a glass of water to his lips.

Durie Carmichael looked at him steadily for

half a minute. It was hard on Charley; Charley, poor boy, who had invested all his little patrimony in a stock-operation, which looked fair enough in perspective, so fair that Charley's persuasions had induced his friend to join him in the venture, and which resulted in leaving both literally penniless. A slight moisture gathered in the elder man's eyes as he looked at the boy's fair, girlish face. He hesitated for a second, and then spoke.

"If somebody offered you a stool in the Custom House, Charley, (nothing very grand, but still occupation, and with fair pay for it,) would you accept it, or would your English pride be insulted by the suggestion?"

"Insulted? By Jove, Durie, are you joking?" cried Charley, eagerly. "I'd jump at it—yes, sir, I would, and shake hands warmly with the man who offered it."

Carmichael stretched his hand across the table, under cover of the Herald, which John had just brought him. "All right, my boy. Suppose you read this letter, while I look over my paper. And, just eat some breakfast, for you don't relish a cold one."

No one would have supposed that Durie Carmichael, lounging quietly back in his chair, had just given away his own sole chance of a livelihood to the boy opposite. Charley did not know how things had gone of late in England, nor of the bitter quarrels with Sir Walter, which had followed Durie's departure for America. It was all because of a woman, too; a woman with Charley's own blue eyes and yellow hair. Down in Devonshire, last August, one of Charley's sisters had made wild work with Carmichael's heart; but she was a weak, frivolous creature, whose beauty was her sole dower. And when, (after encouragement enough to satisfy the most diffident of men,) Evelyn Hammersley refused his hand, and faltered out that she "supposed Mr. Carmichael knew that she had been engaged for a year——," she did not dare to meet the eye of her deceived lover, nor to confess that it was his wealth alone which had kept her constant to the dried-up East Indian, whose diamonds she wore.

The wound cut deeply; but Carmichael would have scorned to let the world know that he suffered. And the cause of his father's quarrel

with him was because he refused to pay his addresses to Miss Somerville, Sir Walter's ward, who had just come of age, and who was ready enough to lay herself and her fortune at Durie's feet, very much to his annoyance.

"It's an odd world, this," thought Carmichael, as his eye ran over the columns of the Herald, "and a pretty system of education mine has been. I can hunt, and shoot, speak three languages, a good classical scholar, and all that sort of thing, but how the deuce is that going to help me to board and lodging? I'll look over the advertisements. 'Wanted, an assistant teacher.' No, I'd never have the patience; and, beside, what's a fellow to do without references? 'Groom';—come, that is rather low life; poor old Sir Walter would turn purple at the bare idea. What's this?" and Durie became so absorbed in his paper that Charley spoke to him twice before he replied.

"Oh, yes, by all means," said he, in answer to Charley's query whether they had not better go directly down to the Custom House, "that is, you must go, my boy. For myself, I have to go up town. I say, Charley, we'll square the hotel bills now, and dine together to-night at the Gilsey-house restaurant."

An hour later, Carmichael was walking up Fifth Avenue at a very brisk pace. The truth was, he did not dare to let his resolution have time to cool, and there was even a twinkle of amusement in his eyes, as he looked inquiringly up at the imposing front of a house just above Forty-fifth street. He passed it once, walked as far as the corner, took off his gloves, and deliberately put his seal-ring in his vest-pocket, and then, with a final glance of inspection, rang the bell, and inquired if Mr. De Peyster was at home.

The servant glanced at him, then threw open the drawing-room door. "Your card, sir," said he, respectfully.

"I wish to see Mr. De Peyster on business," said Carmichael, quietly, "in answer to an advertisement."

A look of annoyance crossed the man's face at his blunder. "If that's the case," said he, "you can just step down in the office. Why didn't you say so, at once?"

But Carmichael followed him down the stairs without reply, and just as they reached the door the man said, more respectfully, "No offence, my friend; but you won't find the wages much." Then, as he flung open the door, he announced Carmichael. "If you please, sir, a person to see you."

A gray-haired, gray-whiskered gentleman rose

from his chair with so courtly a bow that Carmichael, involuntarily, found himself repeating it.

"You wished to see me——" Mr. De Peyster hesitated, then waved his hand politely toward a chair.

But Carmichael had by this time recollected himself, and remained standing.

"Yes, sir. I saw your advertisement in the Herald this morning, and I have come to apply for the situation of butler. I am an Englishman. I have been in this country but four months, and I am without city references; but I understand a butler's work thoroughly, and—in short, sir, I am totally without means or resources. I will do my best to suit you."

Mr. De Peyster looked at him; then his expression of surprise gave place to one of interest. If Carmichael had known him for years, he could not have hit upon a surer road to Mr. De Peyster's favor than this simple, direct statement.

"Without references?" said the old gentleman. "I always require them, but—hum! Let me see. I rather like your looks. What is your name?"

"Carr, sir. I am aware that to be without references is a bad beginning in applying for any situation, but when I spoke of them, I meant those as to my capability as a butler. I can give you one as to honesty and general character," and, in spite of himself, Carmichael flushed rather proudly, as he took a note from his pocket, and handed it to Mr. De Peyster.

It was a few lines from the Collector of the Port, merely testifying to the bearer's integrity and moral character, but it was unaddressed, and Mr. De Peyster did not fail to notice the fact.

"And how am I to know you are the person spoken of," said he.

"Sir!" Again the blood surged into Carmichael's face. "I beg your pardon; the envelope is addressed to you."

"So it is; so it is," said the old gentleman hastily. "Upon my word, I did not observe that;" and then he looked curiously at Carmichael, and went off into a brown study.

Now, Mr. De Peyster was a bit of a philanthropist. He was perpetually riding off on his peculiar hobby of "giving every man a chance," and this seemed to be an excellent opportunity for testing his pet theory. Beside, it was easy enough to ask his friend, the Collector, a few questions the next time they met down in Wall street. He liked the fellow's face; the only trouble was——

"Well," said he, abruptly, but with a kind smile, "I was only hesitating, because, in fact, I think you are too gentlemanly for the place."

Carmichael smiled. "Don't you prefer educated people about you, sir? I suppose that I have been exceptionally well educated. I speak French and German. I am thoroughly posted in wines, and I think I can give you satisfaction. Can I come at once?"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. De Peyster, thinking that this was the most eccentric servant he ever engaged.

"You have said nothing about wages."

Carmichael was nonplussed. He had not the most remote idea what butlers received on this side of the Atlantic; so he named a sum which, to Mr. De Peyster, was ridiculously small.

"That is too little," he said, more interested than ever in his new protégé. "Add ten dollars to it for the first month; and then, if you suit me, I'll make it more in accordance with New York prices. If you can come immediately, do so."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; and oblige me by making it at an early hour. My daughter will then be disengaged, and can give you the keys. Carr, I think you said? Yes; good-morning;" and he turned to his newspaper again.

Genevieve De Peyster, sitting in her luxurious dressing-room, the next morning, was aroused from an important reverie upon the comparative merits of blue gauze *versus* pink crape, by the entrance of her sister, a pretty little matron, several years her senior, who came in laughing merrily.

"What's the matter, Honoria? Has my sky-terrier come?" and Genevieve lifted her brown eyes appealingly. She had such soft, tender eyes; in fact, she was so dainty a bit of feminine loveliness, that the smallest gesture she made was sure to impress one.

"Terrier? No," said Mrs. McPherson. "But papa's new butler has. My dear, will you believe it, I took him for young Mordaunt, the Englishman that called here last week, and sailed up to him in my most engaging manner, never discovering any mistake until papa spoke to him. He is so absurdly gentlemanly; not the 'awell' butler style at all. Why, I really felt awkward in handing him the keys."

"Don't expect me to believe in your being awkward about anything," said her sister, smiling. "I hope you gave him the *menu* for this evening? And, while I think of it, did papa say whether the old Madeira was to be used?" But, just at that moment, the maid entered, bearing the blue gauze and the pink crape; and, in deciding which dress her sister should wear that evening, Mrs. McPherson totally forgot her ques-

tions. Nor did Genevieve herself remember them until several hours later, when she was about going to the carriage, and her eyes happened to fall on the written *menu* lying on the toilet, where Honoria had left it.

"Dear me?" was her dismayed thought. "What will papa say if that is not put in proper French for to-night? My first dinner-party, too! How careless of Honoria!"

So it chanced, that when Carmichael went up into the drawing-room to answer the bell, his eyes fell upon the prettiest possible vision, dressed in dark-blue velvet, with soft chinchilla fur around her slender white throat and hands; so delicately fair, that she looked like a bit of Sevres porcelain.

"I rang for you to speak about dinner," began Genevieve. Then, as she surveyed him, an astonished look crossed her face. "Are you papa's new butler?"

Try as he did, not to betray himself, Carmichael's bow savored of the drawing-room; but he only said, quietly,

"Yes, madam."

"Oh!" An uncomfortable little exclamation; but she resumed, after a pause. "I think papa will want his old Madeira. You know when to serve it? I don't believe I do."

"Yes, madam."

"You see, I have only kept house six weeks," said Genevieve, with a burst of frankness. "This is my first dinner-party. Please, do have it go off nicely. That is all. Oh, stop! I forgot the *menu*. I have not had time to write it properly in French——"

"If you will allow me, I can write it in correct French," said Carmichael, seeing her hesitate.

"Oh, can you? That's very nice. Thank you."

Just then the carriage drew up at the curbstone, and Carmichael opened the door of the landau for Miss De Peyster, gave her order to the coachman, and went back into the house, thinking, "Just my confounded luck! I hate to act like a boor before that exquisitely pretty creature. Why didn't I meet her when I was her equal, I wonder?"

And Genevieve, rolling down the Avenue, said to herself, "I don't wonder Honoria was puzzled. Why, he has the manners and air of a Chesterfield."

Genevieve was by no means the only person who entertained the same idea; for, as the days went on, the various mistakes which were made in regard to the De Peysters' butler were ludicrous in the extreme. People were perpetually

giving him an order, and then begging pardon for it. Gentlemen, who handed him their overcoats, after a glance at his face, would invariably take him for a guest, like themselves, apologize, and then be nonplused by Carmichael's quiet acceptance of the situation. As for Genevieve's girl-friends, they raved about him, and pestered the poor child with romantic solutions of the anomaly of such a man in such a position. For, try as Carmichael did, to keep in his place, he was so unmistakably a gentleman, that nobody would credit the fact that he was a servant. He got along with his work very well. The silver, of which he had supervision, was always kept in irreproachable order, and his pantries were guiltless of dust. But, on the occasion of the first gentlemen's dinner, which Mr. De Peyster gave, when Mrs. McPherson went into the pantry, while the party were at dinner, she was filled with horror to find the entire floor (with the exception of a path through the centre) lined with piles of plates, all their superb china treated with sublime disregard of breakage. And when she delivered a remonstrance on the spot, she did not know whether to be most amused or annoyed when Carmichael respectfully answered that he always supposed the floor was the proper place, provided the servant was careful. Mrs. McPherson washed her hands of the eccentric butler after that, and told Genevieve that she must manage her own servants in future.

Life went along with apparent smoothness in the De Peyster mansion. Carmichael did not find his duties arduous, although dinner-parties were frequent. He often thought, with considerable amusement, that he was becoming quite an accomplished butler. Mr. De Peyster had evidently taken a genuine fancy to him. He often called him into the office in the evening, and Carmichael's tact enabled him to converse with the old gentleman without betraying himself.

Genevieve used to come in frequently, and listen to the conversation. Those brown eyes were somewhat distracting to Carmichael, however. When Genevieve was present, the temptation was strong to drop the servant, and turn gentleman again.

Once he came very near discovery. Genevieve gave a dinner-party, and among the guests, to his infinite dismay, Carmichael discovered Charley Hammersley. Now, be it known, that Charley had not the most remote idea of the manner in which his friend gained a livelihood. Carmichael had studiously concealed the whole story from him, and dreaded nothing so much as Charley's finding out the sacrifice he had made on

his behalf. And now, here sat Charley, at his hostess' left hand, gazing admiringly at her beautiful eyes, and Carmichael in attendance at his elbow.

There was nothing for it but to trust to luck, and brave it out, hoping that Charley would have eyes for no one but the pretty girl aforesaid. The dinner went on gayly. It was half over, when some demon prompted Mr. De Peyster to draw Charley's attention to his old Madeira. He spoke to him twice: but Charley was deep in adoration of Genevieve, and the old gentleman said, rather testily, to Carmichael,

"Tell Mr. Hammersley that I am speaking to him."

Without an instant's hesitation, Carmichael stepped up to Charley's chair, decanter in hand.

"Mr. De Peyster is addressing you, sir," said he.

At the familiar voice, Charley turned quickly.

"What the deuce——"

Crash! Down went the glass into which Carmichael was pouring the Madeira! Over went the wine on Miss De Peyster's lovely French dress; and as Charley dashed back his chair, an authoritative voice said, close at his side,

"Hold your tongue, my boy!"

It all happened in a second. Charley's dazed senses gradually became aware that Carmichael was on one knee, wiping the wine carefully off the pretty dress, and that Genevieve, with sundry blushes, said, softly,

"No matter, Carr. It was not your fault, and I don't mind in the least."

And while the other men around the table were thinking that their hostess was as amiable as she was pretty, Charley was saying to himself, "Here's a mess, if I've got any eyes! By Jove! The little thing has the sense to appreciate him, even under false colors. To think of Durie here——"

Poor Charley did not recover from the shock all the evening, and could hardly restrain himself from plunging at Carmichael, after the ladies had left the room, and demanding what upon earth he meant by such masquerading. And I believe that he would have done it, except for the warning glance that his friend bestowed upon him.

A few days after this episode, as Mrs. McPherson sat over the breakfast-table, in her handsome house in Fifty-sixth street, she busied herself in looking over the advertisements in the Herald. Master Regie's nurse had "given warning," that morning, and it behooved her mistress to look about speedily for a successor, as the household autocrat, infant though he was, had certain an-

tipathies, and an introduction to a new nurse was one of them. There proved to be no proper applicants in the column of "Wanted," so Mrs. McPherson turned over the paper, and glanced at the "Personals." A sudden exclamation startled her lord and master from his study of the Times.

"Oh, Frank, just listen. I do believe this must be papa's wonderful butler. It's in the 'Personals.' 'Information wanted of Mr. Durie Carmichael, eldest son of the late Sir Walter Carmichael, of Castle Craig, Preblessshire, England; was last heard from in New York, during October, 187—.'" Then followed an exact description of his personal appearance, and the paragraph ended by saying that any information of him would be amply rewarded, by communicating with Lady Carmichael, Castle Craig, or addressing the British Consul, at the port of New York.

"Well, my dear, don't you think you have jumped at a conclusion?" said Frank, calmly, after the manner of men.

"Now, Frank! Of course you'd say that; but read it for yourself. I'm sure the description is perfect. Carr—Carmichael—he's kept part of his name. Oh, I think it's quite plain. I always believed he was a gentleman in disguise. At any rate, as I've told you, he was never brought up as a butler. Think of putting the plates on the floor, my dear."

Upon a second reading, Frank inclined more to his wife's opinion, and concluded that he would drop in, down town, and mention the circumstance to his father-in-law.

"But, of course, you'll go and talk it over with Genevieve," said he, laughingly. "Don't, pray, encourage any romantic notions in the pretty creature's head."

"You ought to be ashamed," cried his wife, indignantly. "I'm sure I've often heard you say that her greatest charm was her romance and lack of worldliness. No, you bad boy, I won't kiss you!" But she did, standing on tip-toe to pin a flower in his button-hole, and then, as soon as he had gone, she flew up stairs for her wraps.

But Master Regie was cross, and the departing nurse sulky, and therefore it was more than two hours before Mrs. McPherson started down the Avenue.

Truth to say, she was more troubled by that chance remark of her husband's than she would have allowed. A dozen little circumstances came back to her mind, proving Genevieve's *penchant*, to say the least, for the man. She fairly groaned in spirit as she thought it over. And when,

at last, she reached the house, she was too impatient to ring the bell, but admitted herself with the latch-key, which, as yet, she had never abandoned.

She had set her foot on the lowest stair, intending to go up to Genevieve's room, when a low cry from the back of the hall startled her. She stepped back, and went down the hall to the butler's pantry, from which the sound proceeded.

"Carr! What was that——"

Mrs. McPherson stood petrified. Leaning against the wall, pale and trembling, was Genevieve, while the butler—yes, the butler, held one of her dainty hands in his, and was kissing it in the most agitated manner!

"Genevieve!"

Nemesis herself might have envied Mrs. McPherson's *pose*.

"Genevieve!" she cried, "have the goodness to inform me what this means."

"Madam!"

Carmichael dropped the hand, and confronted her in his most superb manner.

"Madam," he said, "have the goodness to address yourself to me. Your sister has bruised her hand very badly in the swinging door; she is very faint—as you see."

"Leave the room," said Mrs. McPherson.

But there came a faint "No—stay!" from Genevieve.

"Let me carry you to a sofa in the drawing-room," said Carmichael, softly, and, regardless of Mrs. McPherson's wrath, he lifted Genevieve in his arms, satisfied to see a faint color stealing back to the delicate cheeks, and to feel one small hand clasp his own tightly.

When he had laid her gently on the sofa, he drew himself proudly up, and turned to Mrs. McPherson,

"Madam," he said, "perhaps it may be briefest said in Cesario's words to the Countess Olivia, 'My place is above my fortunes; I am a gentleman.'"

At that remark, Mrs. McPherson suddenly recollected the newspaper, which she thereupon pulled out of her pocket in great haste.

"Does that mean you?" she said, tersely.

She was answered by a low cry,

"Oh, my poor father!" exclaimed Carmichael. Then he buried his face in his hands, and for a moment there was silence.

Mrs. McPherson did not dare to break it, but Genevieve cried,

"What is it? Oh, tell me! tell me!"

Carmichael, at this, recovered himself, and coming toward her, took her hand again.

"Your accident caused me to betray what otherwise I never would have done," he said. "Genevieve, I am Durie Carmichael. This tells me that my father is dead, and that I must go back to England immediately. It was partly a whim—partly adverse circumstances, which brought me here, in this humble station. I shall explain all that to your father. But for you—Genevieve, a woman's treachery drove me out into the world, a cold, cynical man. You have restored me my faith in all that is fond and lovely. Will you take me as I am, faulty enough, Heaven knows, but still loving you devotedly; will you come to me some day, dear? Mrs. McPherson, forgive me——" And then and there, before her very eyes, did Carmichael bend down and clasp a very tremulous, tearful little personage to his heart with all the warmth imaginable.

Mrs. McPherson resembled her father in one respect. Her prejudices, once conquered, her kindness of heart carried her, very enthusiastically, in a direction totally opposite to her original ideas, and therefore she gave Carmichael her hand with the most cordial, graceful little speech, kissed her sister, cried a little, dressed the bruised hand, and then promptly issued orders that her

own butler should be sent for "to serve dinner properly, in order that papa should not be put out."

And when Mr. De Peyster came home, that evening, prepared to "sound" his butler carefully, and ascertain whether he was the gentleman of the "Personal," he found a conspiracy awaiting him, wherein the foes were of his own household. Carmichael carried him off to the office, and nobody knows what arguments he used, but the result was eminently satisfactory, as they all sat down to dinner together, and the old gentleman drank Genevieve's health in a glass of that best Madeira!

"I shall never have such another butler," Mr. De Peyster whispered, ruefully, one summer morning, a few months later, at a certain wedding-breakfast, where a pretty little Lady Carmichael presided. But he did not say it to any one but Frank McPherson. And so, (although Mrs. Grundy "wondered why Sir Durie Carmichael's face was so familiar; curious thing, my dear creature, but I am positive I have seen him before,") the secret never transpired to the fashionable world, and the De Peysters keep carefully, to this day, their ROMANCE OF A BUTLER.

NEVER A WORD FOR ME.

BY JULIA M. LEIGH.

It is ten years since he left, Jeanie,
Just ten years to a day;
And you've had a letter, Jeanie,
From him, from him, you say?
What has he writ to you, Jeanie?
Written from over the sea?
Is there never a word for me, Jeanie?
Never a word for me?

How often he called me his, Jeanie,
And now he writes to you.
Can any one be trusted, Jeanie?
Can any one be true?

Why does he write to you, Jeanie?
It cannot, cannot be,
That there's never a word for me, Jeanie,
Never a word for me.

I have waited long for him, Jeanie,
Through weary years of pain;
I've wasted youth in waiting, Jeanie,
And wasted it in vain.
The letter writ to you, Jeanie,
For tears, I cannot see;
Is there never a word for me, Jeanie,
Never a word for me?

THE FIRST STONE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

FORSAKEN, down-trodden, crime-laden, heart-broken,
He lies in the dust. Cast thou not the first stone;
And be not, at least by *thy* lips, his doom spoken;
On high sits the Judge, who may judge him alone.

He hath sinned. Well, who hath not? If to us were given,
To each and to all, what stern justice deems due,
Not a man of us ever could hope to gain heaven,
Nor e'er the strait gate of salvation pass through,

Forgive him! Who art thou darrest sit on thy neighbor
In self-assured judgment? Say, hast thou no spot?
No speck on thy conscience? Why shouldst thou labor
To prove *him* all guilty, yet dream *thou* art not?

Oh, hypocrite! Know that far sweeter to heaven
The tears of the sinner than those of the just,
As fresh scent gains the rose after tempest hath striven,
And sweeter her blossoms bloom out of the dust.

LAWRENCE ELSTER'S FOLLY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 323.

CHAPTER VII.

AMID the glory of the summer day, the early morning of which had seen Genevieve's renunciation, Lawrence Elster went down to the gorge once more, and seated himself upon the mossy bridge, in the green gloom, which made so grateful a contrast to the brightness he had left.

He looked at the spot where he had first met Violet. He saw the flowers, from among which she had picked the blossom, that symbolized her name. He communed also with his own soul, and knew that life had brought him to a dismal pass.

He opened his note-book, and looked at the faded flower, and at the words he had written beneath. They must be flung away; flung away, along with the bewildering dream, which had suddenly awakened in his soul. He wondered at himself; he despised his own weakness; but the beautiful creature, who had so unexpectedly appeared to him in this very haunt, had awakened in fancy or heart a tumult so like the wild passion of early youth, that he could not refuse to believe it love. And yet he was bound, bound in honor to this iceberg of a woman, who had, from first to last, been deceiving him! That she could have been false in one point, was proof that she could be true in none. His money—that was what she wanted. Why, after all, she had scarcely taken any pains to conceal her real character. He had behaved like an idiot, from first to last. If he had only waited. If he had only remembered that he was still a young man, and that, emotionless and unenthusiastic, as he had believed himself to have grown, fate could not yet have spent all her gifts upon him. If he had only considered that his inability to feel, or care, or be bewildered by a woman's charms, was only a temporary lull. But he had not, and he was now to suffer for it. Time and again he had witnessed similar phases in other men's lives, but they had had patience to wait, and so were free to seize and hold fast the beautiful vision when it did appear. But he—he had sacrificed himself.

It was too late. The work had been his own, and he must abide by the consequences. Oh, well, he was used to pain—that was something. A little more or less suffering, what mattered it?

If Genevieve had only been what he had at first believed her, frank, noble, upright; but she had lied; and that commonest vice of humanity was the sin Elster could the least easily pardon.

The dream must go. Life, as he had made it, must be accepted, cold, hard, bleak as a rocky shore from which the tide had ebbed.

His hand was raised to tear the leaf from the note-book, when a quick step sounded on the bridge, a hand touched his, a voice said,

"Neither tear the page, nor give up the dream. I want to speak to you now."

He looked up, and saw Genevieve Rolleston standing beside him. She seated herself on the mossy log, and motioned him to resume the place from which he had instinctively risen. He could not speak; he was pale and shaken from the world of contenting emotions which made a tempest in his soul; but never had he seen her more composed; never beheld her so beautiful either.

While he was searching for any common words wherewith to break the silence, she spoke again. This was what she said,

"Months since you asked me to be your wife. You believed that we were both capable of giving, and worthy of receiving friendship and esteem. You thought those feelings strong enough to make marriage feasible and endurable at our age."

"And I——"

"Wait, if you please! Now, you think that I am not able to give what you asked for; not worthy to receive such an offering. You think that I am not honest, not truthful; in short, not the woman you believed me."

He interrupted her, quickly,

"You are attributing thoughts to me which, pardon me——"

"I have not finished," she interrupted. "So much for me. Now for your part. You meant to be honest. You have been honorable from the first. I can be just, you see, when it costs me nothing;" and a smile, so haughty that it was crueler than a stab, just stirred the pride of her lips. "Yes, you have been honest. You believed that esteem, sympathy, liking, were all you could give any woman. These last days have taught you your mistake. That is not your fault."

She pointed to the note-book, which he still unconsciously held in his hand, and went on.

"But I cannot, will not accept the sacrifice you are ready to make."

"Oh, Miss Rolleston, do not overwhelm me utterly!" he cried, but could get no further.

She went on speaking, as if she had not noticed the words.

"In one respect only, I wish to exculpate myself," she said.

He thought he heard his own voice again, saying that no explanation was needed; but he could not be sure.

"My sister Violet is ten years younger than I, lacking a few months merely. I have always thought of her as a child. I was not false when I spoke in a way which led you to believe her a little girl: and," she spoke proudly, "I revolt against your presumption, natural as it is, in venturing to think that I stooped to artifice for your sake."

He wondered, as he looked at her, how, for an instant, he could ever have dreamed that she could do so.

"This Violet will be very rich," she continued.

"Her fortune was left by a distant cousin, who hated my grandmother, and disliked me. The terms of the will were, that, till seventeen, she was to be kept at school, under the care of a lady appointed by the testator. She came to us a few weeks since, at the beginning of vacation, and will not return, because her seventeenth birthday will come before the vacation ends."

"Are all these explanations necessary?" he asked.

"Since it seems good to me to make them," she said, still in a proud, cold voice. "By the will, she cannot be introduced into society for a year yet. My grandmother is only allowed a sum which pays the girl's board. A governess and servant are provided. We have nothing to do with their selection. The guardians attend to that."

"A most infamous and insulting will!" he said.

"The dead woman estimated us at our proper value, you perceive," returned Miss Rolleston, with a bitter smile. "That is the whole story. You see, I am not vexed with you. I only envy you the ability to dream and feel."

"Will you let me speak now?" cried Elster. "I am ashamed, fallen in my own esteem! Forgive me, if you can, that I have even supposed you would stoop to deception. Well, well, I do not deny my folly, though at this moment it seems strange to me. But if you can pass that by—if you can believe——"

He stopped, fairly stunned by the icy disdain in her face.

"You carry your ideas of honor and duty beyond all limits; they become impertinence!" Oh, how cruel her voice sounded! "There need be no further talk of this kind. I meant to marry you, to tolerate you on account of your wealth; but I expected slavish devotion on your part. That is all over now. You have had a happy escape."

The meekest creature must have rushed into a passion at such arrogant frankness; but it was a woman who spoke. Elster set his lips hard, and remained silent. In any case, he could not have sullied his soul with a lie, could not have told her that the charge implied in her words was without foundation; but had she been gentle and forbearing, he could have pleaded for patience on her part; could have made himself believe this new dream only a passing frenzy; but to bow before this intolerable disdain was too difficult; it was hopeless, also.

"I could only beg your pardon, if I have offended you," he managed to say, at length; "if, in my conduct——"

"Stop, stop!" And now her voice expressed a contemptuous pity for his dullness of apprehension. "You do not mean it, but that sort of apology presuppose my being hurt, which would involve my caring! I may not like to lose the wealth I adore; I may have felt like punishing the innocent cause of my defeat. We marble women have strange instincts of cruelty—but regret you!"

The scorn, the imperious disdain of a despotic queen, stooping from her throne to rebuke the boldness of her lowest vassal, could have been nothing compared to the arrogance of her look and voice. How well she played her part!

Then followed an instant's silence, during which sparks of fire danced before Elster's eyes. Then, with a glance and gesture, which made him feel as if the words were not words, but an iron heel trampling his throat, she added,

"After all, this same wicked pride has kept me from a meaner sin. I might have married you."

He kept his mouth close shut. He could not trust himself to speak.

Presently, Miss Rolleston rose, and said,

"I must go back to the house. Please, give me your arm up the hill."

She talked. It was of yesterday's expedition; of the beautiful scene about; laughed at her own lack of appreciation thereof; described a ball she had once gone to at the Tuilleries; made him answer, talk of indifferent subjects, over which he

stumbled in a way at once painful and laughable. They reached the house at last. By that time, Elster felt as stunned and bewildered, as if they had gone a hundred miles, and he had walked all the way on his head.

CHAPTER VIII.

He supposed that she would release him in the hall. Not a bit of it. She kept her hand on his arm, and led him up stairs, straight into her grandmother's presence. Mrs. Rolleston turned white, and then green, with wonder, fright, and a faint hope that all might have ended well, since the two had appeared together.

There was only an instant left her for doubt, however, before Genevieve spoke.

"Grandma," she said, "I have made up my mind at last. I decline to marry Mr. Elster. He would not prove the slave I require. Please, don't be any more outrageous than you can help, though, of course, it is hard on you to have so many disappointments. There ought to be a law, by which a woman should be forced to perform a sort of suttee, if she did not marry before five-and-twenty."

The old woman could only gasp. Elster might have been born dumb, for any power of speech he possessed.

"I preferred to have him here when I told you," continued Genevieve, lightly "because we cannot quarrel before him. It was neither generous nor womanly on my part, but I never had much of either in my composition; and what there ever was, these ten years of being hawked about for a purchaser has quite obliterated."

The old woman glared, but she could only gasp anew. She was receiving punishment in her own vulnerable point—a care for appearances.

"Of course, we should battle dreadfully, if I stayed here," added Genevieve, "so I am going away this evening. I'll bid you good-by now, grandma, dear. You'll easily invent some story about a telegram, or a dying friend, and you can make a very pretty point about my despair. Mr. Elster will help you all he can. He's only a man, and not good at invention; but at least he'll not contradict, you know."

There was a sort of gurgle in the old creature's throat, which would have been a mingling of a groan and a curse, if she had had strength to articulate.

"I am going to Fanny Osgood for the rest of the summer, dear grandma," Genevieve added, calmly. "I know you'll approve, when you have time to think the matter over. I think I shall marry the old colonel; but don't count on it, for I may change my mind."

Then she was gone, and the grandmother and Elster remained staring at each other, dumbly, until a servant knocked at the door, and Elster managed to take his departure, and escape to his room.

Everybody was in despair at Miss Rolleston's abrupt flight. But her grandmother, by this time, had got her senses back, and proved equal to the occasion. The pretty lie she told about Fanny Osgood's illness, and Genevieve's devotion to her friend, and her own spirit of self-abnegation, did credit even to a veteran of her experience in such matters.

Lawrence Elster went away, two or three days after, having scarcely set eyes on Violet during the interval. Old Mrs. Rolleston would have burst a blood-vessel if she had not believed herself tormenting somebody, and, as Genevieve was beyond her reach, she kept Violet out of the way, taking that method of being disagreeable to Elster. As it happened, she could not have pleased him better. He had no desire to see Violet for the present. He could not, in the least, explain his feelings to himself. His mind was a mere chaos. Only one sensation came out clear and distinct—he was the weakest and most inconsistent of men.

So he went away. He had a sister living among the picturesque hills near Newburg, and presently he found himself there. She had written to say that he had promised to come, and she was expecting him. In his weariness and vacillation, it was a comfort to have any kind of plan marked out for him by anybody, so he took her word for the promise, which he did not remember, however, and obeyed her summons.

Had he, like so many men, been in the habit of falling the prey to caprices and mental irresolution, he would not have taken the matter so much at heart. But it was terribly humiliating, after having so long believed himself incapable of weakness, or youthful folly, to find that he had behaved like the merest boy, or most vapid male flirt.

He passed two weeks at his sister's place, having a great deal more of his own society than was agreeable, as Mrs. Verner was much engrossed by a wearisome old relative, left her as a legacy by her dead husband, and the creature, with her usual faculty of doing things at the wrong time, chose this opportunity to have rheumatism, and would be cared for by her cousin, and nobody else.

At the end of the two weeks, he met Mrs. Rolleston and Violet, and their surprise was equal to his own: for even the grandmother had not dreamed of his being near. They were stay-

ing with friends, quite near Mrs. Verner's residence, and had arrived only on the preceding day.

"Such nice, good people, only so dreadfully tiresome," Violet said, in her heedless way. "But my guardian makes a point of our being proper, and visiting them once a year, and this time grandma took pity on me, and came too. I'm awfully glad you are here, Mr. Elster. I do hope you'll be nice too. Shall you ask if you may ride on horseback with me? I do hope you will, for I never get out in that way. Grandma is always expecting me to break my neck if I try anything beyond a hobby-horse. But she'll not be afraid if you are with me. Will you, grandma? And I look lovely on horseback, only not so well as Genevieve."

"Now, if you'll stop long enough to recover your health, I'll ask Mr. Elster to get in and drive with us," said the old woman, looking at the childish beauty, with an expression of affection and admiration, which softened her face in a wonderful way.

So the acquaintance began again. The sight of the willful girl was so pleasant to Elster, that, as he sat in his room that night, he vowed neither to think or worry himself further. He would just float on with the stream, whithersoever the current might carry him. Weak, was it—unworthy? No doubt. But he was tired of reviling his own folly. After all, life had not been too easy upon him; fate owed him a little compensation for more than one hard blow. If new hopes and joys, aye, and new aims, were really offered him now, the best he could do was to accept them. At all events, he would not think, no, not so far as to the possibility, (in case this dream kept its hold over him,) of winning this child's heart, and carrying her away with him into the visionary realm whither his feet had so unexpectedly strayed.

He was allowed to visit at the house as often as he pleased, to walk with Violet, and accompany her on horseback. Of course, that model of all virtues and stiffness, her governess, made a third in any expedition; for the worthy woman would have made it a matter of duty to mount a velocipede, had her willful pupil been seized with a whim to ride on one, and had she been powerless to prevent the creature from so doing.

Grandmother enjoyed his society hugely, and was usually amiability itself to him. Occasionally, she would think of Genevieve, and indulge in a spasm of rage, as she recollected how the two had disappointed her. Then, *apropos* to any subject that they might be conversing upon, she would manage to flay his very soul with that

terrible tongue of hers, and cause him to hate her profoundly for a little.

But, to his surprise, the pretty dream showed no inclination to culminate. He was rather at a loss what to think of himself. Violet was always charming with him. Frank and confidential, as if he had been a brother; willful, provoking, full of delightful caprices, at once so childish, and possessed by such a demon of coquetry, that he could never come anywhere near a conclusion as to her feelings.

Carefully he guarded each word and look, accepting the brotherly *rôle* she had seemed from the first to expect him to adopt, and making it a point of honor with himself never to transgress it by any show of gallantry or compliment.

Six weeks went by. Then Elster was called away for awhile. Violet did not hesitate to cry a little over his departure, and made him promise to return when he should have finished his tiresome business.

Did she begin to feel? Sometimes he was almost ready to answer in the affirmative, but it was very difficult to arrive at any conclusion where she was concerned.

He was only absent about ten days. The rest of the summer he spent in the neighborhood. His mind was a sad medley, as he tried to render an account of his own sensations. So mere a child! He found himself thinking that at last, charming as she was, pretty as were the pictures he drew of a future, in which she should mature into a glorious womanhood, when he was in her society, somehow the fascination weakened; there was as great a want as ever in his life. What would he have?

He asked himself this, and railed at his own inconsistency. Ah, if Genevieve, with her maturer mind, her accomplishments, her varied talents, could only have preserved the freshness of heart, which this child possessed! There, he was thinking of that marble woman, who had not hesitated to tell him that she was incapable even of friendship, as if she were free from sordid motives. Did he regret her? The time came when he admitted that he did at least regret the woman he had believed her! Ah, well, the weakness for which he had despised himself had one fortunate result, it had shown him Genevieve as she really was, utterly worldly and callous.

Her name was seldom mentioned among them. Occasionally Mrs. Rolleston would speak of having received a letter from her, or, Elster would make civil, constrained inquiries, and usually, at such times, the old woman managed to quarrel with him on some pretext. At first, Violet had sometimes spoken of Genevieve, but

now-a-days she ceased to do this. When her sister's name was mentioned in his presence, he would catch her eyes fixed upon him, with an expression which he could not understand, a sort of conscious-look. It was the only sign she ever betrayed of being aware that other than mere friendly relations had ever existed between them, or that she herself could have held any share in their estrangement. Indeed, Elster had ceased to think she had. He had come to believe that the imperious woman had flung him aside, simply because she discovered that she was likely to find a master, instead of a slave; to believe that he had allowed her to go because her worldliness and hardness had proved to him the utter hopelessness of expecting peace or rest in her companionship.

It was September. Miss Saunders was obliged to leave her post for a time. A near relative had died, and her presence at home was absolutely necessary for a season. Violet took advantage of her absence to fall ill for the first time in her life, and was very ill for a couple of weeks.

The old grandmother quite lost her head at this. She was nearly out of her senses with fright. Nobody but Elster could comfort her in the least. Strange to say, he grew quite fond of the old woman, in this new phase of character. Genevieve was written to, and a telegram sent, when the letter had no effect. But she and her friends were absent, and the housekeeper did not even know where to forward the messages.

There was one day and night, when they almost feared that Violet would die. But when that crisis passed, she began to mend, and was soon far on toward convalescence. But Lawrence Elster knew that neither his grief during those hours of anxiety, nor his joy when the danger was over—and both were profound—were the feeling which would have agitated a man whose heart and soul were bound up in an earthly idol.

It was a beautiful, golden September day, when Violet was first permitted to sit out upon the veranda, that overlooked the gardens. After a time she and Elster were left together. With a returning of her old willfulness, she had insisted that her grandmother should go and lie down, as these weeks of trouble had sadly shaken her. So the two sat there, and after awhile a silence crept over them; and Elster's fancies went wandering off, Heaven knows where.

Violet's voice brought him abruptly back.

"I have been thinking—thinking!" She pushed her curls wearily back from her forehead, as she spoke. "I want you to tell me something, Mr. Elster."

"Well?" he asked.

"It troubled me so, when I was ill, that I had not the courage to speak," she went on. "Don't be angry. Please, tell me. I like you so much, and you have been so good to me."

"Tell you what, child?" he asked, calling her by the pet name he had grown accustomed to using during her illness.

"Why did you and Genevieve quarrel?"

"I don't think we quarreled," he said, slowly.

"Oh, don't vex me!" she cried. "I am not a baby. I know. You were fond of her. Grandma thought you were almost engaged. Then, oh, what happened? She would tell me nothing when she went away; and grandma flew out at me so, that I dared ask her nothing. Oh, I thought you would have talked to me. I waited, and waited. I hoped I might do something. Oh, my beautiful Genevieve! And when I was ill, and remembered how patient she always was with me, and how naughty I often was, and thought that perhaps I should never see her again, to tell her how I loved her——"

She broke off, and turned away her head for a moment. Elster could not speak.

"Why did you quarrel?" she asked, impatiently, a moment after.

"We did not," he replied, sternly. "You are quite right; we were almost engaged. She fancied—no, she had reason to be dissatisfied with my conduct. She told me then that she had never even esteemed me——"

"Oh, you must have hurt her pride in some way!" Violet broke in. "The proudest woman! Oh, my Genevieve! But she did care. Maybe, I oughtn't to say that. And there was something else. A sacrifice for another, as she thought—Oh! noble, noble Genevieve! You'll never let even grandmasuspect? Promise, promise!"

"Yes, child, yes," he said, thinking more of the danger of excitement for her than of anything else.

"It was the night before she went away," said Violet, almost in a whisper. "I had been asleep. I awoke, and Genevieve was kneeling by my bed, and crying—oh, so bitterly! I never saw her cry before. She said, no, I cannot tell you—only broken words, I did not understand; but I heard this; she prayed for you; asked God that you might be happy, and that her sacrifice—that was the word—might not be in vain."

Elster sat staring at her, in dumb trouble. Suddenly, from the house, a voice called,

"Violet, Violet!"

Before Elster could stir, out into the sunshine came Genevieve, forgetful, in her eagerness, that caution might be necessary. The next moment, with a glad cry from Violet, the two sisters were locked in each other's arms.

Elster rose to go away.

But Violet caught the movement, and cried, hastily,

“Don’t go—don’t! Eve, here is Mr. Elster! Didn’t you see him? Won’t you speak to him?”

She released herself from Genevieve’s arms as she spoke, and gently pushed her away.

Genevieve looked up, and saw him. She held out her hand in silence.

He took it, but could not speak. He could only stand dumb, under the whirl of emotion, which shook his soul. He was so struck, even amid this agitation, by the strange beauty of Genevieve’s face, that he was conscious, in the confusion of his thoughts, of wondering what that beauty meant.

She was thin—wasted; her cheeks colorless. But, oh, the heavenly patience, the wondrous spirit of self-abnegation, of holy victory, which glorified her features! When blessed angels should welcome her to the life that shall make amends for the pains, the mistakes, and the disappointments of this, her freed soul could scarcely show more pure, more perfect, than on that transformation of her mortal lineaments.

She was the first to speak. Drawing her hand quietly away, she said, with a tranquil smile,

“I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Elster. Grandma has written me how kind you have been to our little invalid here. I would thank you, if I could.”

He stammered some answer, but it sounded to him as if he were speaking in some unknown tongue, so little meaning did the words convey to his own intelligence.

“Thanks! A very pleasant journey,” Genevieve said; and he discovered that, instead of disclaiming her thanks, as he intended, he had spoken of her travels.

Violet looked from one to the other, and suddenly burst into a passion of tears.

“Oh, I’ll not have it!” she exclaimed. “Genevieve, he loves you! He has always loved you! Why did you go away? He has been so good to me, for your sake—yours! And you *did* care for him, I know. I’ll tell. Oh, I won’t have you break each other’s hearts! You were both mistaken. Oh, Genevieve! Genevieve!”

The eyes of the man and the woman met. Involuntarily their hands were stretched out, and joined across Violet’s shoulder. Neither could have told how, but each read the other’s soul at last, and no words were needed.

THE END.

AN IDLE WISH.

BY MARY W. M’VICAR.

Oh, for one fair and perfect day,
Whose rosy, radiant morn,
Died not in cloudy night away,
Cold, dreary, and forlorn.

Oh, for one pure and perfect trust,
Which life nor death could shake,
One dream from whose enchantment sweet
I never more should wake.

One friend so true, that through the veil
With which I hide my heart,

His eye should pierce and clearly read
Its better, purer part.

Should ever, through that which I am,
See all I fain would be,
And, knowing every sin, yet give
Me love’s fond loyalty.

Why wish for wine which holds no drops,
Knowing the wish is vain?
For through each pulse of pleasure creeps
A subtle thrill of pain.

“LITTLE TOT.”

BY HELEN A. EAINS.

LITTLE feet, in motion ever,
Up and down the parlor-floor!
Little hands, with vain endeavor,
Reaching at the outside door.

Active brain and busy fingers,
Finding treasures everywhere;
Little form, that often lingers
Thoughtfully by “mamma’s chair.”

Little one, whose presence only
Maketh all around thee glad;

Bright’ning hours that would be lonely,
Cheerful hearts that would be sad.

Fairer than earth’s fairest token,
Is thy little face to me;
Eloquent with words unspoken,
Which my eyes can only see.

And I pray that angels o’er thee,
Blessings on thy pathway pour;
Smooth each rugged way before thee,
Keep thee pure forevermore.

"THE MEN WHO LOVED ELIZABETH."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

"Oh!" cried Elizabeth, "what a miserable day it is! What a wretched day! How wretched the whole world is! How can any one ever be happy!" She said it under her breath, making a little gesture, as if she would have wrung her hands, if she had dared, and hurrying along the deserted road in a blind, desperate fashion, scarcely noting where she was going.

It had been a wretched day for her, in truth. She had done this dull, chill afternoon, what she could never undo; and though, just now, she told herself that she did not wish to undo anything, and had only acted with reasonable pride and self-respect, the consequences to her reasonable pride went rather hard with her.

"Lisse," her lover had said, ten minutes before, when she held out to him her ring—the ring she had only worn three months. "Darling, think one minute."

"Think!" she cried, pale with proud wrath, "I have thought too long. I will marry no man whose friends say he stoops to me. I would not make such a marriage for worlds—for worlds upon worlds."

Capt. Max caught her unwilling hands, and held them, his handsome young face aglow.

"Not for love's sake?" he said. "Not when the man would rather lose the world than you? You might forgive them for love's sake."

But Elizabeth was as proud as she was poor. If she had been more fortunate she might have been less stubborn and lofty; if she had been an heiress, and a lily of the field, she might even have been charmingly humble; but, as old Miss Tipton's companion, she was an indomitable creature, indeed. Was she not a lady? Were these people, who sneered at her poverty, and accused her of trying to play her cards well, better born, or more highly cultivated than she herself was? Was not she Elizabeth Fabien, ten times as handsome, and twenty times more brilliant than those thin, vapid sisters, and their cold, vapid, old mother? She was in no mood to listen to reason; she refused to be touched by any appeal; she was, indeed, so obstinate, and fierce, and scornful, that it was small wonder that appeal became reproach, and reproach accusation, and accusation anger; and the end of it all was a hot, indignant quarrel, and a bitter, desperate parting; and here she was going back over the

lonely road again, and the captain was half way home, his pulses throbbing, and his heart on fire.

"It is all over!" he groaned, tempestuously. "It's all over! And I never loved any living creature as I love her. And it is all the fault of those women. Commend me to a man's woman-kind for making him wretched, if their taste runs in that direction. Now Louise and Marie will rest in peace, and my mother will feel that she has nothing to complain of."

And, on her side, Elizabeth went her way, feeling sad enough. Life had bloomed out suddenly for her six months ago, when, dining out with her patroness, she had found herself taken down to the table by a stalwart, cheerful cavalier, who was unworldly enough to see only her youth and beauty, and admire them as honestly as if she had been the most important young person in the room, instead of the most insignificant. On that occasion, Capt. Max had succumbed to Fate, and fallen in love with her, and had been so much in earnest that he had even cultivated Miss Tipton, and struggled with unremitting ardor to render himself worthy in her eyes to be invited to tea; and from accidental meetings they had advanced to trysts: and three months after he and Elizabeth found themselves engaged.

But here was the end of it! Elizabeth clenched her ringless hand, when she drew in sight of Miss Tipton's great, brick house, and rambling garden. The tall, gallant figure would never saunter up the gravel-walk again, and make her heart leap with joy; the tinkling old piano would only play hymns for Miss Tipton; there would be no more accompaniments to the gay, clear voice. It would be better to die at once than live and miss the secret bliss she had known in this brief summer.

She heard Miss Tipton talking to a visitor, when she entered the hall, and she recognized familiar tones with a feeling of wild impatience. She slipped by the parlor-door lightly, hoping to escape notice, but at the head of the stair-case a servant met her with a message.

"Miss Tipton told me to tell you, when you came in, that Mr. Gregory Renfrew is with her. She wishes you to come to them in the parlor."

"Very well," said Elizabeth, hopelessly.

She went to her room, and took off her hat. It was a black hat, with a scarlet poppy in it;

and Capt. Max had admired it, with his customary lover-like extravagance. He had admired her dress, too; and they had had a laugh at Miss Tipton's disapproval of it. It was an old, black, velvet gown of Elizabeth's dead mother, which she had made over into a walking-suit with much contriving, and Miss Tipton had shaken her head on seeing it.

"It is a dress hardly befitting your position, Elizabeth," she had remarked. "But," as if deriving consolation from the fact, "it is somewhat shabby, it is true. That is one thing. One can see it has been made over."

So even the picturesque shabbiness of her dress reminded the girl of her lover. Now that no one could see her, she wrung her hands in earnest.

"Why could not Gregory Renfrew stay at home?" she said. "To-day of all days. Am I to have no rest?"

There was anger as well as misery in her mood. She always knew what Mr. Gregory Renfrew came for; and as he came nearly every day, she found him monotonous at best. At the worst, she found him rasping to her nerves, and rather apt to rouse her temper. His object in visiting the house was the same one as Capt. Max's had been. He came because he was hopelessly in love with her, and could not stay away. But she could not excuse him as she had excused Capt. Max. If he had not been so gentle, so unobtrusive, and so earnest, she would have almost hated him a little.

When she opened the parlor-door, he rose to greet her. He was a pale, little man, with a thin, insignificant figure, an expression between a patient humor and sadness, and with no attractive outward attribute but well-fitting clothes. He had a long, thin, fair mustache, and a bad habit of continually twisting it; and he was twisting it in his most nervous manner when he advanced to meet Elizabeth.

"Mr. Renfrew has been waiting here an hour, Elizabeth," said Miss Tipton, rebukingly.

"Waiting?" said Elizabeth. What right had he to wait for her, as if he had a claim upon her? She gave him a coldly impatient glance, from under her sweeping lashes. "It is a great pity," she added.

Renfrew met this glance with his customary long-suffering smile.

"I have been admiring your chrysanthemums," he said, meekly. "And Miss Tipton has been good enough to promise me a bouquet. My flowers do not flourish as your's do, Miss Elizabeth. My chrysanthemums look mouldy at this time of the year."

"They wouldn't, if your gardener understood

them," commented Elizabeth; and then she turned to her patroness, bent upon showing that it was because she was obliged to obey others that he would get his chrysanthemums, and not because she anticipated any enjoyment of a sentimental stroll in the dismal garden. "Must I go and gather the flowers now?" she asked.

"Yes," said Miss Tipton, with a displeased glance over her spectacles. She disapproved of Elizabeth's tendency to repulse this suitor, on the same ground that she disapproved of her beauty, and her furbished up velvet gown, as "unbefitting her station." With the wisdom of three-score years, she could not see why, "a young person," utterly destitute of prospects, should not be grateful for the attentions of a man, who had a large income, a successful business, the handsomest house and grounds in the neighborhood, and no incumbrances whatever.

But Elizabeth was too young to be discreet. She was young enough to be even a little cruel in her scorn of such advantages. She took her flower-scissors from their place, and left the room, almost ignoring the fact that Renfrew was following her. He always followed her, when Miss Tipton gave him an opportunity.

It was dismal enough outside. A chill wind was whistling through the trees in a ghostly way, and tossing the dead leaves in heaps in corners of the gravel-walks. Only the Chrysanthemums, and a few late flowers, showed their scant bloom. It was damp under foot, and gray overhead. But the desolate chilliness was only in accordance with poor Elizabeth's heartache. She bent over a flower-bed, and began to snip the blossoms off with her scissors, while her companion stood at her side and watched her. He was not as stupid as she fancied. If she had looked up at him, she would have learned as much. Gradually, as he watched her, a singularly tender expression revealed itself in his meagre face; and by-and-by his hand stole up to his mustache, and began the nervous stroking. But for several minutes he did not speak. At length, however, a stray, red leaf, carried by a little gust of wind, fell upon Elizabeth's black braids, and lifting her head in a petulant gesture, she saw something that disturbed her.

She stood upright before him, her white chrysanthemums held loosely in the folds of her black dress, and, unwittingly, her eyes questioned him as openly as if she had spoken. And so he answered her. Before he had come into the garden, he had wondered how he should begin. But now it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should speak out, as he had been on the verge of doing a hundred times before.

"Elizabeth," he said, "I have been thinking to-day of some lines I chanced upon last night.

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose if all.'

I—I came out here, Elizabeth, to put my fate to the touch, and win or lose all."

Elizabeth neither spoke nor stirred. Because this had come this afternoon, it was harder to bear than it would have been at any other time. It was a kind of shock to her. She had known he would say foolish things, as she called them, but she had not expected he would dare so much as this. And then, too, she found that, all at once, his whole aspect had altered somehow. It was almost as if he had gained strength and manliness. At this moment he did not look afraid of her, or exactly insignificant.

"I love you, Elizabeth," he said, with simple directness.

Elizabeth was conscious of a suddenly sharp pain. She had used to think that when he said this to her, she would be angry, and now she did not feel angry at all, only puzzled and sad.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Don't, don't say that!"

"But I must say it," he answered, in a voice shaken with his deep emotion. "I must say it, though I have been so often convinced that it would be of no use. A man cannot love a woman, as I love you, and not tell her so, even—even if he despairs, as I do, Elizabeth." And his hands falling at his sides, he stood looking at her, in passionate misery. "I have loved you a long time," he said; "from the first. And, at the first, I sometimes fancied that I might win you; but of late my hope has died out, and to-day it is my despair that speaks. It is impossible that you could love, is it not, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, it is impossible," said Elizabeth. "It could never be!"

She did not mean to be cruel to him; but, remembering Max, and her last summer, she forgot that her tone might sound vehement, in its earnestness of decision.

"Never!" she said. "No, never, never!"

It was a very brief love-scene. He said no more—made no further appeal. There was a silence for a few moments, and then he held out his hands for the chrysanthemums.

"Let me carry them for you," he said. "You have gathered enough. Thank you for having taken the trouble."

They went slowly back to the house, and Elizabeth, pale and disturbed, arranged his bouquet in silence. She slipped up stairs, as soon as he was gone, hoping that by tea-time Miss Tipton would have forgotten that she had any questions to ask.

She threw a shawl over her shoulders, and crouched down upon the floor, in a corner of the deep window. She always took possession of this corner, when she was either miserable or very happy; and this afternoon surely her mood was desolate enough. But the truth was, she did not realize what she had done.

In the first glow of her anger she had been sure of herself; but when she became cooler, her heart would fail her. It was a girl's heart, warm with young romance, and it would be hard to conquer.

There had been a great deal of opposition to her engagement. If he had trifled with her, or treated her with falsehood and cruelty, Capt. Max Desmond's relatives would have found it easy to forgive and excuse him; but for his folly in engaging himself to a vain young woman, who had nothing to bring him but her vanity and her great eyes, they had no excuse. It was a madness not to be palliated; and they were determined that it should not be consummated easily. So, from the first, Elizabeth had found her lot a hard one. Her proud spirit could not brook it. She was slighted, and ignored, and worse than all, accused of having played desperately for high stakes. She had manouvered, and had been by no means too delicate, her enemies managed to insinuate. If they had dared to call her openly a bold and dangerous creature, they would have done it; but not daring so much openly, they went as far as they might. They gave their friends to understand that Capt. Max was a victim; and as they made no secret of their sentiments, Elizabeth soon discovered what her future position among them would be, and at last was goaded to this madness of sacrificing her love for the sake of her pride.

As she sat, crouching in the cold, her fate looked so hard, that she grew rebellious.

"Everything is against me," she said, with a sob. "Everything is always against me. Since it was to end like this, why need I ever have seen him? I had enough to bear before."

She laid her head upon the window-ledge, and cried, in an unrestrained, impetuous fashion. She felt even bitter against Max, because—because—well, she did not know exactly why. She only felt, tempestuously, that she had been wronged and robbed of her happiness.

When she went down to pour out Miss Tipton's tea, the old lady looked at her querulously.

"Your eyes are red, Elizabeth," she said. "Your temper has been getting the better of you, as usual."

"It is the wind," answered Elizabeth, rather haughtily. "One cannot stand in the wind for

half an hour without feeling the effects of it. It is wretched outside."

"Tut, tut! That is nonsense!" taking off her spectacles. "What was Gregory Renfrew saying to you?"

Elizabeth sat down at the table, and put a lump of sugar into a teacup, feeling stormy and obstinate.

"He was saying that his chrysanthemums were mouldy——"

"Tut, tut!" again. "He is a foolish fellow, and you are a foolish girl. You had better let him speak, and you had better listen to him than to that big, stupid Desmond. You are wasting your time. He has no backbone, that Desmond, or he would make those ridiculous women hold their tongues. They are always abusing you, and sneering at you. You are not as proud as your mother was, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth's eyes flashed, and she pressed her lips together. Here was a new sting, and it cleared the way for new bitterness. Her feeling of resentment against her lover began to take a more tangible form. Yes, it was true. He ought to have been strong enough to defend her against three vapid women. He ought to have known how to crush out their venom at the outset. He had shown himself weak. Even this garrulous old woman had detected his faultiness, and could condemn it. Meaningly or unmeaningly, Miss Tipton had sown a dragon's tooth.

Elizabeth had fancied that, having learned his fate, Renfrew would remain at home; but she found herself wrong. After an absence of a week, he began to come again as faithfully as ever. He developed a pathetic fondness for Miss Tipton's society. They played cards together, and talked endlessly about their mutual household difficulties, while Elizabeth sat apart and worked at a hideous cushion for her patroness, who was interested in a peculiarly purposeless fancy fair. The girl used to listen to their conversations, and feel scornful. But one night, as she was listening, she received a dreadful stab.

"The Chesworths have come," remarked Gregory. "They are with the Desmonds—Doris and all."

"Doris?" said Miss Tipton. "One may easily guess what that means. The Desmonds have had their eye upon Doris since she was a child. They intend that she shall marry Max. The money which her grandmother left her is too nice a dot to go out of the family."

Elizabeth began to work very fast. Her heart beat fiercely, and her cheeks flamed. But Gregory Renfrew answered undisturbedly. Being the man he was, he rarely heard either news or scandal, and, for reasons of her own, Miss Tipton

had not chosen to tell him of Elizabeth's engagement. The Desmond women he disliked so intensely, that he avoided them as he would have done a plague. Accordingly, they had not had the opportunity to give him their version of their brother's story.

"Doris is a handsome creature," he said, "and a charming girl. The very girl to make Max the best of wives. I know what order of woman Max needs. He is a good fellow, a good, generous fellow, and he should marry well. He will, too. I should think few women would refuse him;" not looking at Elizabeth, but smiling with his characteristic sad patience. "I went to school with him," he added, "and he was always lucky."

Elizabeth laid down her work, and left the room on pretence of going for fresh silk. She ran up the stairs rapidly, blinded with tears.

"Oh!" was her resentful cry. "He might have waited a little longer. It is very soon to begin again. It must be his fault. He had no need to stay if he did not want to see the girl. I would have gone away the hour she came, if I had been in his place. He must know about their plans. He does know, and he likes them."

She was so desperate, that she even descended to the poor little trick of using Gregory Renfrew as a means of gratifying her curiosity. She went back to the parlor again, and inveigling him away from Miss Tipton, drew him to her own side, and led him into an artful conversation. She made him talk to her about Capt. Max and the Chesworths. She wanted to know about this Doris; she must know about her. Was she such a beauty? How old was she? What was her style? What was this about her money?

Gregory answered her questions innocently enough, at first, but at length some false note in her voice betrayed her feverish eagerness, and he looked at her in sad amazement. Her cheeks were hot, her hands were trembling; she was making blunders in her work. A suspicion of the truth began to reveal itself to him slowly. What a mistake he had made! How blind he had been, not to guess at this before! Through some odd chance, he had never met Max at the house, but he had known that he came there. And was it not natural that he should have come there with a purpose? And being so genial and handsome a fellow, was it not natural that he should have been successful?

"Did I understand Miss Tipton to say that Capt. Desmond was engaged to Miss Doris Chesworth?" Elizabeth faltered, weakly.

"No," he answered, still regarding her downcast face with sorrowful eyes. "No, Elizabeth."

"But," she persisted, "isn't he, isn't there a sort of understanding; isn't it almost the same thing?"

"No," with an honest courage that did him credit, under the circumstances. "I do not think so. The two families would approve of the match it is said. That is all."

But Elizabeth would not let herself believe him. Here was still another grievance for her, and she was unreasonable enough to seize hold upon it. Then she made up her mind to see Doris Chesworth and her lover together, and judge for herself. All the week she kept her eye upon the road, and once or twice was rewarded by the sight of the Desmond carriage driving by, with the feminine members of the household, and their guest; but she did not see Max until Sunday. On Sunday morning she got up, feeling feverish and miserable. Looking in the glass, the sight of her own face startled her. She was pale, and even haggard.

"I will go to church, this morning, and see them," she said. "But they shall not see me. How dreadfully I look! I am like a hideous old maid. I am not Elizabeth Fabien at all."

She went to the church the Desmond family attended, and took her place in a dark, high pew, near the door. Just before the beginning of the service, the door opened, and there entered first her enemies, and then her lover, with a companion. It was Doris Chesworth, of course, and she was even a greater beauty than Elizabeth had feared. The girl's heart burned within her, as the fair face passed her shadowy corner. She watched the two all the morning, and was filled with bitter, jealous pangs. She had thought to try to leave the church without being seen, but as they were passing her on their way out, a sudden temptation assailed her, and she gave way to it. She emerged from the darkness just as Max neared her, and the next instant his glance fell upon her pale, scornful face. Its bitterness was so full of accusation, that it cut him to the quick. Under cover of the morning crowd, he caught her hand, and fairly crushed it.

"Elizabeth," he whispered, in impassioned appeal. "Elizabeth!"

But she dragged her hand away, and darting one cruel glance at him, forced her way past.

She appeared before Miss Tipton, like a ghost, at dinner. She had tortured herself beyond endurance.

"Who preached?" asked the old lady. "What was the text?"

"I did not see who preached," said Elizabeth, with the indifferent darning of cold despair. "I did not hear the text. I know nothing about it."

How she suffered during the next two months! She gave herself up entirely to a belief in her lover's falsehood, before six weeks were ended. She believed the rumors she heard, and, as usual, rumor was active. Perhaps the feminine Desmonds assisted it in their anxiety. Capt. Max, said the gossips, was very attentive to his mother's guest. He was to be seen with her upon all occasions. It would be an excellent match. Sometimes the visitors, who said these things, glanced aside at Elizabeth, who bent over her work in cold silence. The time came at last when the sword fell. A caller came one morning who had heard of a positive engagement. Mrs. Desmond had announced it to a select few. That night Gregory Renfrew came, and found Elizabeth in a strange mood, a dreadful mood. She cared for nothing any longer, and so she was not afraid to ask what she wished to know.

"Is it true that Capt. Desmond is engaged to Doris Chesworth?" she demanded.

Her face was like stone, white and hard. Gregory hesitated at the sight of it; but he had heard the story, too, and was obliged to speak.

"I am not sure," he faltered. "One hears so many things."

"Yes, you are sure," said Elizabeth. "You know it is true. He is going to marry her. And he was engaged to me three months ago."

Gregory started. He had not fancied that she would ever tell him this. But she went on with grim hauteur of manner.

"It is very soon to be engaged again," she said. "It is very soon. He might have waited. But then, perhaps, he has forgotten that he ever was engaged before. Men like him soon forget; and I am not like Doris Chesworth. I am only Elizabeth, and he was afraid of those women."

She spent an hour kneeling by her window that night. She had never felt so utterly desolate, since the night her mother had died, and left her standing alone in the world. It was as if death had come again. Three months ago, when she had been so obstinate and defiant, her lover had clung to her passionately; but she had thrust his love aside, and now she had lost it forever. She began to see that she had never realized that she could quite lose it. Her pride had been a very craven pride, after all, and had not meant all it had prompted her to say.

"I was the weak one," she cried, fiercely, and in an inconsistent changefulness. "It was I who was afraid of those women. Why did I not let him love me? Make him love me? I could have done it. I held him against the world."

She made a dozen mad plans. She would not stay, and be obliged to face that girl as his wife.

She would not stay to embroider cushions, and be stared at when people came to the house. She had a little money, and she would go away. She could get another situation somewhere, where nobody would know her.

So she electrified Miss Tipton, the next morning, by telling her that she must provide herself with another companion. Miss Tipton stared at her, and frowned.

"Nonsense!" she said. "You are in one of your moods, Elizabeth. I hope you are not such a simpleton as to run away, because——"

But a dangerous look in the handsome black eyes checked her. Elizabeth's head raised itself, and her delicate nostrils dilated.

"Because what?" she demanded.

"Tut, tut!" quavered Miss Tipton. "It is all girl's nonsense."

But whether it was nonsense, or not, Elizabeth began to pack her trunks. She did not know enough of the world to feel afraid of it. She had never learned that a handsome, friendless young woman, who deserts her only acquaintances, is in a difficult position.

"Don't be angry with me for telling you that I think you are doing an unwise thing," said Gregory Renfrew, when he heard her plan.

"I will not stay here to see those women pretend to think——" she began, on fire.

"What will they think, if you run away?" said Gregory, interrupting her, gravely.

"I shall not know, and shall not care," she answered; and then her eyes fell before his steady gaze. She had taken refuge behind a mean and paltry subterfuge. It was not the women she cared for; she would have defied them all. But if Max should be happy with her rival, and she should see his bliss shine in his eyes, as it had used to do a few months ago, she could not bear such a stab as that. She had a passionate fancy that it would kill her.

The morning that she went away was a wet and chilly one. Miss Tipton scolded her from the time they sat down to breakfast until she bade her good-by at the door.

"You will repent it," she said. "It is all girls' nonsense. I do not believe you even know where you are going to. You will repent it, as surely as you are Elizabeth Fabien."

"I dare say I shall," said Elizabeth.

In truth, as she looked out at the drizzling rain, she was not sure that she was not repenting already. Everything seemed so miserable, and she was never to see her lover again.

Even the people in the cars looked miserable. They were all damp and gloomy. Nobody smiled at any one else. Everybody seemed to want a

whole seat, and to resent the approach of new arrivals. Elizabeth took her place, and turned mechanically to the window. Beyond the dismal little station she could see the road she had trodden the day she had parted with Max. There was the clump of trees, where they stood when she gave him the ring, and their talk ended in so fierce a quarrel. She seemed to hear his voice again, as it sounded, when he said, "Leischen, think one minute." Would it not have been better if she had listened? He loved her then, and she began to feel that one was worth a great deal to a woman.

As the train moved off, she was obliged to draw down her veil. Her lips trembled, her face paled, and great, hot tears fell fast.

"Good-by, Max!" she whispered. "Good-by, and try to forgive me."

She had not slept much the night before, and, after awhile, the motion of the cars, and the dull prospect, wearied her. She folded her shawl against the corner of the window, and laid her head upon it. She only meant to rest; but it was not very long before her eyes closed.

"No one shall ever call me Leischen again," she said to herself. "If another man should say 'Liese' to me, I should hate him. I shall be 'Elizabeth' after this, until the end of my days." And, unhappy as she was, she fell asleep with the words on her lips.

She awakened with a start, and to the realization of a strange sensation. She felt herself shaken in her seat. The cars seemed to rock with the rapidity of their motion. She looked out of the window, and seeing how the fields appeared to whiz past, was frightened. While she slept, a man had seated himself at her side, and, in her sudden fear, she spoke to him.

"How fast we are going!" she said, tremulously. "We are rocking from side to side. Something is wrong!"

As she ended, a cry broke from her lips. Two things had happened at once. She had seen the face of her companion, and there had come a fearful crash!

"Max!" she cried, and was flung heavily forward, and into his clasping arms.

There were shrieks, and wails, and groans; but she heard nothing of them after the first moment.

Stunned by the shock, she had swooned in her lover's arms. Capt. Max held her hard and fast. Fate had been good to them both. Among dead, and dying, and maimed creatures, they had remained unhurt.

But there were stains of blood upon both, when Desmond staggered out from among the

wreck, with the girl's face resting upon his bosom. He was sick with the sights around him, but he had won his way safely out with Elizabeth.

When the girl was aroused from her insensibility, she found herself lying on the floor of the wayside station. The seats were filled with men and women, hurt to death, or with shapeless forms, reverently covered.

Desmond was standing by her, and, when she opened her eyes, he knelt at her side.

"Do you think you can stand?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, weakly enough.

"Then lean on my shoulder, and let me try to take you into the air."

When they got outside, he led her into a quiet corner, and supporting her, made her stand still.

"Thank God!" he said. "Thank God!"

Elizabeth felt that his great frame trembled, and she began to tremble too. So he held her closer, as if he had quite forgotten that there was another woman in the world.

"The time when a man and woman who love each other have escaped death together," he said, directly, "is not the time to stand on ceremony. I am going to answer your questions before you ask any. This morning Gregory Rensfrew came and told me of the lies people have been carrying to you, and at the last moment I followed you, to make you hear me. I am not going to marry Doris Chesworth. I love no woman but you. I will marry no woman but you. And, what is more, I will not give you the opportunity to escape me again. If you will not marry me to-day, I will follow you until you do. I swear to you that I mean what I say."

And he put his hand underneath her chin, and turning her face upward, kissed her lips. Elizabeth stood helpless. All her grandeur of main had deserted her.

"I—I——," she began, and ended by bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, Lelschon," he said, with a firmness she had never seen him exhibit before, and he kissed her again. "If you love me, there is nothing terrible in the fact that I will not give you time to drive me to despair again. Since I am determined to marry you, why may it not be to-day, as well as to-morrow?"

"To-day?" faltered Elizabeth. "I can't—I——"

"Yes, you can," he interposed. "I am on my way to the Continent, and you are going with me. I have found that delays are dangerous. Leise, darling——," with sudden passionateness. "It might have been your dear, dead face I kissed at this moment."

And, strange as it may appear, he had his way. That evening he married Miss Tipton's ex-companion, and then they went on their way together. And furious as the Desmond women were, they were compelled to resign themselves, and own that their day was past. They did not see Elizabeth again until two years after she returned, looking handsomer and more unconquerable than ever; and then Capt. Max's affection was so apparent, that they could not persuade people into the belief that he had made a mistake, or a misalliance. They could not understand their sister-in-law's friendship for Gregory Rensfrew, but Desmond could. He had been present when Elizabeth put both her white hands into Gregory's, the night of their first interview.

"It was you who did all for me," she said. "But for you I might have been unhappy forever."

Gregory smiled. Elizabeth had not forgotten that patient smile, and yet it touched her afresh.

"When we were at school together, Desmond used to win my marbles from me," he said. "You remember what I once told you about his being a fortunate fellow. He used to win my marbles, but somehow I could never grudge him his luck."

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

BY J. HUIE.

A STRANGER from a far-off land,
Within my garden, waste and dried,
Planted a plant with wounded hand,
Moistened it with his blood—and died!

And from one stem three branches grew,
Of diverse fashion, wondrous fair,
From which the Summer sunbeams drew
Three lovely blossoms rich and rare.

As ardent as the morning light
That melts the stars like flakes of snow,
So did one flower's intensest white
A lake of light translucent glow.

Another like a sapphire sky,
And in its heart a star of white,
That shone and mirrored in the eye
A depth of color infinite.

The third was like a kindling eye,
And smiles with heart's blood warmly drawn,
Or clouds of pearl and rosy dye
That sail and kindle in the dawn.

To grace the garden of my heart
They caught the sunbeams from above,
And wove their tints with heavenly art
In one device—"Faith, Hope and Love."

THE PRIMA DONNA.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

I SAT by the open window of that large, silent room, alone, save for the insensible form upon the bed, at the further corner lying in a stupor that was like death. The little silver night-lamp at the head of the bed, revealed to me the face of the sick man, while it left the rest of the room in shadow; the white, noble, beautiful face, the dearest in the world to me, the face of Leonard Lewis, my husband.

And we had been married only six weeks; a strange honeymoon, truly! And I had painted such joyous pictures of a winter in this old Italian city. We had been there but a week, when he was attacked by this illness, that seemed so much like death. Eight days had he lain thus, and the doctor's anxious face, when he came day after day, gave me no hope.

Here, grief-stricken, heart-sick, is it any wonder, as I sat there, that my thoughts should go back to my old home, that quiet inland village, the pleasant streets shaded with drooping elms; to the gray church, and the quaint, rambling old parsonage, with its blossoming gardens, its yew hedges, its sunny walks, where I roamed as a child, and first met him, my husband, now lying there, so still and motionless?

A grave, earnest, sorrowful-looking man he was, as I remember well, at our first meeting. Yet so grand and noble-looking, that the village girls dubbed him Prince Arthur, at the first. He had come to our village to rest, and get strength, he said, in our pure mountain air. My father, as he always did with strangers who came to his church, made him welcome, and called upon him at his hotel; and it was when, in return for this courtesy, he made his first call, that I met him.

I think, I am afraid, that I loved him from that moment. And when, as days passed by, the dark shadow seemed lifted from his face, and I read in his eyes the blessed truth, that I was becoming dearer than any one else to him, I certainly thought, in the glow of my first love-dream, that there was never a woman so blest as I.

I think my father was, in his heart, unwilling to give up his only child. But I had been accustomed to having my own way from my motherless babyhood, and it was not in his heart to begin opposing my wishes now. And then Leonard, although a stranger, brought the most

unexceptionable references. And our good bishop, who came to our parish while he was there, seemed so delighted to meet him, and praised him to my father, as one of the most noble and promising of young men. Then, too, he was very rich; and, although that had not a feather's weight of influence with me, I suppose father was influenced by it.

And so, in September (and we had met first in May) our good bishop was sent for, and my father, with, I am afraid, a very aching heart, gave me away to Leonard Lewis. We were to spend the next year in traveling wherever our fancy would let us. We were very happy. To look upon the face of Leonard Lewis, the morning we started on our wedding journey, you would scarcely recognize it as the stern, sorrowful face of only five months before. His love and his happiness glorified it. And as for me, I know I was an idolater. I worshiped my husband above everything upon earth or in heaven. And if I was punished for this idolatrous love, I know now that the punishment was sent by Him who teaches us not to place the creature above the Creator.

I think I was naturally good-natured, even amiable in my disposition, but I was extremely jealous. And my father's exclusive devotion to me, his only child, and our old servant's blind fondness for me, had only helped to foster the germ of this evil trait in my nature. I could not endure to hear Leonard speak, in his naturally affectionate way, of his mother and sisters. There were two or three very lovely women on the steamer in which we crossed the Channel, and I did not like to see him show these ladies even the common courtesy that a gentleman should display toward his friends.

I don't think I ever betrayed this in my manner, for another bad trait, fostered by my secluded life, was, that I was very reticent, and preferred brooding over my fancies to giving utterance to them. But my husband's devotion to me, his love, and his pride in me, satisfied even my jealous nature, and we were very happy, till this terrible, terrible illness had come upon my idol.

Alone, with that motionless figure, death in life, waiting for the darker messenger, that I feared must come! If so, I must die, too; what would

life be to me without Leonard? I moved my arm a little, to change my weary head to another position, and, as I did so, another fold of the heavy curtain swept down, almost covering me. But still I could look through it, and see that white, rigid form upon the bed. What strange shadows were gathering on the corners of the large, silent room! Oh, how long the moments were in passing! It seemed an age since the old clock on the nearest church-tower had rung the half-hour. Bewildered by my long watching, lonely and heart-broken, I looked upon myself almost as if it were another that I was pitying; and I felt a vague pity for the little form in white, that sat there by the window. The sweet breath of flowers stole in on the evening breeze. The west had turned to a pale gray; a star hung motionless above, like a silver lamp; and as I looked, a shining meteor blazed across the sky, and vanished.

It was at that moment that I heard the door open cautiously, and a woman entered, dressed in black. A moment she stood, as if undecided, and glanced around the room, and then, as if satisfied she was alone, she passed quickly, with a peculiar, graceful, gliding step, up to the bed, and then she threw back her long, black veil. Oh, the white, perfect beauty of that face! Shall I ever forget the passionate agony with which she fell upon her knees, beside the bed, and cried out,

"Is it thus that we meet? Oh, Lenny! My darling! My darling!"

I think my senses were preternaturally acute, for even in that moment of supreme surprise, supreme agony, while my eyes were bent, as if fascinated, upon her, watching every move of her perfect figure, every change of expression in her exquisite face, I so plainly saw myself in the old garden at home, the night before our marriage; heard my betrothed husband, on parting, calling me all sweetest of pet names, and my answering him timidly, calling him "Lenny, dear Lenny!"

And I saw just how his brow contracted as if in pain, and his saying,

"Don't call me that name, love; I can't endure it."

Was it because that perfect, white beauty had called him thus, and he could not endure to have it profaned by passing less perfect lips?

"Oh, Lenny! Oh, Lenny!"

She was smoothing back the masses of rich, brown hair from the white, impassive face, pressing long, despairing kisses upon the brow, the cheek, the lips.

"Have we not loved each other?" she said. "Have we not loved each other?"

Her voice, her low, sweet, passionate voice sunk into a whisper, or so it seemed to me, and I can remember no more. My maid found me senseless upon the floor, so they told me afterward. I have no knowledge of it; no knowledge of the long weeks that followed, when I lay smitten first by a brain fever, and then by the same that had stricken down my husband.

But they were all kind to me, so my maid told me. All in that great hotel seemed sorry for the little, English girl-bride, that was so sorely afflicted. Even one grand Italian prima donna, who occupied the room next ours, they said, spent days and nights watching over us, when we both lay unconscious. But I could not thank her, for she had left the hotel before either of us were conscious. My husband recovered first, and my first remembrance is of looking up into his face as he bent over me. How worn and pale it was, from sickness and anxiety! Tears streamed down his cheeks as he said,

"God be praised, my darling, that you are spared to me."

If ever tone and look expressed sincerity and affection, his did. And then, through the long weeks of my weakness that followed, how tender was his care of me! But night and day the image of that woman was before me. I saw that white, exquisite face; the echo of the words she poured into the ears of my husband sounded in my ears; and the memory of those kisses on his lips, came between me and the kisses he pressed so often upon my face.

But I was silent. My old reticent habits of silent dreaming, silent endurance; closed my lips, and then there is no slavery like that of love. I feared an explanation, feared to have him give words to my terrible thoughts. So I kept silent. But the brightness and joyousness of life had left me, had followed that black-robed figure out into darkness and mystery.

Perhaps he thought it my sickness that had left me so strangely quiet and cold. But a shadow, a vague, impalpable barrier rose between my husband and myself, and grew from day to day. Who was this woman, who had dared to love my husband—*mine*? Who was she, whom, by her own words, my husband had loved so well? Did he think of her now? Did his heart, on which he drew my own head to rest, hold a memory and a yearning for that more exquisite and faultless beauty?

And I had dreamed, in my girlish weakness, that I had been the first-love of his heart. I remembered asking him, the evening after our marriage, if I were his first-love, as he was mine? And he had answered me, by his caresses, and

had put aside my question with the sweet, meaningless flatteries with which men know so well how to stifle womanly inquisitiveness, when it becomes troublesome. And I had believed him, as I would a voice from Heaven, when he said,

"Blanche, never was woman so dear to me as you, my little, pure wife."

He always professed to love my name so well; said it suited me. "White, white-hearted, his little, innocent girl-wife."

Ah, had those old tones, those old caressing words, uttered when I had perfect faith in him, come back to me now! It was as if Eve had listened, outside the gate of Paradise, to the murmur of Eden's fountains, and its glad bird-songs. Ah, the apple of the tree of knowledge is sometimes exceedingly bitter.

And so the dreary days passed on, and we journeyed from place to place, following the tourists' beaten track; a dreary round of churches, and shrines, and ruins, and mountains, and glaciers. I looked upon whatever my husband pointed out to me. He filled with an almost boyish enthusiasm, except, sometimes, when his eyes would look wistfully upon my shadowed brow, as if seeking to learn the cause of my altered spirits.

But I think he attributed it to my health. I knew his kindness and tenderness were, if possible, increased, as weeks and months rolled by, and I grew more and more gloomy, and restless, and disagreeable. We had spent nearly a year in traveling and sight-seeing, and now I wearied for home. I thought, perhaps, I might find peace in those quiet, old garden-walks, and the silent restfulness of my old home, unthinking that my disquiet was from within, and would follow me where I went. My husband consented at once to our return to England, although I knew he would have preferred making our tour longer; for his sickness and my own had taken much of the time he had set apart for traveling. But he acquiesced cheerfully, and at once made preparations for our return.

Now that I know all, when I think of all his loving patience and tenderness, and the poor returns I made for it, my heart is wrung, even now. But I know I grew colder and more disagreeable every day, and yet his patience and kindness never once failed.

I fancy he thought that lighter, whiter fingers than his own would lead me into my old light-hearted happiness again. But if so, he was deceived. The dark shadow fell even upon my baby's pretty face, when it lay in my arms. It was a little boy, and the image of Leonard. And as weeks passed, and he saw that, instead of

making me softer and gentler, my baby's presence only served to make me harder and colder than ever. Then, though his patience and gentleness never failed me for a moment, still I think that his heart turned for its only happiness to our boy. How he loved him! And the baby, repelled by my coldness and indifference, would turn to his father with never-failing joy and delight. When but a tiny thing, he would see his father coming up the garden-walk, and almost spring out of his nurse's arms.

My little Cecil, my little one, who never saw a mother's happy smile! I wonder if the angels are tenderer to him now; if they love him better because they pitied him. I wonder if he is still a little blue-eyed, golden-haired baby, and if, in the future, God will grant me the grace to let me clasp him to my heart, and show him the mother-love, the mother-pride, in my face, he never saw on earth.

When baby was ten months old, Leonard had business that took him to London; and father and Leonard thought that the change would do me good. So they insisted that I should accompany him. As for me, it mattered little where I was. I yielded passively to their solicitations, and went with him.

It was the last night of our stay in London, and we went to the opera to hear a celebrated prima donna, just from Italy. I don't think Leonard cared particularly to go. He always liked quiet evenings at home better than gayeties or amusements; but he thought I had a fancy to go, and he always gratified all my fancies, reasonable or unreasonable.

The house was crowded. The music crashed and pealed out from the grand orchestra. After that there was a hush, a waiting expectation; and then a woman, in long, white robes, glided forward to the foot-light. Oh, my heart! Did I not remember that graceful, gliding step? I think my long-suffering had enured me to endurance; for although, for a moment, everything swam and reeled about me, still I did not faint. My eyes were fixed, as if in fascination, upon that white, perfect face. I even forgot to look at Leonard, till at last a sound—it was not a groan, nor a sigh—drew my eyes to his face. If it could be that the dead could come back to face the living, we should look upon them as he did upon that face. Amazement, horror, agony, despair, remorse! What did not his white face express! But, above all other expressions, was that look of horrified surprise.

How that long evening passed, I know not. After that one look into Leonard's face, I kept my eyes fastened upon the stage. I heard the

prima donna sing; heard the wild plaudits of the crowd, and saw the perfumed rain of bouquets fall about her as she came back in answer to repeated encores. But I hardly realized it all. I seemed in a dream.

Not a word was said by either of us, except in regard to her singing. I know my manner was as usual, and Leonard had not the least idea that the singer had caused me any other emotion save what resulted from her singing. But after he had accompanied me to our hotel, he went out again into the driving storm; for the night had been stormy, and it was long past midnight when I heard him enter our parlor, and through the partly-open door of my room I could see him walk back and forth, with white, set face, for hours, till he threw himself upon the sofa, and lay till morning.

He went home with me that day, and for the next week he remained there. Father exclaimed at Leonard's pale face, but I said not a word. Leonard had been so accustomed to my coldness, however, that it did not seem to affect him. He was very busy that week. Many letters passed between him and his lawyer. He sat up late at night; and making his late hours an excuse for not disturbing me, he kept to his own room. I saw him but little, in consequence; and when we did meet, although he was kind and gentle to me, it was only the kindness a tender brother would give to a sister. But Cecil, it seemed as if he wanted the child with him all the time.

We came home on Wednesday. A week had rolled round, when Leonard said, one morning, that he must go to London that day. "To her, going to her," I said in my heart, but I made no outward comments on his decision.

I was sitting in the twilight, in the nursery, with baby in my arms, when he came in to bid us farewell. I knew, as well as if he had told me, that it was a final farewell; but I said to myself, if I died, as I prayed, in my own heart, that I might; if I died there at his feet, I would never put out a hand to hold him, to bind him to me. If he loved that other, that fairer woman, better than me, better than our child, he might go. My heart kept saying it over and over again. "Let him go!" I cried, in this agony: and then, "oh, my God! let me die!" I was saying this in my heart, as I felt him kiss my forehead.

"Good-by, Blanche, sweet wife!" were his parting words; and then he knelt by my side, and put his arms round the child and me, and laid his face down upon the child's face, that was lying upon my breast. There is something terrible in a man's tears. A woman's tears are like the April showers, that come and go so lightly,

that you do not heed them. But a man's grief is fearful to witness. Hard, dry sobs shook him from head to foot, as he knelt there, with his arms round baby and me. But it only hardened me. He was choosing, I said to myself, choosing between home, honor, duty, and innocent affection, on one side, and that syren-faced beauty on the other.

At last, he raised his face. Shall I ever forget the look that he gave me? Such a hungry look, as if his heart were crying out for my sympathy, my affection. And such a wistful, remorseful tenderness, too, was blent in that look. Then he rose to his feet, bent again, and gave the sleeping baby a long, long kiss, and murmured, looking down upon it,

"Such a brave, noble boy, our baby is, Blanche! You shall be proud of him in the future. There shall be no stain on his name. We will look for that, will we not, Blanche, my wife, my pure-hearted wife!" Then he smoothed back my hair with both hands, an old caressing habit of his. "Your heart is as white as the baby's, Blanche, and just as innocent." Then he bent and kissed me again, and said, "Good-by, darling!"

I returned his "good-by." And then he was gone, and I sat there like one in a dream. Ten minutes, and I heard his carriage drive off to the depot. But still I sat there, like one in a nightmare. Nurse came in, and took baby, and I went to my own room. I don't think I slept that night at all, and yet it seemed as if I did not suffer any sharp agony. All my senses seemed benumbed by the terrible blow that had come upon me; for I knew, I knew as well as I did when his letter came, that he had left me, deserted me for that beauty.

The letter said—for it came a few days later—that he had suddenly found it necessary to go to America, and that the time of his return would be indefinite. Every word, both to my father and myself, breathed the most perfect respect and affection for me. At the close, he mentioned that life was uncertain, and therefore he should feel more at ease to know, in case of anything happening to him, that Blanche and the child were provided for. He said he had written to our family lawyer, who would tell us of the arrangements he had made.

This old lawyer was a very influential man in our village, and a gossip; and I think Leonard had chosen him on this account.

In a few weeks the village was ringing with the nobleness of Leonard Lewis, and his love for his wife and child. Such a letter as he had written to the lawyer about them, his love for them, his pride in them, and how he was so

fearful that he might die on a mere business trip, that he had made over into her hands nearly all of his princely fortune before he went. This was the gossip the friendly old lawyer spread abroad in the village. I did not contradict it. He brought the papers to me, and I signed what he told me to sign; did what he told me to do. And if I went about with a white face, and mute lips, it was, I suppose, to the villagers a touching tribute of grief for a loving husband's departure.

Six months passed away. A gray morning, a gray noon, a gray night; no sunlight, no starlight, no moonlight; nothing but the grayness of desolation, the ashes of dreamy despair. Thus the days passed; days, and weeks, and months; and all were alike to me. And then my baby died, my little Cecil! I bent over his dying bed, and I could not weep. I saw the sweet little face in the coffin, heard the words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," but not a tear came to my burning eyes. Had my heart turned to stone, that I could see my baby die, and not weep over it?

My baby had been buried two weeks; and one day, at sunset, I went out to visit his grave. The earth was beautiful, in the sunset light; but I noticed not the beauty of earth or sky; noticed not the traveling carriage that was coming leisurely down the road. I had a bouquet of flowers to lay upon the little grave, and a bit of newspaper was wet, and wrapped about the stem, to keep them fresh. A larger piece was wound around that, to keep the dampness from wetting my gloves. I sat down by the grave, and slowly began to unwrap the paper from the flowers. As I did so, my eye fell upon the column devoted to art and the drama. It was draped in mourning, and I saw *her* name at the top of the page.

She was dead, then—dead! Even into my stony apathy of soul crept a wild emotion of relief. Her white, perfect face would not lure another woman's husband from his wife and child. But where was he, my husband? Was he bending over her grave, he who should have been standing by this tiny mound?

I sat, looking down with my face leaning in my hands. Suddenly a well-known voice said, "Blanche!"

I looked up. There he stood, my husband! Having lost his love, his idol, he had come back to me.

I neither moved, nor spoke,

"Blanche! My wife, my love!"

I rose, and faced him.

"Your love?" said I, bitterly. "You forget that your love is dead. But then, perhaps, my tame, commonplace affection may be something

to you, now you have no dearer, closer ties. Perhaps baby and I would be better than nothing to fill the empty place in your heart. But baby is gone to a truer Father."

He glanced at the little mound at my feet, at my mourning-dress, and then I, even I, pitied the agony of his face.

"My boy! My little Cecil!" he cried, with a sob.

He turned, and leaned his head upon my mother's tall headstone that stood close to my baby's grave. I looked away. Stony as my heart was, I did not care to witness his grief. After awhile, I turned to go. He also turned, and there was a certain dignity in his manner that I had never seen before. I think that he had never before dreamed that I doubted his honor.

"Blanche," he said, authoritatively, "sit down. I want to talk with you."

There was that in his tone and look that commanded respect, and I obeyed him silently, and placed myself beside him.

"Blanche, I have a strange story to tell you," he said, "I ought to have told it before we were married; but I could not endure to cloud your innocent heart with the miserable story of shame and sorrow that had shadowed my own life. I was wrong; I see it now. I should have told you all, and trusted to your loving, woman's heart.

"I was only nineteen, traveling in Italy with my tutor, when I first met Beatrice De Vernier. You, who saw the contraltine, Belle Helene, a woman of thirty-five, can perhaps picture her beauty and fascinations, when she was in the full bloom and witchery of her loveliness, at twenty-two. Her father was an old gentleman of decayed fortunes, a ruin, morally, physically, and financially, who gave lessons in Italian to those who wished to avail themselves of his instructions. I wished to take lessons of a native, to perfect my pronunciation, while I remained in Florence; and it was there, in the dreary old room of the decaying palazzo where he lived, with her wonderful beauty lighting up the empty rooms, that I first met Beatrice.

"Thrown together daily, I, a dreamy, imaginative boy, just out of college, she, so passionate-hearted, so beautiful, so full of genius, can you not fancy what the result would be? I was soon her slave, that she could wind, as she wound her embroidery-silk round her white finger. And I would not do her an injustice, after all the sorrow she has caused me. Poor Beatrice! I believe she loved me; I believe her affection for me, boy that I was, was the truest, purest page in her guilty life.

"We had a secret marriage, and I lived in a fool's paradise for four months. Then there came a new actor on the scene, a certain Count Veriner, a *blase* man of the world, young in years, but old in vice, who owned the palazzo where Beatrice and her father lived. Well, this Count returned, one day, from Nice, where he had been staying. I had thought Beatrice looked miserable and nervous all day, and that night I discovered the reason. It was a true Italian night, starry and brilliant, with Italian moonlight. Beatrice and I were reciting Tasso together in Italian, when she suddenly looked up, as the clock struck ten, and, excusing herself hastily, left the room.

"At any other time I should have known she was engaged in some household affair, and should have lazily leaned back upon the sofa, and waited her return. But some occult feeling impelled me to get up and look out of the window in the moonlit garden. I had stood there but a moment, when I saw her, my wife, wrapped in her waterproof, sit along, keeping as much as possible in the shade of the shrubbery, toward a ruinous old summer-house at the extremity of the garden. And as I stood there, I saw another shadow come from another direction, and both shadows disappeared in the summer-house. I followed them. My wife could be in no place, I said, where it was not my right to be by her side. I gained the place unperceived. I heard her voice.

"'Merciful heavens! Have you no pity?' she was saying. 'I tell you I love him! I have learned more good from him than I ever knew in my life before. I have dreamed, since I knew him, what it would be to be a pure woman.'

"'You a pure woman?' was the sneering reply.

"Oh, the scoffing, the insulting mockery of the Count's tone.

"'Well, what I am you made me,' she said, with a burst of tears, a woman's passionate, tropic storm of tears and sobs. 'I was an innocent girl,' she said, passionately, 'when you came here; and you have made me what I am, an outcast, a devil.'

"'A very beautiful and fascinating fallen angel,' said the Count, in that same smooth, insulting tone.

"'Don't you dare to touch my hand,' she cried. 'I tell you I will not be your tool a day longer. I will not do by him as I have by all the rest, rob them, beg of them, that you may use their money in gambling. I tell you I will not, and I am lawfully married to him.'

"'Fortunate youth! If he only knew who it was he had wedded. I think I will tell him in the morning the story of—'

"'You shall not! I will die before you shall tell him. It would kill him. He believes in me, he trusts in me. If you should tell him, I would kill you, and then myself. You have made me a fiend!'

"I remember that their voices seemed to blend and run together, and there was a confused sound in my ears, like the sound of waves; and then I remember nothing further.

"When I became conscious again, the moon was low down in the sky, and the summer-house was deserted. I looked toward the window of Beatrice's room. There was a bright light there. See her again, I could not, would not; but I would let her know I had discovered her guilt and treachery. I tore a leaf out of my memorandum-book, wrote a few wild words of despair and upbraiding, and rousing the old porter, who had often carried notes for us, I gave it to him to convey to Beatrice.

"How I regained my hotel I know not; and for weeks after, everything is a blank to me. When I recovered from my brain-fever, the news that the papers had been filled with had almost died away, in a newer excitement. The story was how Count Vernier had been stabbed in his bed by some unknown assassin, and how a young girl, Beatrice De Neuva, who lived in the same palazzo, had been drowned, first murdered, it was supposed, as her clothing, blood-stained, had been found upon the shore.

"For years after that I was a wretched man. My lost dream of love and happiness was the least that I lost. I had no faith in God nor man. If she, whom I had looked upon as an angel, were so utterly false and vile, where could I look for innocence and truth? When I first met you, Blanche, you saw the shadow of all this upon my face. And when I loved you, as I soon did, not with a boy's rash, unthinking passion, but with a man's strength and earnestness, I hardly dared hope that I could win your innocent heart. But when I saw, as I did see, in your sweet eyes, the blessed truth that I was growing dear to you, I never can tell you what your love was to me. How it gave me back, not only more than my lost happiness, but my lost trust in woman's purity and truth. And we were happy, were we not, in our first bright love-dream? And you were dearer to me than ever, when you lost for me your health and sunny spirits, watching over me in my terrible sickness at Rome?"

I threw my arms about his neck.

"Oh, Leonard, my husband!" I cried, "It was not that which changed me so." And then I told him all, all I saw, and all I had suffered since.

"Beatrice there?" he cried, in astonishment. "I never dreamed of it. And you have borne all this burden since, and never told me; never given me a chance to explain! But then, how can I reproach you, when I think of my own concealment? But, before God, I did it for the best, or what I thought so. And when I found, at the opera, that night, that she was alive—and pray God, my darling, you may never endure such agony as I did that evening—half-crazed at the thought of what I had innocently involved you in, I formed the determination that you should never know it; never know that you were not in reality, as you were in God's sight, my wife. I saw Beatrice that night in London. She meekly endured the reproaches I heaped upon her; for, maddened by the thought of what she had brought upon one woman, I fear I was too cruel to another.

"She said she would offer no obstacle to my procuring a divorce, as, indeed, she could not. But then I thought how over-sensitive you were. I remembered hearing you say once, in relation to a similar story, that you would rather die than endure such public gossip and pity. And so, how could I blaze abroad this wretched story of shame and guilt! I knew not what to do. But, Blanche, before Heaven, my first, my greatest thought was to shield you, save you from suffering, from shame. You know in what way I decided. It was like tearing out my heart to leave you and the boy. You remember the night I went——"

"Oh, Leonard, Leonard!" I said, and my arms tightened about his neck, and my swift tears fell, as I looked upon his pale, worn, patient face. "And you were so good to me, so noble, and I was so cold and cruel to you! Can you ever forgive me?"

"It is for me to be forgiven, my darling, not you." And he covered my wet face with kisses as he spoke. "But hear me to the end. It will do no good now for me to tell you what I suffered

during those months that followed. How I wandered from place to place, and could find rest nowhere; longing, hungering, for a sight of your face, or only to hear your voice once more. And then, how I received a telegram from London, summoning me to her death-bed; how I arrived too late, but how I found a letter for me, and a confession, dictated just before she expired.

"Ah, if I had known earlier the contents of that confession, we would never, dearest, have been unhappy even for a moment. For this poor woman, false to every one else, had also been false to me. She had been married, even before she knew the Count, a fact she concealed from him, as well as from me; married to a worthless Roman of a decayed family, who had soon deserted her. Perhaps it was this desertion that led to all that followed. Me she said she loved better than all the rest; and hence, first entrapped me into a false marriage, and then tried to make me believe it was a real one. Not till she found herself dying, not till her spiritual adviser had told her she must make reparation, if she hoped for God's forgiveness, did she consent to let me know the truth. To the last she had intended to keep her secret. She hated you, because I loved you; and this was her revenge. The confession was duly attested, in the presence of witnesses. I have it with me.

"I was free. That very day, darling, I started for home and you."

I think, after our long-suffering, our long-weariness, and doubting, and care, our happiness would have been too complete, had it not been for that little grave at our feet.

Years have passed since then, happy, blessed years; for I think, *I know*, that I have tried to make up to Leonard the happiness he was defrauded of so long. And to see his bright, happy face as he plays with his little baby-girl, and his two handsome boys, no one would dream that he was the hero of so sad a story.

WHITHER?

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

Oh, whither shall I fly?
Fears seize me—compass me on every side;
Full well I know the world is wide—in wide,
But whither shall I fly?

My sin hath found me out!
Poor fool! To think that I could ever hide
From that all-searching Eye, that seeth wide!
My sin hath found me out!

The very winds that blow,
In my keen ear, seem saying, "Thou art he!"
And every floweret, every whispering tree,
Make known my shame—my woe!

Oh, whither shall I fly?
The whole wide world affords no hiding-place
For one who wears my guilt upon his face!
What can I, then, but die?

THE LATE ROSE.

BY KATE PEYTON.

THE Rector of St. Alsaph was giving a dinner-party, and when the Rector did this, he was certain of doing something that he knew how to do well. Few men were more *au fait* in all that pertains to that great art of civilization, the art of dining, than the Rev. Chauncey Granby, bachelor, dilettante, epicure, and, for the last twenty years, incumbent of the good old parish of St. Alsaph, England.

Let us look in upon the fair scene for a moment. The dining-room is large, with a lofty, groined ceiling, halls paneled high with oak and chestnut, and a great oriel window looking out on a beautiful, old-fashioned garden, filled with the bloom of roses, geraniums, and all those bright flowers "not too wise and good," and botanical, "for human nature's daily food." Beyond, stretched, in a peaceful vista, a sweet English landscape, with its velvety fields, its fragrant hawthorn hedges, its little villages of thatched cottages, and, in the distance, the faint, blue outline of the Cumberland Hills, shutting out the busy, bustling world.

The large oval table, in the centre of the room, shines with old china and silver, for the Rector is well born, and his silver has a crest; and at table sat twelve people, six ladies and as many gentlemen, alternating, the gentlemen in their uniform black costumes, and white neckties, but all the ladies in that full dress essential at an English dinner, their beautiful white necks and pretty round arms, in relief against their shining silks and soft laces, making them look like gorgeous tropical flowers between their sombre masculine neighbors.

Opposite the Rector sits his lovely niece, Bertha D'Arcy, called The Rose of St. Alsaph. How well she becomes her name and position! "All English beauties resemble one another," it is said, and perhaps there is something of sameness in their rounded outlines, their soft, bright complexions, their wide-open infantine gaze, at least to us Americans, accustomed to a more vivacious and expressive style. But Bertha D'Arcy's loveliness was not marred even by this lack. She had all the rich fullness of outline and brilliant color of her own country, and, by one of Nature's caprices, had reached away back into the past, and taken her dark eyes and French vivacity from some fair Norman ancestor, long

since mouldered into dust. These two styles, combined, made her beauty something splendid, shining out among the tranquil faces around her, like an exquisite bit of *alto rilievo*, rising from the level perfection of a mosaic. Strangely enough, though as lovely in nature as in person, Bertha had reached the mature age of twenty-five, yet had never loved. Some called her cold and indifferent; but these had wooed her long and earnestly; others, proud and ambitious; but the shrewd Rector, her uncle, who was in no haste to part with her, was nearer the truth when he said that "some women's hearts were like certain plants, the sweetest were late bloomers." Certainly, Bertha seemed to gather beauty and sweetness, while she waited, as flowers gather fuller bloom from dew and sunshine.

About midway between Bertha and the Rector sat an American gentleman, Walter Grant, known as a great inventor. Mr. Grant was a far-away cousin of the Rector, and, between the two, a warm friendship had arisen. They were, perhaps, drawn together by their very unlikeness, for the Rector was a true product of English culture, an Oxford graduate, a splendid Grecian, a fancier of all dainty hot-house literature: while Walter Grant was a typical American, of poor parentage, without early advantages, who had conquered fortune by the sheer force of native pluck and energy. He had little school-lore, but his brain teemed with plans for all sorts of wonderful things to be done. No mountain looked to him too high to be tunneled; no river too wide to be spanned: provided his fellow-beings wished to go through the one, or over the other. Of fine physique, tall as a Kentuckian, straight as a Maine pine, broad-chested, deep-voiced, with handsome brown eyes, and a bright smile, Walter Grant had won many friends among the English. Bertha, only, seemed to look upon him with an unfavorable eye. He was so different from all she had been reared to consider as model men, that she seemed to regard his huge proportions, his wonderful ignorance of some things and knowledge of others, something as an astronomer, who had made all his calculations to suit a certain condition of the heavenly bodies, might look upon an unknown planet coming up from the starry horizon, and upsetting all his theories by some strange manifestations.

Just at this stage of the dinner the conversation chanced to turn upon literary topics, and a LL.D., a man of many titles, and much erudition, turning suddenly to Mr. Grant, said,

"Oh, we shall never get the 'Philistines' to admire that book!"

Mr. Grant looked blankly unresponsive. He had never heard of Matthew Arnold, or of the class of Englishmen that author chooses to nickname "Philistines?" How should he, indeed, when he had higher things to think of? "What does the man mean?" he said to himself. "What have the 'Philistines' to do with a nineteenth century book? They were dead ages ago."

Pretty Bertha was listening. As usual, when the American made any mistakes, her anger flamed up against him, and, almost before she thought, an evil impulse spoke through her silvery voice.

"Mr. Grant isn't acquainted with the 'Philistines,' it seems," she said.

"Oh, yes, I am!" he replied, smilingly, unconscious of the hidden sarcasm. "I'll wager this rare-ripe," he added, laying a downy, red-cheeked peach upon a cluster of transparent leaves, which formed the centre of a china plate, "I'll wager this, that I can tell you all about the 'Philistines.'"

"I never bet, except at the Derby," replied Bertha, recklessly, still moved by her evil spirit; "but I shall have to make an exception this time." And she put down her peach, waiting for him to speak.

The Rector looked on with an air of deep disapprobation. He was a thorough gentleman, and that a guest of his should be laughed at, at his own table, and by his own niece, was intolerable. He had noticed that Bertha disliked the American. But this was going too far.

"I see how it is, Miss D'Arcy," said Mr. Grant. "You think I'm not given to Scriptural reading; but I learned all about the 'Philistines' when I was a boy, and read the story of David and Goliath. You've lost your peach, you see."

All at the table saw the mistake, for St. Alsaph was a cathedral town, much given to literature, and a certain Shibboleth of the literary world was like their native tongue to them. But no one smiled. They were too well-bred for that. There was, however, that indefinable something in the air that told the young man, more plainly than words, that he had, somehow, made a mistake.

The blood flew to Walter Grant's face, while Bertha, blushing scarcely less with vexation and shame, suddenly rose, giving the signal for the ladies to retire. They swept out of the room in

their shimmering silks, like moving rainbows, and dispersing around the drawing-room, reclined, in graceful ease, on ottomans and fauteuils, telling one another, in soft tones, the latest tit-bits of news and scandal.

Bertha, ill at ease, wandered on, through the arched passage, into the library, on the other side of the great hall. This room had a deep bow-window filled with flowering plants, and Bertha walked on until she stood in the centre of this fragrant bower. She was angry with herself, and angry with the cause of her vexation.

"Why need I care, if he does blunder?" she said. "I don't know why it provokes me so. Why can't he know things that every gentleman ought to know, as uncle and papa do? And yet how much he knows about some other things, and how well he talks! How all those M. P.'s listened to him the other day, when he was speaking about the great tunnel in America! How patient he has been with me, too! It's a pity I don't like him better. How hateful I have been! I must, I will apologize. I'll go down on my knees—figuratively, of course. Uncle is ashamed of me, and I am ashamed of myself. I'll make the *amende* this time."

Calmed a little by this resolution—for who could resist an apology from the Rose of St. Alsaph?—and determined to await there the coming in of the gentlemen, Bertha began to look around among the flowers, and in a moment uttered an exclamation of delight. A late rose, sent her that season from Guernsey, one that she had been longing to see in flower, had suddenly bloomed. After garnering up all the dews and sunshine of summer, it had burst out with one perfect blossom, lovely in color as a tinted sea-shell, fragrant as a blossom of Paradise.

"Late and sweet," said Bertha, half blushing. "That's what uncle says I shall be. I'll wear it to-night," she added, with a sudden impulse, "and enjoy its full beauty."

She plucked the flower, and hiding the stem in a fold of her dress, stood looking down at the rose, laying caressingly against her beautiful bust, when she heard a step, and, turning, saw Mr. Grant approaching.

She looked at him deprecatingly.

"I'm so sorry," she said at once. "I don't know what made me do it."

"It's not the first time I have had to forgive you," said Mr. Grant, passionately, yet sadly. "You despise me, because I have lived a different life from you; because I have a different ideal. I see the good in yours, but you will see nothing in mine. Yours is perfect, rounded, and chiseled, like a Greek statue; but to me it

is just as cold and lifeless. You despise me and my countrymen! You think us crude and rough; but,” and his face glowed, his eye kindled, “America is the land of promise, and I would not change my birthright for the fairest dukedom in all England. But why do I say this?” suddenly checking herself. “I am making another blunder,” and he smiled bitterly. “You do not care for me, or my country. You have shown me that, more than once, before to-night. I have only one more thing to say, and that I had better leave unsaid. I excused myself, that I might have the chance of finding you alone for a moment. I have lingered and lingered near you, like a fool, because I could not tear myself away. You despise me, and I love you.”

His voice trembled, and he stopped for a moment.

At these words, Bertha felt as if a great wave of light shone around her, illuminating the past. That, then, was what it meant! This was why she was so angry when he seemed so inferior to others. This explained her tormenting pleasure in his society; her delight when he shone in conversation; her vexation when he was dull; her pride in his bravery; her anger at his ignorance. How simple the solution of the problem! He loved her, and she—loved him.

All this time she had not stirred. The inward glow had only made her cheeks more pale. Her eyes were downcast. Only the Rose moved. That fluttered over her beating heart like a frightened dove.

Mr. Grant spoke again.

“You will smile, perhaps,” he said, gravely, “when I tell you that I have sometimes even

hoped to win you, only because I loved you so much. They say love begets love. To-night you have taught me that that is but a madman’s dream, and I have come to say, good-by.”

The words smote her like a blow struck at her heart. She would never see him again! He would never know that she loved him; that it was because she loved him that she had sometimes been unkind! What could she do? Nothing. A woman can do nothing but—wait. In a few moments he would be gone forever. A hopeless vision of the long, long years to come, in which she would never see him, never hear his voice again, came over her. She felt, for a moment, as if she were dying. Almost unconsciously she plucked the Rose from her bosom, and held it toward him.

He did not see it.

A tear dropped from her eye, and rested on its petals like a dewy diamond.

She looked up, and met the sad, longing gaze of love and renunciation. It almost broke her heart. She held the flower a little nearer, and this time she spoke.

“It is a late Rose,” she said, with a tremulous voice, “but—it has blossomed.”

Her voice thrilled him with a sudden shock. He looked at her eagerly, while a quick flash shot through his eyes like lightning through a cloud. Did she mean it? Still he did not put out his hand. He bent a little nearer, and looked into her eyes, which drooped beneath his gaze.

“Has it blossomed for me?” he asked.

“For you,” she answered, softly; and he took the Rose of St. Alsaph to his bosom.

WAITING FOR THE DAY.

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

Life is sad enough, and dreary,
Hope is very far away;
And my soul is oft a-weary,
Waiting ever for the day.

Shades of evening gather round me,
Misty shades, that, like a pall,
Hide from me the far-off starlight,
Only shadows round me fall.

But beyond, when time is ended,
And Eternity’s in view,
I shall look back on these shadows,
See if they are false or true.

If my life is really darkened,
Or if, through affliction’s way,
I am drawing near the Father,
Fitting for the coming day.

“FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.”

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

The sun shineth down on the good and the evil,
Some kneeling in prayer, and some wild in the revel,
But Death brings them all to the same common level—
“Fear not, little flock.”

In Heaven above there is room for your treasure;
The Father will give you the kingdom with pleasures
His grace and His mercy in untinted measure.
“Fear not, little flock.”

THE LADY ROSE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

A WOMAN toiled along the highway, carrying a child in her arms; a strange, dark woman, with deep shadows under her wild, black eyes, and weary pain in her face. Now and then she would start and look behind her, covering the child's face with the corner of a red mantle, in which it was wrapped. At such time that terribly beautiful face had a keen, haunted look, and the weary lassitude of the figure gave way to a fierce impulse of flight.

Thus she walked on some hours; for even in the darkness she had left the city far behind, and turning into the first cross-road, pursued it vaguely, but with such forced speed, that she was ready to drop in her tracks. Still there was something of method in her progress. All the time she had managed to keep in sight of a railroad, of which she had some knowledge, and to which she now and then cast longing glances as her feet stumbled, or when her breath gave out utterly, as it would now and then.

All at once the eager vigilance of her look changed, and an expression of helpless pity took its place. The child, pressed with such feverish fondness to her bosom, began to cry and moan hungrily in her arms. Then she uncovered its pretty face, and pressed wild, fierce kisses down upon its mouth, as if the food it clamored for lay in her very breath. The poor babe was famished, and its eager lips clung to hers a moment, and fell away writhing with pathetic cries, when they received nothing but kisses.

The wretched tramp—for she seemed little better than that—sunk down upon a fragment of rock that lay embedded close by the road, and made an effort to hush the child. She knew well that it was moaning for food, but strove to cheat herself into a belief that something in its dress caused its writhing and its sobs. Hushing it with a tenderness that was infinitely touching in a creature so forsaken of all comfort, she flung open the scarlet mantle and exposed garments that had once been rich, and covered with delicate embroidery, but were now so soiled and torn that a close observer might have mis-

taken them for the cast-off clothes which some opulent persons had bestowed on the pretty waif, rather than throw them away, but which gave to its present forlorn condition a sort of pathetic interest.

"There, there, my white dove! Don't cry! Don't cry! It makes my heart sore. I would give you its best blood to drink, if that would feed you. Let me see; there may be a drop left."

Here the woman took a small stone bottle from her pocket, and shook it, listening eagerly if the motion gave back no sound; then she desperately held it to the infant's working mouth; but, in its disappointment, the poor little thing only gave forth fresh cries, and writhed in the woman's lap.

"Not a drop! Not a single drop! Oh, my soul, my pretty white soul! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The child had wearied itself with crying now, and only uttered faint moans, while tears ran down from its closed eyelids, wetting its pale face, as withered flowers are sometimes drenched with the rain which comes too late for a new life. The woman kissed these tears away with her trembling lips, for, with this babe in her lap, she was "pure womanly," and new-born tenderness, like all other feelings, burned into a passion with her.

"Hush, darling, hush! Don't you feel how each moan goes through me?" she pleaded, as if the child could indeed comprehend her anguish.

"Ah, that is better! I can sob, too, only it kills me."

There was stillness for a moment, and through it came a faint sound of distant waters. She started up, gathered the child to her bosom, and followed the sound. It was only a spring gushing out from under a rock half-buried in ferns; which lay within the shadow of a clump of trees on the other side of the hedge that sheltered her. Forcing her way through an opening in the hedge, she found herself in a meadow, through which she could mark the track of a rivulet by the cowslips and blue violets that wound

through the grass, leaving blossoms wherever it went.

In mortal haste, for the stillness of the child frightened her worse than its cries, she sat down by the spring, and undressed it with eager, trembling hands. Gathering the water up in her hollow palm, she bathed the little creature with a touch of velvet, rubbed his limbs, and laughed, with a mingling of hysterical tears, as a faint rosy glow followed her hands. Dangerous as the cold bath might have been, it certainly revived the child, who stretched out his slender limbs, and lifted his tiny arms toward his head, with a healthy movement that brought a storm of kisses on his face, his shoulders, and his little feet, that had got back some of their natural rosiness.

"The dear little feet! They shall be warm—they shall be warm!" she cried, gathering them between her hands, and feeling as if the whole warmth of her own being were given them through her kisses. "Ah, if he could only drink my breath, I would give him the last gasp. Crying again! Shaking with the cold! Oh, what a monster I am!"

In eager haste, she hurried on the garments that lay by her side, found one tiny sock wanting, and, after searching for it in vain, warmed the pretty foot afresh with her kisses, and folded the child first in her scarlet cloak, and again in her own tattered shawl. Still the little creature cried out with the renewed strength of hunger; and folding him close to her heart, she arose to her feet, desperate. A house was in sight, but she dared not beg, or show herself with the child; for, since she had left London, no fox had ever doubled on its pursuers with more timid cunning than she had used. A terror of being hunted down possessed her, or long before she would have found some means of obtaining food for the child. Her own famished state passed for nothing.

She might have been tempted toward the house, for the cries of that little one, hugged so closely to her bosom, were conquering all fear, when, at a little distance, she saw a cow wading, knee-deep, through the grass, into which she had broken, as the wanderer herself had done.

A cry of wild joy broke from the woman. Away she went, dragging her garments through the grass, and calling out, with a deep, cooing sound, to the animal, which seemed almost as wild as herself; but, won by the magnetism of a desperate will, stopped, and watched her coming with its great, earnest eyes.

Martha glided through the grass, noiselessly as the brook that murmured near by, still charm-

ing the animal with her voice, and holding her still with the power of her eyes.

"So, ho! so ho! my bonny beast!" she murmured, smoothing the creature's flank with her hand, while she laid the child softly down in the grass. "Stand still only a minute—just a minute. So, so!"

Down upon her knees she dropped, and taking the stone bottle from her pocket, held it steadily while she poured a stream of warm milk through the open neck, till it frothed over and deluged her hand. Then she patted the cow's sleek neck gratefully, and, sitting down in the grass, fed the child, trembling, crying, and laughing, as the foaming milk flowed into its eager mouth, while the cow slowly wandered a yard or two away, cropped the great blue violets that throve thickly along the brook, and surveyed the scene, while she turned them again and again in her mouth, with calm tranquillity, as if she knew what good her milk had done, and found quiet pleasure in it.

Not till the child fell asleep in Martha's arms, with drops of warm milk trembling on its lips, did that wild creature think of her own keen hunger. Then it came upon her with a great pang, and, laying the child down, she went to the brook in her own behalf, made a cup of her palm, and drank greedily, while the kindly animal reached forth her neck for the grass and flowers on either side, and stood quietly until the famished woman had fed herself and filled her bottle afresh; then she waded across the brook, and went to the other side of the meadow, rippling the grass far behind her.

Thus refreshed, the woman took up her secret burden, and turned into the nearest lane, always keeping her face away from London, and wandering within the sound of a railroad whistle, which served her as a guide.

One night she came, worn and covered with the dust of many a road that she had wandered through, in sight of her father's house, driven there by her own fearful destitution, and, far more strangely, by the sufferings of the child, which had, through all the wild evil of a distorted nature, become a second soul to her. Bold and reckless as she was, the fear that it might be taken from her made the poor creature timid as a hare. Thus she crept up to her father's dwelling, and peered through the window suspiciously.

Her father was there, and with him the man whom she most dreaded, Swark. The two men were talking with great earnestness. Hart sat with his head bowed, and his clasped hands dropping down between his shaking knees, but listening intently.

Martha drew close to the window, which was partly open, and gazed fiercely at the two men, through the vine-leaves. Gazed and listened.

"Seen her? Art sure of that? In London? But how came it about? What can she be doing there? A child with her? Nay, nay, lad, that can never be. My lass was demented, maybe, at times, but she had no child. A fair, honest lass was my daughter Martha."

"That child was the little heir of Norston's Rest," said Swark, impulsively.

The old man drew back, and looked keenly into the face bending close to his.

"Man, are ye stark mad?"

"I saw her. I saw the child with my own eyes."

"But how came it? How came the heir of Norston's Rest with my daughter in London? Tell me that, young man?"

"I will. It was she who took the little thing from its mother."

"No, no."

"There isn't a doubt, old man."

"My daughter, Martha, kidnap a child? I'll never believe it."

"Not in her right mind. The wild fit might a been over her."

"Ah!"

"Which the people over yonder would consider, if the law is hard."

"The law! Who talks of taking the law on my lass?"

A keen look of anxiety came into the old man's face, and his usually meek voice was quick and harsh, as he listened keenly for a reply.

"No one. The people over yonder will not harm her. They ask nothing but the child. It was to say this I come to you. Sooner or later the poor thing will come home again; let us know when, and instead of the law, you shall be put beyond the need of work from that day out, you and your daughter."

The old man did not seem to listen. His head bent low again, his limbs seemed drawn together by slow spasms of distress.

"You may believe every word I say, old man," continued Swark, eagerly. "The Duke of St. Ormand told me to promise this, or anything you might want, in his own name. You can trust him."

"Trust who?" questioned the old man, who had been listening to his own fears, rather than Swark's promises.

"The Duke, who is ready to give thousands of pounds for a sight of that baby."

"Thousands of pounds! Hout, lad, dost think I'd take money for a human being? Nay, nay;

if Martha has taken the baby-heir, I would give it up, though she was sent to prison the same hour."

"And you will? If she comes home, I can depend on that?"

"Ay, though I dropped dead bringing it home"

Swark grasped the old man's unwilling hand, which lay in his own like ice.

The half-famished creature at the window saw no more, but turned and fled from the house, and away into the darkness, forgetting that she was hungry, or that the child on her bosom set up fresh moans as her unequal movements jarred it from a dreary sleep.

On she went, crossing fields, leaping over stiles, and, even in the darkness, pursuing a scarcely defined path which led toward Norston's Rest. Sometimes she would pause in her reeling flight, and talk in a breathless, hoarse way to the child, evidently thinking to pacify its feeble complaints.

"There, there! Wait a little, only a little, and I will give you back to him, my pretty one. They are never hungry down there; but the waters will sing to us, and rock us to sleep forevermore. I have robbed him, and he wants his soul back. No wonder it moans so. They want to tear it away from me, father and all—to buy it, keep it for themselves; but we know where to hide away from them. He is waiting—he is waiting. They won't let us stay above-ground. There! there! Hush, now! I am taking you back to his bosom. You will whisper to him how much we have suffered, how hungry we have been, how the rain came down upon us in the night. But through it all I kept you close, close to my heart. Tell him that the poor old man, my father, meant to give us up, but I saved you. Perhaps, oh, little one, if you tell him all this, he may love me again, down there, down there, you know, when I give him back his soul, made white as snow—white as snow."

With such wild, broken murmurs she hushed the child, when it struggled or cried, always plunging and reeling forward, sometimes looking behind her warily, but never pausing for rest a single moment.

At last she came in sight of Norston Park, and was staggering along the wall, searching blindly for an opening, when the noise of hoofs made her leap from the ground, and dash wildly against a gate, hidden with ivy, that led to the wilderness. It shook under her violent assault, but refused to open. Then, with a gleam of remembrance, she searched for a key in her bosom, and was fiercely turning it in the lock, when a horseman rode by, and saw her wild, dark face, on which the light of a clouded moon

fell as she looked over her shoulder. The next instant the face was gone, and Swark saw nothing, heard nothing, but a faint rustle of ivy, as it settled back to its place.

For some moments the young man sat, like a marble creature, on his horse. Then he sprang off, and searched the wall with his hands, but a black cloud had swept over the moon, and he failed to discover anything but the solid wall.

"Still it was her face. Somehow she had gone through or over the wall. We have driven her to cover. But then——"

Swark leaped on his horse, and rode like a madman up to the lodge, and away to Norston's Rest.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE gloom of bitter disappointment rested upon the inmates of that grand old mansion. St. Ormand had returned to it baffled and unsuccessful. During ten days, he had given all his energies and resources of wealth and influence toward the discovery of Walton Hurst's son; but the wild energy and craft of a half-crazed woman had baffled the best detectives, and thrown every one but Swark off her track. Having failed to discover any traces of the woman in London, after her sudden flight from the den of Mother Carter, he shrewdly turned his attention to the country. As a last resource, he had kept watch over Hari's dwelling, and after that but half-satisfactory interview with the old man, was going back to the gardener's cottage, thoroughly disheartened, when a glimpse of that wierd face aroused all his energies again.

The old baronet, with his guests, who, in their kindness and sympathy, seemed a portion of his own household, had gathered in the drawing-room after dinner, too sad for anything but vague snatches of conversation. Even the cheerful old Duchess had lost her spirits, and sat in silence, gazing across the table on which a game of chess had been abandoned, half-played out, with a world of sweet, womanly sympathy in her still bright eyes. There was something touching in the relations of these two, which made their intercourse like the close of a great heart-pain; and it is doubtful if the wild, warm love, born half a century before, had ever been so unselfish, or so rich in tenderness as it was now, when years had swept all the dross out of their pure gold, making friendship more beautiful than love had ever been.

"Shall I give you some music?" she said, in her sweet, old voice, softly playing with her queen, which stood inactive among the pawns, with the chance of a checkmate in the next move.

The baronet looked at her gratefully, and tried to smile.

"Not just now," he said, "it might disturb Ruth. She seems at rest now, poor child."

Ruth heard nothing. The heart in her bosom seemed to have lost all power of deep feeling, and to have dulled her senses. She sat in an easy-chair, nearby, gazing, with a fixed look, on the wax-lights that cast a pleasant radiance on the table, but neither saw the chess-men nor the persons who sat near it. The tortured soul of that poor mother seemed to have wandered off, to mourn over the invisible grave of her child.

At the other end of the room, in the rich shadows of pictures and silken drapery, Lady Rose and the young Duke were sitting. There had been some attempt at work with the lady, earlier in the evening, but she had wearied of it, and drew back from the light with a dusky heap of embroidery in her lap, silent, like the rest, and miserably unhappy.

"Will you not speak to me," said the young Duke, in a grave, troubled voice. "Is the loss of this poor child to make my life barren, like the rest? Did my greatest hope in life depend entirely upon its restoration?"

"It is a great misfortune," said the Lady Rose, gently. "It seems almost cruel for any of us to talk of ourselves while this state of suspense lasts. If the woman could only be found?"

"If my own unhappiness could aid in finding her, I could endure it," answered St. Ormand.

Lady Rose hesitated an instant, then leaned gently toward him. A rich, warm color glowed on her cheek; her eyes took a velvety softness.

"If unhappiness could aid my poor cousin, she would be out of her pain now; but it cannot," she said.

"You feel this? You admit it?"

"I admit that a price put on services like yours would be degrading," she said. "Least of all that which has no price. Forgive me."

"Forgive you? As if adoration like mine can have anything in common with forgiveness. Tell me! oh, tell me, Lady Rose, that I do not misread your words! Say, once for all, that I have not loved you so long in vain?"

Lady Rose stole her hand from its rest on her embroidery, and it dropped softly into his clasp.

"You love me! You do love me!"

"Yes, I love you."

"Dearly, thoroughly, as I do you?"

The passion of his words brought a flush of scarlet up to that beautiful face; a smile bright as sunshine on the burning leaves of a carnation stirred that sweet mouth.

"I cannot tell—I cannot say. Only this, my

heart is full of something sweeter and deeper than I ever felt before, or ever can feel again."

"Ah, my beautiful beloved! This is what I ask for, but can never, never deserve! Tell me again that you love me."

"Again and again, I do love you."

The shadows from the crimson draperies were deep; the wax candles burned dimly afar off. They were in a sort of rosy solitude, that seemed like heaven. For a brief time all the sorrow, that lay so near, was forgotten. He lifted her hand to his lips, then, as a bird flies from lilies to roses, he drew her softly toward him, and pressed his lips to hers with a delightful dread of being seen, which gave exquisite romance to the first kiss.

"Now," he said, drawing a deep breath, "I cannot rest till others are as happy as myself."

Lady Rose cast a pitiiful glance at Ruth, who had not stirred in her chair, or turned her eyes from the wax-lights.

"Ah, if she could only be brought out of this terrible apathy of grief," she whispered. "What can we do?"

The word, which united those two so naturally, went at once to St. Ormand's heart. It was like a marriage vow to him.

"What happy human beings can do for another, we will try for her. There must come a time when this suspense will be removed."

"Or my poor cousin will die," was the pathetic answer.

"No, no! We shall have news! This cannot last. Let us forget it just a little while. Why look into the darkness, when there is so much light all around us?"

Notwithstanding the general gloom, the face of this young man was radiant, and his heart full of hope, unreasoning hope, for nothing could be more depressing than the circumstances that surrounded the family. In the first glow of his beautiful love-dream, he failed to realize that any human being could remain unhappy in a world that had all at once become so glorious to himself. Lady Rose, too, shared this ecstasy of spirit in a quieter way, feeling, all the time, as if the joy she experienced were a cruel wrong to the poor young widow who sat so near, wrapped in the desolation of her own misery. Still she could not check the sweet overflow of her own great joy; and out from that shadowy recess came the soft murmurs of those two voices, that sounded strangely at variance with the stillness and gloom reigning in all the rest of that noble apartment. Ruth heard these gentle sounds, and cast sad, reproachful glances that way. The Duchess heard them, with thrills of nervous dread that they

might wound the grand old man, whose hands had dropped away from the chess-table with such helpless despondency. At another time she would have read those signs aright; but now they grew irksome to her, and she strove to draw the baronet's attention away by one of those gentle, womanly wiles, of which she was perfect mistress.

"I have a feeling—strange, isn't it, Noel? But I really have a feeling that we are about to hear good news; and I always trust such presentiments. They are, at least, pleasant to fall back upon when reason forsakes us."

"If you could impart such feelings to her," said Sir Noel, glancing at Ruth, who lay supinely back in her chair, with both hands folded in her lap, and great tears swelling under her closed eyelids, brought there by the happy murmurs that seemed a cruel mockery of her anguish.

"If you could do that, we might have some chance of saving her. But since we have received this vague report, that our little one is alive, she seems driven to despair."

"I know! I know she neither eats nor sleeps, but is constantly muttering reproaches on herself if she speaks at all, holding it a sin that she ever became your son's wife."

"Poor child! Poor child! It was not her fault. How could she resist a temptation so great, loving him as she did? Oh, if nothing worse than that had followed, we might be a happy family; but now all is gone!"

"Not all," said the Duchess, in a tone of gentle reproach. "You must not say that."

"No, dear lady; while you are near, I could not say it truly. This poor house might have some brightness still if you would never leave it."

A faint, soft color came into that delicate cheek, and, spite of herself, the old lady felt her eyelids droop. A girl of sixteen might have felt sweetness in the thrill of a sensation like that which weighed them down. To a woman past her threescore years and ten, they brought a pang of exquisite shame. Had she, indeed, loved this man all the days of her brilliant life? Was she absolutely in her second childhood, to feel these chance words so much?

She lifted her eyes at last, and saw the sad, beseeching look of the old man fixed upon her. Who else could understand his misery as she did?

"I shall not leave Norston's Rest, Noel, while this great calamity is upon you. Where else could an old woman make herself so useful?"

Her voice trembled. She reached forth her little, withered hand, which he clasped as if the very touch gave him strength.

"Thank you! Thank you! But if the good

God should lift this cloud from my roof, another, almost as dark, would come when you left it."

The Duchess strove to put this speech gracefully aside, as she had done many more, significant in their meaning from others, in her time; but, instead of soft laughter, tears came to her eyes, and her hand trembled in his clasp.

"Ah!" she said. "Life is over with us! Why should we talk of it?"

"If you and I had married years and years ago, should we have tired of each other now?" asked the baronet, gently.

"No, no! That would have been impossible, Noel!"

"Would not love have grown into a holy friendship, more lasting than passion, more beautiful than youth ever knows?"

"It might! It would!"

"I have sometimes thought," continued the old man, brightening under the theme, "that the attachment of two persons, who have loved each other for life, however brokenly, is the one thing that keeps green with us to the last. You and I loved each other dearly in the old times."

"Dearly! Oh, how dearly!"

A faint sob followed these words, and the old Duchess covered her eyes with one trembling hand.

"And in all the time since, now and then, that love has been a buried treasure in one heart, at least, which no human power has ever touched."

The old lady dropped her hand, and looked at him through her tears.

"All these years, Noel?"

"And now, dear lady, the tender friendship, the mental sympathy, which would have been mine had no bar been placed against our union, is all that time and affliction has left to my old age. Will there ever come a period when you can take that from me?"

"Not while you need me."

"I shall always need you, Hortense."

She had not heard that name in many a year. It had been lost in the grandeur of her titles, and come upon her now like the ghost of her youth.

"Hortense! Hortense!" she murmured. "Yes, that was my name."

"When I loved you with a boy's passion," said the old man.

"Yes, yes. You did love me then."

"And now, Hortense."

"Hush!" said the Duchess, listening to the low, happy voices that came from the shadowy end of the room. "That is love."

The baronet listened, and, spite of his great sorrow, a smile flitted across his lips.

"I hear," he said. "But in time these lovers

will stand as we do now, tender and faithful friends. It is thus that passion becomes august."

"Oh, how happy they are!" murmured the old lady, sighing, half in pleasure, half in pain.

"We need not envy them, Hortense."

"Envy! Oh, how could we?"

"What is that?" cried Ruth, starting to her feet. "I hear a horse coming!"

She had heard nothing of this conversation, but, wrapped in gloom, had been listening, with her heart, for news to come.

Her excitement startled the others. The Duke and Lady Rose came out of their heaven and listened with the rest. It was no unusual thing for messengers and friends to ride back and forth through the grand avenue, but the sound of these swift hoofs seemed to bring tidings that held them all in expectation.

The horse stopped a moment before the grand entrance, then moved away.

"It is only a groom going round to the stable," said Sir Noel, in a voice of keen disappointment.

Ruth sank to a chair, wringing her hands, and moaning. Lady Rose put away her happiness, and kneeling down by the poor young mother, strove to comfort her.

Directly, a servant came in, very quietly, and said that the Duke's secretary wished to speak with him a moment. This was so quietly done, that no person in the room thought of connecting the message with the horse that had just galloped by the door.

Instead of his secretary, St. Ormand found Swark standing in the great hall. He seemed unusually excited. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead, and his clothes were covered with dust.

"My lord! Your grace! She is here! I saw—that is, I am sure I saw her by the Park wall! The woman, I mean. But she is sly as a fox, and runs like one. So, we may not catch her after all. Say nothing, your highness. Keep dark! No dogs must bay on her track, or she'll double on us!"

The Duke was on the alert, and gathered the lad's meaning in an instant.

"You have seen the woman again? Is that it?"

"Seen her not fifteen minutes, ago, my lord, creeping along the Park wall, close by the wilderness. She got over, or went through, can't tell which, aiming for the black tarn!"

"Great heavens!"

"I say so, too. We've driv her into a corner, a dark, awful corner! Let her hear one yelp of the hounds, and she's gone. Never feared nothing in her life!"

"I see, I see! Is the child with her?"

"Don't know. The moon just dipped out of a cloud, and back again. Saw her face; nothing but that. But she'll hang onto the little one to the last. That's in the natur' of wimmen. The thing is to circumvenerate her. Nothing else will do. I've got a dark lantern from the stable. Mr. Fletcher is ready, and waiting. Two of us would be enough; more might make a noise. I just come to let your highness know, and to take orders, if there's any to give."

"I will go with you," said the Duke, snatching a hat from the nearest table. "Go out quietly. I will follow."

Swark lifted his hat, to wipe the moisture from his forehead; pulled it low down again, and disappeared.

The Duke waited a minute, then opened the door, and hurried down the terrace, treading cautiously, that no one might hear him.

Ruth, who had been fearfully excited, left her seat, and was pacing up and down the long room. As she came opposite a window opening on the terrace, the figure of a man gliding down the steps held her motionless.

"Something has happened. Something is going on," she said, turning almost fiercely to Lady Rose.

"No, no! You are dreaming, Ruth. Nothing has happened. To-morrow we may have news, but not to-night. See how late it is!"

Ruth turned her eyes on the malachite clock, which was that instant chiming out the hour with musical sweetness, as if no heart ached to the sound.

"But I feel—I know——"

"Hush, darling, hush! This excitement will kill you. Go up to your room, and do calm yourself."

"Can a mother calm herself when her child is in the hands of a fiend? You ask strange things of me, Lady Rose!" cried the wretched young mother, wrenching her hands from the lady's clasp. "But how should you know?"

With these wild words on her lips, Ruth flew out of the room.

"Do not be frightened. I will follow," said Lady Rose, pale with apprehension. "She is going into the Park. I will not lose sight of her."

Out into the night that young widow found her way. Lady Rose gathered up some wraps as she passed through the hall, and followed her across the garden, and through the wildest part of the grounds. The grass was heavy with dew, and the moon came out in faint gleams, leaving them half the time in darkness. But Ruth scarcely heeded that, or cared to keep any path, but rushed

through the undergrowth bordering the wilderness, blindly, until she lost breath, and was compelled to stop.

Lady Rose had followed the poor creature's bewildering course, and at last came up to her, where she stood, with head uncovered, and her feet buried in damp ferns, panting for breath and trembling with cold.

The lady threw a mantle over that bare head, and held it around the slender form with her arm.

"Come with me, Ruth. There is nothing for you to find here," she pleaded, with caressing gentleness. "Some wild hope has seized upon you, that frightens me."

"It is my child I am searching for! How should you know?"

Ruth turned upon her friend as she spoke, and wrenched herself away from the kindly arms holding her back.

"But it is not here, Ruth. Ever so many persons are searching for it. If they fail, what can we do? Come back, dear. We will watch together till the morning. Perhaps news may come then. Only go home with me now."

"Rose," said the poor woman, turning her great black eyes on the lady's face, "something is happening. My child was never in such danger, and I, its mother, can do nothing."

"Not at this late hour. Come home. We must have patience. Come, dear."

"I can hear nothing. I see no one. I cannot even find my way down yonder," answered Ruth, looking around in the darkness, and speaking despairingly. "Yes, Rose, I will go home and die there. It is all I can do."

She was shivering with cold, and helpless as a child.

"I thought," she said, turning toward the house, "I thought that news had come, and it drove me wild, I suppose; but no news ever comes. I wait and wait, that is all. Ah, yes, I will go with you! What else can I do?"

She walked on a little distance, then stopped, suddenly.

"Not till I have been down to the black tarn! I must go there. Nothing can keep me from that. Go with me, for I cannot find the way. Will you go with me, Rose?"

"If you will go, I must," was the patient answer. "But, oh, Ruth, it is such a weird, dreary place!"

"I know it is a fearful place. Still I am wanted there."

"But it is so late—so dark," pleaded the lady. "That is why we must go. Come! Come!"

Rose allowed the half-distracted creature to

have her way, and turned down a path that led to the wilderness.

Meantime St. Ormand had followed Swark to the gardener's cottage, where he was joined by the artist, and all three went silently toward the black tarn, for there Swark felt sure of finding the woman they sought.

It was a dangerous movement this little group of men were making, for there the woman had fled, in wild desperation, with the heir of Nors-ton's Rest in her arms. Hungry, foot-sore, and fierce as a hunted animal, she turned to this weird spot, which had an awful fascination to her distorted mind.

"He is lonesome," she thought, sometimes muttered. "He wants his soul back. The deep is so very black without that. If I bring it, he will love me again, and forget her. Why not? I stole it away from her as she 'ticed him from me. Made her heart ache, as she hurt mine. Let her moan, let her cry! It will take years and years to do as much of that as dragged me down to this. I thought my poor heart was all gone, and trampled out, till I found her, with his soul, hiding it away from me. But I found it, under all her heaps of silk and lace. I found it; and here it is, close to my heart. No one shall touch it. No one take it from me a single minute. If I lose it, he is lost. I could not find him in the great deep."

With these wild, disjointed thoughts, sweeping back and forth through her crazed brain, Martha Hart made her weary way from the hidden gate, and buried herself deep in the wilderness. Sometimes she would stop to listen, seized with dread that enemies might be on her track. Then, assured by the stillness, she would hurry forward, swaying the child to and fro in her arms, if it murmured, or broke into cries, for that terrified her above all things; for it seemed to her the complaining soul of her lost lover, and that he would bring her to a cruel account for every pang inflicted upon it.

At last she reached the old Lake-House, and crept into its weird shelter with a feeling of safety; for there she fancied that Richard Storms, the man who had perished while doing murder upon her, was in some mysterious way close by, to save her and the little creature she carried in her arms.

But, even in her crazed state, the girl had a fear of death. She had once been down in those inky waters, and the terror of those awful moments clung to her yet. She even began to reason in her wild, visionary way. What if he should not be waiting for her down there? Might he not take his soul, which she had made so

white with her kisses, and strangle her under the water? He had threatened such things many a time, and tried it once; but that was because he had loved the other woman, Walton Hurst's wife, who was breaking her heart in the great house back yonder.

Now she would wait awhile in the Lake-House, and sleep, perhaps; there had been so little chance for sleep since she set forth on her tramp from London. In a corner of the Lake-House the wretched woman cowered down, worn out by these wild thoughts that haunted her perpetually, and so broken with travel, that the sodden dampness of the place seemed like heaven to her.

She groveled down on the floor, huddled all her loose garments around the chill, and, like a wild animal in its lair, fell into a feverish slumber, hushed by the slow lapping of the water, but absolutely listening in her sleep, for so watchful had she become in her wanderings that her fears were ever on the alert.

Once or twice the child cried, and this always aroused her into singular bursts of tenderness, that might have touched the heart of a savage, there was so much of simple pathos in her words and caresses.

Thus the poor creature might, perhaps, have remained all night, dozing drearily in that old building, like some worn-out animal in hiding; but a faint noise, as if some one were moving cautiously through the tall marsh-grasses, caused her to lift her head, and even in that dark corner the glitter of her eyes might have been seen turning to fire, as the noise drew nearer. Freeing her limbs slowly from their entanglement in those wretched garments, she leaned forward, resting her weight on one hand, which clutched some inequality in the floor, but clasping the child close with her other arm.

The child gave a faint cry.

"Hush! oh, hush! They are upon us! They will drive us down!"

Nearer and nearer came the sound. The woman crept forward a few inches on her hand and knees, and peered through the open door. A sudden flash of light, instantly covered, gave her the figures of three men moving cautiously toward the tarn.

Up from the floor she sprang—a moment's breathless pause. Then a mad leap into the broken balcony, and, lifting the babe high above her head with both hands, she plunged into the tarn, sending back an awful cry from the waters as they closed over her.

The lantern dropped from Swark's hand, and its hidden fire blazed up vividly through the grass, revealing St. Ormand, as he plunged

toward the lake, flinging his garments off as he ran.

The moon was clouded; the waters black as ink. The fitful glimmer of the fallen lantern turned the grass lurid just around it, but went no further. Nothing but the noise of that mad plunge into unfathomed depths broke the awful stillness that had followed Martha Hart's last cry.

Then came an eternity of blank silence. The two men on the shore looked wildly into the darkness, and saw only that. They listened; the waters lapped unevenly against the old Lake-House, as if something had made them angry. That was all.

All? No. A cry! A hoarse, choked sound, lost in the gurgle of lapsing waters, struggled that way!

Swark snatched up the lantern, and held it far out into the darkness. Fletcher flung himself into the tarn, forgetting that he could not swim, and would have sunk there, but for the marsh-plants which he grasped in a desperate effort for the life he had been so ready to fling away.

Another cry came from beyond the boat-house, toward which some dark object seemed drifting. It was answered from the shore by a shriek so wild and shrill, that Swark, who was rushing that way, turned, and held up his lantern, awe-struck. Well he might be! A face, white as marble, was before him; two mad eyes, almost fierce with agony, looked into his; a pair of white lips writhed, but could utter no sound.

"Don't keep me! Don't speak! I can't answer! Let me go!"

Swark flung those cold, clinging hands from his shoulder, and rushed forward. Ruth staggered back into the arms of Lady Rose, and lay there, paralyzed. Not a word was spoken between those two. Scarcely a breath was drawn. Rose shook from head to foot. Ruth was still as death.

A cry! A shout! The lantern swayed up and down, to and fro, revealing the skeleton beams of that old balcony, and a man clinging to it. Lady Rose saw the face, and sunk down under her friend, weak, and stunned as she was.

Fletcher had struggled out from the tarn, and rushed by them, dropping water from his garments, and trammelled by the grass.

Another shout! The lantern came swinging that way, casting its light on a face convulsed with joy, adown which tears were streaming.

"It is the baby! We have got the little fellow. Don't faint! Don't die. But we've got him, and he's alive."

"Hush!" said a voice—his voice. "Is the mother here? Oh, Lady Rose, tell her, gently, that her child is safe."

While St. Ormand was speaking, Ruth rose to her feet. A pair of cold hands were reached forth, and she sunk to the earth again, with the child held close in her arms; too happy for speech, too weak for kisses.

Lady Rose, still pale and trembling, but with joy now, reached forth her hands to the Duke.

"It is you—you, who saved him. Thank God! Thank God! This makes my happiness complete."

Quite unconscious of the act, she pressed her lips again and again to his hand. She swept the wet hair back from his face, crying, laughing, and uttering sweet thanks all the time.

Swark, seeing this, took his lantern out of the way, and began to search diligently for the Duke's cast-off coat and vest.

"I knew it, I knew it," he thought, picking up the coat here, the hat there, and the vest among the reeds, in the very edge of the water. "Them two love each other beautifully. I needn't be in a hurry, if he is a shiverin' in his patent-leather boots. He'll never have sich another chance to find out what's in that beautiful creatur's heart as he's got now. I say, Mr. Fletcher, there's no use in stayin' about, with the water a drippin' down you, like a mill-dam. Just hurry home, and get some dry close on. Oh, you won't go? Well, never mind. They must be ready to go by this time."

Swark was right. Ruth stood up, with the child in her arms, a changed creature; pale still, and trembling in all her limbs, which shook now with thrills of exquisite joy, that illuminated her beautiful face, and gave out her thanks in looks rather than words; for they were, indeed, poverty-stricken by her intense gratitude.

"Let me carry the child," said the Duke. "My wet clothes will do him no harm."

"No, no! I cannot! Let him stay with me. I have wrapped him in my mantle. Rose has given hers, too. I will carry him home. You have a right, because you saved him; but don't ask me."

St. Ormand did not ask her again, but added his dry coat to the wraps already around the child, and gave himself up to the care of Lady Rose, while Swark went forward, lighting the way with his lantern.

The Duchess and Sir Noel were still seated in the drawing-room, waiting anxiously for the return of Lady Rose, who had more than once brought that distracted young mother back from her wild walks in the Park, when the restlessness of intolerable anguish drove her from the

house. At such times the old baronet had shrunk from imposing the presence of servants upon her, and, late as it was, hesitated to summon help now.

"They are coming! I hear steps on the terrace, and some one is lighting them home," said the Duchess, looking up with a smile.

Before Sir Noel could answer, the drawing-room door was flung open, and Ruth, pale, but radiant, came into the room, fell upon her knees before the old man, and throwing back the garments that covered her child, laid it in his arms.

"Father! Father!"

She could say no more. The sight of that pinched face, those great eyes sunken in shadows, the meagre little hand, struck the exultant words from her lips. Lifting her face piteously to the old man, she faltered,

"Oh, I thought—I thought it was Walton's child!"

"And so it is," cried Swark, who had been standing outside of the door. "No doubt about that. I've been a tracing of him from first to last. In course, he's changed. What baby wouldn't? But undress him, and you'll find some of his own things on. Just uncover his feet, and see if there ain't a sock like this. Try him with something to eat, that's all. Why, your highness, in a week's time he'll be rosier than ever."

The Duchess had taken the babe in her lap, and was loosing its soiled garments carefully, while Ruth watched her in breathless expectation.

"It is mine! It is mine! I did that with my own hand. Its face, its eyes! I know it now! I know it now!"

Ruth took the child from the Duchess, carried it to the door, and came back again, thoughtful, even in her wild happiness, of the baronet.

"Kiss him, father. Just once, then let me go."

The old man pressed his lips on the child's forehead, and thanked God in his heart. Then Ruth hurried away, and, with her own hands, tore off every vestige of the squalid and wet garments that her hands had embroidered, rubbed the little limbs, kissed its neck, its shoulders, and

the pretty feet that she had so longed to warm in her hands again; and at last fell asleep with it hugged close to her happy, happy heart.

Meantime, Rose had explained the dreadful scene at the black tarn, and then, for the first time, some thought of Martha Hart was taken.

"I do not know how it all happened," she said. "How could we think of anything but the child?"

Just then the Duke came in, a little pale, but radiant.

"How did it all come about, you ask?" he repeated. "Our friend Swark will give you all the particulars in the morning, for he has done it all; and it shall go hard if we do not make him the happiest fellow in England. All I know is this. He gave me a cautious hint that the woman was near. I followed it up, quietly enough, it seems; for you were not even frightened. I suppose we made some noise, for she was in the Lake-House. It was all the work of a minute. She had plunged into the tarn. I, just as madly, went after her, caught the little thing as it rose—I don't think she ever did come to the surface—and got back to land the best way I could. This is my whole story. Some dry clothes, and a glass of wine, has set me all right."

Sir Noel took the young man's hand, and wrung it gratefully.

"I have no power to thank you."

The Duchess drew his handsome face down to hers, and kissed his forehead, murmuring,

"My dear boy! My dear boy!"

Lady Rose came in now. She had stolen up to Ruth's chamber, and finding her jealous of the kisses she lavished on the child, left them together.

St. Ormand went to meet her, after a moment of rather awkward hesitation, and took her hand in his.

"There is one thing that I omitted," he said, while a happy flush rose to his face, "and that is, to present to your grace, and, with permission, to Sir Noel, the future Duchess of St. Ormand."

THE END.

LOVE.

BY CHARLES E. PRATT.

As strong as death is Love. She knows no doubt.

She never will, with flight of years, grow cold;

Now and forever, she will softly fold
Our lives within her keeping. All about

She hedges them with good, and every day

Discloses some new blessing to our sight

All unexpected; makes the shades of night,

That sorrow brings to shut our joys away,

Melt into morning; leads us safely through

Most desert ways, and, though men us defame,

Is not ashamed to call us still by name.

Ah! she is never false; is ever true;

And we are rich, who have not gold nor lands,

Since by our side, in life and death, she stands.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume of black merino, cashmere, or alpaca, suitable for

with the edge turned up on the right side, and four or five rows of stitching by machine. These flounces are headed by a gathered puffing. The sides of the tunic are caught up to form festoons and folds, from under which start pointed pieces,



a mourning costume, or equally so for those wearing colors. It is composed of skirt, tunic, and basque. The lower-skirt is finished by three bias flounces, five inches deep, put on to lap, and



finished by buttons. The corsage has, in front, a deep, round basque; the back is continued to

form a very deep piece, extending nearly to the flounces of the under-skirt. The sleeves are coat shape, with a cuff and frill beneath. The edge of the tunic and basque is finished with several rows of stitching to match the flounces. For a complete costume, sixteen to eighteen yards of double-width material, and two dozen buttons, will be required.

On the preceding page, we give another dress in black silk or cashmere, suitable for house or



street. It has but a narrow flounce of six inches upon the under-skirt, headed by three rows of gathering, terminating in a frill at the top. The long Princess Polonoise reaches almost to the bottom of the skirt, and is trimmed with guipure lace, or left perfectly plain, being faced with silk, fastened all the way down the front with bows of black velvet or silk. A square pocket, with the lower edge trimmed with lace, and also ornamented with a bow, is the only trimming on the Polonoise. Where it is draped at the back, a larger bow and ends is placed. Coat-sleeve, with cuff, on the back of which a smaller bow is placed. High, standing collar. This Polonoise would be

very elegant, made of cashmere, worn over black silk. As it is very long, an old silk skirt could be retrimmed at very little expense. A silk, trimmed with cashmere, looks very well. Eight to ten yards of cashmere for the Polonoise, will be required, as it is so long. Very dark green, it is said, will be the fashionable color for this winter; and this would be very elegant in that color.

Opposite, we give a pretty combination for a little girl of eight to ten years. The skirt and sacque are of striped poplin, of two shades of brown. The over skirt and under-bodice, of plain poplin, of the lighter shade of brown. The over-skirt is simply hemmed, and cut to form an apron, and gathered up in plaits at the back. A broad, brown ribbon sash is worn with the dress. The under-bodice may be plaited to a yoke, or a short, slashed basque. The collar, and revers, and cuffs of the sacque are of the plain material; pocket and buttons also.



We give, here, the front and back of a frock for a little girl of three years. We give it so that the whole effect may be seen. The front is striped diagonally with either braid or velvet, according to the material selected, which may be either pique, for washing, or alpaca; or serge may be used. The stripes terminate at each side with bands coming from the shoulder; these are cord-

ed and ornamented with buttons. It may be made either high or low, if low, of course, add an under-bodice of white plaited jaconet, made like a shirt waist.

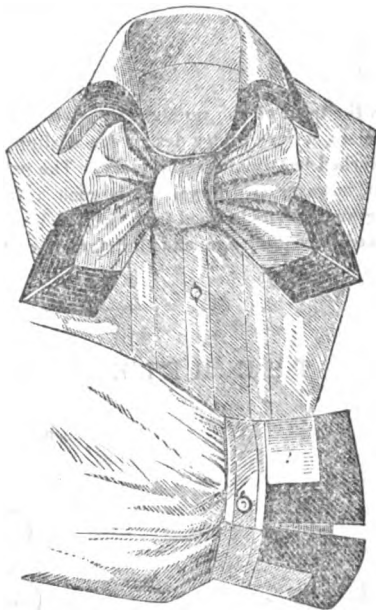


We now give a bonnet, showing the new fashion, or rather the old one revived, of tying



the strings under the chin. To many faces, this is more becoming than the present mode, though it does make other faces look older.

We also give something new and pretty for collar and under-sleeve. Our design shows a collar with cravat, and under-sleeve of white linen, with bias borders of ingrain colored linen. These sets are very fashionable for mourning



wear; and any lady can readily make them for herself. Navy-blue, dark-brown, or black, for mourning, either in French percale or linen, are the best colors for washing.

We give next a design of the newest style for a dress pocket for dresses, tabliers, and Polonaises. It is formed with a gathered frill, top



and bottom, with the pocket put on in a box-plait in the middle, and almost plain at the sides; a bow of ribbon crosses the top of the pocket just under the frill, and is stitched under the pocket at the sides.

THE CENTENNIAL SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

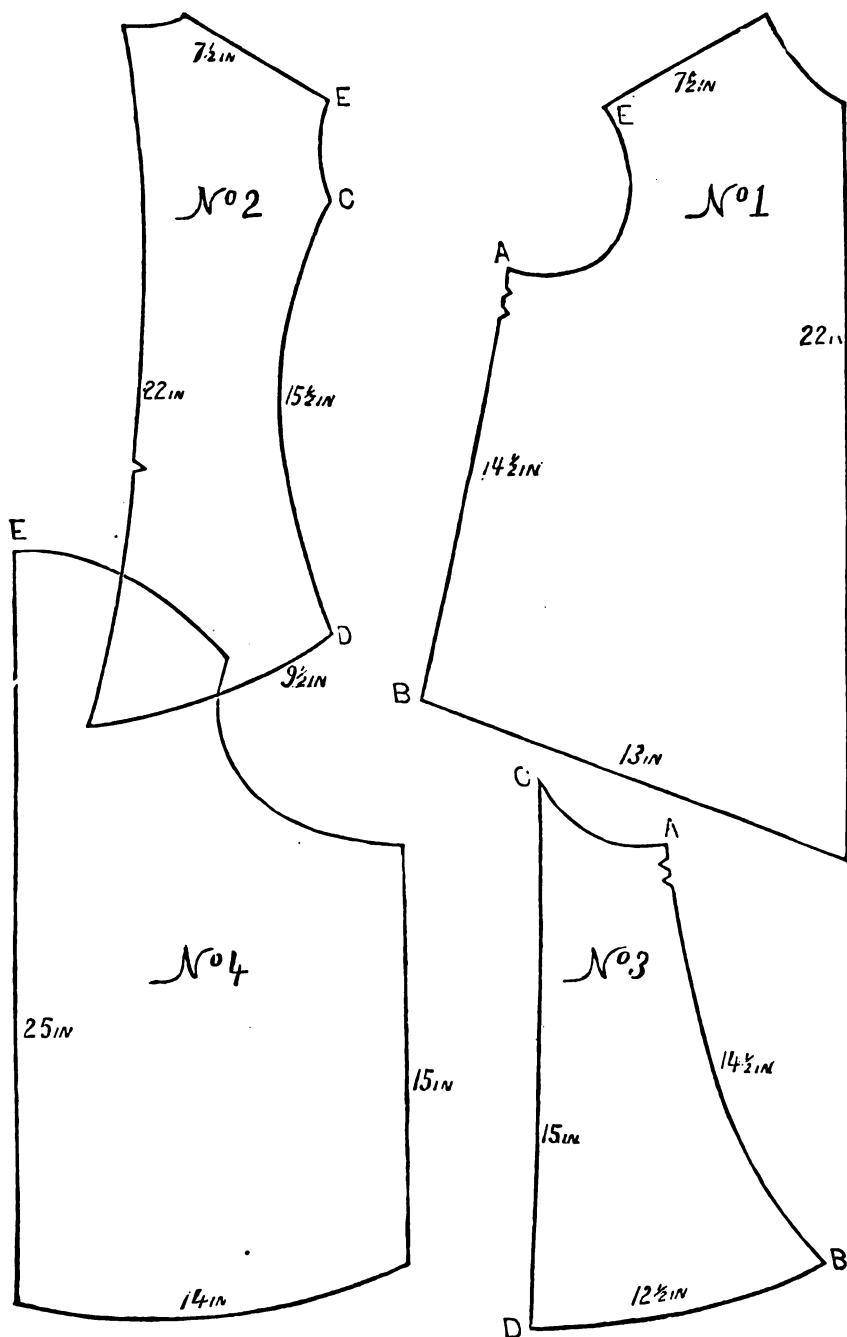
In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a very pretty design for a slipper, to be worked in Oriental embroidery. The pattern itself, however, is Indian. It is such a one as our grandmothers learned from the Red Man, and worked, a century ago, and therefore, is very appropriately called "The Centennial Slipper." No other magazine, in America, but "Peterson" gives these expensive colored patterns. They are produced in the same way as what are called "Chromos," and cost just as much. Yet "Peterson" gives them constantly.

THE HELENA CASAQUE MANTELET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, as especially suitable for the season, a new winter wrap, called the "HELENA CASAQUE MANTELET," which is stylish, and not particularly expensive.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. HALF OF SIDE-BODY OF BACK.

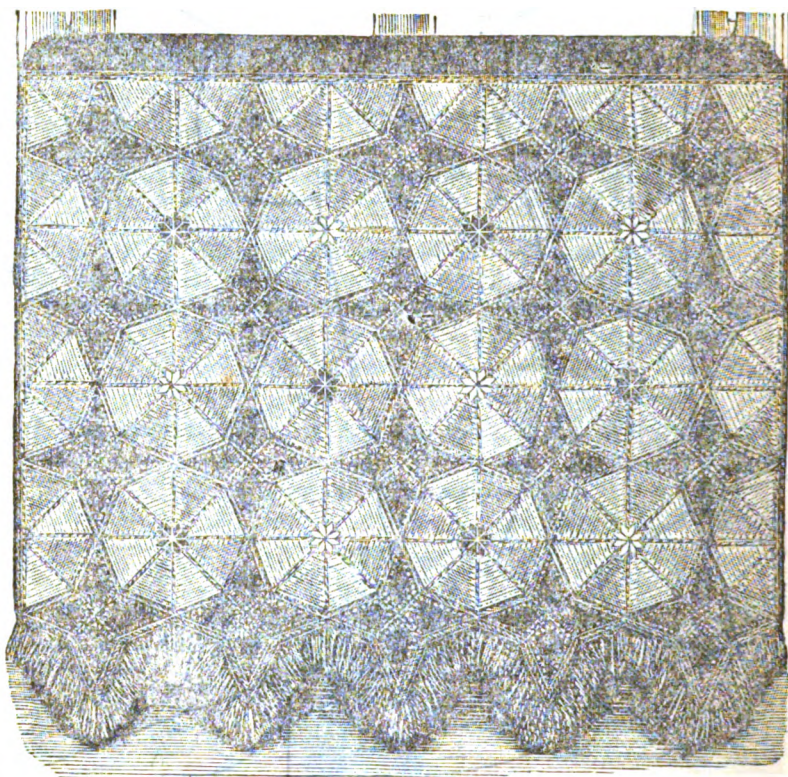
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

The piece for the neck is three-cornered, like a shawl.

Make of velvet, cloth, or drapèté. Trim with fringe or lace.

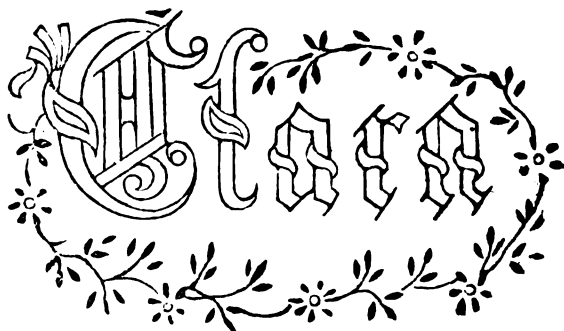
VALANCE FOR WINDOW-SILL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The fashion of decorating window-ledges and window-sills is now becoming quite common, and the accompanying illustration shows a favorite design for the purpose. It may be carried out with either velvet and silk, or cloth and velvet. The sections may be enlarged to a considerable size, as our space precludes us giving the patch-work full working size. The ground-work is black, and the octagon stars are two shades of gray, two of brown, and two of red. The stars in the centre are put in with gold-colored filigree. The fringe at the edge is black and gold-colored.

NAME FOR MARKING



TRAVELING COMPANION.

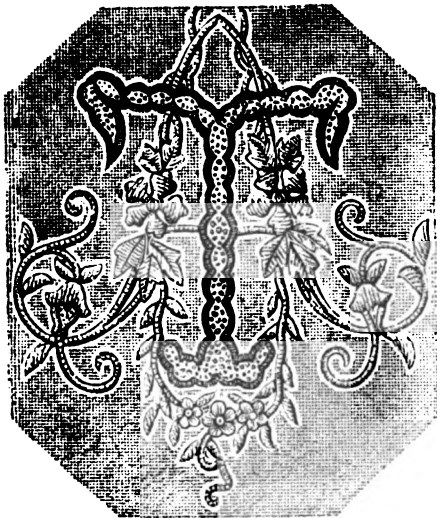
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The outside is of éceru Java canvas. The lining is of cotton, and the round sides, which are placed in at the lower end (see design) are cut rather larger than the end of a reel. These are made, like the rest of the case, of Java canvas, lined and bound with the ribbon, and are also ornamented to match the case. The strings, which are put on at the point, are long enough to wind round the case when closed.

EMBROIDERED MONOGRAMS, FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



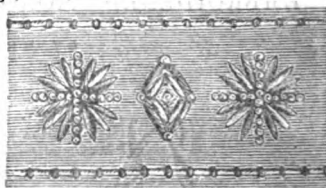
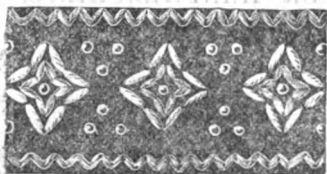
These monograms are worked in satin and thread. Suitable for handkerchiefs, napkins, overcast stitch, with white and red, or blue towels, etc.

WORK-BAG OF TICKING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

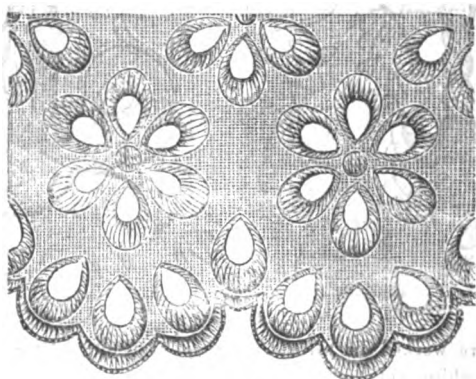


This work-bag is made of ticking, and the orange, blue, and crimson purse silks, the darker



stripes are worked according to illustrations. The stars on the lighter stripe are put in with
stripe with orange and green silks and beads. A tassel fringe of various colors encircles the bag.

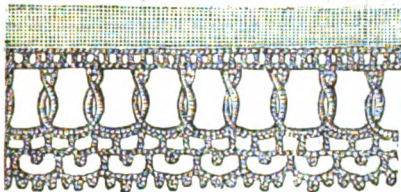
EMBROIDERY FOR UNDER-LINEN.



TRIMMING, CROCHET AND CORD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The cord forming the centre of the design must be folded according to design, and worked over.



The heading consists of two double under the cord, with five chain between.

In the next row, one treble, one chain, pass over one. Repeat.

For the other side—

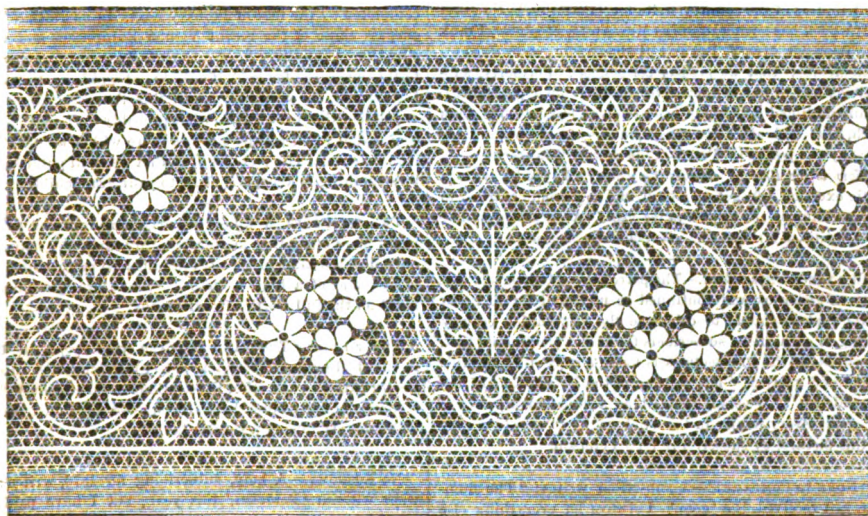
1st Row: Seven double under the cord, one chain. Repeat.

2nd Row: One treble over the twist of cord into the one chain, three chain, one double into the fourth of the seven double of last row, one picot of five chain, one single into the fourth, one chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3rd Row: One treble under the middle of three chain of last row, four chain, one single in the third, five chain, one single in the fourth, four chain, one single in the third, one chain. Repeat from beginning of row.

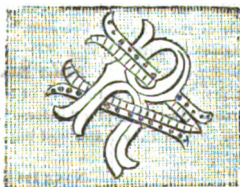
INSERTION AND DARNING ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



When the design has been traced on tracing-paper it is embroidered on fine Brussels net. Both the outlines and the filling up of the flowers are embroidered with fine glacé thread.

MONOGRAM.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1876! GREAT IMPROVEMENT!!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for the next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any other. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. The other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant colored steel engravings. These cost us \$10,000 a year more than if we gave even colored lithographs. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are received in advance from Paris.

Great novelties will be introduced, next year. Among them will be a *series of illustrated articles on the Great Centennial Exhibition*, which will give as vivid an idea of it as pen and pencil will permit. This series of articles, alone, will be worth more than the subscription price.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, to *excel those of any cotemporary*. The best contributors of the country write for "Peterson." No other lady's book has such authors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Burnett Hodgson, etc., etc.

Remember that we *pre-pay the postage!* Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve to twenty-five cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Now that we pre-pay the postage, "Peterson" is *cheaper than ever*.

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

OUR CENTENNIAL GIFT.—The patronage of "Peterson" has been so generous, and continued so unaltered for so many years, that we intend to celebrate the Centennial year by giving to each of our subscribers for 1876, a Centennial Gift. It will be, as the Prospectus sets forth, a copy of Trumbull's celebrated picture, "The Signing of the Declaration of Independence." We shall issue it as a supplement, *early in the year*. Every family in the land ought to secure a copy of this picture, by subscribing for "Peterson."

"NONE TO COMPARE!"—A subscriber writes: "The number, just received, is a 'gem.' I always let everything else go, to look at the pictures: they are worth the price of the magazine. Those in the other lady's books are not fit to be seen in the same day; they look like wood-cuts. I know of no other that can compare with 'Peterson'; and I always expect to take it. Inclosed is two dollars."

THE PICTORIAL ANNUAL.—We will send for a premium, (if preferred to the "Christmas Morning,") either our "Pictorial Annual," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty-five engravings, similar to, and of the size of, "Little Tot," in this number.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing for "Peterson" for 1876. Other lady's books ask three and four dollars. "And they are not half so good," writes a lady.

BE CHARITABLE AND BROAD in all your judgments. Think of others as you would have them think of you.

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—A subscriber asks us why our fashions are so much better than those in other lady's books. She says, "as pictures the others are horrid, and they have nothing like the *style of yours*." We answer that our principal fashion-plate ought to be handsomer than others; for it costs us thousands of dollars a year more than if we lithographed it, as our rivals do. Then the designs are all from Worth or other eminent Parisian modistes. In our "Every-Day" department, and in other wood-engravings, we give more economical costumes; but these are also late Paris designs; and they are described in such a way that they can be made up at home. The cheaper dresses, given in other magazines, are generally from the designs of third-rate dress-makers in Philadelphia or New York. They are consequently without style. To copy them is a sheer waste of money. "There is no magazine in the world," writes another lady, "like yours, for it gives patterns of every kind, from the costliest ball-dress down to the economical every-day costume, *all alike new and stylish*."

THE CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS, at Philadelphia, for the Great Exposition, are nearly finished, and will be quite completed by the first of January next. In magnitude they surpass those of the recent Vienna Exhibition, and their situation is infinitely finer. Everybody ought to subscribe to this magazine for 1876, if only to get and keep the illustrations, which we shall give of this, the greatest world's exposition that ever was, or that probably ever will be. A century, at least, will pass before there will be another like it in America. The pictures of it, that we shall publish, will be something to keep, and show to your grandchildren.

TWENTY PAGES MORE.—This magazine contains twenty pages more of reading matter, monthly, than any magazine offered at the same price. It contains also more embellishments, and of a higher quality. These are the times to insist on the full worth of your money.

ABOUT EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent, in 1875, in the steel engravings, colored steel fashion-plates, colored Berlin patterns, and other illustrations in "Peterson." This is more than any other lady's book ever expended, on embellishments, during a similar period.

NO ECONOMY.—A lady, subscribing for 1876, writes: "I went without 'Peterson,' this year; but I have paid out more, for an occasional magazine, than your magazine would have cost for two years. So I have concluded not to go without it again."

CLUB SUBSCRIBERS FOR 1876 may secure the premium engraving, "Christmas Morning," if they wish it, by remitting fifty cents extra each. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to subscribers to "Peterson." See the advertisement on the cover.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the 25th of November, and will be a miracle of beauty, even for "Peterson." Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

NONE ITS EQUAL.—Says a lady: "I took your valuable magazine, for five years; but for the last two years was persuaded to try others; but I find none equal to 'Peterson.'"

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1876, proves to be even more popular than we had expected. Editors, and others, pronounce it the best we have ever issued. The plate is rather larger than usual, and has been engraved expressly for us by Illman Brothers, in their most brilliant style. The subject is, "CHRISTMAS MORNING." It represents two little ones, still in their night-dresses, entering at papa and mamma's chamber-door, in the early morning, to wish them a "Merry Christmas." The easiest way to obtain a copy is to get up a club for this magazine for 1876! A very little exertion will effect this. See our unprecedented offers for 1876 on the last page of the cover.

KEEPING ITS PROMISES.—The Catawauqua (Pa.) Valley Record says: "Peterson's last number is before us, a magnificent one, fully vindicating its claim to be 'the best and cheapest.' The steel engraving, is indeed beautiful—the fashion-plates are superb. 'Peterson' gets better and better; and always keeps its promises. Its writers are the very best, its illustrations of rare beauty, and its fashions the prettiest, latest, and most reliable. Every lady ought to take 'Peterson.'"

"LOST A GREAT DEAL."—A lady, who had never subscribed before, sends us a club for 1876, and says:—"I feel I have lost a great deal by not finding out the merits of your magazine before."

NEVER LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOU IN ANGER. Love and affection are the greatest blessings of life, and you should never hazard the loss of them.

DO WITHOUT ANYTHING ELSE.—A lady writes: "I thought I would do without your magazine, this year; but I find I can do without anything else better. Send immediately."

DO GOOD OF SOME KIND, every day you live, even if it is only the saying of a kind word, to some one in penury or sorrow.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Madame Recamier and Her Friends. From the French of Madame Lenouveau. By the Translator of Madame Recamier's Memoirs. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The secret of the social ascendancy of this celebrated lady has always been more or less of a problem. Beautiful she was undoubtedly. But there have been women as beautiful, who failed entirely to achieve the success she did. The present volume, to a certain extent, solves this riddle. It was the rare union of grace and tact with surpassing loveliness, that rendered her so popular. Then, her character was unaffected, disinterested, and wonderfully sympathetic. These qualities made men worship her, society pet her, and even her rivals love her. For years Chateaubriand was her intimate friend, spending part of his day regularly at her fire-side. For thirty years Amprere was equally her friend and admirer. Such devotion, from men of such mark, proves that she was more than a mere pretty doll. Political feeling, perhaps, had something to do with her ascendancy, but not everything. She was the social queen of a powerful party, who worshipped her, in part, as a protest against another party. Still it was an extraordinary career. The volume is one of the most entertaining that has appeared this year.

The Waverley Novels. By Sir Walter Scott. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—For a Christmas or New Year's Gift, we recommend this edition of Scott's novels. There are twenty-six novels, in all, and they are sold for twenty-five cents each, or five dollars for the whole.

Personal Recollections of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Others. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—The popularity of the "Bric-a-Bac" series, the various volumes of which we have noticed in turn, has proved so great, that the publishers have been induced to add another, which we have now before us. We find this, on the whole, the most enjoyable of all, and we believe that most readers will agree to our opinion. The anecdotes of both Lamb and Hazlitt are chiefly from "My Friends and Acquaintances," a gossiping book, published in 1854, by Mr. P. G. Patmore, father of Coventry Patmore, the poet. They are generally new, and have been culled, from scores of others, with that good taste which has distinguished all this series. In fact, for purposes of this kind, Mr. Stoddard is a model editor, for he gives the pith of a dozen bulky volumes in one.

Eight Cousins; or The Aunt-Hill. By Louisa M. Alcott 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—We are not the only person who will welcome this new story by the author of "Little Women," "An Old-Fashioned Girl," etc., etc. Thousands of the young from every section of this wide land, north, south, east and west, have learned to consider Miss Alcott's books as household treasures, and to regard every new addition she makes to her stories as so much gained, not only for their personal amusement, but for humanity and truth. Her many admirers will be not less delighted with "Eight Cousins," than with those that have gone before. The volume is graphically illustrated. It would make a nice Christmas gift.

Under The Storck's Nest. From the German of A. Kotach. By Emily E. Steinmetz. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—The translator of this charming little story has the proper idea of her vocation, and consequently has given the original, not only faithfully, but with spirit. Too often, in rendering prose out of one language into another, all that is most precious, because most subtle, is suffered to escape. She has also selected a first-rate story to translate, which is more than every translator has done lately.

The Queen Of The Kitchen. By Miss Tyson. 1 vol. 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This has proved such a popular Cook-Book, that the publishers have had to issue a second edition, already. It would be impossible, indeed, to praise the work too highly. It consists of more than a thousand old Maryland family receipts; and if ever there was a place, where there was good cooking, it was Maryland. The volume is handsomely bound in morocco cloth.

Castle Daly. By Anne Keary. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—A very graphic picture of life, as it existed in Ireland, thirty years ago. The Irish peasant of that period is admirably hit off. The volume is neatly printed, with new type, but it is a pity the paper is not better. It is so thin that the opposite page shows through, to the very great injury of the reader's eyes.

Beautiful Snow. By J. W. Watson. 1 vol., small 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In illustrations, paper, and typography, this is one of the most beautiful volumes ever issued from the American press. The poem itself is one of the most popular in the language. The publishers call this a "Holiday Illustrated Edition;" and certainly no book is more suitable for a Christmas or New Year's Gift.

The Two Sisters. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the eighth volume of the new and uniform edition of Mrs. Southworth's romances, now being published by this enterprising firm. It is handsomely printed, on good, thick paper, and very tastefully bound.

Complete Coin Book. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The furor for collecting coins, which now rages, makes this an exceedingly desirable book; for it contains some three thousand fac-similes of various coins.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspapers, without a single exception, continue to call "Peterson" the best as well as cheapest. The Leeper (Mich.) Democrat says: "The splendor of the last number eclipses all former ones. In fact it is plainly visible that this is the best ladies' Journal of the day, and that it is foolish for other publishers to attempt to compete with it." Says the Randolph (Mass.) Register: "No magazine in the country is more welcome to ladies." The Sandwich (Mass.) Seaside Press says: "Everywhere we find the subscribers for this magazine speaking words of praise in its favor. 'The cheapest and best' seems to be the watchword, wherever it is found." The Williamsport (Md.) Pilot says: "The most valuable and interesting fashion-book published in the United States. Its extremely low price places it within the reach of all." The Annapolis (Md.) Republican says: "Magnificent colored fashion-plates and steel engravings! Really a gem of fashion, and at the same time a fascinating literary companion." Says the Lake Mills (Iowa) Herald: "The best as well as cheapest ladies' magazine." Hundreds of similar notices are on our table. We quote these few, so that persons, who are getting up clubs, may tell their friends what editors, who see all the other magazines, think of "Peterson."

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of Philadelphia, is an old and well-trying one, the office of which is located at No. 921 Chestnut street. This company went into operation in 1847, and is to-day more solidly prosperous than it was ever before in its existence. Possessing first-class available assets to the amount of \$5,250,000, the insured are therefore quite safe in the "Penn Mutual." It must also be borne in mind that it is a purely mutual concern in the truest sense of the word. All of the surplus profits are annually divided among the holders of policies, and are immediately available to them in the payment of annual premiums. Those insured in the "Penn Mutual" therefore, obtain insurance at first cost. Another highly commendable feature of this institution is, that its policies always possess a fair surrender value; they are, one and all, non-forfeiting. Endowment policies are also issued at Life Rates. The "Penn Mutual" to-day is not only thoroughly safe, but also progressive, its sphere of usefulness being carefully extended by its active and capable officers. Samuel C. Huey is the President, H. S. Stephens, Vice-President, James Weir Mason, Actuary, and Edward Hartshorne, M. D., and Edward A. Page, M. D., Medical Examiners. All persons desiring life insurances—and all that possibly can do so should secure it—should address a letter to this Company at once, and thus obtain a policy on their life safely and economically in the "Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia."

MAINTAINING THE STANDARD.—The Cherry Valley (N. Y.) Gazette says: "If any one doubted, when reading the January number, of the ability of the publishers to maintain through the year the standard set up at that time, their doubts have been happily removed. No one has either doubts or fears in relation to the next two numbers. Now, by the way, is the time for agents and getters-up of clubs to begin to stir themselves for the coming year, as the January number will be along before we are aware of it."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson" has had, for twelve years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world, amounting to the enormous figure of 130,000 copies monthly. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc.

IT MAY NOW BE CONSIDERED as settled that the best cabinet or parlor organs in the world are made by American makers; the well-known MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN CO. For a long time they have been accustomed to win the highest honors at competitive exhibitions in America, and within a few years have entered into European competition with similar success. They took the first medal at the Paris Exposition, 1867; two highest medals, and a diploma of honor, at Vienna, 1873; and now advice comes that, at the Exposition just closed in Linz, Upper Austria, they have been awarded the Grand Medal of Honor. So far, these are the only American makers who have been able to send over organs of sufficient merit to win honors in competition with the famous European makers.

There is a peculiar richness, and beauty of tone, attained in these organs, and their power and durability is not less remarkable.

A recent invention, of a Scotchman, we believe, of which this company have undertaken the manufacture and introduction, is the PIANO-HARP CABINET ORGAN, which musicians pronounce a very effective and beautiful instrument, uniting with a perfect organ much of the capacity of the piano and harp. The company have issued a circular describing it, which can be had by addressing them at New York, Boston, or Chicago.

THERE IS NO FEMININE FASCINATION which will compare with a lovely complexion, and no natural complexion lovelier than that which LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH bestows. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT

BY ABRAM. LIVELY, M. D.

No. XII.—OPHTHALMIA OF NEW-BORN CHILDREN.

WITHIN a week from birth, rarely not for three or four weeks, infants are subject to a puro-mucous inflammation of the conjunctive (the outer covering of the eye-ball,) which requires immediate attention, and the most prudent care.

This affection sometimes arises from neglect, on the part of nurses or attendants, in allowing the babe to lie for some hours, unattended or unwashed, after birth. That is to say, its eyes have not been at once well and properly cleansed immediately, and thus inoculation of the eyes, by the various secretions of the mother, may result.

Too early or too sudden exposure of the eyes of the newborn to a strong light, to the heat of fire, or cold draft from a door, have an injurious influence upon them.

This ophthalmia is doubtless caused by the intrusion of a poor or irritating quality of soap and water into the eyes, when the babe is washed; or, maybe, it arises from the whiskey or spirits rubbed over its head after washing, on the theory or authority of the nurse, to "keep it from catching cold;" a habit both foolish and injurious, that some nurses, or old women, present on these occasions, are apt to perform!

Other causes might be mentioned, but those specified the mother can render inoperative if she give heed to her duty to her babe.

About the third day after birth, the upper lid of one eye is observed to be somewhat swollen, its edges red, and eyelashes glued together by thick, purulent matter. On opening them, a drop of thick, white fluid comes out, which is a characteristic symptom of this complaint. In a few days the other eye becomes affected in like manner, and, if neglected, or if the nurse gratuitously assumes to "know all about baby's sore eyes," and washes them with a little of the mo-

ther's milk, or catnip tea, the swelling and discharge rapidly increase, and by the twelfth day ulceration may have commenced, and destruction of the eye follows.

Mothers and nurses should be early alarmed at this matter running from the eyes, and medical practitioners, if called, should not be betrayed into the false supposition, as too often happens, that there is nothing dangerous in the complaint, and come to realize the alarming fact when the ball bursts, and the eye is destroyed.

The child should not be exposed to damp or cold air; should be well nursed, or properly fed, and no spirits or malt liquors should be used by the nursing mother.

In reference to the treatment, mothers can only remove the purulent discharges from time to time, in the course of the day, which should be done by the finest bit of sponge, whilst the babe lies upon the nurse's lap, with the head resting upon the knees of the mother. Upon separating the lids, the purulent matter gushes out, which is removed, and wiped away with the sponge.

Small doses of castor oil, or magnesia, may be required, and quinine in small doses, as a good constitutional tonic, is generally useful.

I will here add two valuable prescriptions, used in the hospitals of Great Britain, as recorded in an excellent work on diseases of the eye, published there, which is republished here, and edited by one of the surgeons in Wills' (Eye) Hospital; not for indiscriminate use, however, by mothers, but subject to the advice, and proper time for administration by the attending physician, who may not possess this work. For a collyrium, make a tepid solution of corrosive sublimate, one grain, with six grains of sal ammonia, in eight to twelve ounces of water. Next apply with camel's-hair brush, solution of nitrate of silver, two to ten grains, to an ounce of water. In recent cases, the weaker solution is sufficient. Repeat both of these operations every five or six hours. In two or three days the eyes begin to open. At bed-time use the red precipitate ointment, as before advised, to the lids.

If the cornea is ulcerated, paint the lids with moistened extract of belladonna; also, infuse one drachm of the extract of belladonna, or two grains of sulphate atropia, in eight ounces of the collyrium above mentioned. "This has saved eyes apparently doomed to destruction," says the "British Oculist," and it is from this encomium that I record it here.

Blisters behind the ears are also ample in many chronic or obstinate cases.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HOW PEOPLE CATCH COLD.—This is the season of the year when colds begin to be prevalent, and a word or two to our readers, as to how to avoid catching cold, may be very useful. Old people, especially, often complain that they "catch cold," as they say, "almost without leaving the house." This is because they do not understand how to avoid catching cold. People getting on in years may admit that they like warmth and good fires; but they are wholly unaware that healthy warmth means not only a warm temperature—say sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit—but a temperature steadily maintained at that height, either by fires or clothes. The very use of a thermometer to regulate the temperature of a room seems to be unknown in most houses, and you will see sedentary men sitting in a room for hours with a fire which brings the temperature up to seventy degrees, and then, for hours more, with the fire nearly out, and the temperature at fifty-two degrees, or lower. They know, we suppose, that a sudden fall of eighteen degrees will kill off men of low vitality in hundreds; will give, perhaps, a third of mankind a "touch of the liver," and will inflict on half the remainder an "influenza" nearly as annoying, and almost

as dangerous, as a fever; but, once in-doors, they fail to realize their knowledge. Even when the circulation is weak, and the old are aware that cold is their enemy, they will go from a heated library to a chilly dining-room, quite unaware that they might as well go into a cold bath; and, having done it, will scold their daughters for throwing off their wraps while heated from a ball; no doubt, a dangerous practice, but not a bit more so than the sudden changes in which the scolders habitually indulge. This contempt for the thermometer, the only trustworthy guide in fire making, is positively perverse.

The same error prevails in regard to clothing. The anxious mother will protect her child's chest with care which, if he is not consumptive, and wears flannel, he probably does not want, and then let him run to school in shoes which, if they keep out the wet, do not, when he is seated, keep out the deadly chill arising from the thoroughly wetted sole. Many a child, and woman, too, would be safer walking with bare feet, through wet grass, than walking even on a city pavement in shoes supposed to be water-tight. They are not cold-tight, and it is not water on the sole of the foot, or anywhere else, which harms people, so much as the chill which the water induces, and which is as injurious through the sole of the foot as through the chest or loins. The equableness of temperature, which is valuable in a room, is just as valuable out-of-doors, and can be secured only by warm wool, or thinner wool covered with the most efficient enemy of chilliness, a wash-leather vest, which is impenetrable to draughts. It may be doubted if fur is by any means so good a protection as it is sometimes imagined to be. It keeps up the circulation when the thermometer is far below zero, and is, therefore, invaluable in very cold climates; but in many parts of the United States fur heats the wearer too much; requires to be worn constantly; and, unless the rooms are very warm, superinduces chilliness in-doors. This point is disregarded by the men who wear fur, almost as much as care for their extremities is disregarded by women who cover their bodies with seal-skin jackets, while their legs are protected by silk and flannel, worn too far from them to be protectors, and their feet by boots which in summer do not keep them from the cold. No dress can do less to keep up equable temperature, and none is less in accordance with the teachings of nature, which has enabled some beasts to shed their coats in warm weather, but has not enabled them to put them off when they retire to their nests. The fox does not undress himself in his hole, any more than the bear when he gets into his hollow tree.

Food, especially meat, is more wanted in cold weather than in warm. The Esquimaux keeps out cold by blubber, as well as bear-skins. If a man goes through the same amount of exercise, an extra meal a day, in winter, will, unless he already strains his digestion, do him no harm whatever. On the other hand, an extra quantity of hot drink, such as tea, the effect of which is to diminish the heart's force, will do him no good, but rather harm, more especially if he is not a man living habitually in the open air. Every man, or woman, can make his, or her life more worthy, as well as more comfortable, by attending to a few broad rules for avoiding colds, which at present are habitually neglected, and which may be reduced to two easily remembered principles. The secret of temperature is even warmth, to be secured by clothing and regulated fires; and it is chill, not cold, general chill or local chill, which encourages disease.

WINDOW GARDENING.

PARLOR PLANTS.—One great reason why ladies fall in the culture of window-plants, is the choice of unsuitable species or varieties. There are many plants, indeed, a large proportion, with which parlor culture is an impossibility. We are not able to supply the essential wants of the plant,

and it sickens and dies. Yet there are many, very many plants, which may be most successfully grown.

We must bear in mind that very few plants will succeed if they are removed at once from the warm, moist atmosphere of the green-house to the parlor or living room. The change is too great, and the plant receives a shock from which it seldom recovers. Plants from a green-house should be gradually hardened off, and then will not suffer. Of the tens of thousands of pot-plants sold from the street stands in spring, probably not one in ten survives. These plants are forced into bloom in small pots, have no constitution, and very few of them give another flower.

Roses.—These charming and popular flowers are not well adapted for house culture. The dry air affects most varieties unfavorably, and they rarely give satisfaction. Those with very double flowers seldom expand their buds. There are, however, a few old varieties, which were formerly more common than at present, and which do well, and are worth growing.

The best is *Sanguinea*, a very bright, semi-double variety, flowering in clusters, and always in bloom.

Agrippina is a good pot rose.

The *Pink Monthly*, if grown to a large plant, is seldom out of bloom.

Jessie is a very fragrant tea; and though not a first-class rose, is well worth growing.

Safrano, and *Pauline Labonté*, two of our best teas, do well if the air of the room is kept moist, and not too hot.

Roses in the parlor need frequent washings, or showerings, good drainage, and frequent stirring of the surface soil. If the earth in the pots is sour and sodden, they soon become sickly.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

THE TALL LADY.—We have often amused children with a very simple contrivance, called "The Tall Lady." The skirt of a very long dress must be fastened round the neck, instead of the waist. Then fill a bonnet with something to resemble a face. A towel, rolled into a ball will do, for you can hide it a good deal with a veil. Pin a shawl or cloak to the bonnet, as though it were fastened round the neck, and hold them in your hands above your head. You must contrive to keep your back to the spectators as much as possible; and, raising the arms quickly, and lowering them again, you produce the effect of an enormously tall woman; and if you are expert in your movements, it is sure to amuse. We have also seen it done by placing the bonnet and shawl on an umbrella held over the head, which gives even greater height.

"**THEIR SLAMMER MAJESTIES**," is another good trick. Place two chairs in a row, sufficiently far apart for another to be between them, and cover all over with a rug and shawl. Seat two people on the chairs, dressed up as the King and Queen of Slam. Bring the children in, one by one, to be introduced to their majesties, and politely request each to take the seat between them. Whereupon the king and queen rise suddenly, and the guest falls between the two chairs, to the ground.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

VEGETABLES.

Winter Salad.—Celery, chopped small; beet-root, a dressing of cream, sugar, mustard, a little tarragon vinegar; or a Spanish onion, boiled whole, and then cut in slices, and dressed alternately with slices of beet-root, over which pour two spoonfuls of oil, one of vinegar, and add a little pepper and salt.

Mashed Potatoes.—Don't peel the potatoes long before they are wanted, as letting them lay in water extracts all the starch, or nourishing part of the potato. Put them into a sauce-pan of cold water; boil quickly. When nearly done, strain off the water by simply holding the lid a little on one side. Put the sauce-pan on the stove, and let the potatoes steam till quite dry, then mash them with a common kitchen-fork; add butter, salt, milk, or cream, and beat well with the fork until they are smooth and white. Put into a vegetable-dish, and arrange neatly with a fork. A spoon never half mashes the potatoes, and they are heavy. The use of a fork is a saving of labor, and insures smooth, well-mashed potatoes.

Macaroni and Cheese.—Soak six ounces of macaroni in a pint of water. Boil it for an hour and twenty minutes. Drain it from the water. Add a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, a little flour, and six ounces of Parmesan or Cheshire cheese. The flour must be mixed smooth with the milk, and all heated together in a sauce-pan. Butter a dish, pour in the mixture, and sprinkle two ounces more cheese over the top. Set in an oven a quarter of an hour to brown, before serving.

SOUPS

Mutton Broth.—Take a piece of the best end of a neck of mutton (say, six outlets.) Saw, short off, the end of the ribs in one place, also the chine; divide the outlets, and trim off the fat. Put the outlets, ribs, and chine, into a sauce-pan, with two quarts of cold water, and two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley. When the sauce-pan has been on the fire for half an hour, throw in one onion, two carrots, one turnip, and half a head of celery, all cut in small squares, the size of peas. Keep on skimming the broth of all fat and scum, at intervals. When it has boiled another hour, add pepper and salt to taste, a pinch of powdered thyme, and a dessert-spoonful of finely minced parsley. Then let the broth simmer gently till wanted, removing the ribs and chine at the time of serving.

Cheep and Good Soup Without Meat.—Peel the following vegetables, and cut them into small pieces: Six potatoes, four turnips, if only the ordinary size; two carrots, two onions; if obtainable, two mushrooms; one head of celery. Toast a large slice of bread rather brown. Put these ingredients together in a sauce-pan with four quarts of water, seasoning, and two teaspoonfuls of Harvey's sauce. Simmer gently for three hours, or until it is all reduced to a pulp; then pass it through a sieve. It should resemble pea-soup in consistence, but be of a dark-brown color. Warm it up when required, and, if liked, add to the flavoring. Tomatoes, if in season, are very nice in this soup, and greatly improve its flavor.

White Soup.—Take a large knuckle of veal, one pound of ham, and a fowl, if required; a few peppercorns, a head of celery, shred fine, and two or three onions; add six quarts of water, and let it stew for several hours. Strain the soup, and, when cold, having taken off the fat, add to the liquor, on the day it is required, a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded. Boil it very gently, then pass the soup through a sieve, and thicken with half a pint of cream and two eggs.

MEATS AND POULTRY.

Oyster Sauce for Boiled Turkey.—Take two dozen oysters; blanch and remove the beards. Put three ounces of butter into a stew-pan, with two ounces of flour. Add the beards and liquor, with a pint and a half of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, two cloves and a half, and a blade of mace. Place over the fire; keep stirring, letting it boil for ten minutes. Pass it through a sieve, into another stew-pan; add the oysters, and make very hot, but do not let it boil.

Turkey, to Roast.—Pluck the bird carefully, and singe all over with a piece of white paper; then wipe it with a clean cloth; draw it, and keep the liver and gizzard. Wash the inside well, and wipe it thoroughly dry with a cloth. Cut the neck off close to the back, but leave enough of the crop skin to turn over. Break the leg-bone close below the knee; draw out the sinews from the thighs, and flatten the breast-bone to make it look plump. Stuff with the forcemeat given below; fasten the neck with a skewer over to the back. Run a skewer through the pinion and thigh of one side, through to the pinion and thigh on the other side, and press the legs, as much as possible, between the breast and side-bones. Put the liver under one pinion, and the gizzard under the other; pass a string over the back of the bird; catch it over the points of the skewers; tie it in the centre of the back. Truss the turkey very firmly; next put a sheet of buttered paper on the breast, and put it down to a good fire, and keep it well basted the whole time of cooking. About a quarter of an hour before it is done, remove the paper, slightly flour the turkey, and baste with a little butter melted on the basting-ladle. When of a nice brown, serve with a tureen of brown gravy, and another of bread-sauce. A turkey of ten pounds will take about two hours and a half; a larger turkey, about three hours, or more.

Veal Cake.—This is a very pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal you do not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of cold roast veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices. Have also a few thin slices of cold ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two dessert-spoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs, and parsley, in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with a strong stock, and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, use a pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

To Boil Turkey.—Make a stuffing of bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg, lemon-peel, a few oysters, or an anchovy, a bit of butter, some suet, and an egg. Put this into the crop; fasten up the skin, and boil the turkey in a flouréd cloth, to make it very white. Have ready oyster-sauce, and pour it over the bird. Hen-birds are best for boiling, and should be young. Boiled ham, bacon, tongue, or pickled pork, should always accompany this dish. A small turkey will take an hour and a half to boil; a large one, two hours.

Stuffing for Roast Turkey.—Chop half a pound of lean, and half a pound of fat pork, very finely, and mix with them four ounces of bread-crumbs, a large teaspoonful of minced sage, a blade of powdered mace, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix with an egg. Sausage-meat may be used in place of the pork, and may be flavored with lemon-peel and sweet herbs, according to taste.

CAKES.

Sponge Cake.—Take five large, fresh eggs; break them, one by one; separate the whites from the yolks, and beat the latter for ten minutes; then take the weight of five eggs in lump-sugar, finely crushed. Put in the sugar gradually, and beat it well together. In the meantime, have the whites whisked to quite a solid froth; add this to the yolks; and when they are well blended, have ready some flour, (the weight of three eggs,) which must be stirred into them gently. Flavor it with the grated rind of one lemon. Pour the cake into a mould that has been well buttered, and let it bake in a moderate oven for one hour. All the ingredients for a sponge-cake must be of the very best quality, and the sugar and flour quite dry.

Lovers' Vows.—An ounce and a half of sweet almonds, an ounce and a half of bitter almonds, beaten up into a paste, with a little brandy, to prevent it oiling; one pound of lump-sugar, the rind of one lemon, and a little of the juice, also, the whites of two eggs. Bake in pieces the size of a walnut, on white paper. When baked, they will be hollow.

Icing for Cakes.—For a large one, beat and sift eight ounces of sugar very fine. Put it into a mortar with four spoonfuls of rose-water, the whites of two eggs, beaten and strained. Whisk it well. When the cake to be iced is almost cold, cover it well. Set it in the oven to harden. Keep in a dry place.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF SMOKE-GRAY VICUNA CLOTH.—The under-skirt is of silk of the same color, trimmed with one rather deep flounce, with a puffing above it. The upper-skirt is open at the left side, rather long in front, and laid in diagonal plaits from the right side to the left, and trimmed with rows of mohair braid of the color of the dress. Coat-sleeves, with wide, flaring cuffs. Sleeveless cloth jacket of brown beaver cloth, with velvet collar and lapels, and trimmed with rows of brown velvet. Smoke-gray felt hat, with heron's plume.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The petticoat is of forest-green velvet; the upper-skirt of cashmere of the same color as the petticoat, with sleeves, collar, and basque to the waist, of the green velvet. Bonnet of forest-green velvet, trimmed with grayish-white feathers, and a pink rose under the brim at the back.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED VELVET.—The under-dress is long and plain; the upper one is a long, unlooped Polonaise, trimmed with a band of chinchilla fur, and bows of violet ribbon. The large pocket is also trimmed in the same way. Bonnet of violet velvet, trimmed with gray feathers.

FIG. IV.—SKATING-DRESS OF VERY DARK-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR.—Lower-skirt plain. Upper-skirt and Hungarian jacket, trimmed with a band of fur. Close-fitting basque, trimmed with a cord and buttons, in the Hungarian style. Cap of dark-green velvet, with a fur front, and trimmed with a white, stiff feather.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—Back of the skirt plain; straight side pieces, trimmed with black velvet bows. Two flounces on the front, trimmed with a shell quilling of black velvet. Dolman of heavy, gray cloth, trimmed with black velvet and black gimp ornaments. Black velvet bonnet, with brown plume.

FIG. VI.—DOLMAN MANTELET OF BLACK VELVET.—The back partially close-fitting; the front loose, with large sleeves. Large pockets. Collar of blue silk. Bows and ends of blue watered ribbon at the back of the neck, on the front, and pockets. The whole is trimmed with guipure lace.

FIG. VII.—BASQUE AND OVER-DRESS OF MYRTLE-GREEN CAMEL'S HAIR.—The apron-front is short, and reaches to puff at the back. The back is rounded at the ends, and looped up in one puff. The basque is close-fitting. Coat-sleeves, with under-cuffs. Trimming of myrtle-green worsted fringes.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give some of the newest styles of winter bonnets and hats; the very latest fashion of dressing the hair, and some patterns for infant dresses, cloaks, etc. The cloak is of white cashmere, button-holed on the edge, and braided with white silk braid. One of the caps is made of fine shirred muslin, lined with pink silk, edged with lace, and trimmed with pink ribbon. For very cold weather, a wadded cap should be worn under the muslin one. The other cap is made of fine, white cashmere; has a

cape which is trimmed with white silk fringe and white braid. The front of the cap is finished with a quantity of small loops, made of narrow, white satin ribbon, put on very closely; a quilling of white lace around the face; bow of white ribbon on the left side. The bits are made of white pique, edged with a white worked ruffle. One of the bits is embroidered in spots.

We cannot add much to the very full descriptions of the newest styles of goods, etc., given in our November number. The colors are more definite, but not brighter than those worn a year ago; and the different varieties of woolen materials bewilder one. For street wear, the costume is generally composed of two, or even three, materials, but almost always of one color—that is the skirt and over-dress; while the jacket is often of a pretty contrasting color. For more elegant costumes, figured velvet will be largely used, in combination with heavy silk, but in innumerable and indescribable ways. In fact, the stylishness of dress now depends a great deal on the individual taste of the wearer, for the arrangement of color and material depends entirely on the fancy.

The Cuirass waist is very popular: and all waists, basques, etc., are made larger than formerly. The apron over-skirt, made quite long, retains its popularity. Under-skirts still have all the fullness at the back, and are tied back closer to the figure than ever, if possible, so that walking, as well as sitting, is a most trying business.

For EVENING DRESSES, two or three colors, as well as two or three materials, are used: for instance, gray and pink, blue and maize, or cream color, or salmon, light-green and pink, or light-green and straw, mauve and primrose, etc.

For evening wear the skirts of dresses are now frequently plaited entirely from waist downward, like the trains worn by abbesses; they open on one side over a simulated under-skirt, which is a complete contrast to the upper one. For example, a jade-colored silk dress (a whitish green, or sea-foam shade) will open over a breadth of muslin and white faille—a faille plaiting and a muslin plaiting arranged alternately—and the opening, which is at one side only, will be barred across with black velvet. The jade faille bodice will be a cuirass with a plastron, half of white faille and half of muslin, inserted in the front, and edged with Valenciennes lace; black velvet bars likewise cross the bodice. The sleeves may be either black velvet trimmed with a white muslin plaiting and a bow of jade ribbon, or entirely of white muslin and Valenciennes lace, with a black velvet bow. The style of dress is quite novel, and the effect is most stylish; it is repeated in all colors, and in many different materials. When white muslin is used for this dress, the order is reversed. The Abbess train is muslin, and the simulated under-skirt, over which it opens, is flame-colored silk, the breadth being plaited its entire length. The muslin bodice is lined with flame-colored silk, and at the end of the sleeves there is a plaiting of flame silk.

For SMALL EVENING PARTIES, another charming style of dress is popular; the black is entirely covered with white muslin plaitings, alternating with pinked out silk flounces, either pale-blue, pink, or white. The bodice is of silk to match the flounces, and has large, square basques, with pockets; it is cut square in front, and edged with Valenciennes lace, but otherwise there is no trimming. Low dresses are likewise made in the same style.

WHITE PETTICOATS are made with a belt in front and a drawing-string at the back, and no pocket hole. The short under-skirt, has a hem and six tucks, and the upper-skirt is usually trimmed with scanty, embroidered frills. The lowest frill should not be sewn at the edge of the skirt, but far enough above the edge to prevent the worked scallop touching the ground.

TRAINED SKIRTS of white lawn, to be worn under full-dress trains, are now sufficiently handsome to serve as outer

skirts of house dresses for morning or afternoon wear. These have Spanish flounces elaborately trimmed with insertion, and plaitings edged with Valenciennes lace. The novelty is to trim such skirts with open-worked insertion and edging in wheel and compass patterns.

POCKETS OUTSIDE.—As it is no longer possible to get the hands into the pocket inserted in the tied-back skirts, large pockets of all shapes and styles are worn, usually on one side only, sometimes on both sides. We give an illustration of one in the "Every-day" department.

FOR ALL KINDS OF WRAPPINGS, as we said last month, braids wrought with gold, silver, or steel, are much used, as well as for dresses. Feather trimming, lace, and fur, are used also; the two former principally on rich velvet wraps. The tendency is to have the wrap shorter at the back than in front, which is ungraceful.

BONNETS are, perhaps, a trifle smaller in the crown than those of last year, and set closer about the ears; but the wide aureole brim is still retained, covered with velvet, usually with one large rose and bud near the front. But some of the prettiest bonnets which we have seen have come from one of the best French houses, and are of gipsy shape in front, that is coming slightly more forward over the face than the aureole brim, and not so large; for most faces we think this the most becoming. Felt is now used quite as much as velvet, is less expensive, and goes quite as well with a woolen costume. The colors are beautiful, and the felt of a fine quality. These bonnets are of all the new shapes. The strings, which are attached to the bonnets, are not always tied over the ears, but are crossed at the back, and tied under the chin. All black lace strings are tied in this way.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BACK OF A COAT MADE OF FLEECY-LINED CLOTH, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is gathered into a band on either side, thus forming a puff. The bands are trimmed with three large horn buttons. A band is also placed loosely across the waist at the back. The skirt is bound with a broad braid, and is slit open at the back.

FIG. II.—FRONT OF THE SAME COAT.—It is loose, double-breasted, and fastened by large, horn buttons, and close-fitting coat-sleeves, with plain cuffs, trimmed with braid.

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